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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The election this year will be preëminently one of voting strength, as distinguished from one of enthusiasm, magnetism, and fire-works, or, as an Eastern newspaper has aptly termed it, an epileptic campaign. President Harrison is not a magnetic man, and ex-President Cleveland may have those who love him for the enemies he has made; but they love him simply and solely because he is the only Democrat elected President since 1856.

Cleveland was elected in 1884 and defeated in 1888. If

Cleveland was weaker in Democratic States in 1888 than he was in 1884, there is no good reason for believing that in 1892 the vote will exceed that of 1888.

Let us look at some of the figures of those two elections. For convenience we throw them into tabular form, the first column being Cleveland's pluralities in 1884, and the second his pluralities in 1888, except those in the second column marked R., which indicate a Republican plurality:

States.	1884.	Plurality, 1888.
Connecticut. . . . .	1,415	336
Delaware. . . . .	4,013	3,441
Indiana. . . . .	6,427	R. 2,348
Kentucky. . . . .	34,819	28,666
Maryland. . . . .	11,118	6,182
Missouri. . . . .	39,966	25,701
New York. . . . .	1,047	R. 14,373
North Carolina. . . . .	17,884	13,118
Virginia. . . . .	6,003	1,539
West Virginia. . . . .	4,221	552

If Cleveland is the genuine exponent of Democracy, or rather, if Democracy be so popular in the United States as to be invincible, how did it occur that four years of Democratic rule should make a change of 6,000 votes in Kentucky, 5,200 in Missouri, 4,500 in Virginia, 3,700 in West Virginia, 1,100 in Connecticut, 15,000 in New York, and so on? If Cleveland barely escapes losing Connecticut and West Virginia in 1888, can he be assured of either in 1892?

There is another side to this question, which is the gains made by Harrison in 1888 over the Blaine vote in 1884. These, too, are better in a table than otherwise, and this is the way they look when compared with the gains made by the Democrats in the same States from 1884 to 1888:

States.	Republican Gain.	Democratic Gain.
Colorado. . . . .	24,605	9,742
Iowa. . . . .	14,509	2,561
Kansas. . . . .	28,493	12,613
Massachusetts. . . . .	36,668	29,503
Michigan. . . . .	43,718	24,108
Nebraska. . . . .	31,513	26,161
Oregon. . . . .	6,431	1,918
Wisconsin. . . . .	14,996	10,573

If the Democratic vote fell off in Democratic States, and the Republicans gained in Republican States, it is easy to see that Mr. Cleveland was doomed to defeat in 1888. Why should 1892 differ in any material respect from 1888?

Occasionally we find a Democrat with more enthusiasm than judgment or knowledge of political conditions, who declares that Cleveland can be elected even if Tammany does cut his throat in New York. Let us see whether this be possible. In 1888, Harrison received 233 electoral votes, and Cleveland, 168. New York's 36, if cast for Cleveland, would have made the Harrison column 197, and the Cleveland column 204. This year a majority of the electoral college is 223, instead of 201; but New York is still necessary to Cleveland—indeed, more necessary than in 1884, since a majority of the votes of the new States will be Republican. Under the new apportionment, counting both old States and new, the Republicans gain 29 electoral votes and the Democrats 14, or a net Republican gain of 15, which enables the Republicans to win this year without Indiana, whereas it does not enable the Democrats to win without New York. There is no combination possible by which the Democrats can elect Cleveland without the 36 electoral votes of New York, unless we presuppose that a dozen or so Republican States make a complete flop and turn Democratic, which, it will be conceded, is not at all probable.

On the other hand, it is possible for the Republicans to lose New York and still carry the election, provided they can pick up two or three such small States as Connecticut, West Virginia, and Florida, or can carry Indiana. Giving the Democrats the Solid South, New Jersey, Connecticut, Delaware, and New York, they will have 211 electoral votes, which is twelve short of a majority; and if the Michigan gerrymander gives them eight more, which is all they can possibly claim, they will still be four short of a majority, with no living chance to gain them anywhere. It is not at all likely that Indiana will support Cleveland as against Harrison; even if she should, the Republicans could make good the loss by the votes of Connecticut, West Virginia, and

Florida, which are by no means certain Democratic States this year.

This puts the case in the strongest possible light against the Republicans. Nobody sincerely believes that Cleveland can carry New York this year against Hill and Tammany and the division they have caused in the party. As Brother Dixon put it last Sunday, in his sermon on Tammany, they have come back from Chicago with "honey on their lips, treachery in their hearts, and knives in their bootlegs." Cleveland has estranged his old friends and has made no new ones. His nomination, as Editor Dana warningly remarked the other day, would make the Democratic Convention at Chicago merely a Harrison ratification meeting. And that is what it was.

It is only by comparing the transportation system of California with that of other States that we realize how backward we are in the first factor of modern civilization. Compared with California, Colorado is a small State, not only in area but in population and production. The population of Colorado is 412,000, about one-third that of California; its chief city, Denver, contains about one-third the number of people who inhabit San Francisco. But the railroad mileage of Colorado was, in 1890, 4,291 miles, as against 4,336 miles in California, and new roads are planned to increase it.

The number of railroads which make Denver a terminal seems prodigious to a San Franciscan. Three branches of the Union Pacific, one from the north, one from the north-east, and one from the east enter the city. Besides these, the Burlington and Quincy has its line from the Missouri to Denver, under the name of the Burlington and Missouri, and the Rock Island has its line, under the name of the Chicago, Kansas, and Nebraska. Thus Denver has three distinct and independent lines which connect it with the East. On the west, Denver has the Denver and Rio Grande, with its Ogden connection, the Denver and Rio Grande Western, which gives it access to this coast, and short lines connect the city with Boulder Valley, Georgetown, Leadville and Gunnison, Buena Vista, and other points in the mining region; each of these lines being independent of and willing to compete with the other, and each aiming some day to strike out to the Pacific Coast. Through the Denver and Rio Grande, Denver connects with the Atchison and Topeka system at La Junta and Pueblo.

Take another city and State—Portland, in Oregon. The population of Oregon is, in round numbers, one-fourth that of California; the population of Portland is less than one-sixth that of San Francisco. But the railroad mileage of Oregon is 1,455 miles, which is more than one-third the railroad mileage of California, and Portland has railroad outlets north, east, and south by independent lines of road. It is entered from the east by the Oregon short line of the Union Pacific system, from the south by the Oregon and California line of the Southern Pacific system, and from the north by a line connecting with the Northern Pacific system. There are besides local lines leading to Spokane, to the growing seaports of Tacoma and Seattle on the Puget Sound archipelago, and to various points in the Willamette Valley. All these lines, great and small, are in independent ownership, and do not constitute a monopoly.

Turning to our own State and our own city, we find that we have but one railroad, with several lines, to be sure, but all under one management and in one ownership. There are a couple of short lines which run north from the northern shore of the bay—the Donahue line and the North Pacific Coast line; but they are in reality nothing but annexes to ferry systems and lead nowhere. All the other roads in this part of California are owned by the same people, and all the schedules of rates are made in the offices at Fourth and Townsend. Thus, while the Denver shipper and the Portland shipper have a number of carriers to choose from, and can offer their business to the one which will do it on the most advantageous terms, the San Francisco shipper has no alternative but to deal with the Southern Pacific; whichever road he sends his goods over, it is the same.



ness with that corporation and submits to the rates it exacts.

Some day, perhaps, San Francisco will be as lucky as Denver and Portland, and will have railroad competition which will reduce transportation rates to a reasonable figure. But unless the Salt Lake scheme should prove a success sooner than is anticipated, San Francisco had better look, for the present, for emancipation from the despotism of the monopoly through a development of its maritime trade. It is demonstrable that a large proportion of the freight which is now carried across the continent in railroad cars can be just as well carried in freight-steamers and clipper ships round the Horn; the vessels are ready to do it, and are advertising for freight; if they can fill up, the railroad company will soon be on its knees to make terms with the shippers whose appeals it has thus far disregarded. A two-thousand-ton freight-steamer will carry as much freight as twenty-five trains of ten cars each, and it will make the voyage in something like twice the time of ordinary freight-trains. Such a steamer starting twice a month from New York to San Francisco would take away so much business from the Southern Pacific that its managers would soon be brought to their senses. They would show their appreciation of the situation by cutting down local freight-schedules, and that is just now the objective-point of California shippers and producers.

The country is indebted to Delegate Collins, of Massachusetts, for the resolution which he introduced at the Chicago convention, setting forth that a national convention ought to be a deliberative body; that hereafter seats should be provided only for delegates, alternates, the national committee, and members of the press, to the end that the gathering shall not be harassed by yelling crowds in the galleries, and be permitted to do its work in a quiet and rational manner. The convention had the good sense to refer the resolution to the new national committee, with an affirmative recommendation. Whether the resolution be adopted or not, the offering of it and the manner of its reception indicate that the Minneapolis convention was the last at which the representatives of a great political party will consider it the proper thing to go upon a debauch of idiocy, in order to demonstrate the popularity of a candidate or their admiration for their party's principles.

It is to the honor of the Democracy that the Chicago gathering was, in comparison with that at Minneapolis, agreeably sane and decorous. The streets were not alive with "boom clubs," arrayed in red, white, and blue breeches and orange coats, carrying pink and yellow parasols and gaudy pampas-grass plumes, screaming the while behind maniacal brass-bands. This species of folly, so discreditable to the politicians, who carefully plan and encourage it, and so mortifying to national pride, had its apotheosis at Minneapolis. It is not likely that again during this generation we shall see galleries packed with sweating and shrieking thousands, inspiring the silly delegates on the floor to competition in uproar. It is not likely that again we shall see a woman achieve a fame as broad as the Union for the noble feat of going crazy and making a fool of herself. Mrs. Carson Lake, "the Blaine heroine," who "kept the Republican National Convention cheering for twenty-six minutes"—as timed by the watches of the ecstatic correspondents—has had her portrait published in all the newspapers, with columns of admiring comments. Mrs. Lake, of course, is not to be held responsible for that immortal scene of brainless clamor of which she was the central figure, "the political Joan of Arc, summoning war and victory—a Venus unharmed and masterful amid Vulcan forces," as the deeply impressed *Examiner* describes her. She was but a product of the convention atmosphere. Our Democratic contemporary casts aside the hampering bands of partisanship and pictures anew with its pen of fire the ever-memorable "dramatic incident":

"It was the last day of the convention. For six days and nights the followers of the Maine statesman had hurled themselves against the unbroken and unbreakable front of the opposition; but they could not stampee the splendidly organized Harrison forces. Blaine's boom was sinking, slowly but surely, like a great line-of-battle ship.

"Suddenly a woman sprang to her feet—a single woman in a gathering of fifteen thousand people. What could she do? She had a white parasol closed in her right hand, and she began to wave it to and fro. . . . Presently men began to wave umbrellas. The Maine delegation had a huge silken flag, and waved it. Broader and broader grew the sweep of that white parasol. At the end of eight minutes, she had changed her gestures into a motion suggesting the refrain of 'Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine, Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine.' Before long, every one in the hall, except the most pronounced of the Harrison people, caught up the tune, which roared out of nine thousand or more throats, and almost raised the roof. The lady held the crowd as a leader holds his band; she dominated them as a great actress dominates her audience; she played on them as a great musician plays upon the feelings of his hearers; and yet there was nothing except the animation of her features and the motion of her arm.

"Her face grew paler and paler. She was evidently growing ex-

And this sort of thing continued for twenty-six minutes:

"It did not succeed in its purpose, that of nominating James G. Blaine," continues the admiring *Examiner*, with a regret equally solemn and pathetic; "but few people who were not in Minneapolis at the time have any idea of the close call President Harrison had." So—a pretty, hysterical woman came within an ace of nominating the President of the United States with her parasol! With a parasol she almost induced a majority of the chosen representatives of the Republican party, in national convention assembled, to forego their convictions of expediency and choose as their leader for the campaign, the champion of their views on the home and foreign policies of the republic, the gentleman who was so fortunate as to be the favorite of Mrs. Carson Lake, or, what was of more importance, evidently, the choice of Mrs. Lake's parasol! It will occur to most people, removed from the cyclonic influences of national conventions, that the selection of Presidential candidates by the verdict of the dice-box offers advantages, in reason and dignity, to their choice by fiat of the sun-shade. Happily the summit of vacuous, wind-worked fudge was reached under the leadership of Mrs. Carson Lake's parachute. Undoubtedly it had a deterrent effect upon the Democrats, and induced a revulsion from a sort of insanity to which both parties have been subject. Chicago, of course, was not free from the customary efforts to manufacture "scenes of unexampled enthusiasm." One fat man, with a bald head, sprang upon a chair and attempted to cause a "stampede" by singing a song concerning Grover and the Democracy being all in clover in the event of that stout gentleman's election, the song being set to the tune of De Wolf Hopper's ditty of "Baby, Baby," a rhyme sufficiently inane and mawkish to appeal to the "heart" and "better nature" of those stupidest of all human assemblages—New York theatre audiences. But the fat man had no great success with his song. Possibly there was no disposition toward enthusiasm, real or manufactured, at Chicago, since from the opening of the convention Cleveland was seen to be inevitable, and the prospect of a third campaign under such a general must obviously have had a depressing effect upon the most sanguine Democratic temperament. But whatever the cause of the quiet, the Chicago convention was quiet, and that was a splendid gain for common sense. Mr. Collins's resolution should be adopted by the Republican as well as the Democratic National Committee.

The notion, insultingly entertained and offensively propagated by the enemies of Ireland, that the spirit of her oppressed people has been broken by centuries of odious tyranny, is triumphantly exploded by the glorious events which have marked the current political campaign. Down-trodden as the Irish are, and hemmed about by the emissaries of despotism, they yet set the world an example of ardor in the exercise of such rights of freemen as iron-heeled England leaves them. They are a proud and sensitive race and easily stirred to a generous fervor of debate, foreign altogether to the sluggish blood of the shop-keeping British and huckstering Americans. The quenchless fire of patriotism burns in Ireland to-day as brightly as ever it did. The canvass opened in Tralee early in June, and at the first mass-meeting both the Harringtons were hit with brickbats. On June 12th the Parnellites of Limerick made a demonstration. They had a brass band, which played various patriotic airs, "interspersed with howls of derision for the enemies of Mr. Parnell," as the telegraph informs us. The result among so high-strung and intelligent an electorate was inevitable:

"Stones were thrown, causing ugly injuries, although stone-throwing was rather risky, owing to friend and foe being so mixed up together. There was not much left of the band. What remained of the instruments were seized for weapons, and the combatants belabored each other vigorously."

Later, on June 26th, to wit, Limerick was again the scene of an inspiring discussion of the great questions at issue in the campaign, and satisfactory conclusions were reached:

"Mr. Gordan, member of Parliament, was attacked by a crowd of Parnellites on arriving in this city to address an anti-Parnellite meeting. A strong detachment of police escorted him to his hotel. On the way the Parnellites hoisted and stoned the police, who finally used swords to disperse the crowd. Several arrests were made."

On the same day, historic Cork maintained her reputation as one of the foremost seats of Irish civilization:

"While William O'Brien was attending mass, a crowd of Parnellites surrounded the church, jeering and howling. On leaving the church, O'Brien was escorted to his hotel by anti-Parnellites, a running fight being kept up between the factions. At the hotel, a serious conflict arose, in which several persons were injured. The crowd was finally dispersed by the police."

But, though the police gained this temporary victory, they soon learned that English mercenaries can not hope for a lasting triumph over a brave, if enslaved, people:

"William Redmond and the lord mayor of Dublin were stoned and compelled to flee while attempting to canvass an anti-Parnellite stronghold. Parnellites attacked the meeting of anti-Parnellites, which was being addressed by O'Brien, and broke it up. Later, Redmond and the lord mayor of Dublin, supported by three thousand Parnellites,

paraded. The Parnellites broke many windows, as they passed, and the residents took shelter in their houses and pelted the crowd from the windows. Several doors were broken in and the occupants of the houses beaten.

"The Parnellites then held a meeting, addresses being made by Redmond and the lord mayor of Dublin. After the meeting the Parnellites wrecked the rooms of the Blackpool Bank. The police were unable to cope with the disorder. Fifteen injured combatants were taken to the hospital for treatment. Many others were slightly injured."

The foes of Ireland, influenced by their malice, deduct from contests like these the opinion that the poison of faction will forever taint the blood of the Irish and withhold them from united action. How shallow are the minds which accept this wicked slander was proved in Limerick while the battle between the contending bands of patriots was at its hottest:

"As the fight grew more furious, the police assembled in force, and charged the men with drawn batons. At first neither side paid any attention to the police, but kept up their fighting, and the struggle was at such close quarters that the police could hardly make any impression. Suddenly a voice was heard in the crowd: 'Here's Balfour's bull-dogs, boys, let us give it to them!' Then was witnessed a singular scene."

"The two factions, but a moment before engaged in a furious strife, suddenly stopped and joined against the police. Stones were thrown at the constables and a rush made at them. The police, however, were firm, using their batons without mercy."

Unhappily, faction does occasionally divide the Irish race; but be an Irishman a Parnellite or anti-Parnellite, he is still, above and beyond everything else, an Irishman. Let a policeman appear, and all minor differences are forgotten. To deny that a people of whom this can be said are fit for self-government, is obviously a libel so gross and wanton that the only proper reply to it is a whack on the head with a shillalah.

In the Chicago Democratic platform wily brains and deft hands are apparent in the planks of first importance—as those on tariff reform, on gold and silver, and on immigration. Some material planks exhibit cunning and daring; but, by comparison, others of them had been intrusted to prentice hands and were accordingly botched. The chief craft of diplomacy—to conceal meaning in utterance and confound understanding in ambiguous phrase, to employ many words and express nothing—is the conspicuous quality in all that is said in reference to and explanation of the Democratic campaign cry of "tariff reform." The nature and measure of the proclaimed reform is studiously withheld. Instead, the loud-sounding but utterly senseless phrases are interposed of "iniquitous impositions" to be righted upon a "constitutional and equitable basis." It may be stretched to take in a mountain; it can be shrunk to the dimensions of a mole-hill—to the span of the girth of Dana's "stuffed prophet," to the tenuity of "Sockless Simpson's" mental grasp. There is a shadowy idea of revising tariff duties, scaling them down in some instances, taking them entirely off in others, and increasing the rate in others still; but there is neither guide nor gauge, token nor hint. It is as uncertain as the "now you see it," "now you don't," of the race-track fakir.

The McKinley tariff is denounced as "the culminating atrocity of class legislation." This tariff, passed in 1890, has been in operation less than two years. Under it, the prices of articles of common use and consumption, which are produced abroad and imported, the clothing and fabrics worn mostly by those who toil—wage-earners and all in humble life—are lower than ever before, while the wages of labor are higher. Protection by tariff duties has been assured to producers and manufacturers at home, and every branch of industry is benefited thereby. California, for instance, has been greatly aided, in her wines and fruits—raisins and prunes and citrus products—and otherwise. Throughout the entire land the benefits of the tariff are shared and enjoyed. Yet the Democratic two-thirds of the House denounce it as an "iniquitous" tariff and clamor for their "reform." They are in unchallenged force to legislate: can pass any bill upon which they agree in the House. Since last December the only tokens of their plan of tariff reform have been absurd and feeble efforts at tariff tinkering—abolishing the duty on raw wool, to the injury of American wool-growers and the benefit of foreign producers; abolishing the duty on lumber, to the benefit of British-America and against the interest of Americans engaged in the industry; reducing the duty on tin-plate, to stifle the new American industry now struggling toward prosperity in the product from American tin-mines freshly discovered; and endeavoring to restore the duty on sugar. These are the only methods of tariff reform the Democrats in Congress have revealed. They have maintained the duty on woollens, although they urge the importation of raw wool free of duty. This certainly is the "class legislation" that "falls with crushing force upon our farmers and working-men," and is to the benefit solely of the manufacturer. Whatever of "atrocity" there is in it must be to the account of the Democratic tariff reformers, who introduced and passed these "reforms" in the house. For the first



time in the history of the country, large manufacturing establishments are being transplanted from England, from Germany, and from France to the United States, due entirely to the McKinley tariff. Under this tariff the commerce and the shipping interests of our country are steadily improving. The policy advocated by the Democratic party is adverse to American commerce; it has proved almost ruinous to the American merchant marine in past years. The Republican promise of reform of the government, in every respect, and in no respect in better faith than as to the tariff, has been sacredly fulfilled. Since the promulgation by President Cleveland in 1887, of his plan of tariff reform, there has come no tangible sign of its meaning. The Mills Tariff Bill of 1888 was put forward as a token of it. By that bill every industry of the North and West was struck at and impaired; every industry of the South was fostered and aided. It was a sectional tariff, framed to impose upon the people of the United States of the Civil War period the enormous cost of sustaining the government, and virtually exempting the Southern States from their just share of the public burden. Mills is now a senator from Texas. With Cleveland and the Democratic party again in power, he could revive his plan of tariff reform agreeably to the lines of 1888. The opportunity will never occur. Harrison's reflection is a foregone conclusion. Protection will stay.

An examination of the census reports on population makes us regret that our vital statistics are not more thorough. We know that California has emerged from the callow stage in which men largely outnumber women, and that the two sexes, in this State, as in most of the Eastern States, are about equal in numbers. All over the world, in every race and condition of life, children are equally divided between the sexes; this is found to be the case even in Oriental harems, where female births were supposed to be more frequent than male births. But in some places one sex appears to predominate over the other in vigor and vitality; and California seems to be one of these places. Though as many boys as girls are born in this State, and live long enough to be counted by the census-taker, the superior vigor of the adult California female over the adult California male has been a matter of general remark by strangers; and two interesting questions have arisen: first, are our girls more robust than our boys; and, second, if so, what will be the result of the physical superiority of the female sex over the male?

Looking over the accounts of population throughout the world, it is not easy to find a case exactly parallel to ours. Generally, where the men are tall, stalwart, and strong, the women are equally conspicuous for physical development; where the men are stunted and puny, the women are small and apt to be sickly. The daughters of the giant peasantry of Normandy and the Valley of the Danube are as stout as their brothers; the undersized youth of Paris and London marries a girl as short and rickety as himself; in those portions of Germany where the men appear to be lineal descendants of the old Gauls, the women are broad and muscular; the little Italian of the old Kingdom of Naples is accompanied by a woman of five feet. Almost all over the world, the law which governs physical proportions applies equally to both sexes. That it does not apply to California is remarked by foreign tourists who walk through the streets of our cities or wander through the regions of the vine and the orange.

There does not seem to be any natural reason why California should be an exception to a universal law. It is easier to believe that children of the two sexes are born equal than that nature made a pre-natal discrimination between them, and bestowed on the girl a vigorous vitality, and upon the boy a weakly constitution. If this is admitted, we are driven to inquire whether the contrast between our boys and our girls is not due to the use of liquors and cigarettes by the former.

But the magnificent proportions of the California girl contrast as vividly with those of girls born beyond the river-valleys as they do with the physique of their brothers. There are a few States in which the girls might be taken for Californians. Such are Illinois, Wisconsin, Kentucky, and Virginia. In these States they raise tall, stalwart girls, the opulence of whose figures commands attention, and who look as if they might live to be the mothers of puissant families. But when we go further east, to Pennsylvania, New York, and New England, we strike a race of women who are undersized, light in weight, and whose deficiency in muscle was expressed by the Chicago girl, who remarked that whatever might be said of the size of the Chicago foot, there was nothing the matter with the size of the Chicago garter. These Eastern girls are pretty, engaging, coquettish; but they seem to run to intellect, so that their capacity to fulfill the first purpose of daughters of Eve may, perhaps, be a question. What impairs their bodily vigor so that their

contrast with Kentucky girls or California girls is so conspicuous?

The superficial observer at once leaps to the conclusion that the contrast must be due to climate. But the peculiarities of our climate—a scarcity of rainfall, no extremes of cold and heat, high winds from the sea and the mountains, no snow—are found elsewhere, for instance, in the mountainous portions of Spain, without producing any effect on the stature or strength of the Spanish women; and, on the other hand, Norman girls, who can fairly compare with California girls in vigor and vitality, are born and brought up in a region where the rainfall is copious, the summer weather very hot, and the winters sometimes very cold. Parts of New York State resemble Normandy in their meteorological conditions; yet Norman girls of twenty-two as often weigh one hundred and fifty pounds as New York girls weigh one hundred and ten. Quetelet names eighty pounds as a minimum, though not uncommon, weight for Paris girls, and one hundred and eighty pounds as a normal weight for an Auvergnat or a Norman girl. He seems to ascribe the light weight of the former to a steady deterioration of the female physique through a series of generations, caused by habits of luxury and idleness. Can we assume that the same cause has reduced the weight of the Eastern girl below the normal standard? Or are we to assume that some whim of nature raised the weight of our girls above the standard?

Physiologists agree with Darwin and Spencer in believing that the finest specimens of humanity are obtained by crossing the breeds. In this State the mixture of nationalities—American, English, Irish, French, Spanish, Italian, and German—was more thorough than in any Eastern State. Shall we ascribe the figures of our girls to the various strains of blood which flow in their veins—as the beauty and symmetry of the Danubian girls are ascribed to the mixture of Roman, Greek, Scythian, Hun, and Ostrogoth blood in theirs? The measurements of the average Californian girl round the hips and bust, and the muscular development of her limbs, far exceed any dimensions attained by the women of the races from which she sprung; but as we know that the progeny of the English peasant and the Irishman, Frenchman, German, Spaniard, Italian, and American are generally superior intellectually to the primitive stock, may not the superiority extend to the physique likewise? And was the admixture of races so much more complete here than elsewhere that we only find the superiority in this and one or two other States?

The facts merely stimulate inquiry, without suggesting a formula. Given a race of well-developed, straight-backed, richly proportioned women, and a race of small, weakly, thin-legged, narrow-chested men, what will the offspring be? The question provokes the old puzzle—which of the two parents has the most to do with the creation of the children? Physiologists, with more or less knowledge, have answered this question in every imaginable way; but modern biological science gives it up as an insoluble problem. The German professors who have concentrated their powerful intellects on the problem of human life, have proved that the opinions of the past are all baseless; but they have substituted nothing in their place. It used to be believed that it was the mother who endowed the son; but even that is questioned now. Considering the physical vigor of our Californian girls, it is to be hoped that the mothers do transmit to their offspring their physical attributes.

In the beginning of this article, we spoke of the lack in California of vital statistics; in default of them, these remarks are merely generalizations. But there is an abundance of statistics in Eastern colleges, giving the height, weight, chest measurements, etc., of the students. Are any such records kept at Berkeley or at Palo Alto? If so, some interesting comparisons can be made between the youths of the Atlantic and of the Pacific Coast.

Quite aside from the partisan effect, immediate or remote, of the act, every American should be glad that the Democracy stamped on Tammany at the Chicago Convention. Messrs. Croker, Murphy, Sheehan, *et al.* got as contemptuous and stunning a reception as Boss Platt was accorded at Minneapolis. In each case the convention was arrogantly threatened with the defeat at the polls of the candidate who was not acceptable to the New York machine, and in each instance the machine was defied. This is not only gratifying as betokening the prevalence of a higher political courage than the country has been accustomed to see displayed at national conventions, but as indicative of a widespread resentment of the pretension to supremacy which New York affects, in and out of politics. The conceit of the metropolis induces it to regard the rest of the United States as the rural districts, to be humored and considered when New York wants anything, but always to be held in half-amused scorn. If there were grounds for this feeling of superiority, if New York set the country an

example desirable to be followed, the "provinces" could put up with metropolitan patronage. But, as a matter of fact, New York, in most things, offers an example of what it is well to avoid. In politics, she is exceptionally mercenary and rotten. The mass of her population is the poorest, the dirtiest in housing and person, and the most ignorant and vicious to be found in any city on the continent. Her rich men are the most selfish, her fashionable society the dullest, drollest, and most plutocratic in the world, her newspapers, with a few exceptions (punished by small circulation), the most vulgar, shallow, ill-tempered, and petty in America. Boston is far ahead of New York in culture, Philadelphia in respectability, Chicago in enterprise, and all other cities in public spirit. New York excels in just two things—bulk of commerce and number of population. Her geographical position accounts for both these points of distinction, for the latter of which she is not to be envied, since her primacy in the census is due to the sweepings of Europe. It is upon these sweepings—so foul in their character that the great slums of the city rival in filth, illiteracy, savagery, and crime the kennels of Oriental towns, and sbook the most experienced of travelers who penetrate them for the first time—that her politicians rest their claim to high consideration. We rejoice, therefore, that Tammany and Boss Platt were treated with scorn and contumely. Through them New York has been given to understand, with a bang, that the people of the nation hold a wholly different estimate of the merits and importance of the metropolis from that which its absurd vanity causes it to cherish. New York is big, but she is no good.

This issue of the *Argonaut* is Number One of Volume Thirty-One. Although our pages have been by no means unsightly, the *Argonaut* is careful about its typographical appearance, and is putting on a new dress of type. We begin it with the new volume for the convenience of the numerous subscribers who bind their copies. Thus the pages of the old and new volumes will be uniform in appearance when bound.

While we are speaking of the *Argonaut's* comely pages, a word of apology may be necessary for some defects in our machinery department. The *Argonaut* is outgrowing its plant. Recently we have been unable to bind and trim all of our edition. Last week, for example, we were forced to send out over four thousand copies uncut. We ask the indulgence of our readers, and of our friends the news-dealers, for a short time, when these defects will be remedied. Years ago, the *Argonaut* was forced to secure "perfecting" machinery for getting out its edition. The book-binders of San Francisco were utterly inadequate to the task. There is not even now a bindery in this city which is capable of folding, binding, and trimming five thousand copies of a sixteen-page paper in a day. Hence we secured machinery which could handle our edition. To-day this journal is the only one in San Francisco—outside of the dailies—which possesses "perfecting" machinery—that is to say, machinery which will print, fold, paste, trim, and deliver automatically "perfected" copies. But we are forced to add to our plant by the increase of our edition. Therefore, we are now having constructed in the East the latest and most improved style of machinery which will print, fold, inset, paste, trim, and deliver 20,000 sixteen, twenty, twenty-four, twenty-eight, or thirty-two-page "perfected" papers. This is now being built to our order, and will soon be erected in our press-rooms. When it is running, we shall have no further trouble, and we hope that those of our readers who receive unbound and uncut copies will overlook the matter for a short time.

It is rumored throughout the State of California that an extra session of the legislature is to be called by the governor. The last session of the legislature was not one to be proud of. It passed into history as "The Legislature of a Thousand Scandals." It left such a bad smell behind it that it has seriously endangered the success of the Republican legislative ticket this fall. If it is reconvened, there will be no doubt about the defeat of the Republican legislative ticket—even the national ticket for Presidential electors will be imperiled. The Republican party has enough to stagger under in this State in the way of railroad politicians and railroad commissioners. We warn Governor Markham that if he calls an extra session he will break the back of the Republican party in California.

Mr. John F. English writes to us, anent the mention in our last issue of the purchase of lands from the estate of Hiram A. Pearsons, that "there was, and is, no disposition on the part of the buyers to recede from their purchases at that sale." What we said was, that the purchaser desired to recede from the bargain unless they got a good price. We say so still.



## EL SUPERINTENDENTE.

The Story of a Mexican Maiden.

The superintendent of the San Gabriel Mine was unhappy. Who would not be, alone in an unknown corner of the wildest region of a wild country, with no society excepting that of a yellow dog and a few score of miserable, ignorant peons? Not you, my friend, who sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, when, all the time, you are one of the most gregarious animals alive—nor I, nor any one else presumably sane. And Ed Herndon was of sound mind and otherwise capable of feeling his situation keenly.

In the first place, he was young and a sociable—very sociable—follow. Second, he was married, and his wife (he used, when he was alone, which was pretty often, to speak aloud the words "my wife," for the sake of the pleasurable thrill that always followed) was with her parents in the States, and he was—well, nowhere. Third, he had been married just before his train started for El Paso, and had barely had time to kiss his bride of a moment—and theirs was a very romantic attachment, and they loved each other deeply. How poor little Avis had wanted to come with him, and how it tore his heart-strings to leave her! They had not intended to be married at that time, but the sudden change in Ed's other plans had caused them to change this, because it would be so comforting to know that, in spite of their separation, they would really and truly belong to each other forever and ever.

Whether or not this fact did comfort them, I do not know. It probably did. Be that as it may, however, Avis was away up north there, with her friends, and Ed was down here in Chihuahua, coining money, it is true, but desperately blue, and getting bluer every day.

How sudden it had been! On Thursday had come the telegram from New York, with such a magnificent offer to him to put the San Gabriel in working order and remain in charge six months—a big salary and some stock, which he knew would be valuable, because his friend Clover had made the examination on the strength of which the mine was purchased. And how could he, a young engineer, afford to refuse such an offer? As I said, it came on Thursday, this offer; Friday evening Ed Herndon was on his way to El Paso and Chihuahua. And he had been here, on account of various haps and mishaps, over a year, with only the peons and his dog Jack for regular company. First it had been the loss of the machinery in transportation from the city of Chihuahua; second, some other untoward accident extended the delay; and now it was some kink or other in the company's patent, which had to be attended to. He should have been looking after this matter himself, but two of the company's officers were at Chihuahua to see about it, and just now, for various reasons, his presence at the San Gabriel was imperative. Not for long, however. In the course of another week or so he would be free, and then for home!

It was of this that Herndon was thinking as he lay dreaming in his hammock one hot, stifling afternoon. Hardly a breath of air was stirring, and there was no sound except the buzzing of a few lazy flies. It was a good time to dream and think. There was a beautiful, cool-looking view off to the north, with a great cataract in the foreground, but Herndon's eyes did not see it. It was an old story, and he had something better to think of.

The sound of a light footstep at the other end of the veranda interrupted his meditations, and he roused himself a little impatiently to see who the intruder was.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Chicken?" he said, in English, and sank back in his hammock again.

The person addressed as "Chicken" came and stood by his side, and with one little brown hand timidly caressed the waving hair of the superintendent. It was a little peon girl—plump as a partridge, perfectly formed, and more than ordinarily pretty. Head and feet were bare, and the only garment she wore—a short frock of coarse material—seemed, somehow, to add to her wild beauty. She could not have been more than thirteen years old, at most, this cheery-faced little daughter of Mañana lanc; yet, in addition to the full bust and rounded limbs, there was proof to show that she had known what womanhood meant in its deepest sense—for on her breast slept a tiny brown baby, and the way in which she cuddled it to her showed that it was her own.

She was one of the daughters of the alcalde of the miserable little village at the foot of the mountain. There were so many of them that one or two, more or less, made no difference to the drunken old alcalde, and he was highly flattered when "El Superintendente" expressed a desire for the bright-eyed Dolores. So was Dolores. Such a thing as scruple in such matters was undreamed of by anyone in the village. It was the custom whenever a Señor Americano came, and the maiden who took his fancy was envied of all her mates. And Herndon? He had never thought much about it. He had been in Mexico before, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Why, these people were only animals—virtue was an unknown quantity to them. A woman is a convenient article for many reasons, and, if she be pretty and bright, so much the better. So he had brought Dolores up to his quarters, when he first came, and here she was now. To the child, Herndon never paid much attention. It was rather an inconvenience, but that was all.

Herndon looked up lazily, with half-closed eyes, at the girl's smiling, happy face. He wondered how she would look, dressed in the garb of civilization, and decided that such a change would detract from her beauty. She would not be natural, and naturalness is the chief charm of Nature's children.

The babe awoke, and began to cry. Dolores sat down in the low chair, near the hammock, and, opening the bosom of her dress, began to nurse it. Herndon, in the hammock, suitably looked at her in his kind, somewhat quizzical way, from under heavy lids.

"Dolores," he said, in Spanish, "I'm going away next week."

The girl looked up suddenly, all the gladness gone from her face.

"Going away, señor? For how long?" she asked, eagerly.

Herndon did not answer for a moment. He did not want to hurt her by telling the truth. He was a kind-hearted chap, "El Superintendente," and never, wilfully, wounded the feelings of a living creature. So he answered, "Only—that is, just going to Chihuahua. I'll be back in a month."

Unintentionally he did not look at her as he spoke; and Dolores, simple as she was, noticed this, and suspected him of speaking falsely—and for no other reason than that her jealous woman's heart accused him. She said nothing more, but presently changed the babe's position, rose quietly and went into the house, where she stood looking out of an east window a long time, with an unusually grave expression on her face. Herndon did not notice that she was gone. He was trying to conjure up a picture of his wife, as she would look when he stepped off the train at Denver.

Everything was settled. The new superintendent had arrived and become initiated, and Herndon, with a glad heart, turned over the property of the company to him, late one night. Ross, the new man, laughingly inquired if the little Indian and her child were included in the list of stock, and Herndon as laughingly replied that he presumed so—that was for Ross, the alcalde, and the girl to arrange. Then he turned in quietly, so as not to waken Dolores. He had packed up, and was ready to start at three o'clock in the morning.

At two o'clock he awoke and lighted a candle. It was too late to think of further sleep. He reached over and shook Dolores gently. "Wake up, little one! Don't you want to get me some breakfast?"

Dolores sat up and rubbed her eyes. Then she rose, silently slipped into her dress and began to prepare breakfast, while Herndon lay in bed for awhile, looking at the ceiling and wishing the long journey before him was at an end.

Francisco, the guide, came in and announced that all was ready, and Herndon rose and dressed hastily, and as hastily drank a cup of coffee. He could eat nothing. Dolores looked disappointed at this, but the man at the table did not notice. He pushed back his chair and filled his pipe, taking two or three reflective whiffs. Then he rose, put on his hat and belt and turned to the girl, who was standing silently looking at the sleeping babe on the bed in the next room.

"Well, *adios*, Chicken!" he said, cheerfully. "Aren't going to cry, are you? No? That's a good girl. Come, kiss me."

She lifted her face, with its rigid jaws and dry, burning eyes. He kissed her twice, carelessly, turned on his heel, and, with another *adios*, was gone.

Along the difficult trail to the east a white man and two peons traveled until the scorching sun compelled them to halt and wait for the cool of early evening. Behind them, yet out of their sight, a sad, weary little figure, clasping close to its breast something bundled in cheap, white cloth, plodded and stumbled along. Now and then bruised feet would demand a halt, or the querulous cry that came from the white bundle would compel the tired traveler to stop and rest.

At noon, the three men lay sleeping in a grassy, cool nook near a spring, just off the trail, while along the dusty road a child-woman, faint, panting, bruised, and nearly exhausted, struggled painfully on, with parched lips that murmured prayers for strength, and dry eyes that looked now and again to the brassy sky above for sympathy.

Edward Herndon dreamed on. His were pleasant dreams, all but the last. In this, it seemed, somehow, as if he had reached home and wife. Avis was coming to his outstretched arms, when, suddenly, there came a mist which enveloped her, and she disappeared, leaving him mad with heart-hunger. He stirred uneasily and moaned. It startled the owner of the eyes that for half an hour had feasted on his sleeping face. The form which had knelt beside him during that time drew nearer, softly. The eyes were raised to heaven in piteous appeal for forgiveness. A hand, small and strong, raised a bright something and poised it above the sleeping man's breast. There was a flash—another—a sighing groan, heard by none save the person at his side, who still gazed, as though spell-bound, at his handsome face—and Edward Herndon had gone from Mexico, and the bride of a minute, who had never been a wife, was a widow.

Francisco and Pedro, the guides, brought the body back to the village, and were put under arrest by Ross and the alcalde, who sent a runner to the next village for a squad of soldiers. The soldiers came, and started to take their prisoners to the *jefe político* of the district. They attempted to escape, and were shot and killed—so the sergeant reported. It is a convenient and inexpensive way they have in Mexico, when the weather is warm and the distance to be traveled is considerable.

Up in the States, the papers report "another American brutally murdered by plundering Mexicans," and demand an investigation. Up in the States, a woman is mourning and will mourn till death for the strong young life and her life's happiness, cut off together. Down in a tiny village in the mountains of Chihuahua, an idiot girl croons all day long to the bundle of rags she imagines is the babe they fear to trust her with.

R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1892.

The King of Siam has excellent reasons for never allowing Mrs. Siam to leave the children with him when she goes out shopping. There are eighty-four of them.

"I never enjoy my bed," said a hard worker, "because the minute I put my head on the pillow, it's morning."

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

To Trojan Helen.

Thy heart is a restless sea,  
Scourged white by windy whips;  
A fathom deep  
Lies dreamless Sleep  
With Silence at her lips.

Thy heart is a garden sweet  
Wherein all greenness grows.  
Whose blood was shed  
That burns so red  
The blush upon the rose?

Thy heart is a desert voice  
That ever lureth men,  
Unwrecking scath,  
Upon a path  
That turneth not again.

Thy heart is a palace fair,  
Where all the world is guest;  
With one strait room  
Where none may come  
Save he who loveth best.

Thy heart is the world's desire  
For which men strive in vain.  
Yet thy love lost  
Were worth the cost  
Another's heart to gain.

—W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen in July Scribner's.

Traffic.

Life, the shrewd lapidary, is rich in wares  
Whose worth or charm a casual glance may see;  
And like perpetual purchasers are we,  
Won by the bounteous opulence he airs.  
Here shines a pearl of hope; here subtly glares  
An emerald of revenge; here thrilled we see  
A diamond of ambition; here may be  
Some ruby of sin that lures us and ensnares.

Continually above this bright array,  
As time flows on, we mortals flock to bend,  
Till body and limbs turn frail, till brows grow gray,  
Through trading, haggling, bartering without end—  
While for the inexorable price we pay,  
Months, years, even centuries, are the coins we spend.  
—Edgar Fawcett in July Century.

Unguarded Gates.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;  
Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,  
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,  
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past  
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—  
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,  
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year  
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,  
A later Eden planted in the wilds,  
With not an inch of earth within its bound  
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!  
Here, it is written, Toil shall have its wage,  
And Honor honor, and the humblest man  
Stand level with the highest in the law.  
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,  
And with the vision brightening in their eyes  
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
And through them presses a wild, motley throng—  
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,  
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,  
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,  
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;  
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,  
Those, Uger passions, here to stretch their claws.  
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,  
Accents of menace alien to our air,  
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!  
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well  
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast  
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,  
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel  
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come  
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care  
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn  
And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,  
And where the temples of the Cæsars stood  
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in July Atlantic.

A Penalty.

The rock is veined with gold, and the silver shines,  
And the seams of the coal are black in the nether mines,  
And the copper gleams like a kindled furnace spark,  
And the heavy lead is dull and cold and dark;  
Yet for all the black of the coal and the gloom of the lead,  
Do they weep to be copper or silver or gold instead?

The lilies rock in a garden fair and tall,  
And the daisies creep in the grass at the feet of all,  
And the yellow sunflower stares at the yellow sun,  
But the trailing yellow trefoils earthward run;  
Yet for all the lilies are high and the daisies are low,  
None of them crieth, "Why hast Thou made me so?"

Like flowers of air the kingbirds flash and fly,  
They have dipt their wings in the blue of the summer sky,  
But the dusky lark that made an earthy nest  
Must carry away its color upon her breast;  
Yet for all the feathers are brown or the feathers are bright,  
None of them saith, "God doth not work aright."

And men spring up in their place, and a golden crown  
Circles a royal head, for king and clown  
Rise and pass through life their several ways,  
And this shall be born for toil and this for praise;  
Yet of every soul in every devious lot,  
There is none content, there is none that murmurs not.  
—Nina F. Loyard in July Harper's.

"When on the Marge of Evening."

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,  
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar;  
Or when my lattice opens before the lark has spoken,  
On dim laburnum-blossoms and morning's dying star;

I think of thee (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)  
Whose great and given splendor the world may share and see,  
While, day on day forever, some perfect law is keeping  
The late and early twilight alone and sweet for me!  
—Louise Imogen Guiney, in July Century.



## ZOLA'S NEW BOOK.

A Few Scenes from "La Débâcle," a Panorama of War.

"La Débâcle," Emile Zola's new novel, has just been published in Paris, and the Cassell Publishing Company, of New York, which has secured the sole right to publish it in the United States, by the payment of a very handsome royalty to the author, has issued an English translation by E. P. Robins. In this story Zola has continued his study of a French family which extends in its ramifications into all the various ranks and classes of the Empire. It was the original intention to call the American version "The Smash-Up," but euphony has prevailed over exact literalness, and it is entitled "The Downfall."

The story is scarcely a story at all, but rather a panorama of the Franco-Prussian war. Zola has brought to bear on it all his wonderful powers of observation and description, and if any of his books will open for him the august portals of the French Academy, it is "La Débâcle." This is the way the story opens:

In the middle of the broad, fertile plain that stretches away in the direction of the Rhine, a mile and a quarter from Mülhausen, the camp was pitched. In the fitful light of the overcast August day, beneath the lowering sky that was filled with heavy, drifting clouds, the long lines of squat white shelter-tents seemed to cower closer to the ground, and the muskets, stacked at regular intervals along the regimental fronts, made little spots of brightness, while, over all, the sentries with loaded pieces kept watch and ward, motionless as statues, straining their eyes to pierce the purplish mists that lay on the horizon and shrouded where the mighty river ran.

It was about five o'clock when they had come in from Belfort; it was now eight, and the men had only just received their rations. There could be no distribution of wood, however, the wagons having gone astray, and it had therefore been impossible for them to make fires and warm their soup. They had consequently been obliged to content themselves as best they might, washing down their dry hard-tack with copious draughts of brandy, a proceeding that was not calculated greatly to help their tired legs after their long march. Near the cañteen, however, behind the stacks of muskets, there were two soldiers pertinaciously endeavoring to elicit a blaze from a small pile of green wood, the trunks of some small trees that they had chopped down with their sword-bayonets, and that were obstinately determined not to burn. The cloud of thick, black smoke, rising slowly in the evening air, added to the general cheerlessness of the scene.

Among these soldiers is Maurice Levasseur, who is the hero of the story. The Frenchmen lying at Belfort were confident of victory over the Prussians, but while they were shouting "On to Berlin!" a dispatch was received announcing that the French army had been compelled to evacuate Woerth, and was retreating. Camp was broken and the long march was begun:

Orders were given to break camp at five o'clock, but reveille sounded at four and the retreat to Belfort was hurriedly continued, for every one was certain that the Prussians were only two or three leagues away. Again, there was nothing to eat but dry biscuit, and as a consequence of their brief, disturbed rest and the lack of something to warm their stomachs, the men were weak as cats. Any attempt to enforce discipline on the march that morning was again rendered nugatory by the manner of their departure.

The day was worse than its predecessor, inexpressibly gloomy and disheartening. The aspect of the landscape had changed, they were now in a rolling country where the roads they were always alternately climbing and descending were bordered with woods of pine and hemlock, while the narrow gorges were golden with tangled thickets of broom. But panic and terror lay heavy on the fair land that slumbered there beneath the bright sun of August, and had been hourly gathering strength since the preceding day. A fresh dispatch, hiding the mayors of communes warn the people that they would do well to hide their valuables, had excited universal consternation. The enemy was at hand, then! Would time be given them to make their escape? And to all it seemed that the roar of invasion was ringing in their ears, coming nearer and nearer, the roar of the rushing torrents, starting from Mülhausen, had grown louder and more ominous as it advanced, and to which every village that it encountered in its course contributed its own alarm amid the sound of wailing and lamentation.

The description of the panic in the villages is graphic:

Maurice stumbled along as best he might, like a man walking in a dream; his feet were bleeding, his shoulders sore with the weight of gun and knapsack. He had ceased to think; he advanced automatically into the vision of horrors that lay before his eyes; he had ceased to be conscious even of the shuffling tramp of the comrades around him, and the only thing that was not dim and unreal to his sense was Jean, marching at his side and enduring the same fatigue and horrible distress. It was lamentable to behold the villages they passed through, a sight to make a man's heart bleed with anguish. No sooner did the inhabitants catch sight of the troops of retreating in disorderly array, with haggard faces and bloodshot eyes, than they bestirred themselves to hasten their flight. They who had been so confident only a short month ago, those men and women of Alsace, who smiled when war was mentioned, certain that it would be fought out in Germany! And now France was invaded, and it was among them, above their abodes, in their fields, that the tempest was to burst, like one of those dread cataclysms that lay waste a province in an hour when the lightning's flash and the gates of heaven are opened! Carts were backed up against doors, and men tumbled their furniture into them in wild confusion, careless of what they broke. From the upper windows, the women threw out a last mattress, or handed down the child's cradle, that they had been near forgetting, whereon baby would be tucked in securely and boisted to the top of the load, where he reposed serenely among a grove of legs of chairs and upturned tables. At the back of another cart was the decrepit old grandfather, tied with cords to a wardrobe, and he was bawled away, for all the world, as if he had been one of the family chattels. Then there were those who did not own a cart; so they piled their household goods haphazard on a wheelbarrow, while others carried an armful of clothing, and others, still, had thought only of saving the clock, which they went off pressing to their bosom as if it had been a darling child. They found they could not remove everything, and there were chairs and tables, and bundles of linen too heavy to carry, lying abandoned in the gutter. Some, before leaving, had carefully locked their dwellings, and the houses had a death-like appearance, with their barred doors and windows; but the greater number, in their haste to get away, and with the sorrowful conviction that nothing would escape destruction, had left their poor abodes open, and the yawning apertures displayed the nakedness of the dismantled rooms; and those were the saddest to behold, with the horrible sadness of a city, upon which some great dread has fallen, depopulating it, those poor houses opened to the winds of heaven, whence the very cats bled, as if forewarned of the impending doom. At every village the pitiful spectacle became more heart-rending, the number of the fugitives was greater, as they clove their way through the ever-thickening press, with hands upraised, amid oaths and tears.

But in the open country, as they drew near Belfort, Maurice's heart was still more sorely wrung, for there the homeless fugitives were in greater numbers and lined the borders of the road in an unbroken cortège. Ah! the unhappy ones, who had believed that they were to find safety under the walls of the fortifications! The father lashed the poor old nag, the mother followed after, leading her crying children by the hand, and in this way entire families, sinking beneath the weight of their burdens, were strung along the white, blinding road in the fierce sunlight, where the tired little legs of the smaller children were unable to keep up with the headlong flight. Many had taken off their shoes and were going barefoot so as to get over the ground more rapidly, and half-dressed mothers gave the breast to their crying babies as they

strode along. Affrighted faces turned for a look backward, trembling hands were raised as if to shut out the horizon from their sight, while the gale of panic tumbled their unkenit locks and sported with their ill-adjusted garments. Others there were, farmers and their men, who pushed straight across the fields, driving before them their flocks and herds—cows, oxen, sheep, horses—that they had driven with sticks and cudgels from their stables; these were seeking the shelter of the inaccessible forests, of the deep valleys and the lofty hill-tops, their course marked by clouds of dust, as in the great migrations of other days, when invaded nations made way before their barbarian conquerors. They were going to live in tents in some lonely nook among the mountains, where the enemy would never venture to follow them; and the bleating and hellowing of the animals and the trampling of their hoofs upon the rocks grew fainter in the distance, and the golden nimbus that overhung them was lost to sight among the thick pines, while down in the road beneath, the tide of vehicles and pedestrians was flowing still as strong as ever, blocking the passage of the troops, and, as they drew near Belfort, the men had to be brought to a halt again and again, so irresistible was the force of that torrent of humanity.

It was during one of these short halts that Maurice witnessed a scene that was impressed upon his memory:

Standing by the roadside was a lonely house, the abode of some poor peasant, whose lean acres extended up the mountain-side in the rear. The man had been unwilling to leave the little field that was his all, and had remained, for to go away would have been to him like parting with life. He could be seen within the low-ceiled room, sitting stupidly on a bench, watching with dull, lack-lustre eyes the passage of the troops, whose retreat would give his ripe grain over to the spoil of the enemy. Standing beside him was his wife, still a young woman, holding in her arms a child, while another was hanging by her skirts; all three were weeping bitterly. Suddenly the door was thrown open with violence, and in its enframement appeared the grandmother, a very old woman, tall and lean of form, with hare, sinewy arms like knotted cords that she raised above her head and shook with frantic gestures. Her gray, scanty locks had escaped from her cap and were floating about her skinny face, and such was her fury that the words she shouted choked her utterance and came from her lips almost unintelligible.

At first the soldiers had laughed. Wasn't she a beauty, the old crazy hag! Then the words reached their ears; the old woman was screaming:

"Scum! Rohers! Cowards! Cowards!"

With a voice that rose shriller and more piercing still she kept lashing them with her tongue, expectorating insult on them, and taunting them for dastards with the full force of her lungs. And the laughter ceased, it seemed, as if a cold wind had blown over the ranks. The men hung their heads, looked any way save that.

"Cowards! Cowards! Cowards!"

Then, all at once, her stature seemed to dilate; she drew herself up, tragic in her leanness, in her poor old apology for a gown, and, sweeping the heavens with her long arm from west to east, with a gesture so broad that it seemed to fill the dome:

"Cowards, the Rhine is not there! The Rhine lies yonder! Cowards, cowards!"

Zola's picture of the Emperor Napoleon the Third at this time is very realistic. The soldiers had finished their recital when there was a stir in the street, and some one shouted: "The Emperor!"

Immediately every one was on his feet. Along the broad, white road, with its rows of poplars on either side, came a troop of cent-gardes, spick and span in their brilliant uniforms, their cuirasses blazing in the sunlight, and immediately behind them rode the emperor, accompanied by his staff, in a wide, open space, followed by a second troop of cent-gardes.

There was a general uncovering of heads, and here and there a hurrah was heard; and the emperor raised his head as he passed; his face looked drawn, his eyes were dim and watery. He had the dazed appearance of one suddenly aroused from slumber, smiled faintly at sight of the cheerful inn, and saluted. From behind them Maurice and Jean distinctly heard old Bourouche growl, having first surveyed the sovereign with his practical eye:

"There's no mistake about it, that man is in a bad way." Then he succinctly completed his diagnosis: "His jig is up!"

Jean shook his head, and thought in his limited, common-sense way: "It is a confounded shame to let a man like that have command of the army."

And ten minutes later, when Maurice, comforted by his breakfast, shook hands with Prosder and strolled away to smoke more cigarettes, he carried with him the picture of the emperor, seated on his easy-gaited horse, so pale, so gentle, the man of thought, the dreamer, wanting in energy when the moment for action came. He was reputed to be good-hearted, capable, swayed by generous and noble thoughts, a silent man of strong and tenacious will; he was very brave, too, scornful danger with the scorn of the fatalist for whom destiny has no fears; but in critical moments a fatal lethargy seemed to overcome him; he appeared to become paralyzed in presence of results and powerless thereafter to struggle against fortune, should she prove adverse. And Maurice asked himself if his were not a special physiological condition, aggravated by suffering; if the indecision and increasing incapacity that the emperor had displayed ever since the opening of the campaign were not to be attributed to his manifest illness. That would explain everything; a minute hit of foreign substance in a man's system, and empires totter.

Mme. Desvallières, the woman whose house at Cbène had been taken possession of for the emperor, said to Maurice, who found her cooped up in a little room in the attic:

"Ah, my poor child, what a sad meeting is this! I would cheerfully have surrendered my house to the emperor, but the people he has about him have no sense of decency. They lay hands on everything, without so much as saying, 'By your leave,' and I am afraid they will burn the house down with their great fires! He, poor man, looks like a corpse, and such sadness in his face—"

And when the young man took leave of her with a few murmured words of comfort, she went with him to the door, and leaning over the banister: "Look! I see softly said, 'you can see him from where you are. Ah! we are all undone. Adieu, my child!'"

Maurice remained planted like a statue on one of the steps of the dark staircase. Craning his neck and directing his glance through the glazed fanlight over the door of the apartment, he beheld a sight that was never to fade from his memory.

In the bare and cheerless room, the conventional *bourgeois* "parlor," was the emperor, seated at a table on which his plate was laid, lighted at either end by wax candles in great silver candelabra. Silent in the background stood two aids-de-camp with folded arms. The wine in the glass was untasted, the bread untouched, a breast of chicken was cooling on the plate. The emperor did not stir; he sat staring down at the cloth with those dim, lustreless, watery eyes that the young man remembered to have seen before at Rheims; but he appeared more weary than then, and when, evidently at the cost of a great effort, he had raised a couple of mouthfuls to his lips, he impatiently pushed the remainder of the food from him with his hand. That was his dinner. His pale face was blanched with an expression of suffering endured in silence.

As Maurice was passing the dining-room on the floor beneath, the door was suddenly thrown open, and through the glow of candles and the steam of steaming joints he caught a glimpse of a table of equerries, chamberlains, and aids-de-camp, engaged in devouring the emperor's game and poultry and drinking his champagne amid a great hubbub of conversation.

Below them in the street Maurice still heard the gun-carriages rumbling and rattling over the stones of the little, sleeping city, that ceaseless tramp of horse and man, that uninterrupted tide of humanity pouring onward toward the Meuse, toward the unknown, terrible fate that the morrow had in store for them. And still upon the mean, cheap curtains of that *bourgeois* dwelling he beheld the shadow of the emperor passing and repassing at regular intervals, the restless activity of the sick man, to whom his cares made sleep impossible, whose sole repose was motion, in whose ears was ever ringing that tramp of horses and men whom he was suffering to be sent forward to their death.

Zola gives us another picture of the emperor—this time before Sedan:

For some minutes the emperor continued silently to pace the floor of his cabinet, with the feeble, uncertain step of an invalid. There was none with him save an aid-de-camp, who stood by the door, erect and mute. And ever, to and fro, from the window to the door, erect, from the fire-place to the window, the sovereign tramped wearily, the inscrutable face now drawn and twitching spasmodically with a nervous tic. The back was bent, the shoulders bowed, as if the weight of his falling empire pressed on them more heavily, and the lifeless eyes, veiled by their heavy lids, told of the anguish of the fatalist who has played his last card against destiny and lost. Each time, however, that his walk brought him to the half-open window, he gave a start and lingered there a second. And, during one of those brief stoppages, he faltered, with trembling lips:

"Oh, those guns—those guns that have been going since the morning!"

The thunder of the batteries on La Marfée and at Frénois seemed, indeed, to resound with more terrific violence there than elsewhere. It was one continuous, uninterrupted crash, that shook the windows, nay, the very walls themselves; an incessant uproar that exasperated the nerves by its persistency. And he could not banish the reflection from his mind that, as the struggle was now hopeless, further resistance would be criminal. What would avail more bloodshed, more maiming and mangled; why add more corpses to the dead that were already piled high upon that bloody field? They were vanquished, it was all ended; then why not stop the slaughter? The abomination of desolation raised its voice to heaven—let it cease.

The emperor, again before the window, trembled and raised his hands to his ears, as if to shut out those reproachful voices.

"Oh, those guns, those guns! Will they never be silent?"

Perhaps the dreadful thought of his responsibilities arose before him, with the vision of all those thousands of bleeding forms with which his errors had cumbered the earth; perhaps, again, it was but the compassionate impulse of the tender-hearted dreamer, of the well-meaning man, whose mind was stocked with humanitarian theories. At the moment when he beheld utter ruin staring him in the face, in that frightful whirlwind of destruction that broke him like a reed and scattered his fortunes in the dust, he could yet find tears for others. Almost craved at the thought of the slaughter that was mercilessly going on so near him, he felt he had not strength to endure it longer; each report of that accursed cannonade seemed to pierce his heart and intensified a thousandfold his own private suffering.

"Oh, those guns, those guns! they must be silenced at once—at once!"

"La Débâcle" is "a novel without a heroine," but few women in fiction are more worthy to be a heroine than is Henriette, the twin sister of Maurice. M. Zola gives this account of the shooting of Henriette's husband, a civilian, to show the brutality of the Germans. The unhappy wife came suddenly upon the scene of the slaughter. Her husband was standing facing the men who were ordered to shoot him:

With a heart-rending cry Henriette repeated:

"Give me my husband, or let me die with him!"

This seemed to cause the cup of the officer's exasperation to overrun; he thumped himself violently on the chest, declaring that he was no executioner, that he would rather die than harm a hair of an innocent head. There was nothing against her; he would cut off his right hand rather than do her an injury. And then he repeated his order that she be taken away.

As the Bavarian came up to carry out his instructions, Henriette tightened her clasp on Weiss's neck, throwing all her strength into her frantic embrace.

"Oh, my love! Keep me with you, I beseech you; let me die with you—"

Big tears were rolling down his cheeks as, without answering, he endeavored to loosen the convulsive clasp of the fingers of the poor creature he loved so dearly.

"You love me no longer, then, that you wish to die without me. Hold me, keep me, do not let them take me. They will kill us together!"

He had loosened one of the little hands and carried it to his lips and kissed it, working all the while to make the other release its hold.

"No, no, it shall not be! I will not leave thy bosom; they shall pierce my heart before reaching thee. I will not survive—"

But at last, after a long struggle, he held both the hands in his. Then he broke the silence that he had maintained until then, uttering one single word:

"Farewell, dear wife."

And with his own hands he placed her in the arms of the Bavarian, who carried her away. She shrieked and struggled, while the soldier, probably with intent to soothe her, kept pouring in her ear an uninterrupted stream of words in unmelodious German. And, having freed her head, looking over the shoulder of the man, she beheld the end.

It lasted not five seconds. Weiss, whose eyeglass had slipped from its position in the agitation of their parting, quickly replaced it upon his nose, as if desirous to look death in the face. He stepped back and placed himself against the wall, and the face of the self-contained, strong young man, as he stood there in his tattered coat, was sublimely beautiful in its expression of tranquil courage. Laurent, who stood behind him, had thrust his hands deep down into his pockets. The cold cruelty of the proceeding disgusted him; it seemed to him that they could not be far removed from savagery who could thus slaughter men before the eyes of their wives. He drew himself up, looked them square in the face, and in a tone of deepest contempt, expectorated:

"Dirty pigs!"

The officer raised his sword; the signal was succeeded by a crashing volley, and the two men sank to the ground, an inert mass, the gardener's lad upon his face, the other, the accountant, upon his side, lengthwise of the wall. The frame of the latter, before he expired, contracted in a supreme convulsion, the eyelids quivered, the mouth opened as if he were about to speak. The officer came up and stirred him with his foot, to make sure that he was really dead.

Henriette had seen the whole; the fading eyes that sought her in death, the last struggle of the strong man in agony, the brutal boot spurring the corpse. And while the Bavarian still held her in his arms, conveying her further and further from the object of her love, she uttered no cry; she set her teeth, in silent fury, into what was nearest—a human hand it chanced to be. The soldier gave vent to a howl of anguish and dashed her to the ground; raising his unimpaired fist above her head, he was on the point of braining her. And for a moment their faces were in contact; she experienced a feeling of intensest loathing for the monster, and that blood-stained hair and beard, those blue eyes, dilated and hrimming with hate and rage, were destined to remain forever indelibly imprinted on her memory.

The battle-field after the fall of Sedan gives M. Zola a chance to describe those horrors, in which his pen seems to revel. A hospital had been improvised near the battle-field:

In the vast dying-room, the wide door of which was standing open, not only was every bed occupied, but there was no more room upon the litter that had been shaken down on the floor at the end of the apartment. They were commencing to strew straw in the spaces between the beds; the wounded were crowded together so closely that they were in contact. Already there were more than two hundred patients there, and more were arriving constantly. Through the lofty windows the pitiless white daylight streamed in upon that aggregation of suffering humanity. Now and then an unguarded movement elicited an involuntary cry of anguish. The death-rattle rose on the warm, damp air. Down the room, a low, mournful wail, almost a lullaby, went on and ceased not. And all about was silence, intense, profound, the stolid resignation of despair, the solemn stillness of the death-chamber, broken only by the tread and whispers of the attendants. Rents in tattered, shell-torn uniforms disclosed gaping wounds, some of which had received a hasty dressing on the battle-field, while others were still raw and bleeding.

Taken as a whole, "La Débâcle" is a terribly realistic picture of the horrors of war and a powerful plea for universal peace. It is to be added, too, that, as in Zola's "La Réve," there is nothing in it to bring a blush of shame—unless it be the barbarous savagery of modern warfare.



## EL SUPERINTENDENTE.

The Story of a Mexican Maiden.

The superintendent of the San Gabriel Mine was unhappy. Who would not be, alone in an unknown corner of the wildest region of a wild country, with no society excepting that of a yellow dog and a few score of miserable, ignorant peons? Not you, my friend, who sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, when, all the time, you are one of the most gregarious animals alive—nor I, nor any one else presumably sane. And Ed Herndon was of sound mind and otherwise capable of feeling his situation keenly.

In the first place, he was young and a sociable—very sociable—fellow. Second, he was married, and his wife (he used, when he was alone, which was pretty often, to speak aloud the words "my wife," for the sake of the pleasurable thrill that always followed) was with her parents in the States, and he was—well, nowhere. Third, he had been married just before his train started for El Paso, and had barely had time to kiss his bride of a moment—and theirs was a very romantic attachment, and they loved each other deeply. How poor little Avis had wanted to come with him, and how it tore his heart-strings to leave her! They had not intended to be married at that time, but the sudden change in Ed's other plans had caused them to change this, because it would be so comforting to know that, in spite of their separation, they would really and truly belong to each other forever and ever.

Whether or not this fact did comfort them, I do not know. It probably did. Be that as it may, however, Avis was away up north there, with her friends, and Ed was down here in Chihuahua, coining money; it is true, but desperately blue, and getting bluer every day.

How sudden it had been! On Thursday had come the telegram from New York, with such a magnificent offer to him to put the San Gabriel in working order and remain in charge six months—a big salary and some stock, which he knew would be valuable, because his friend Clover had made the examination on the strength of which the mine was purchased. And how could he, a young engineer, afford to refuse such an offer? As I said, it came on Thursday, this offer; Friday evening Ed Herndon was on his way to El Paso and Chihuahua. And he had been here, on account of various haps and mishaps, over a year, with only the peons and his dog Jack for regular company. First it had been the loss of the machinery in transportation from the city of Chihuahua; second, some other untoward accident extended the delay; and now it was some kink or other in the company's patent, which had to be attended to. He should have been looking after this matter himself, but two of the company's officers were at Chihuahua to see about it, and just now, for various reasons, his presence at the San Gabriel was imperative. Not for long, however. In the course of another week or so he would be free, and then for home!

It was of this that Herndon was thinking as he lay dreaming in his hammock one hot, stifling afternoon. Hardly a breath of air was stirring, and there was no sound except the buzzing of a few lazy flies. It was a good time to dream and think. There was a beautiful, cool-looking view off to the north, with a great cataract in the foreground, but Herndon's eyes did not see it. It was an old story, and he had something better to think of.

The sound of a light footstep at the other end of the veranda interrupted his meditations, and he roused himself a little impatiently to see who the intruder was.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Chicken?" he said, in English, and sank back in his hammock again.

The person addressed as "Chicken" came and stood by his side, and with one little brown hand timidly caressed the waving hair of the superintendent. It was a little peon girl—plump as a partridge, perfectly formed, and more than ordinarily pretty. Head and feet were bare, and the only garment she wore—a short frock of coarse material—seemed, somehow, to add to her wild beauty. She could not have been more than thirteen years old, at most, this cheery-faced little daughter of Mañana lanc; yet, in addition to the full bust and rounded limbs, there was proof to show that she had known what womanhood meant in its deepest sense—for on her breast slept a tiny brown baby, and the way in which she cuddled it to her showed that it was her own.

She was one of the daughters of the alcalde of the miserable little village at the foot of the mountain. There were so many of them that one or two, more or less, made no difference to the drunken old alcalde, and he was highly flattered when "El Superintendente" expressed a desire for the bright-eyed Dolores. So was Dolores. Such a thing as scruple in such matters was undreamed of by anyone in the village. It was the custom whenever a Señor Americano came, and the maiden who took his fancy was envied of all her mates. And Herndon? He had never thought much about it. He had been in Mexico before, and it seemed the most natural thing in the world. Why, these people were only animals—virtue was an unknown quantity to them. A woman is a convenient article for many reasons, and, if she be pretty and bright, so much the better. So he had brought Dolores up to his quarters, when he first came, and here she was now. In the child, Herndon never paid much attention. It was rather an inconvenience, but that was all.

Herndon looked up lazily, with half-closed eyes, at the girl's smiling, happy face. He wondered how she would look, dressed in the garb of civilization, and decided that such a change would detract from her beauty. She would not be natural, and naturalness is the chief charm of Nature's children.

The babe awoke, and began to cry. Dolores sat down in the low chair, near the hammock, and, opening the bosom of her dress, began to nurse it. Herndon, in the hammock, still looked at her in his kind, somewhat quizzical way, from under drooping lids.

"Dolores," he said, in Spanish, "I'm going away next week."

The girl looked up suddenly, all the gladness gone from her face.

"Going away, señor? For how long?" she asked, eagerly.

Herndon did not answer for a moment. He did not want to hurt her by telling the truth. He was a kind-hearted chap, "El Superintendente," and never, wilfully, wounded the feelings of a living creature. So he answered, "Only—that is, just going to Chihuahua. I'll be back in a month."

Unintentionally he did not look at her as he spoke; and Dolores, simple as she was, noticed this, and suspected him of speaking falsely—and for no other reason than that her jealous woman's heart accused him. She said nothing more, but presently changed the babe's position, rose quietly and went into the house, where she stood looking out of an east window a long time, with an unusually grave expression on her face. Herndon did not notice that she was gone. He was trying to conjure up a picture of his wife, as she would look when he stepped off the train at Denver.

Everything was settled. The new superintendent had arrived and become initiated, and Herndon, with a glad heart, turned over the property of the company to him, late one night. Ross, the new man, laughingly inquired if the little Indian and her child were included in the list of stock, and Herndon as laughingly replied that he presumed so—that was for Ross, the alcalde, and the girl to arrange. Then he turned in quietly, so as not to waken Dolores. He had packed up, and was ready to start at three o'clock in the morning.

At two o'clock he awoke and lighted a candle. It was too late to think of further sleep. He reached over and shook Dolores gently. "Wake up, little one! Don't you want to get me some breakfast?"

Dolores sat up and rubbed her eyes. Then she rose, silently slipped into her dress and began to prepare breakfast, while Herndon lay in bed for awhile, looking at the ceiling and wishing the long journey before him was at an end.

Francisco, the guide, came in and announced that all was ready, and Herndon rose and dressed hastily, and as hastily drank a cup of coffee. He could eat nothing. Dolores looked disappointed at this, but the man at the table did not notice. He pushed back his chair and filled his pipe, taking two or three reflective whiffs. Then he rose, put on his hat and belt and turned to the girl, who was standing silently looking at the sleeping babe on the bed in the next room.

"Well, *adios*, Chicken!" he said, cheerfully. "Aren't going to cry, are you? No? That's a good girl. Come, kiss me."

She lifted her face, with its rigid jaws and dry, burning eyes. He kissed her twice, carelessly, turned on his heel, and, with another *adios*, was gone.

Along the difficult trail to the east a white man and two peons traveled until the scorching sun compelled them to halt and wait for the cool of early evening. Behind them, yet out of their sight, a sad, weary little figure, clasping close to its breast something huddled in cheap, white cloth, plodded and stumbled along. Now and then bruised feet would demand a halt, or the querulous cry that came from the white huddle would compel the tired traveler to stop and rest.

At noon, the three men lay sleeping in a grassy, cool nook near a spring; just off the trail, while along the dusty road a child-woman, faint, panting, bruised, and nearly exhausted, struggled painfully on, with parched lips that murmured prayers for strength, and dry eyes that looked now and again to the brassy sky above for sympathy.

Edward Herndon dreamed on. His were pleasant dreams, all but the last. In this, it seemed, somehow, as if he had reached home and wife. Avis was coming to his outstretched arms, when, suddenly, there came a mist which enveloped her, and she disappeared, leaving him mad with heart-hunger. He stirred uneasily and moaned. It startled the owner of the eyes that for half an hour had feasted on his sleeping face. The form which had knelt beside him during that time drew nearer, softly. The eyes were raised to heaven in piteous appeal for forgiveness. A hand, small and strong, raised a bright something and poised it above the sleeping man's breast. There was a flash—another—a sighing groan, heard by none save the person at his side, who still gazed, as though spell-bound, at his handsome face—and Edward Herndon had gone from Mexico, and the bride of a minute, who had never been a wife, was a widow.

Francisco and Pedro, the guides, brought the body back to the village, and were put under arrest by Ross and the alcalde, who sent a runner to the next village for a squad of soldiers. The soldiers came, and started to take their prisoners to the *jefe politico* of the district. They attempted to escape, and were shot and killed—so the sergeant reported. It is a convenient and inexpensive way they have in Mexico, when the weather is warm and the distance to be traveled is considerable.

Up in the States, the papers report "another American brutally murdered by plundering Mexicans," and demand an investigation. Up in the States, a woman is mourning and will mourn till death for the strong young life and her life's happiness, cut off together. Down in a tiny village in the mountains of Chihuahua, an idiot girl croons all day long to the bundle of rags she imagines is the babe they fear to trust her with.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1892.

The King of Siam has excellent reasons for never allowing Mrs. Siam to leave the children with him when she goes out shopping. There are eighty-four of them.

"I never enjoy my bed," said a hard worker, "because the minute I put my head on the pillow, it's morning."

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

To Trojan Helen.

Thy heart is a restless sea,  
Scourged white by windy whips;  
A fathom deep  
Lies dreamless Sleep  
With Silence at her lips.

Thy heart is a garden sweet  
Wherein all greenness grows.  
Whose blood was shed  
That burns so red  
The blush upon the rose?

Thy heart is a desert voice  
That ever lureth men,  
Unwrecking seab,  
Upon a path  
That turneth not again.

Thy heart is a palace fair,  
Where all the world is guest;  
With one strait room  
Where none may come  
Save he who loveth best.

Thy heart is the world's desire  
For which men strive in vain.  
Yet thy love lost  
Were worth the cost  
Another's heart to gain.  
—W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen in *July Scribner's*.

Traffic.

Life, the shrewd lapidary, is rich in wares  
Whose worth or charm a casual glance may see;  
And like perpetual purchasers are we,  
Won by the bounteous opulence he airs.  
Here shines a pearl of hope; here subtly glares  
An emerald of revenge; here thrilled we see  
A diamond of ambition; here may be  
Some ruby of sin that lures us and ensnares.

Continually above this bright array,

As time flows on, we mortals flock to bend,  
Till body and limbs turn frail, till brows grow gray.  
Through trading, haggling, bartering without end—  
While for the inexorable price we pay,  
Months, years, even centuries, are the coins we spend.  
—Edgar Fawcett in *July Century*.

Unguarded Gates.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
Named of the four winds, North, South, East, and West;  
Portals that lead to an enchanted land  
Of cities, forests, fields of living gold,  
Vast prairies, lordly summits touched with snow,  
Majestic rivers sweeping proudly past  
The Arab's date-palm and the Norseman's pine—  
A realm wherein are fruits of every zone,  
Airs of all climes, for lo! throughout the year  
The red rose blossoms somewhere—a rich land,  
A later Eden planted in the wilds,  
With not an inch of earth within its bound  
But if a slave's foot press it sets him free!  
Here, it is written, 'Till shall have its wage,  
And Honor honor, and the humblest man  
Stand level with the highest in the law.  
Of such a land have men in dungeons dreamed,  
And with the vision brightening in their eyes  
Gone smiling to the fagot and the sword.

Wide open and unguarded stand our gates,  
And through them presses a wild, motley throng—  
Men from the Volga and the Tartar steppes,  
Featureless figures of the Hoang-Ho,  
Malayan, Scythian, Teuton, Kelt, and Slav,  
Flying the Old World's poverty and scorn;  
These bringing with them unknown gods and rites,  
Those, ilder passions, here to stretch their claws.  
In street and alley what strange tongues are these,  
Accents of menace alien to our air,  
Voices that once the Tower of Babel knew!  
O Liberty, white Goddess! is it well  
To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast  
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,  
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel  
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come  
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care  
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn  
And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,  
And where the temples of the Caesars stood  
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair.  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *July Atlantic*.

A Penalty.

The rock is veined with gold, and the silver shines,  
And the seams of the coal are black in the nether mines.  
And the copper gleams like a kindled furnace spark,  
And the heavy lead is dull and cold and dark;  
Yet for all the black of the coal and the gloom of the lead,  
Do they weep to be copper or silver or gold instead?

The lilies rock in a garden fair and tall,  
And the daisies creep in the grass at the feet of all,  
And the yellow sunflower stares at the yellow sun.  
But the trailing yellow trefoils earthward run;  
Yet for all the lilies are high and the daisies are low,  
None of them crieth, "Why hast Thou made me so?"

Like flowers of air the kingbirds flash and fly,  
They have dipt their wings in the blue of the summer sky,  
But the dusky lark that made an earthy nest  
Must carry away its color upon her breast;  
Yet for all the feathers are brown or the feathers are bright,  
None of them saith, "God doth not work aright."

And men spring up in their place, and a golden crown  
Circles a royal head, for king and clown  
Rise and pass through life their several ways,  
And this shall be born for toil and this for praise;  
Yet of every soul in every devious lot,  
There is none content, there is none that murmurs not.  
—Nina F. Layard in *July Harper's*.

"When on the Marge of Evening."

When on the marge of evening the last blue light is broken,  
And winds of dreamy odor are loosened from afar;  
Or when my lattice opens before the lark has spoken,  
Or dim laburnum-blossoms and morning's dying star;

I think of thee (O mine the more if other eyes be sleeping!)  
Whose great and given splendor the world may share and see,  
While, day on day forever, some perfect law is keeping  
The late and early twilight alone and sweet for me!  
—Louise Imogen Guiney, in *July Century*.



## ZOLA'S NEW BOOK.

A Few Scenes from "La Débâcle," a Panorama of War.

"La Débâcle," Emile Zola's new novel, has just been published in Paris, and the Cassell Publishing Company, of New York, which has secured the sole right to publish it in the United States, by the payment of a very handsome royalty to the author, has issued an English translation by E. P. Robins. In this story Zola has continued his study of a French family which extends in its ramifications into all the various ranks and classes of the Empire. It was the original intention to call the American version "The Smash-Up," but euphony has prevailed over exact literalness, and it is entitled "The Downfall."

The story is scarcely a story at all, but rather a panorama of the Franco-Prussian war. Zola has brought to hear on it all his wonderful powers of observation and description, and if any of his hooks will open for him the august portals of the French Academy, it is "La Débâcle." This is the way the story opens:

In the middle of the broad, fertile plain that stretches away in the direction of the Rhine, a mile and a quarter from Mülhausen, the camp was pitched. In the fitful light of the overcast August day, beneath the lowering sky that was filled with heavy, drifting clouds, the long lines of squat white shelter-tents seemed to cower closer to the ground, and the muskets, stacked at regular intervals along the regimental fronts, made little spots of brightness, while, over all, the sentries with loaded pieces kept watch and ward, motionless as statues, straining their eyes to pierce the purplish mists that lay on the horizon and showed where the mighty river ran.

It was about five o'clock when they had come in from Belfort; it was now eight, and the men had only just received their rations. There could be no distribution of wood, however, the wagons having gone astray, and it had therefore been impossible for them to make fires and warm their soup. They had consequently been obliged to content themselves as best they might, washing down their dry hard-tack with copious draughts of brandy, a proceeding that was not calculated greatly to help their tired legs after their long march. Near the canteen, however, behind the stacks of muskets, there were two soldiers pertinaciously endeavoring to elicit a blaze from a small pile of green wood, the trunks of some small trees that they had chopped down with their sword-bayonets, and that were obstinately determined not to burn. The cloud of thick, black smoke, rising slowly in the evening air, added to the general cheerlessness of the scene.

Among these soldiers is Maurice Levasseur, who is the hero of the story. The Frenchmen lying at Belfort were confident of victory over the Prussians, but while they were shouting "On to Berlin!" a dispatch was received announcing that the French army had been compelled to evacuate Woerth, and was retreating. Camp was broken and the long march was begun:

Orders were given to break camp at five o'clock, but reveille sounded at four and the retreat to Belfort was hurriedly continued, for every one was certain that the Prussians were only two or three leagues away. Again, there was nothing to eat but dry biscuit, and as a consequence of their brief, disturbed rest and the lack of something to warm their stomachs, the men were weak as cats. Any attempt to enforce discipline on the march that morning was again rendered nugatory by the manner of their departure.

The day was worse than its predecessor, inexpressibly gloomy and disheartening. The aspect of the landscape had changed, they were now in a rolling country where the roads they were always alternately climbing and descending were bordered with woods of pine and hemlock, while the narrow gorges were golden with tangled thickets of broom. But panic and terror lay heavy on the fair land that slumbered beneath the bright sun of August, and had been hourly gathering strength since the preceding day. A fresh dispatch, bidding the mayors of communes warn the people that they would do well to hide their valuables, had excited universal consternation. The enemy was at hand, then! Would time be given them to make their escape? And to all it seemed that the roar of invasion was ringing in their ears, coming nearer and nearer, the roar of the rushing torrents, starting from Mülhausen, had grown louder and more ominous as it advanced, and to which every village that it encountered in its course contributed its own alarm amid the sound of wailing and lamentation.

The description of the panic in the villages is graphic:

Maurice stumbled along as best he might, like a man walking in a dream; his feet were bleeding, his shoulders sore with the weight of gun and knapsack. He had ceased to think; he advanced automatically into the vision of horrors that lay before his eyes; he had ceased to be conscious even of the shuffling tramp of the comrades around him, and the only thing that was not dim and unreal to his sense was Jean, marching at his side and enduring the same fatigue and horrible distress. It was lamentable to behold the villages they passed through, a sight to make a man's heart bleed with anguish. No sooner did the inhabitants catch sight of the troops retreating in disorderly array, with haggard faces and bloodshot eyes, than they bestirred themselves to hasten their flight. They who had been so confident only a short half-month ago, those men and women of Alsace, who smiled when war was mentioned, certain that it would be fought out in Germany! And now France was invaded, and it was among them, above their abodes, in their fields, that the tempest was to burst, like one of those dread cataclysms that lay waste a province in an hour when the lightning's flash and the gates of heaven are opened! Carts were backed up against doors, and men tumbled their furniture into them in wild confusion, careless of what they broke. From the upper windows, the women threw out a last mattress, or handed down the child's cradle, that they had been near forgetting, whereon baby would be tucked in securely and hoisted to the top of the load, where he reposed serenely among a grove of legs of chairs and upturned tables. At the back of another cart was the decrepit old grandfather, tied with cords to a wardrobe, and he was hauled away, for all the world, as if he had been one of the family chattels. Then there were those who did not own a cart; so they piled their household goods haphazard on a wheelbarrow, while others carried an armful of clothing, and others, still, had thought only of saving the clock, which they went off pressing to their bosom as if it had been a darling child. They found they could not remove everything, and there were chairs and tables, and bundles of linen too heavy to carry, lying abandoned in the gutter. Some, before leaving, had carefully locked their dwellings, and the houses had a death-like appearance, with their barred doors and windows; but the greater number, in their haste to get away, and with the sorrowful conviction that nothing would escape destruction, had left their poor abodes open, and the yawning apertures displayed the nakedness of the dismantled rooms; and those were the saddest to behold, with the horrible sadness of a city, upon which some great dread had fallen, depopulating it, those poor houses opened to the winds of heaven, whence the very cats bled, as if forewarned of the impending doom. At every village the pitiful spectacle became more heart-rending, the number of the fugitives was greater, as they clove their way through the ever-thickening press, with hands upraised, amid oaths and tears.

But in the open country, as they drew near Belfort, Maurice's heart was still more sorely wrung, for there the homeless fugitives were in greater numbers and lined the borders of the road in an unbroken cortège. Ah! the unhappy ones, who had believed that they were to find safety under the walls of the fortifications! The father lashed the poor old nag, the mother followed after, leading her crying children by the band, and in this way entire families, sinking beneath the weight of their burdens, were strung along the white, blinding road in the fierce sunlight, where the tired little legs of the smaller children were unable to keep up with the headlong flight. Many had taken off their shoes and were going barefoot so as to get over the ground more rapidly, and half-dressed mothers gave the breast to their crying babies as they

strode along. Affrighted faces turned for a look backward, trembling hands were raised as if to shut out the horizon from their sight, while the gale of panic tumbled their unkempt locks and sported with their ill-adjusted garments. Others there were, farmers and their men, who pushed straight across the fields, driving before them their flocks and herds—cows, oxen, sheep, horses—that they had driven with sticks and cudgels from their stables; these were seeking the shelter of the inaccessible forests, of the deep valleys and the lofty hill-tops, their course marked by clouds of dust, as in the great migrations of other days, when invaded nations made way before their barbarian conquerors. They were going to live in tents in some lonely nook among the mountains, where the enemy would never venture to follow them; and the bleating and bellowing of the animals and the trampling of their hoofs upon the rocks grew fainter in the distance, and the golden nimbus that overhung them was lost to sight among the thick pines, while down in the road beneath, the tide of vehicles and pedestrians was flowing still as strong as ever, blocking the passage of the troops, and, as they drew near Belfort, the men had to be brought to a halt again and again, so irresistible was the force of that torrent of humanity.

It was during one of these short halts that Maurice witnessed a scene that was impressed upon his memory:

Standing by the roadside was a lonely house, the abode of some poor peasant, whose lean acres extended up the mountain-side in the rear. The man had been unwilling to leave the little field that was his all, and had remained, for to go away would have been to him like parting with life. He could be seen within the low-ceiled room, sitting stupidly on a bench, watching with dull, lack-lustre eyes the passage of the troops, whose retreat would give his ripe grain over to the spoil of the enemy. Standing beside him was his wife, still a young woman, holding in her arms a child, while another was hanging by her skirts; all three were weeping bitterly. Suddenly the door was thrown open with violence, and in its enframement appeared the grandmother, a very old woman, tall and lean of form, with bare, sinewy arms like knotted cords that she raised above her head and shook with frantic gestures. Her gray, scanty locks had escaped from her cap and were floating about her skinny face, and such was her fury that the words she shouted choked her utterance and came from her lips almost unintelligible.

At first the soldiers had laughed. Wasn't she a beauty, the old crazy hag! Then the words reached their ears; the old woman was screaming:

"Scum! Robbers! Cowards! Cowards!"

With a voice that rose shriller and more piercing still she kept lashing them with her tongue, expectorating insult on them, and taunting them for dastards with the full force of her lungs. And the laughter ceased, it seemed, as if a cold wind had blown over the ranks. The men hung their heads, looked any way save that.

"Cowards! Cowards! Cowards!"

Then, all at once, her stature seemed to dilate; she drew herself up, tragic in her leanness, in her poor old apology for a gown, and, sweeping the heavens with her long arm from west to east, with a gesture so broad that it seemed to fill the dome:

"Cowards, the Rhine is not there! The Rhine lies yonder! Cowards, cowards!"

Zola's picture of the Emperor Napoleon the Third at this time is very realistic. The soldiers had finished their recital when there was a stir in the street, and some one shouted: "The Emperor!"

Immediately every one was on his feet. Along the broad, white road, with its rows of poplars on either side, came a troop of cent-guards, spick and span in their brilliant uniforms, their cuirasses blazing in the sunlight, and immediately behind them rode the emperor, accompanied by his staff, in a wide, open space, followed by a second troop of cent-guards.

There was a general uncovering of heads, and here and there a hurrah was heard; and the emperor raised his head as he passed; his face looked drawn, his eyes were dim and watery. He had the dazed appearance of one suddenly aroused from slumber, smiled faintly at sight of the cheerful inn, and saluted. From behind them Maurice and Jean distinctly heard old Bourcoche growl, having first surveyed the sovereign with his practical eye:

"There's no mistake about it, that man is in a bad way." Then he succinctly completed his diagnosis: "His jig is up!"

Jean shook his head, and thought in his limited, common-sense way: "It is a confounded shame to let a man like that have command of the army." And ten minutes later, when Maurice, comforted by his breakfast, shook hands with Prosder and strolled away to smoke more cigarettes, he carried with him the picture of the emperor, seated on his easy-gaited horse, so pale, so gentle, the man of thought, the dreamer, wanting in energy when the moment for action came. He was reputed to be good-hearted, capable, swayed by generous and noble thoughts, a silent man of strong and tenacious will; he was very brave, too, scornful danger with the scorn of the fatalist for whom destiny has no fears; but in critical moments a fatal lethargy seemed to overcome him; he appeared to become paralyzed in presence of results and powerless thereafter to struggle against fortune, should she prove adverse. And Maurice asked himself if his were not a special physiological condition, aggravated by suffering; if the indecision and increasing incapacity that the emperor had displayed ever since the opening of the campaign were not to be attributed to his manifest illness. That would explain everything; a minute bit of foreign substance in a man's system, and empires totter.

Mme. Desvallières, the woman whose house at Chêne had been taken possession of for the emperor, said to Maurice, who found her cooped up in a little room in the attic:

"Ah, my poor child, what a sad meeting is this! I would cheerfully have surrendered my house to the emperor, but the people he has about him have no sense of decency. They lay hands on everything, without so much as saying, 'By your leave,' and I am afraid they will burn the house down with their great fires! He, poor man, looks like a corpse, and such sadness in his face—"

And when the young man took leave of her with a few murmured words of comfort, she went with him to the door, and leaning over the banister: "Look! she softly said, 'you can see him from where you are. Ah! we are all undone. Adieu, my child!'"

Maurice remained plunked like a statue on one of the steps of the dark staircase. Craning his neck and directing his glance through the glazed fanlight over the door of the apartment, he beheld a sight that was never to fade from his memory.

In the bare and cheerless room, the conventional bourgeois "parlor," was the emperor, seated at a table on which his plate was laid, lighted at either end by wax candles in great silver candelabra. Silent in the background stood two aids-de-camp with folded arms. The wine in the glass was unstirred, the bread untouched, a breast of chicken was cooling on the plate. The emperor did not stir; he sat staring down at the cloth with those dim, lustreless, watery eyes that the young man remembered to have seen before at Rheims; but he appeared more weary than then, and when, evidently at the cost of a great effort, he had raised a couple of mouthfuls to his lips, he impatiently pushed the remainder of the food from him with his hand. That was his dinner. His pale face was blanched with an expression of suffering endured in silence.

As Maurice was passing the dining-room on the floor beneath, the door was suddenly thrown open, and through the glow of candles and the steam of steaming pipes he caught a glimpse of a table of equerries, chamberlains, and aids-de-camp, engaged in devouring the emperor's game and poultry and drinking his champagne amid a great hubbub of conversation. . . .

Below them in the street Maurice still heard the gun-carriages rumbling and rattling over the stones of the little, sleeping city, that ceaseless tramp of horse and man, that uninterrupted tide of humanity pouring onward toward the Meuse, toward the unknown, terrible fate that the morrow had in store for them. And still upon the mean, cheap curtains of that bourgeois dwelling he beheld the shadow of the emperor passing and repassing at regular intervals, the restless activity of the sick man, to whom his cares made sleep impossible, whose sole repose was motion, in whose ears was ever ringing that tramp of horses and men whom he was suffering to be sent forward to their death.

Zola gives us another picture of the emperor—this time before Sedan:

For some minutes the emperor continued silently to pace the floor of his cabinet, with the feeble, uncertain step of an invalid. There was none with him save an aid-de-camp, who stood by the door, erect and mute. . . . And ever, to and fro, from the window to the fire-place, from the fire-place to the window, the sovereign stamped wearily, the inscrutable face now drawn and twitching spasmodically with a nervous tic. The back was bent, the shoulders bowed, as if the weight of his falling empire pressed on them more heavily, and the lifeless eyes, veiled by their heavy lids, told of the anguish of the fatalist who has played his last card against destiny and lost. Each time, however, that his walk brought him to the half-open window, he gave a start and lingered there a second. And, during one of those brief stoppages, he faltered, with trembling lips:

"Ob, those guns—those guns that have been going since the morning!"

The thunder of the batteries on La Marfée and at Frénois seemed, indeed, to resound with more terrific violence there than elsewhere. It was one continuous, uninterrupted crash, that shook the windows, nay, the very walls themselves; an incessant uproar that exasperated the nerves by its persistency. And he could not banish the reflection from his mind that, as the struggle was now hopeless, further resistance would be criminal. What would avail more bloodshed, more maiming and mangled; why add more corpses to the dead that were already piled high upon that bloody field? They were vanquished, it was all ended; then why not stop the slaughter? The abomination of desolation raised its voice to heaven—let it cease.

The emperor, again before the window, trembled and raised his hands to his ears, as if to shut out those reproachful voices.

"Oh, those guns, those guns! Will they never be silent?"

Perhaps the dreadful thought of his responsibilities arose before him, with the vision of all those thousands of bleeding forms with which his errors had cumbered the earth; perhaps, again, it was but the compassionate impulse of the tender-hearted dreamer, of the well-meaning man, whose mind was stocked with humanitarian theories. At the moment when he beheld utter ruin staring him in the face, in that frightful whirlwind of destruction that broke him like a reed and scattered his fortunes in the dust, he could yet find tears for others. Almost crazed at the thought of the slaughter that was mercilessly going on so near him, he felt he had not strength to endure it longer; each report of that accursed cannonade seemed to pierce his heart and intensified a thousandfold his own private suffering.

"Oh, those guns, those guns! they must be silenced at once—at once!"

"La Débâcle" is "a novel without a heroine," but few women in fiction are more worthy to be a heroine than is Henriette, the twin sister of Maurice. M. Zola gives this account of the shooting of Henriette's husband, a civilian, to show the brutality of the Germans. The unhappy wife came suddenly upon the scene of the slaughter. Her husband was standing facing the men who were ordered to shoot him:

With a heart-rending cry Henriette repeated:

"Give me my husband, or let me die with him!"

This seemed to cause the cup of the officer's exasperation to overrun; he thumped himself violently on the chest, declaring that he was no executioner, that he would rather die than harm a hair of an innocent head. There was nothing against her; he would cut off his right hand rather than do her an injury. And then he repeated his order that she be taken away.

As the Bavarian came up to carry out his instructions, Henriette tightened her clasp on Weiss's neck, throwing all her strength into her frantic embrace.

"Oh, my love! Keep me with you, I beseech you; let me die with you—"

Big tears were rolling down his cheeks as, without answering, he endeavored to loosen the convulsive clasp of the fingers of the poor creature he loved so dearly.

"You love me no longer, then, that you wish to die without me. Hold me, keep me, do not let them take me. They will kill us together."

He had loosened one of the little hands and carried it to his lips and kissed it, working all the while to make the other release its hold.

"No, no, it shall not be! I will not leave thy bosom; they shall pierce my heart before reaching thine. I will not survive—"

But at last, after a long struggle, he held both the hands in his. Then he broke the silence that he had maintained until then, uttering one single word:

"Farewell, dear wife."

And with his own hands he placed her in the arms of the Bavarian, who carried her away. She shrieked and struggled, while the soldier, probably with intent to soothe her, kept pouring in her ear an uninterrupted stream of words in unmelodious German. And, having freed her head, looking over the shoulder of the man, she beheld the end.

It lasted not five seconds. Weiss, whose eyeglass had slipped from its position in the agitation of their parting, quickly replaced it upon his nose, as if desirous to look death in the face. He stepped back and placed himself against the wall, and the face of the self-contained, strong young man, as he stood there in his tattered coat, was sublimely beautiful in its expression of tranquil courage. Laurent, who stood behind him, had thrust his hands deep down into his pockets. The cold cruelty of the proceeding disgusted him; it seemed to him that they could not be far removed from savagery who could thus slaughter men before the eyes of their wives. He drew himself up, looked them square in the face, and in a tone of deepest contempt, expectorated:

"Dirty pigs!"

The officer raised his sword; the signal was succeeded by a crashing volley, and the two men sank to the ground, an inert mass, the gardener's lad upon his face, the other, the accountant, upon his side, lengthwise of the wall. The frame of the latter, before he expired, contracted in a supreme convulsion, the eyelids quivered, the mouth opened as if he were about to speak. The officer came up and stirred him with his foot, to make sure that he was really dead.

Henriette had seen the whole; the fading eyes that sought her in death, the last struggle of the strong man in agony, the brutal boot spurring the corpse. And while the Bavarian still held her in his arms, conveying her further and further from the object of her love, she uttered no cry; she set her teeth, in silent fury, into what was nearest—a human hand it chanced to be. The soldier gave vent to a howl of anguish and dashed her to the ground; raising his minuscule fist above her head, he was on the point of braining her. And for a moment their faces were in contact; she experienced a feeling of intensest loathing for the monster, and that blood-stained hair and beard, those blue eyes, dilated and brimming with hate and rage, were destined to remain forever indelibly imprinted on her memory.

The battle-field after the fall of Sedan gives M. Zola a chance to describe those horrors, in which his pen seems to revel. A hospital had been improvised near the battle-field:

In the vast dying-room, the wide door of which was standing open, not only was every bed occupied, but there was no more room upon the litter that had been shaken down on the floor at the end of the apartment. They were commencing to strew straw in the spaces between the beds; the wounded were crowded together so closely that they were in contact. Already there were more than two hundred patients there, and more were arriving constantly. Through the lofty windows the pitiless white daylight streamed in upon that aggregation of suffering humanity. Now and then an unguarded movement elicited an involuntary cry of anguish. The death-rattle rose on the warm, damp air. Down the room, a low, mournful wail, almost a lullaby, went on and ceased not. And all about was silence, intense, profound, the stolid resignation of despair, the solemn stillness of the death-chamber, broken only by the tread and whispers of the attendants. Rents in tattered, shell-torn uniforms disclosed gaping wounds, some of which had received a hasty dressing on the battle-field, while others were still raw and bleeding.

Taken as a whole, "La Débâcle" is a terribly realistic picture of the horrors of war and a powerful plea for universal peace. It is to be added, too, that, as in Zola's "La Réve," there is nothing in it to bring a blush of shame—unless it be the barbarous savagery of modern warfare.



## THE PHANTOM.

A Tale of a Disconsolate Widow and a Sympathetic Friend.

Albert Pujol had no fortune, only expectations, personified in a very rich and very stingy uncle, an old admiral, who had never done anything for his nephew, except to procure for him a third-class diplomatic post in Cochinchina. He there lived with his mother and his wife, for the unfortunate man was married. For two years the three exiles led a hard life. From the first of January to the thirty-first of December they were unable to sleep on account of the heat and the mosquitoes; they lost their appetites, and they ruined their purses by the purchase of artificial ice.

One day they learned that the admiral had died, leaving Pujol all his fortune and his Château of Saint Landry, one of the most elegant in Touraine. It is needless to say that the three sailed for France by the first steamship that called at Saigon. The vessel was crowded. A cabin was found, however, for the two ladies; as for the new millionaire, he was glad to share a state-room with a young gentleman who came from the neighborhood of Saint Landry. This traveler was named George Seineport, and he had just made a pleasure trip around the world.

The voyage began badly. Pujol's wife, Antoinette, was taken ill, and the ship's doctor advised her not to quit her berth during the passage. The almost constant attendance of her husband, the devoted care of her mother-in-law, and occasional visits from Seineport, who was an agreeable companion, rendered her sequestered existence bearable.

During the short stay of the steamer at Aden, Pujol and his new friend, George, went on shore and dined with the French consul. They returned about eleven o'clock, and the vessel, having finished coaling, continued on her voyage.

The next morning Seineport, who occupied the lower berth, prepared to get up, and in the movement he made his cheek grazed Pujol's hand, which hung down from the upper berth. The hand was icy cold. Seineport was startled and called out to the sleeper. He got no reply, for poor Pujol had died during the night from heart disease.

The captain and the doctor were at once notified.

"What are we going to do?" asked George, anxiously.

"We have no choice," replied the captain. "Everything must be over by the time the passengers begin to come on deck."

"How so?" said the young traveler, who did not quite catch the captain's meaning.

"We have a terrible responsibility," explained the doctor. "We are now entering the Red Sea, which is preëminently the country of cholera; we shall soon have to endure one hundred and twelve degrees of heat; there are sick persons on board. Under these conditions to keep a corpse an instant longer than is absolutely necessary would be criminally imprudent. Besides, it's the rule."

"Ah! I understand. Poor Pujol! But how shall we notify the unfortunate wife and mother?"

"We must keep the news secret until all is finished. It would kill the young widow in her present feeble state, to be present at the preparations for the burial. Ah, if she could learn of her misfortune only on landing in France!"

Seineport protested against this plan, but the captain and doctor convinced him. An hour later, Pujol reposed at the bottom of the sea, with two hundred pounds of lead about his feet. The sad ceremony had been accomplished with such secrecy that scarcely any passenger on board suspected the drama that had just taken place.

Pale, but affecting a smiling air, Seineport went to see Antoinette, and related that his companion had missed the steamer. The captain declared that, seeing one of the two friends on board, he thought the other had also returned. He made all sorts of excuses for his thoughtlessness. Besides, he added, Pujol would simply have to pass a week with the consul at Aden, and would return to France by the following mail-steamer. The two women were in great distress, but were obliged to make the best of it.

"We shall have a telegram at Suez, at Port Said, or at Naples," said Antoinette to console herself.

But in neither of these ports, nor at Marseilles, did they find the expected dispatch. From hour to hour, Seineport became more anxious. When he found himself upon the quay at Marseilles, with two sick ladies on his hands and the mortuary certificate of his friend in his pocket, he cudgeled his brains to think how he should make known the frightful truth to them.

He decided that he must, first of all, send the two women to Saint Landry. He made all the arrangements for their journey with touching solicitude, and quitted them only at the departure of the train.

"I shall remain at Marseilles," he said, "and look out for Pujol. Have no anxiety about him. Leave everything to me. To-morrow, or the day after at latest, I shall certainly be able to telegraph you something." And, in fact, the second day afterward, Seineport telegraphed to the two ladies at Saint Landry:

"Pujol leaves Aden on the *Oxus*."

Later he sent a second dispatch:

"Pujol landed at Naples on account of illness."

The following day the unhappy Seineport started for Saint Landry. When the mother and the widow saw him arrive thus unexpectedly, with a serious face, they guessed the sad news he brought.

Tears, sobs, nervous cries, and fainting fits followed in rapid succession. Seineport wished to leave the ladies alone in their sorrow; but at the first word he said, Pujol's mother clung to him.

"Do not abandon us," she said; "you were his friend, and are now ours. Alas! a cruel duty remains to be fulfilled. The body of my unfortunate son must be restored to us."

Poor George had not thought of this. Bring back Pujol's body to Saint Landry! It would have been easier to revive

him! He made objections, showed the difficulty of the enterprise, and pretended that the Campo Santo at Naples was the finest cemetery in the world. None of his arguments prevailed. Partly through kindness of heart and partly to obey the fatal chain of circumstances which henceforward weighed upon him, Seineport was obliged himself to go to Naples and look up a body that he had seen with his own eyes thrown into the Red Sea. At the end of a week, however, he returned to Saint Landry, escorting a coffin that no one, happily, thought of opening. They would have found in it the body of a bandit who died at the hospital a few days before.

Joacchino must have been slightly astonished at traveling for three days under black velvet embroidered with silver, being watered with tears by two excellent ladies, hearing his virtues praised by a high ecclesiastical dignitary, seeing defile before his remains the clergy, the inhabitants of the neighboring château, the peasants of the surrounding communes.

As for Seineport, after having been troubled by many scruples, he calmed his conscience by the thought that all this display, resulting from a first deception that was almost unavoidable, did not, in fact, harm anybody. Was it not a precious consolation for his widow and mother to have a coffin to cover with flowers and bathe in tears? In fact, the will and testament of the real Pujol, found in his trunk, left all the property to the beautiful Antoinette.

So George concluded that he had acted for the best; besides, more tender thoughts took a larger place in his heart each day. Mme. Pujol was one of those blondes whom pink renders delicious, but black makes irresistible, and tears embellished instead of disfiguring her. To be brief, Seineport fell madly in love with her. He was the friend of the family, and the mother and daughter-in-law owed him gratitude and showed their sense of obligation. He breakfasted and dined with them often. But these meals were mournful repasts, taken upon a table with four places, one of which remained vacant opposite the window. The "dear absent" was represented by his photograph.

Pujol-Joacchino reposed in the middle of Saint Landry Park, in a picturesque site. Seineport had been charged to superintend the building of the mausoleum. He acquitted himself of this new task as intelligently as he did of the others, consulting the architect, selecting the plans, composing the inscriptions, and looking after the masons and sculptors. All this labor secured for him a good many breakfasts opposite the photograph of the departed Pujol.

The monument was inaugurated with great ceremony. It contained a place for the inconsolable widow of the first occupant. Seineport completed his work by surrounding the mausoleum with a lot of chestnut-trees, which are known to grow quickly. He had no longer anything to do at Saint Landry, and yet he continued to make frequent visits there. At the end of the delay, wisely fixed by public opinion, the entire neighborhood was stupefied to hear the great news:

"Seineport was going to marry Pujol's widow!"

By a delicate observance of the proprieties, the two were married at Paris. Then they traveled in Switzerland. Pujol's mother remained at Saint Landry, where each day, from the depths of his tomb, the Neapolitan bandit had his ears filled with bitter complaints upon the inconstancy of widows.

After a delightful honeymoon, the bridal couple remembered one day that they were the owners of a very comfortable habitation in Touraine.

Had they been more timid or less in love, the mother-in-law *in partibus* on one side and the mortuary chapel on the other, might have spoiled their Saint Landry. But young Mme. Seineport had already had time to acquire new habits, and particularly that of thinking much less of the dead than of the living. So they returned home, well satisfied to continue their courtship elsewhere than in hotels, and if anything lessened their satisfaction it was not the disappearance of the elder Mme. Pujol, who had started the day before to pass a month with some relatives in Brittany.

So everything seemed to be for the best. But suddenly Seineport noticed that his wife seemed ready to faint with terror. She kept her eyes turned toward the window looking out on the park, and in spite of all her husband was able to say or do, the beautiful Antoinette looked straight ahead as if she knew there was some malefactor behind the silk curtains.

"Oh! George," she said, "he is there. I assure you I have seen him! We have made a mistake to return to his house, at only a few steps from his tomb! We seem to be defying his phantom!"

"We don't defy him," protested George, gently. "On the contrary, we respect and bless his memory."

The ex-Mme. Pujol grew so excited that Seineport saw that he must either leave Saint Landry at once or tell the story about Joacchino. Of the two solutions, the latter was the one that cost him the least. He at once related the whole history, and produced, as proof of the truth of his statement, the report made by the captain of the steamer an hour after the burial of the unfortunate Pujol. This dismal recital made the young wife tremble at first; but she soon showed herself very much relieved at learning that her first husband, who she thought was a hundred yards from her, slept his last sleep more than a thousand leagues away.

After this explanation their days were no longer troubled, except by Mme. Pujol when she returned to Saint Landry. But calm was soon established, for the good lady died the following year. The last words she uttered upon this earth were evidently intended to be disagreeable.

"I wish," she said, "to repose by the side of my son. Mme. Seineport, I imagine, does not care for the place reserved for her."

Her last wish was respected, and of all Joacchino's astonishment, that of having his new neighbor was not the least.

The chestnut-trees have grown, and you could make the tour of the park twenty times without suspecting the existence of the tomb where a Neapolitan bandit and a French lady await the last judgment together.—Translated from the French of Jules Lermine.

## SWINBURNE AND HIS AUNT.

The "Lady of Title" to whom he Dedicated his Recent Play.

The "Lady of title," to whom Swinburne has dedicated his last book, is the poet's aunt. Lady Mary Gordon is the youngest of twelve children of the third Earl of Ashburnham; the poet's mother, Lady Jane Swinburne, being one of the twelve. Lady Mary is the widow of the late Sir Henry Gordon, Bart., a gentleman of large estates in the Isle of Wight, but retains her Christian name because she is an earl's daughter, and of higher rank than her husband.

There is no family in the British peerage at the same time so simple and yet so proud as are the Ashburnhams. The family is of stupendous antiquity. It was an Ashburnham who commanded at Dover Castle in its defense against the attack of William the Conqueror. The family seat is at Battle, in Sussex, close by where the Battle of Hastings was fought. It is called Ashburnham Place, and is one of the finest old parks on the South Coast. Ever since the creation of the title which raised the family's head to the peerage, the title and estates have descended from father to son without break, which is a boast that few peerages in the kingdom can make. Many of England's great families exist only in name, the romance of a long and uninterrupted line of direct ancestry being destroyed by the succession of some remote kinsman, or—what is worse—by a re-creation of the title after its legitimate extinction. Indeed, I do not know any other family in the nobility who can lay claim to such an unbroken line of father-to-son inheritance. Yet the Ashburnhams are (to all appearances) humble and retiring.

The Ashburnhams can lay claim for several generations to an intermixture of Percy blood, also gained through marriage with a daughter of the eldest son of the great Duke of Northumberland, who (through a female line, it is true) is a lineal descendant of the historic and ever-interesting Hotspur. But, while the Ashburnhams are inordinately proud of their "Hotspur blood," as they call it, the Duke of Northumberland might have been descended from a respectable old sheep, or an ancient owl, so quiet and dignified and serious and altogether proper is he. As for the Ashburnhams, they are shy and shrinking, regarding self-assertion as vulgar, and the exhibition of originality as wanting in good taste.

Algernon Swinburne is a bright exception to the rule of his family. Until he was almost a man he was completely under his mother's control. Up to eighteen, never was there a son so tightly bound to his mother's apron-string. I knew the family well, and I know this to be the case. But suddenly he let his dormant energies assert themselves in a way that called down lamentations all along the family line. The erotic tone and spirit of his verses were most abhorrent to his relatives. He was regarded almost as an outcast, and his name mentioned with bated breath. But latterly his muse has undergone much purification, and now he is as respectable as anybody. It is not unlikely that his intimate friendship with Theodore Watts may have had an influence for good upon him, and have softened down his erratic frenzy. Watts is a remarkably clever man, and if his advice and companionship have wrought this change in the author of "Lans Veneris," he is entitled to the thanks of the world.

Swinburne, in a sea of dislikes, has few objects of affection. He is, I believe, very fond of his mother; but he is particularly attached to his aunt, Lady Mary Gordon. Every year he pays her a long visit at one of her beautiful country-places in the Isle of Wight. He is always accompanied by Theodore Watts, and, when not writing, passes much of his time in his aunt's society. She is a most charming old lady, possessed of quiet, refined, and perfect manners. It was my privilege to know her and to have been a favored guest under her hospitable roof at Northcourt, and I can frankly say that nowhere could you find a more perfect specimen of the high-born, high-bred, high-minded English gentlewoman.

"The Orchard," is another lovely residence of Lady Mary's in the Isle of Wight. It is spoken of in the dedication verses of "The Sisters," and is Swinburne's favorite place to visit his aunt, because it is near the sea-shore, and he is very fond of sea-bathing, being an expert swimmer. She often goes and takes up her residence at "The Orchard," so as to receive the poet there. I might say that (with the exception of his mother) Lady Mary Gordon is the only relative the poet will consent to visit. He is genuinely fond of her, and goes so far in his exceptional regard as to unbend his dignity to the verge of signing himself "Billie" in the books he frequently sends her, that being a pet name by which he has long been known to her.

Northcourt is a fine old place. The house—a gabled and bay-windowed structure of Elizabethan architecture—is of gray stone, covered with ivy and flower-bearing creepers, and was built in 1602. It is surrounded by pleasure-grounds and gardens, and charmingly embellished by old gray-stone terraces, a bubbling brook—like Pope's river at his garden's end—rising from a spring amid moss-covered banks beneath the stately trees, and threading its way as a sort of aqueous fringe to the sloping turf which sweeps away in a velvety lawn from the broad path below the front windows. Stately elms, Spanish chestnut and Scotch fir-trees give shade and beauty to the scene, and make vistas for glimpses of the square Norman tower of the parish church, and distant views of the Brightstone and Atherfield coast line, and the blue waters of the channel beyond. It was close by, upon Lady Mary's property, that the North German Lloyd's steamer *Eider* went ashore some months ago.

Lady Mary has also a "town house," as all London residences of the English aristocracy are called. It is in Chesham Place, in Belgravia, and contains a gallery of paintings which have been valued at sixty thousand pounds. Here Lady Mary passes the winter. Take it altogether, hers is a lonely life. She has but one child, a daughter, married to General Leith, C. B., a distinguished officer, now retired. But this daughter lives in Scotland.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, June 3, 1892.



## THE SILENT SCULPTOR.

"Parisina" at the Studio of Douglas Tilden, the Dumb Californian.

This afternoon I was chatting with the Californian sculptor, Douglas Tilden. When I say "chatting," that is a *façon de parler*; no sound passed our lips, and there was a sheet of foolscap before us. For pithiness, and as a preventive against ambiguity of expression, commend me to foolscap! I am telling you what you know already when I say that Douglas Tilden is deaf and dumb. To most of my readers his name is familiar enough. At the Olympic Club you may see one of his best works, "The Tired Boxer"; the "Base-Ball Player" stands in Golden Gate Park, and next year, at the World's Fair, in Chicago, every one will be admiring the "Indian Bear-Hunters," now on exhibition in the palace of the Champs-Élysées.

I do not think the jury acted fairly in not awarding a medal to this powerful group, which has been extremely well noticed in the French press—not to mention the favorable criticisms of American and English correspondents. It is with medals and mentions, as with admission to the Salon, many who deserve to be are not among the elect; which does not mean that those who are undeserving are rewarded, but in both cases the numbers are limited. Besides, jurymen are but human, after all, and, of course, it goes somewhat against the grain with them to swell unduly the lists of "foreign" laureates. Still, naturally, too, they swagger a good deal about their disinterestedness and generosity, and, as a proof of this, every year a few medals and honorable mentions are conferred outside the French school of art. Daniel Chester French, of Exeter, Mass., is the American laureate this year. Two years ago it was Douglas Tilden, of Chico, Cal.

American sculptors to the number of twelve have contributed to the Salon: Calder, of Philadelphia, a bust of Cordelia; Miss Katherine Cohen, of the same city, a study of a man's head; John Donoghue, of Chicago, a statue entitled "Kypri"; John Flanagan, of Newark, Miss R. J. E. Mathews, of Ohio, and S. Wilson Neill, of Cambridge, Mass., busts; George D. Peterson, of Wilmington, a tiger; Ch. Pike, of Widdetown, a bust of Mr. Valentine; Miss Bela Pratt, one of a Mr. S—; and John Red, of Boston, a *basso-relievo* of a nun. These, with the laureate, Daniel Chester French, and Douglas Tilden, make up the score; the work of the former is an *alto-relievo*, "The Angel of Death and the Sculptor," designed for a monument.

Save Tilden's "Indian Bear-Hunters," it is the most important of all the American exhibits. But I think I am not prejudiced in favor of the Californian in saying that his production is the greater and better work of the two. It contains a pair of human figures. One of the Indians stands grappling with the bear, which has reared itself on its hind legs and has seized the man's arm in its hideous jaws. You seem to hear the bone crunching beneath the quivering flesh; and were it not for his companion, who, crouching on the ground, is about to plunge his knife into the creature's belly, it would doubtless go hard with him. It is plain that the hunters have been surprised by the beast. They had just secured its cubs with a thong, and it is maternal love that renders their adversary so furious in its onslaught. There is a demoniacal—almost a human—expression on the bear's face. The whole group is forcibly and dramatically rendered, and its effect will be intensified when it appears cast in bronze; about freshly molded plaster there is a coldness and a reflected brilliance less favorable to artistic perfection.

Douglas Tilden includes versatility among his talents. In the "Base-Ball Player" and the "Tired Boxer" he shows us the manly athletic form in its perfection; in the "Indian Bear-Hunters" he is dramatic, soul-stirring; in the "Young Acrobat" there is grace and—what is still more uncommon in statuary—novelty. A round-limbed, chubby infant is balanced in the maternal palm; the arm forms the pedestal, the hand the seat of the audacious urchin. These are merely the adjuncts, the interest is centred in the bonny boy.

Sculptors, unlike painters, seldom if ever go in for hyper-refined surroundings. Wet clay is a medium that does not admit of clean-swept studios, much less of elegant bric-à-brac, Persian carpets, and waxed floors. You generally find them located in the extreme suburbs, where large premises are easy to be got. The Rue du Moulin de Beurre is a favorite haunt of sculptors. No. 14 in that out-of-way, tortuous street is a conglomeration of wooden tenements, built on either side of a broad alley inclosed by iron gates. The feminine Cerberus who plays the part of *conciERGE* is old and can not read. When I put the query to her anent her tenant, she seemed sadly bewildered: Tilden bothered her, she had never got further down his name than Douglas. But, finally, I was directed to No. 16 in the row, and, turning the door-handle, as I was bidden to do, found myself in a large studio. To shut the big door was to shut out the sounds of human habitation, though not the sun and light which streamed through the high windows. How strangely quiet everything seemed—the sound of my own voice would have startled me! After sending his group—over which he had labored all the winter—to the Salon, our California artist put by his tools with the intention of dreaming away the summer. So he was not in his studio. A winding stair leads up from it to an apartment above, and on the door is an invite to pass in without knocking. Alas! the knock would have fallen on deaf ears, as did my greeting—habit is so strong within us, that the words fell unthinking from my lips. But we were soon installed with paper and pen, and our chat began.

As my companion wrote—his hand flew over the paper—I examined his physiognomy. An intellectual face, speaking eyes, a fair mustache. The figure is well knit, about middle height, the hands long and nervous—the hands of an artist. My eyes strayed about the room. On the table was a bust of Dante, above hung—over some photographs—a cast

of Michael Angelo's "Slave," from the window you caught a glimpse of waving trees. To my question: "Where did you study?" he answered: "I spent one winter at the National Academy in New York city, and then, on coming here, I took five months' private lessons under Paul Choppin (he is a French sculptor, deaf and dumb, like myself), and since then, I have been shifting for myself. So I have had but little training—I use my eyes a good deal, though, and I believe that what benefited me most was that year's exhibiting at the Salon. The defects of one's own work come out at once, when it is placed beside superior work."

I was touched by the humility of the man, yet if any one has reason to be proud, working against such fearful odds, surely it is Douglas Tilden, whom an unkind fate has robbed of two senses, though, only, perhaps, to render sight and touch more keen.

Next I asked him if he considered Paris the best place to study in. The answer came swiftly from his ready pen: "For beginners, Paris by all means. One goes to Italy and elsewhere to complete the education." A query concerning whom he considered the greatest French scholar, elicited the response: "I consider Rodin is the god almighty of the modern school! He makes every part of his work sing the same song as the whole." From these last words, I gathered that Tilden is a poet in feeling and expression. If generous in his praise of Rodin, he wishes to be just to his fellow-countryman, and denies the truth of the assertion of the New York *Post* to the effect that he was the first American to receive honorable mention at the Paris Salon. Saint Gaudens was rewarded in 1880, Donoghue and Boyle in 1886, Adams, Held, MacMounies, and Warner in 1889. Tilden gained his honorable mention in 1890, along with Stewardson, Miss Ruggles, Mitchell, and Dallin. Grafty obtained the same award last year; French is the first to receive a medal.

My visit ended with a careful examination of the models in the studio down-stairs, representing, more or less, the totality of Tilden's works—the "Base-Ball Player," the "Tired Boxer," the "Young Acrobat," with the first rough design of the "Indian Bear-Hunters" and a proposed monument to Dr. H. P. Peet, for which the deaf and dumb of New York are getting up a subscription. And then I passed out of the quiet studio into the hum and turmoil of Paris, carrying with me a pleasant remembrance of the Silent Sculptor.

PARISINA.

PARIS, June 8, 1892.

## THACKERAY'S "JEAMES."

The paragraphs printed in our "Literary Notes" anent the pronunciation of the name of Thackeray's famous character, James de la Pluche, have called forth from our readers a number of letters discussing the subject. Their general tenor is shown in the following sample:

VANCOUVER BARRACKS, WASH., June 21, 1892.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: Referring to the remark of "O. L." in the *Critic* (quoted in your issue of the twentieth instant—"Literary Notes," page 8), respecting the pronunciation of "James" in Thackeray's "Diary of James de la Pluche," etc., it seems to me that, in this case, the ninety-nine are right and the hundredth man wrong. How does "O. L." read "When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas"? In it "James" is made to rhyme with "teems" and "beams." Pronounced "Je-aymes," rhyme and rhythm would suffer considerably.

WILLIAM H. ARTHUR,  
Captain and Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.

We append the poem, "When Moonlike ore the Hazure Seas," in its entirety:

When moonlike ore the hazure seas  
In soft effulgence swells,  
When silver jews and balmy breeze  
Bend down the Lily's bells;  
When calm and deep, the rosy sleep  
Has lapt your soul in dreams,  
R Hangeline! R lady mine!  
Dost thou remember James?  
  
I mark thee in the Marble All,  
Where England's loveliest shine—  
I say the fairest of them hall  
Is Lady Hangeline,  
My soul, in desolate eclipse—  
With recollection teems—  
And then I hark, with weeping lips,  
Dost thou remember James?  
  
Away! I may not tell thee hall  
This sougning heart endures—  
There is a lonely spirit-call  
That Sorrow never cures;  
There is a little, little Star,  
That still above me beams;  
It is the Star of Hope—but art!  
Dost thou remember James?

The honors bestowed upon Prince Bismarck during his recent journey to attend the wedding of his son at Vienna, were of the most remarkable character. At every point of importance on his route he was greeted by the populace with the utmost enthusiasm. At Vienna he was welcomed by a concourse so great that for a time the streets were completely blocked, and it was finally found necessary for the police to use their sabers in dispersing the multitude which had assembled to do him honor. He was escorted to the palace, which had been assigned him, by an immense procession, the students singing "Die Wacht am Rhein" with sturdy persistence all the way—some eight miles. At Dresden his reception was hardly less remarkable. At the railway-station he was welcomed by the municipal authorities as he passed under a great triumphal arch, and in the evening ten thousand members of Dresden societies, led by a corps of students in full regalia, bearing torches and banners, and shouting the name of the illustrious visitor, passed before his hotel. These demonstrations are full of significance, and we are not surprised to hear that they have caused a great deal of irritation in Berlin.

The Sargent prize of one hundred dollars for the best metrical translation of an ode of Horace, open for competition to students of Harvard College or of the Harvard Annex, was awarded recently to Margaret Foster Herrick of the Annex. This is the second successive year the prize has been won by one of the young women students.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Guiraud, the French composer, who died the other day, never opened letters sent to him. Two thousand unopened missives were found in a garret in his house.

The gallant Maréchal de McMahon, although eighty-two years old, is as robust as at fifty; he boasts that serious illness has never been his lot, and that only when wounded has he been confined to his bed.

There were few more popular men in Chicago than the late Emmons Blaine. He was amiable, bright, witty, cheerful, and everybody liked him. He was loyal to his friends, of whom he had hosts, and he was a very genial companion. His success as a railroad manager was undisputed.

Sir Arthur Sullivan's recovery has been wonderfully rapid. It is not a month since he was brought from the South of France completely prostrated, and now it is announced that he will take part in the Leeds festival. The popular composer will now finish the almost completed score for the new Savoy opera.

Mascagni is putting the finishing touches on a longer opera than "Cavalleria Rusticana" or "L'Amico Fritz." It is based on the "Rantzau" of Erkmann-Chatrian. He is, also, writing two other short ones, giving a musical setting to Heine's one-act tragedy, "William Ratcliffe," and François Coppée's idyl, "Le Passant."

Count Leo Tolstoi is seriously ill in the village of Begit-shevka, where he has been working in the interest of the starving peasants. The countess, when she heard of her husband's sickness, hurried off to the town from Moscow. She hoped to persuade the count to submit to the care of a doctor. As the count has no confidence in physicians, and believes that they do more harm than good, it is not likely that he will follow his wife's advice.

A rich financier once called upon Victorien Sardou and explained briefly that the passion of his life was to attend on the first night of the representation of a play. "Sorry I can't oblige you," said Sardou, anticipating the request. "I thought not, M. Sardou, but I have an idea. I have a beautiful daughter, eighteen years old. I will give her two hundred thousand francs if your son will accept her as his wife; then, being the father-in-law of the son of the author, I shall have a right, as a member of the family of the author, to assist on the first nights of his pieces."

The Marquis de Mores, who recently slew Captain Mayer in a duel at Paris, is the son of the Duke de Vallambrosa. De Mores first came into prominence in 1882, when he married Medora von Hoffman, the beautiful daughter of Louis von Hoffman, of New York. Labouchère, editor of the London *Truth*, said that the young lady had evidently been trapped into the marriage, as he regarded De Mores as an adventurer. The girl's father sued *Truth* for libel, and was awarded damages. De Mores in August, 1882, bought fifteen thousand acres of land in what was known as the "Bad Lands" of Dakota, on the Northern Pacific Railroad. In 1883, on reaching Dakota, De Mores immediately put up a small house and founded the town of Medora, named after his wife. He incurred the enmity of a large number of Dakotans. On June 26th, hearing that his life was in danger, De Mores sent for Dick Rogers, a faithful cowboy. Then, accompanied by the latter, he started out to head off his enemies. A desperate fight ensued, and two men were killed. De Mores was tried for the murder of the two men, and after a long trial was released. For revenge the friends and relatives of the two men who were killed, poisoned a number of De Mores's cattle. The marquis was soon afterward joined by his wife, who, in a short time, gained renown as a famous rifle-shot and rider. After a year or so De Mores and his wife returned to New York, and subsequently went back to Paris, where Camille Dreyfus, the editor of a French journal, through some remark made in his paper in ridicule of De Mores, was challenged to fight a duel. Both men were dead shots. The duel was fought in Belgium on the morning of February 2, 1890. Dreyfus was wounded in the arm. De Mores escaped without injury.

Harry Vane Milbank went over to London from Paris for the Ascot week. He told the *Sun* reporter that he and Borrower visited Paris for the purpose of pulling the nose of Joseph Pulitzer, proprietor of the New York *World*, owing to that journal's criticisms upon their conduct in the Drayton affair. Milbank says, however, that upon seeing Pulitzer, and finding that he was afflicted with partial blindness and was in very delicate health, they decided to wreak their vengeance upon some other member of the staff when the opportunity should arrive. "I have called upon the London correspondent of the *World*," said Milbank, "and he informs me that the blackguardly articles about me, printed under the London date line in that paper, do not emanate from here, but are written in New York, so that the person to whom I must look for redress is Mr. Ballard Smith, editor of the *World* in New York. Mr. Ballard Smith and the editor of *Town Topics* are very good at abuse and slander at a distance. I don't know whether they ever bet or not, but I will make them each a bet for a large sum of money that neither of them dare come over to Paris and repeat before my face what they write with impunity with three thousand miles of sea between us; or if they like to lay a wager for any sum, large or small, that I will not meet them at any spot, say in South America, to tell them to their faces what my opinion is of them, I promise to accept it. If they are afraid to do either, and still continue their abuse at a safe distance, they will be judged according to their merits by every one who has any pretension to any manly feeling. What the editor of *Town Topics* chooses to write about me is a matter of perfect indifference to me, and can not in any way touch me; but he has, also, dragged my father's—Sir Frederick Milbank's—name into his paper and attacked him, and this I will tolerate from no man."







## VANITY FAIR.

"Washington," said Mr. Depew recently to a New York reporter, "is a delightful place to live in—for some people. For the man who has a large income and no cares it is an elysium. It is destined to be the home of the idle American—the wealthy idle—those who seek the pleasure to be found in the company of their kind; the man who has nothing to do and who wants to do nothing. Such a man in New York is a nuisance. He makes a fortune, goes to Europe for two or three years, and finally returns to his home. He calls on some of his friends during business hours; drops in the banker's, or broker's, or lawyer's office, and is pleasantly greeted by his old associates. They are glad to see him—for a minute and a half. Then they intimate that this is a busy day and ask him to 'call again.' He goes out and they notify the office-boy that when he does call again, they are 'not in.' After three o'clock he can drive in the park for an hour, but that is not the chief end of man. From about seven o'clock he may entertain and be entertained, but the day—every day—is a desert. These people ought to live in Washington, and they will. This is the place for them. Around them will gather the artist, and the poet, and the novelist, and the scientist, so that you will have a highly refined and superbly intelligent community. For the man who is interested in politics, but who is not in the swim, Washington is the wrong place; but for the holder of official position—particularly if his place is one by which he can control men and formulate measures—there is no city on the globe where his sense of self-importance would grow more rapidly or receive more continuous public recognition. Horace once said, in effect, that fame was possessed by the man at whom people pointed their fingers and said, 'That's him.' That definition is probably as accurate to-day as when Horace made it. When such an official moves abroad in Washington, whether in the exclusiveness of his carriage or in the democratic horse-car, he is continually on the lookout for these signs of recognition. All this is conducive to an abnormal tightness of hat-band. I presume there are more tight hat-hands in Washington than in any other centre of population in the country. But, after all, it is a delightful place."

"Contrary to popular opinion the female descendants of the Puritans have smaller feet than those of the Cavaliers," says Mr. W. Cooper, junior member of an extensive New England shoe-factory. "We manufacture ladies' shoes almost exclusively. We sell most small ones in the North-East, most large ones in the South-West, in Arkansas, New Mexico, and Texas. The Carolinas, Alabama, Mississippi, Kansas, and Nebraska also order a good many large sizes. Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri buy medium sizes. The retail trade of large cities requires more small sizes in proportion than does that of the smaller cities and villages. Still there is a great difference in cities. Boston is preëminently the city of small-footed women. Next in the order named come Hartford, St. Louis, Louisville, New Orleans, New York, and Denver. Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, Pittsburg, and Salt Lake City may be classed as big-footed."

The court of appeals has affirmed the judgment in favor of the plaintiff in the case of James C. Duff against Lillian Russell. The action grew out of the refusal of Miss Russell to wear tights in a comic opera wherein tights were a requisite of her part. Her excuse was that if she wore the tights she was likely to catch cold, and, perhaps, might lose her voice in consequence. Accordingly, she broke her contract with her manager, and now must pay him damages. She did not attempt to defend her course on the ground that tights are immodest, for such a plea would have been plainly untenable. The sea-side season has now begun, and from this time forth until the salt water becomes too cold for bathing, many thousands of modest women will appear on the beaches clad in costumes which reveal the figure not less generously than its proportions are exposed by the tights worn on the stage. The New York *Sun* remarks: "When a manner of dress becomes conventional it can not be immodest, whether it be the costume of the Sea Islanders or of New York. When it is usual and prescribed, it ceases to attract attention. Hence women who would shrink with horror from exposing their legs in a ball-room, think nothing of wearing low-necked dresses there, while at the sea-beach they will show their legs and hide

their busts. It is purely a matter of convention and of appropriateness. Miss Russell would have been absurd, therefore, if she had refused to wear tights on the score of modesty, for she was required to wear them where they are sanctioned by custom and convention. If, however, she was afraid of her health, or her legs are not so fashioned as to bear such an exposure, she is defensible in the court of feminine taste and morals, though a cruel court of civil law has condemned her to pay damages for violating her contract by trying to run away from its obligations."

The complaint that the dress of the debutante is no longer what it should be, is heard on all sides. The days of the white muslin and the single rose are past and gone, and were it not for the jewels worn by married women, it would be a matter of difficulty to distinguish them, so far as clothes go, from our youthful spinsters. But married women will cling to simple little frocks, sailor-hats, and youthful dress in general, forgetting that a woman of forty looks far better in a bonnet and a stately dress than in a gown which would have been more suitable for wear at the time when she had seen but twenty summers instead of double that number.

M. Gaston Jollivet contributes to the *Figaro* some remarks upon "the female American" that ought to bring reflections to the female members of the American colony in Paris. He asserts that, at present, there is no colony of foreigners in Paris that has any social importance excepting the colony of Americans, including Americans of both continents. The reasons which the critic gives for the acceptability of Americans in French society are not wholly flattering. In the first place, they please because the ugly ones are left at home. "The Cindrellas, doubtless, remain at Chicago or at Buenos Ayres, and thus the Parisian salons come to be peopled with beauties of an Anglo-Saxon blonde or of a Spanish-American brown that are highly entertaining to look at." Moreover, both kinds have an air of distinction. Parisian society is very well pleased to have under its eyes young women admirably costumed—for the American dresses much better than the English-woman—murdering the French language prettily, and looking very well on the box-seat of a coach. These exterior graces are not the only advantages of our countrywomen. They do not drag with them whole families of people—often tiresome and awkward—that it is necessary to make room for. A young patrician of Paris can marry one of them, if necessary, "without espousing at the same time a whole ascent and descent of makers of howie-knives and of conservers of corned beef." So when it becomes necessary to cut a young American woman residing in Paris, that operation of social surgery is much more easily practiced upon her than upon a Parisienne, "flanked by relatives and friends." The New York *Times* says: "It is doubtless an advantage, from a certain point of view, not to have either makers or users of 'howie-knives' in the way when there is a young woman to be snubbed; but the female American in Paris does not take this point of view, and will perceive that the lot of a self-made woman has its drawbacks as well as its advantages. What do self-respecting American women think of the figure they would cut in the society that M. Jollivet describes, where they receive an amused tolerance for their good looks and their money, but where they never occupy the same footing with the natives? Quite evidently an American woman who respects herself would prefer to make the acquaintance of this society as a tourist, and not as a colonist."

A man who has traveled much in many countries, and has devoted himself largely to dining, now collates the observations of over thirty years at the dinner-table to beauty as he has found it attached to the different professions. Soldiers' wives, he says, are at once the prettiest and ugliest of women. These results depend on the chances of a soldier's life. The soldier's uniform, every man grants, gives him the pick of the prettiest girls where these abound. On the other hand, he is often confined to areas where women are scarce, when he takes those to hand. Doctors' wives are usually healthy and handsome; and this well-fed but cynical gentleman attributes this to the fact that such a wife is a doctor's best advertisement. Allowing for the doctrine of chance in matrimony, the lawyer chooses his wife according to his fortune in "meeting up," as they say down South, in clients. The worldly aspects of matrimony are early thrust upon the lawyer, and, if he

escapes the first mating period, the daughter of a judge or a substantial client has reflected attractions, or, perhaps, propinquity settles the case for the client, who may be a woman. In such cases beauty does not so easily fall into lines as with those of either the doctor or the soldier. As for the wives of preachers, a certain dove-like beauty is apt to be theirs, or that grace of face which comes from the chastening exercise of self-restraint. A commanding aspect, however, sometimes attaches to hispops' wives.

A woman who has had unusual opportunities to observe the effects of smoking among girls, says that you can make up your mind that smoking of any kind is not going to add to a girl's moral or physical beauty. It teaches her to drink, because she gets thirsty, and she thinks it looks very swell and marvelously smart to have a cocktail or a brandy-and-soda in between the cigarettes. You may take it for granted that the man who tells you that he likes to see you smoke does not care any more for you than the small boy does for the toy harlequin which rings every time he shakes it and which he throws away when the bells are broken. Men laugh about women drinking tea, but a man who cares for you would rather see you drink a gallon of tea than a single cocktail. Men may say that you look Spanish as you smoke, but you can be pretty sure that he is an awful fool of a man who urges his sisters or his wife to take to cigarettes.

This feminine experiment with galluses is not a passing whim. Evidently it has been taken up in dead earnest, and will be carried out to the very end of the season. Therefore this advice from the New York *Sun* will be of use to the ladies: "Since woman is going to wear galluses on the outside, it is the duty of man to impart to her the few valuable hints regarding their use that he has gathered in the centuries. The most trying situation known to the masculine wearer of suspenders is that which ensues when he bursts a button. In this emergency, the expedient most frequently resorted to, when there is no tailor at hand, is the ordinary shingle-nail of commerce. By means of a penknife, two punctures are made close together in the waistband. The point of the nail goes in at one end and out at the other, and upon this substitute the suspender can be fastened, with the assurance that it will stay until the button is replaced. It is customary in many regions to carry a few shingle-nails in the waistcoat-pocket for use in such an emergency. This hint is offered merely for what it is worth. Maybe the feminine custom of wearing the galluses on the outside renders it of no value whatever. In order to lessen the frequency of this button accident, and also to permit greater freedom of action on the part of the wearer, india-rubber threads are woven either in the web which constitutes the main part of the suspenders, or in the small braces that button around toward the front and at the small of the back. The elasticity thus imparted is especially advantageous to persons engaged in digging and picking up potatoes, laying paving-stones, and in similar employments. Women do not ordinarily engage in these tasks; but elastic suspenders are much preferred by men who have prominent shoulder-blades behind, and it is difficult to see why they should not be as much preferred by women. There is one situation in which the masculine wearer of suspenders generally finds the assistance of a second person absolutely necessary. It is when the after-ends become detached from the waistband and climb up on the back of his neck. There are few sights more pitiful than a man trying to extricate himself from this situation. The man who is wise, and who economizes his profanity, always seeks at once the assistance which he knows he will have to summon earlier or later."

A German statistician recently published the results of his investigation of the relative ages of husbands and wives in the various capitals of Europe. He discovered that marriages are most frequent where the husband is two or three years older than the wife. Women under twenty years of age, however, usually take unto themselves husbands six or seven years older than themselves. The cases in which the man was a year younger than the woman were almost as numerous as those in which he was six or seven years older. The first condition was true of 6.7 per cent. of all married couples, and the latter condition of 6.4 per cent. The cases where the husband was six or seven years younger than the wife were also just as numerous as those where he was thirteen or fourteen years older. Only two cases were discovered where the husband was thirty-five years the senior; one case where he was forty-seven years older; and one case where he was the older by forty-six years. One case was discovered where the wife was thirty-four years older than the husband. Twelve and three-tenths per cent. of all men who marry women under twenty years of age, according to the statistician, are between twenty-six and twenty-seven years old.

Every man in his secret heart regards himself as still young—except the last year's graduates, who are reveling in the conscious antiquity of one-and-twenty.

Don't fool with Indigestion. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

## The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.  
Lowell, Mass.

## Apollinaris

"More wholesome than any Aerated Water which art can supply.

"Invalids are recommended to drink it."—THE TIMES, London.

## "THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."

COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY

"What say you to a ham sandwich?"

"If prepared with Cowdrey's Deviled Ham I'll welcome it with delight, good Grumio. Bring it to me. KATHARINE."

COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY



For Five Years.

## CABOT'S CREOSOTE SHINGLE STAINS

Have been used on the Pacific Coast, and have proven, beyond doubt, that they

WEAR LONGER THAN PAINT.  
WEAR BETTER THAN PAINT.  
PREVENT THE BLACKENING  
OF REDWOOD SHINGLES.

Samples on Wood, with Circulars and Sketches of Creosoted Houses, sent on application.

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330 Pine Street, San Francisco.

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33 UNION SQUARE  
NEW YORK

New Styles Just Received

CALL AND SEE THEM.

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## Armour's

Extract of BEEF.

Used by  
ALL GOOD COOKS  
The Year Round.

Send to ARMOUR & CO., Chicago,  
for Cook Book showing use of ARMOUR'S  
EXTRACT in Soups and Sauces. Mailed free.

DR. PRICE'S  
Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Elaine Goodale Eastman, the poetess, who married a Sioux Indian a year ago, has become the mother of a bouncing girl baby.

Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster, the editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has just been complimented with the degree of A. M. from the University of Omaha, with Mrs. Terhune. She expects to hold a woman's council at Marona Lake Assembly in Wisconsin about the middle of July.

It is from the Queen of Denmark that her three daughters—the Princess of Wales, the Empress of Russia, and the Duchess of Cumberland—derive their beauty and their perennial youth. Queen Marie, at the age of threescore and ten, is still a very handsome woman, with flashing eyes and lively manners, which cause her to look at least fifteen years younger than her actual age.

The Princess Eulalie, daughter of Queen Isabella of Spain, is very beautiful, but decidedly eccentric, and has a habit of wandering about nights in male attire, visiting the *barriers* (beer saloons) and cafés. Some sympathy for her daughter the queen mother must have, for, in her youthful days, she had a penchant for roaming about nights disguised, and accompanied by a marshal of her husband's army.

The following about the Jersey Lily's latest movements is of more or less value:

Mrs. Langtry was a passenger by the Deadwood coach across the Wild West at Buffalo Bill's London exhibition recently. The coach was savagely attacked by Indians, who were, however, repulsed and driven off by Buffalo Bill and a contingent of cowboys. The famous beauty and well-known actress and her companions (Mrs. Le Breton and three young men in immaculate frock-coats, tall hats, striped cloth trousers, turned up probably as the sole evidence that they were undertaking so dangerous and difficult a journey) were rescued by Colonel Cody. In spite of her adventures, Mrs. Langtry appeared as usual in "The Fringe of Society" in the evening. She was looking very handsome when in the celebrated coach, and wore a charming dress of pink-shot foulard and guipure lace. Her hat was all black.

There died recently in Hungary two ladies who served in 1848 in the revolutionary army, and fought in several of the fiercest battles, dressed in military uniform. One of them was several times promoted, and, under the name of Karl, attained the rank of first-lieutenant of Hussars. At this point, however, an artillery major stopped her military career by marrying her. The other fought under the name of Josef, and was decorated for valor in the field. She married long after the campaign. A Hungarian paper, referring to the two cases, says that about a dozen women fought in 1848 in the insurrectionary ranks.

It is said that Mlle. Yvette Guilbert, the queen of Parisian concert-halls, is far from being a beauty:

She is a tall woman with a big, broad frame, a long neck, and a Mongolian type of head. She has high cheek-bones, a short, snub nose, thin lips, and a vulgar face. Her voice is a mediocre and unmelodious soprano. What, then, is the charm that attracts crowds to see and hear her? Simply her accomplishment of expressing incomparably better than any one else in Paris can the double entendre dear to Paris ears. She accentuates all possible suggestiveness in the lines she sings or recites. The remarkable gift of depicting human misery insures her an income of 250,000 francs a year. The Concert Parisien pays her, on an evening for one hour, from ten to eleven. The rest she makes in private entertainments from eleven to one, for which she receives 2,500 francs. She is seen in the very best circles of aristocrats and millionaire parvenues; even the residents of Faubourg St. Germain and St. Honoré open their doors to her. All that is known of her is that only a few years ago she was employed as saleswoman in a shoe store.

Secretary Foster has written a letter to Mrs. Martha White, of Copalis, in Chehalis County, State of Washington, informing her that for her great bravery in January last the government has awarded her a gold medal. This is why:

The British bark *Ferndale* went ashore three hundred and fifty yards from the beach, near Gray's Harbor, Wash., at three o'clock in the morning. At six o'clock Mrs. White heard of it. White went down the lonely beach hunting for bodies washed ashore. Mrs. White patrolled the beach near where the bark was lying. Suddenly she caught a glimpse of a man struggling in the breakers. He was almost exhausted; and, throwing herself into the raging surf, she managed to reach him and assist him through the breakers. She took him to her cottage and returned to her watch. Later, she rescued two other sailors; and when her husband arrived with assistance, she lay unconscious beside the senseless sailor whom she had last rescued.

The following interesting note about a San Francisco woman who is doing remarkable work in American anthropology, is from an article on "Anthropological Work in America," by Professor Frederic Starr, in the July *Popular Science Monthly*:

"Miss Zelia Nuttall lives at Dresden, Germany. She surrounds herself with an Aztec atmosphere; her library, one of the richest in Mexican works in existence, is cased in pieces of furniture whose forms and decorations are drawn from Mexican architecture. On all relating to Mexican archaeology and history she is an authority. Two of the Penobscot Museum monographs are by her—one upon a curious feather head-dress, the other upon the Mexican throwing stick, or *atlatl*. Recently, Miss Nuttall had the pleasure of discovering at the old castle of Ambras (Germany) a fine shield of ancient Mexican feather-work. In the last number of the *Internationale Archiv für Ethnographie* she publishes an exhaustive and handsomely illustrated article upon the subject of feather shields from Mexico. In a recent visit to Florence, Italy, Miss Nuttall discovered in the library an Aztec manuscript with pictures. It turned out to be a treatise upon dress and ornament, and contains a text in Spanish letters. This, reprinted in facsimile, with critical notes and an English translation, Miss Nuttall will present at the next congress of Americanists in October.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

—ATTENTION IS CALLED TO THE FACT THAT the Pacific Mail Steamship Company has changed the date set for the sailing of the *City of Sydney* from July 5th as advertised, to Wednesday, July 6th.

## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John P. Jackson, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. William C. Ralston, Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herold, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hamilton, Captain and Mrs. McGill, and Colonel and Mrs. L. L. Brownwell and family left on Friday to pass the holidays at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warren are passing the summer in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., have returned from an enjoyable visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander have arrived in London.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will pass this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. James D. Phelan has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are at Aix-les-Bains, France.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin have arrived from New York and will pass several weeks at the Hotel del Monte.

Miss Jennie Blair is visiting Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at her Newport estate.

Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Arcadia Spence, and Miss Dillon have been passing the week in the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Celia O'Connor is visiting friends at Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. C. Perkins, *née* Giffin, have been in Los Angeles during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Castle and the Misses Evans, Flanche, and Hilda Castle are enjoying an outing in the vicinity of Mount Shasta. Miss Hilda Castle recently returned from a delightful Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Warring Wilkinson, of Berkeley, will leave Europe to-day en route home.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Misses Fanny and Jennie Crocker, Miss S. Cluness, and Mr. Henry J. Crocker are in London.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman are passing the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. John Hays Hammond is making a protracted stay at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Misses Fannie and Josie Loughborough, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. A. Z. Loughborough, and Mr. George A. Loughborough are enjoying a visit at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., and Mr. Alfred Tubbs will pass this month at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedell and Mr. August Taylor have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury is at the Hotel Windsor, in New York city.

Dr. William J. Younger is at the Hoffman House, in New York city. Mrs. Younger and the Misses Younger have gone to Europe.

Miss Nellie Hillyer has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Josephine Cone at Red Bluff and the Misses Upson at Sacramento. She will pass the holidays with Miss Mamie Holbrook at Menlo Park.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Fonte have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles McDermott and Miss Mamie McDermott have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a month.

Mrs. Eugene Chapin is visiting Rev. and Mrs. C. J. Mason at their home in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. Chesbrough and Miss Kate Dillon are making a very pleasant stay at Summit Soda Springs.

Mr. Fred Peterson is visiting in St. Paul, Minn.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerly is visiting friends in Boston.

Miss Edith McEuen, Miss Emily Carolan, and Miss Carrie Taylor have returned from Farmington, Conn., where they have been at school.

Miss Ora Runyon and Miss Zillah Mann left on Friday to visit Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Woolworth and Miss Helen Woolworth have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin are visiting friends in San Rafael.

Miss May Hoffman is visiting Miss Maud Morrow in San Rafael.

Mr. George H. Rice and his daughter, Miss Birdie Rice, are making a pleasant visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carrigan are occupying the Ames place in Ross Valley during this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac L. Requa, of Piedmont, have returned from their Eastern trip.

Miss Metcalf is visiting her aunt, Mr. Monroe Salisbury in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. W. C. Ralston and Miss Bertha Ralston have been visiting friends in Denver.

Mrs. William R. Shafter has gone to Santa Cruz to visit Mrs. A. G. Booth.

Mr. Charles Meinecke is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Miss Lowry has been passing the month of June at Ben Lomond, in the Santa Cruz Mountains. She will be at the Hotel del Monte this month.

Among the many at the Napa Soda Springs now are: Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mr. Milton Jones, Mr. and Mrs. John D. Siebe, Mr. Siebe, the Misses Siebe, Mrs. J. W. Farren, Mr. J. W. Farren, Jr., Miss Farren, Mr. and Mrs. Ferdinand Reis, Miss Reis, Mrs. Ida Brown, Miss Mayer, Miss Hattie Tay, Miss Viola Hyman, Dr. Whittell, and Captain Richter, U. S. A.

Consul and Mrs. D. A. McKinley are residing permanently at the Palace Hotel, and will receive on the first Monday of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker have been in Seattle for a couple of weeks on a visit to Mr. Robert H. Hooker.

Mrs. Robert F. Bunker and Miss Ivy Bunker are passing the season at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. Louis Hirsch will pass the national holidays in Santa Cruz. He left here on Friday with Commodore Gutte on his yacht *Clayton*.

Mrs. J. B. Finkle and Mrs. Frank K. Zook will be in San Jose during this month.

Mr. James T. Valentine left last Tuesday for the City of Mexico where he will reside henceforth.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson has entirely recovered from the severe illness that has confined her to her villa in Sausalito for several weeks. Her sister, Miss Shipman, is visiting her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln and Miss Ethel Lincoln are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. J. Folger, Mr. A. J. Folger, Jr., and Mr. Ernest Folger, of Oakland, have come to San Rafael for the season.

Mrs. Berger and Miss Helene Berger have gone East to pass the summer at Bar Harbor.

Mr. J. B. Haggin, who remained over in Montana awhile on his Western trip from New York, will arrive here in a few days.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff are passing the summer at their country home, Spring Hill Farm, in Alhambra Valley.

Mr. William Doxey will leave early in August on a trip to the Sierras.

Miss Carrie Platt has been enjoying a visit to Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell in Sausalito.

Mr. James Brett Stokes will soon leave for the Yosemite Valley, where he will remain a month in the hope that the mountain air will benefit his health.

Mr. Philip Wooster, who has been in the City of Mexico

during the past three months, is in the city on a visit, and will return to the land of the Montezumas in about six weeks to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. A. K. P. Harmon, Jr., of Oakland, are at the Hotel del Monte.

Mrs. A. C. Bassett is enjoying a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. A. Chabot and Miss Nellie Chabot, of Oakland, will be at the Hotel del Monte during July.

Mr. A. B. Wilberforce is passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills have gone to the Hotel del Monte for a few weeks.

Miss Susie Morgan is visiting friends in San Rafael.

Mr. Edgar A. Mizner has gone to Victoria, B. C., on a visit.

Dr. L. L. Dunbar and family left last week to pass the season at Banff, N. W. T. Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Louis Hirsch, Dr. L. L. Neumann, and Mr. Philip Barth returned to the city last Sunday after a two weeks' visit to the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.

Major Frank A. Vail is visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. C. de Galigny have returned from Europe and will pass the season in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Leonard, of Alameda, left last Wednesday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels will leave next Tuesday for Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Smith and Miss Marian Smith, of East Oakland, are visiting Lenox, Mass.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Stow Ballard, *née* Bowman, have returned from their wedding trip and are residing at the north-west corner of Sutter and Jones Streets. They will receive on Mondays.

Mrs. George H. T. Jackson and family left last Saturday to pass the remainder of the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Ada Bissell, the Misses Julia, Therese, and Elise Bissell, and Mr. Harry Bissell are passing the summer in Sausalito. Miss Therese Bissell, who has been seriously ill of late, is now on the road to recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald will leave to-day for the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs have been enjoying a visit to the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond, Miss Hammond, and Miss Wheeler are passing the summer at the Hotel del Monte.

Dr. George J. Bucknall returned last Tuesday from an enjoyable visit to Lake Tahoe, and will leave on Saturday to pass a few days in Oakville, Napa County, where Mrs. Bucknall is visiting her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. C. Davis.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway went to the Hotel del Monte last Wednesday, and will return on Saturday to pass the holidays in San Rafael.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge will leave next Tuesday on a trip to the Hawaiian Islands, and will visit every point of interest there. He expects to return in about six weeks laden with curios and myths and legends from the land of Kamehameha the Great.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Hampe, *née* Eggers, are staying at 1139 Eddy Street, and will remain there until the fall when they will go to their home in New York.

Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and the Misses Voorhies are passing the season at the Hotel del Monte.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries have been in San Jose during the past week.

Mr. M. Theodore Kearney, of Fresno, has arrived in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster are at the Napa Soda Springs where they will remain over the holidays.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg returned from New York on Wednesday, and has gone down to the Hotel del Monte to pass the holidays. Mr. Karl Kellogg, whose serious illness called his brother East, is now restored to health.

Mr. H. W. Smith and family, of 2212 Van Ness Avenue, are occupying the Oge cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. D. E. Williamson and family are visiting Miss Grace Smith at the Oge cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. J. P. Garvey and Miss Garvey are passing the summer in San Jose.

Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Haines will occupy their new cottage at Belvedere in about a week.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham, and her son, Mr. M. S. Latham, are rusticating in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., will pass the next two months in their cottage at Santa Cruz.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Major Marcus P. Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to proceed to Boston, Mass., and report to the governor of Massachusetts for such service as may be required of him in connection with the several encampments of the militia of that State during the present summer. He will return here after the close of the last encampment.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., has been visiting here from Mare Island during the past week.

Lieutenant R. H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been admitted to practice in the Court of Appeals, Maryland. He attended the law course of the University of Virginia all of last summer, and was a member of this year's graduating class of the University of Maryland Law School, receiving the degree of LL. B. from the latter institution. Lieutenant Noble is now on duty at St. John's College, Annapolis.

—THE JAROS HYGIENIC UNDERWEAR, THOUGH it has been introduced but a short time, has already received the hearty indorsement of the medical profession and is fast attaining great popularity. It is a combination of wool and cotton, a fleecy woolen fibre being woven into the meshes and held on one side of a very porous cotton fabric. The woolen fibre is luxuriously soft and pleasant to the skin, and conveys the perspiration to the cotton exterior, which absorbs it, thus preserving the heat of the body at an even temperature and removing that dampness of the underwear which is so prolific a source of colds. With the enterprise characteristic of The Jaros, the great confectioner, at Market and Taylor Streets, has secured the sole agency for it here, and keeps it in all sizes of garments for men, women, and children.

DELICATE

**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

PURE SWEET LASTING RICH RARE PUNGENT

**FLORIDA WATER**

STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

REFRESHING IMPERISHABLE FRAGRANT

## Summer Announcement

## A. L. BOWHAY

## -:- Ladies' Tailor -:-

Will reduce prices during the months of July and August to make room for his new fall goods.

**504 SUTTER ST.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

**MRS. HARRISON REMOVES**  
**Superfluous Hair**  
 By the Electric Needle.  
**GUARANTEED PERMANENT.**

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary Street, San Francisco.

The best grade of illustrations are now being used for advertising purposes. The series of full-page drawings which have been appearing on the last page of the *Century* represent some of the most capable book and magazine artists in the country. The series must have cost no small figure. As yet the "way up" artists do not sign the work they do for advertisers, but it will not be long ere we shall see in the advertising column such names as George Wharton Edwards, E. W. Kemble, etc. Such men as these bring to their work, besides mere mechanical skill, a trained imagination and an artistic conception of things. These qualities, when used in connection with advertisements, command scarcely less interest than when used in the ordinary literary way.—*Printers' Ink.*

**ONE MINUTE PANCAKE MEAL**  
 JUST THE THING FOR CAMPERS

—THE CELEBRATED—

**Hotel del Monte**  
 MONTEREY, CAL.

**THE QUEEN OF SUMMER RESORTS**

SEASON OF 1892.

ELEGANT ACCOMMODATIONS AT MODERATE RATES.

For Illustrated Pamphlet, Reservations, and other information, address  
**GEO. SCHONEWALD, Manager.**





SOCIETY.

The Bertheau-Kohler Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place at the residence of Mrs. Elise Kohler, 1232 O'Farrell Street, last Tuesday evening, when her daughter, Miss Emma H. Kohler, was united in marriage to Mr. Max Bertheau. The handsomely furnished parlors were still further beautified by baskets of fragrant flowers artistically arranged. A number of relatives and intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed impressively by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. The bride looked charming in her wedding-robe of rich, white silk and its fleecy veil of moinein, and gracefully received the congratulations of her friends with her husband. An elaborate supper was served later in the evening by Ludwig, and the succeeding hours were made most enjoyable. Mr. and Mrs. Bertheau left on the following day for a tour of the interior of the State, and will reside here when they return. Their popularity with their friends was attested by the many elegant gifts sent to them.

Annual Meet of the Country Club.

Elaborate preparations are being made by the members of the Country Club for their annual meet, which will be held at Del Monte, on August 19th, 20th, and 21st. Mr. Frederick R. Webster, president of the club, has had a most satisfactory conference with Mr. F. S. Douth, president of the Pacific Improvement Company, under whose management the affairs of the Hotel del Monte are directed, who has done, and will continue to do, everything possible to facilitate any action the club may take to insure the success of the meet. The hotel management is acting very generously in the matter.

The club has secured the services of the Golden Gate Park band and Noah Brandt's string orchestra, to provide music during the outing. The programme, as outlined so far, will be about as follows: The club members and guests will arrive on Friday, and in the evening will enjoy a promenade concert by the Park Band, followed by a hot supper at eleven o'clock. Saturday will be devoted to the pigeon shoot, which will be held in the beautiful natural amphitheatre about a mile from the hotel. The location has every possible advantage for the object in view, possessing a level range for the marksmen, and a spacious natural dress-circle for the spectators, well protected from heat by umbrageous trees. Conveyances will be provided for the transportation of guests to and from the grounds. The Park Band will enliven the scene by its music, and the management of the hotel will provide an elaborate luncheon under the shade of the trees, to which the club and its guests are invited. In the evening there will be a hop at the hotel, with music by Brandt, and at half-past eleven o'clock a supper will be served by the Country Club. Sunday will be devoted to driving, swimming, and other pleasures, and in the evening the Park Band will give a sacred concert on the lawn in front of the hotel. Afterward there will be a brilliant display of fireworks at the lake, near the hotel, followed by a supper. In addition to all of this, the club has made arrangements to have the grounds, trees, and shrubbery around the hotel prettily illuminated with colored incandescent electric lights.

With the knowledge that the club is a unit in its desire to make the affair an unqualified success, and that its efficient officers and all of the members are striving assiduously to that desired end, there can be no doubt as to its outcome.

The Bohemian Midsummer Jinks.

The midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club this year, if carried out as is anticipated, will be most novel. It is expected that Mr. Fred M. Somers, who is in Honolulu at present, will be here to preside over the jinks as Sire. During his travels in the Orient he has gathered some curious ideas which he hopes to crystallize into a "Buddha jinks." The erection of a Buddhist temple in the redwood forest will probably be one of the features, and this will be the central point for the observance of various picturesque scenes and ceremonials. Within the tem-

ple will be a statue of Buddha, prepared as was the statue of St. John of Nepomuc, which was the work of Marion Wells, the sculptor, at the midsummer jinks nine years ago. It is expected that Mr. Charles Warren Stoddard, now professor of English literature at Georgetown University, will write a poem in the shape of an invocation to Buddha, which will be read at the jinks. Another special feature will be the music. Professor H. J. Stewart has been asked to set to music one of Sir Edwin Arnold's lyrics on Buddhism, from "Pearls of the Faith," which will be sung by the Bohemian Club quartet and chorus, many of whom are members of the Loring Club. Then there will be other features of note which, in combination, should make the jinks a most unique one. The date has not been definitely determined, but it will probably be in August, on a Saturday night when the moon is at the full. The location is also in doubt at present, there being a difference of opinion as to the relative merits of Cazadero and Mill Valley. The redwoods of the latter place are so inaccessible, however, that it is probable that Cazadero will be the favored spot. Mr. Albert Gerberding, the president of the Bohemian Club, is hard at work on the preliminary details of the affair and predicts for it a great success.

The Coleman-Edwards Wedding.

A very quiet but notable wedding took place Thursday, June 23d, at Christ Church, Alameda, when Miss Eleanor K. Edwards, daughter of the late Judge T. D. Edwards, of Carson City, Nev., and Mr. George E. Coleman, son of the Grass Valley capitalist, were united in marriage. Invitations were limited to the relatives of the contracting parties. The full Episcopal ceremony was performed by the Rev. H. T. Perkins. The bridal-party was headed by the choir of forty boys. The maid of honor was Miss Theo Edwards, sister of the bride, and Mr. Joseph H. Blewett, of this city, acted as best man. The bridesmaids were Miss Florence Coleman and Miss Sylvia Harris. The ushers were Mr. Edward Hass, Mr. Charles Noble, Mr. Harry Dutton, and Mr. T. Wells Ransom. The bride's brother gave her into the keeping of the groom. A reception was held at the residence of the bride's brother, Mr. Dwight Edwards, 1302 Pearl Street. Orchestral selections were played throughout the evening and a dainty menu was discussed. The bride and groom were the recipients of many costly and elegant wedding presents. On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Coleman left for their future home in Santa Barbara.

Private Theatricals.

The members of the Skull and Keys Society, of the University of California, gave a private theatrical performance in Shattuck Hall, Berkeley, on Friday evening, June 24th. The play selected was "Esmeralda," and it was presented by amateurs in a manner that was highly creditable, and to the enjoyment of a large and fashionable audience. The gentlemen of the society had the kind and able assistance of four young ladies in the portrayal of the female characters, and they exceeded the expectations of their friends. The cast of characters was as follows:

Old Man Rogers, Mr. H. H. McClaughry; Lydia Ann Rogers, Miss Jessie Coleman; Esmeralda, Miss Bessie Hutchinson; Dave Hardy, Mr. M. S. Latham; Estabrook, Mr. David Low; Jack Desmond, Mr. W. H. Henry; Nora Desmond, Miss Mary McNutt; Kate Desmond, Miss Graham; Marquis de Montesin, Mr. L. E. Van Winkle; George Drew, Mr. R. L. Hathorne.

The membership of the Skull and Keys comprises: Mr. L. E. Van Winkle, Mr. R. L. Hathorne, Mr. M. S. Latham, Mr. John A. Marsh, Mr. Frank Deacon, of San Francisco; Mr. H. H. McClaughry, of Sacramento; Mr. W. H. Henry, of Oakland; Mr. David Low, of Santa Barbara; Mr. Egbert J. Yates, of Berkeley; and Mr. Edward Mays, of Oregon.

Le Veuve Clicquot.

Henry Vitzelly, who is the leading authority on champagne, in writing of this delicious wine, states that it should never be mixed with ice or iced water; neither should it be iced to the extent champagnes ordinarily are, for, in the first place, the natural lightness of the wine is such as not to admit of its being diluted without utterly spoiling it; and, in the next, excessive cold destroys alike the fragrant bouquet of the wine and its delicate, vinous flavor. Really good champagne should not be iced below a temperature of fifty degrees Fahrenheit, whereas exceedingly sweet wines will bear icing down almost to the freezing point, and be rendered more palatable by the process. This is something well worth remembering by hosts and hostesses.

Distinguished gourmets are rarely agreed as to the proper moment when champagne should be introduced at the dinner-table. Dyspeptic Mr. Walker, of "The Original" laid it down that champagne ought to be introduced very early at the banquet, without any regard whatever to the viands it may chance to accompany. "Give champagne," he says, "at the beginning of dinner, as its exhilarating qualities serve to start the guests, after which they will seldom flag. No other wine produces an equal effect in increasing the success of a party—it invariably turns the balance to the favorable side."

These precepts are sound enough, but all guests at dinners are not mummies. A glass of Spanish sherry, then your Sauterne or Rhine wine, and a little Bordeaux is the generally accepted order of drinking at dinner up to the *roast*, and then it is eminently proper to serve that queen of wines—the delicious Veuve Clicquot. After that there will not be a mute at the table, and the dinner will be a success.

In the Schuyler monument case, the general term has decided in the Schuyler family's favor, and the Woman's Memorial Association will not be allowed to exhibit Mrs. George L. Schuyler's statue at the Chicago Fair. The decision recognizes family rights in the reputation of a deceased person.

SOCIETY.

Notes and Gossip.

Miss Lizzie Sinton, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. R. H. Sinton, was married on Saturday afternoon, June 25th, to Mr. Henry D. Walker. The ceremony was performed in St. Paul's Church, San Rafael, in the presence of quite a gathering of friends of the happy couple. They will pass the summer in Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Varney Gaskill gave a delightful dinner-party last Saturday evening, at the Pacific Yacht Club in Sausalito. The table was handsomely decorated, and a delicious repast was served. It was followed by dancing and musical selections, which prolonged the pleasant affair until a late hour. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. J. Percy Rothwell, Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Appleton Maguire, Mrs. Jennie Poultnery, Miss Jessie McCormick, Mr. Frank D. Wiley, Mr. Clement Blethen, Mr. Stevens, Mr. Nounan, Mr. William Van Schuelver, Professor Cipilioni, and others.

A hop will be given at the Hotel del Monte on Monday evening, July 4th.

The air in San Rafael is full of tennis balls and racquets, and upon every side are seen the gay colors of blazers, sashes, belts, and caps, giving a degree of brightness to the negligé suits of light flannel and other material that are considered the proper caper for the devotees of tennis and the frequenters of the asphalt court. This is all due to the tennis tournament which commenced there on June 30th, to end on July 4th, with an intermission for rest on Sunday. It is the fifth annual tournament of the Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association and the indications are that it will prove both exciting and interesting. A large number of society people are there and the place looks very gay. A flannel cotillion will be given there on Saturday night and Mr. Edward M. Greenway will act as leader.

One of the features of New York and Boston literary society last winter was the reading of a manuscript magazine called *Uncut Leaves*, the contents of which were read by the respective authors before a select audience of subscribers. The editor of this novel venture, Mr. Luther J. Lincoln, has taken the idea to London, where it has been hospitably received, and where two summer numbers will be read. Walter Besant, William Sharp, Oscar Wilde, and others have promised coöperation. Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, of San Francisco, who read her sketch, "The Village Watch-Tower" (afterward published in the March *Atlantic*), before the Boston and New York subscribers in February, has been asked to read in London in the July number.

DCLXXII.—Bill of Fare. July 4, 1892.

California Oysters.  
Gumbo Soup.  
Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce.  
Cucumbers, Parsnips, Potatoes.  
Broiled Chickens.  
String Beans, Corn.  
Roman Punch.  
Roast Beef, Yorkshire Pudding.  
Hearts of French Artichokes, with Mayonnaise Dressing.  
Currant Ice, Lady Washington Cake.  
Fruits.  
Coffee.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

Where to Buy Pictures.

The newly married couples who are furnishing their new homes, and their friends who are wondering what present will be most acceptable, will save themselves money, and possibly disappointment, by a visit to Sanborn, Vail & Co's store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. There is nothing that so distinguishes the abode of people of taste as a few choice pictures on the walls, and there is no excuse for not having them now, when Sanborn, Vail & Co. keep them in such variety of subject, style, and price. A visit to the art-rooms, a few days ago revealed the care that this firm takes to secure the satisfaction of its patrons. The great front room is hung with handsome engravings and colored prints in all styles, all handsomely framed, while the floor is a small forest of easels on which repose the choicest pictures and those most artistically framed. And back of this room is a vast space devoted to small pictures which are kept in great variety, so that patrons, instead of picking out a picture and then guessing what style of frame will suit it, can see the picture already framed and so can select exactly what they want.

A word as to prices may not be out of place here. For the dining-room there are fruit, game, and flower-pieces, in colored oleographs, framed in oak, with silver mountings, and in white and gold, ranging from \$3.00 to \$5.00 each. Initiation pastels and water-colors, in white-and-gold and brown-shaded silver frames, cost from \$2.00 to \$5.00. Artotypes and photographs, suitable for the drawing-room or the boudoir, framed in Florentine patterns of white and gold, with rocco edges, and prints on satin, framed in white enamel, with gold mounting, cost \$5.00 each. Large mezzo-tints and etchings range higher in price, some very handsome ones costing \$10.00. But the variety is infinite, and should be examined by all who wish to beautify a home.

—WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourn Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

—KODAKS FOR VACATION—FROM \$5.00 to \$15.00 in price, ready for use. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market St., Chronicle Building.

—CALL AND SEE OUR NOVELTIES AND specialties of wedding and birthday presents. Leo Zander & Co., 11 Sutter Street.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.



Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commuters" \$5 per month; Ladies and Children, \$3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or, better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Roundtrip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

Wells & Frank

HABERDASHERS

232 Kearny Street.

TO OWNERS

CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for particulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS,

Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

ROOS BROS.

SILVER JUBILEE!

25th Anniversary

Of Honorable Dealing with the Public.

Until further notice, every single article in

Men's, Boys',

and Children's

CLOTHING

FURNISHING GOODS

MARKED DOWN FROM

10 to 33 1/3 per cent.

Our Name is a guaranty to the purchaser.

27 to 37 KEARNY ST.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



## THE IRON MAID.

## A Midnight Horror.

Frank Hodson swore. Before him stretched the long suburban street, its dreary distance marked by rows of twinkling gas-lamps; behind him a waste land, once a garden, now a vast rubbish-heap; and from the brick-fields beyond came the faint, sickly smell of burning bricks; and on the railway embankment, built up above squalid gardens and dismal yards, he could see a red star gliding swiftly away from him. His last train had gone, and the dull beat of the policeman's feet echoed in the silence; nine miles from London and not a chance of a hansom! The Recording Angel doubtless took in the situation at a glance and erased the excretion in the approved manner. Hodson had spent the evening with a friend, and, aided by tobacco, and whisky and soda, the hours had fled so quickly that Frank, looking suddenly at the clock, found he had but four brief minutes in which to reach the station, half a mile away. He did his best; but by a fatality the train was punctual and the unfortunate man was left stranded, with no alternative save a nine-mile walk through streets deserted as those of Pompeii. As he nursed dolefully over the prospect a porter came out and locked the station door, and from him Hodson obtained a brief direction as to the shortest way to town. He set out wearily, looking at the stretch of lamps vanishing in perspective; and, as he walked, street after street branched off to right or left, some far-reaching and others ending abruptly in a piece of waste ground and a heap of sand. By degrees, as he walked on, the houses improved; the suburban builder had allowed himself a wider scope, and, for the artistic comfort of those whose business kept them all day in the dreary city, had placed twin plaster lions to guard the approaches of each flight of steps. The gardens, too, were somewhat larger; here and there green leaves shone under the lamps, and Hodson smiled mignonette. The road began slowly to climb a hill, and, looking up a side street, he saw the half-moon rise above the plane-trees. Resolutely he pressed on, listening for the wheels of some belated hansom; but into that land of men who go to the city in the morning and return again in the evening the hansom rarely comes, and Hodson had resigned himself a second time to the walk, when he suddenly became aware that some one was advancing to meet him along the pavement. The man was strolling rather aimlessly and looking about him; he was, therefore, no policeman; he wore a silk hat; he was, therefore, respectable. The two men met each other under a lamp, and, strangely enough, found each an acquaintance.

"Mr. Mathias, I think?" said Hodson.

"Quite so. And you are Frank Hodson. You know, you are a man with a Christian name, so I won't apologize for my familiarity. But may I ask where you are going?"

Hodson explained the situation. "I think I have only about five miles further," he concluded.

"Nonsense; you must come home with me. My house is close by; in fact, I was just taking my evening walk when we met. Come along; I dare say you will find it a makeshift bed easier than a five-mile walk." Frank suffered himself to be led along, feeling a little surprised at so much geniality from a casual acquaintance at the club. Mr. Mathias took him up a side-street, and stopped at a door in a high wall. They passed through the still moonlit garden and into an old red-brick house, with many gables, and Hodson sighed with relief as he fell back into an easy-chair. There was a shaded lamp, which threw a bright white light upon the table where it stood, but left the room in shadow, and Hodson could only see that it was long and low, and seemed filled with objects which might be furniture. Mr. Mathias sat down in a second arm-chair and looked about him with a curious smile. He was an odd-looking man, clean shaven, and white to the lips, apparently between fifty and sixty.

"Now I have got you here," he began, "I must inflict my hobby upon you. You knew I was a collector? Yes, I have devoted myself for years to collecting curiosities, which I think are really curious. But we must have a better light."

He advanced to the middle of the room and lit a lamp which hung from the ceiling; and as the bright light flashed round the wick, from every corner and space there seemed to start a horror. Great wooden frames connected with ropes and pulleys stood against the wall; little tables glittered with bright steel instruments, carelessly put down as if ready for use; a screw and wire loomed from one corner, and in another was a saw, with cruel, jagged teeth.

"Yes," said Mr. Mathias, "they are, as you suggest, instruments of torture. Some—many, I may say—have actually been used for that purpose; a few are reproductions after ancient examples. Those knives were used for flaying; that frame is a rack, and a fine specimen. But these are all European; the Orientals, of course, are much more ingenious. There are the Chinese contrivances; you have heard of the 'Heavy Death'? It is my hobby, this sort of thing. It gives me the greatest of luxuries—the luxury of terror. But I must show you my latest acquisition. Come into the next room."

Frank Hodson followed Mr. Mathias. The weariness of the walk, the late hour, and the strangeness of the surroundings made him feel like a man in a dream—nothing would surprise him. The second

room was, like the first, full of strange, ghastly instruments; but beneath the lamp was a platform, and on it a figure. It was a large figure of a woman cast in some dark metal, her arms stretched forth and a smile upon her lips; it might well have been intended for a Venus, and yet about it there was a deadly look.

Mr. Mathias looked at the thing complacently. "Quite a work of art, isn't it?" he said. "It's the Iron Maid; I got it from Germany; it was only unpacked this afternoon; indeed, I have not yet opened the letter of advice. You see that very small knob above the breast? Well, the patient was bound to the maid, that knob was pressed, and the arms slowly tightened round his neck. You can imagine the result."

As Mr. Mathias talked, he stood on the platform and patted the figure affectionately. Hodson had turned away, and was gazing abstractedly about him. He did not hear a slight click; it was not much louder than the tick of a clock; but he heard a sudden whirr—the noise of machinery in motion. He turned round. And never has he forgotten the anguish and the terror on Mr. Mathias's face as those relentless arms tightened about his neck, or the shriek that ended suddenly in a choking groan. The whirring noise had suddenly changed to a heavy, droning sound. Frank tore with all his might at the iron arms, and strove to wrench them apart, but utterly in vain. The head had bent down a little, and the iron lips were upon the lips of Mathias. It was five minutes before the Iron Maid unclosed her arms.

The letter which had accompanied the figure was found unopened on a table. It was read at the request. The German firm especially warned Mr. Mathias to be extremely careful in touching the Iron Maid, as the machinery had been oiled and put in thorough working order.—*St. James's Gazette.*

## A CROCODILE'S VISIT.

By David Ker.

"We were speaking just now of antipathies, which are certainly a very curious study. King Vladislav of Poland, one of the strongest and boldest men in Europe, used to faint at the smell of an apple. The bravest man that I ever knew could not hear a dog bark without starting; and I must confess that I myself have a mortal horror of a bath!"

There was an audible titter from the ring of ladies around the colonel's chair, on the veranda of Watson's Hotel at Bombay; and the portly Mrs. Commissioner Bowlby, arching her aquiline nose in majestic scorn, said, pointedly:

"I always thought, Colonel Musgrave, that you gentlemen of the army were afraid of nothing, and I should hardly have supposed that soap and water could have any terrors for you."

"Probably not, madam; but when you learn the cause of my antipathy I think you will admit that I have good reason for what might otherwise appear a senseless prejudice," replied the veteran, with a look and tone of such gloomy earnestness as to quench at once all tendency to mirth among his hearers. "It was seven years ago, when a part of my regiment was stationed at Faizabad, on the upper Ganges, and I (being then senior major) was acting as commandant of the post, that an adventure befell me that has left an indelible brand upon my life."

"My quarters needed a good deal of repairing, and, while I was at it, I built myself a bath, which I privately thought a masterpiece. It was nearly eight feet long by four deep, and the pipes went straight into the river (which was just outside, and pretty clean for India), so that, if I happened to want more water, I had only to turn a screw and pump it up, instead of having to halloo for my *bhisti* (Hindoo water-carrier), and to wait till he fetched it for me."

"Then, too, when I'd done, I just pulled up a sort of shutter at one end of the bath, and away went all the water to the river; and, to crown all, I had an iron grating, which, when shut down, covered the whole bath-place, and secured me from all risk of snakes, scorpions, or centipedes falling on me from the ceiling; and when open, it made a tip-top reading-desk, on which I could put a paper or a book, and read while lying at my ease in the cool water. Little did I dream, in my pride at my contrivance, that it was to bring upon me the most frightful experience of my whole life!"

The ladies began to look scared, and even the stately Mrs. Bowlby was visibly impressed.

"One day—a day I shall never forget," went on Musgrave, with deepening solemnity, "I had gone as usual for my early bath, when I became aware of a strong smell of musk, and suddenly saw emerging from the water-way that led to the river (which either I or my servants had stupidly left open) the horny, mud-plastered snout, short, thick fore-paws, grinning teeth, and small, cunning, cruel eye of a crocodile!"

"The door was locked and bolted, and before I could reach and open it, he would be out of the bath and upon me. There was only one chance for me! Quick as thought, I sprang upon the bath-grating (which was luckily closed) and held it down with all my might, shouting for help as loud as I could bawl."

"And then began a battle for life and death, I putting forth all my strength to keep down the grating, and the crocodile trying his hardest to force it

up; for the sight and scent of so much fresh meat close to his nose seemed to make him furious, as well it might."

"Luckily for me, the beast hadn't room to lash his tail to and fro, or he'd have beaten the grating to bits in no time. But even as it was, his struggles were so tremendous that more than once he almost flung me off on the floor; and I saw that if I could not find some way of disabling him, it would soon be all over with me. Just then a thought struck me. I made a desperate plunge (the strain of which I still feel at times), and just managed to reach the tap and turn on the hot water!"

One or two of the ladies looked dubiously at each other, as if thinking that the story was beginning to verge upon the marvelous; but the old soldier proceeded with a stern and solemn emphasis that might have convinced Voltaire himself.

"The shutter had slipped down behind the brute as he crept in, so that neither he nor the water could escape, and the moment he felt himself scalded, his struggles became so frightful that I felt as if I couldn't hold out a minute more, especially as the steam from the boiling water was burning me from head to foot. But presently his plunges began to grow fainter (the hot vapor was choking him, I suppose), and just then I heard a patter of feet outside, one of the glass panes of the door was smashed in, a hand came through and unfastened it, and in poured my niggers in a body and made short work of Mr. Crocodile."

The colonel paused for a moment or two to heighten the effect of this impressive climax; and a long-drawn breath of relief from his hearers told how greatly the stirring tale had excited them all.

"Then," he resumed, at length, "a bright idea came into my head. It occurred to me that to boil a crocodile whole in the shell—and in a bath, too—would be quite a novel experiment in cookery, so I called up my *babbacche* (native cook) and told him to keep the water hot and let the fellow simmer till he was well done. By *tiffin* (lunch), he was done to a turn; and I can assure you that—except for a rather strong flavor of musk—I never ate a better dish in my life!"

When the story ended, there was a moment of embarrassing silence, and then the majestic Mrs. Commissioner Bowlby drew up her portly form with an indignant sniff, and, shooting a withering glance at the unabashed colonel, said, sternly:

"Colonel Musgrave, I do believe you have been actually hoaxing us all this time!"

"Why, my dear madam," replied the old warrior, with a sly twinkle in the corner of his dark-gray eye, "have you only just found that out?"—*Frank Leslie's.*

An important outcome of social prejudice and custom is the average age at which marriage takes place. That this may have a very great effect on the reproductive power of a race has been shown by Francis Galton. Taking two populations of equal number, in one of which the women are supposed to marry at the age of 20, and in the other at 29, he calculates that, all other things being equal, in 324 years the former group will have increased from 100 to 535, while the latter will have decreased from 100 to 23. The general result is that the latter group gradually disappears, while the former more than supplants it.

I met half a dozen fellow-creatures in Piccadilly the other day (writes James Payn), not mere "sandwich men," but every inch of them spaced out with myriads of advertisements, ranging from tea to trousers, and with this amazing announcement on their foreheads—"Spaces to be let on sixty men." This opens a new vista of employment indeed. Each man will be paid, of course, according to his superficial area, and, therefore, very fat people will be sure of a large and probably increasing income.

Ayer's Ague Cure is warranted to cure all malarial disorders, when taken according to directions. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

A young man who had undertaken to recite Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinese," surprised both himself and his audience by the statement that:

"For ways that are dark  
And for tricks that are vain  
The heathen *pecu* is chineliar."

—KODAKS REDUCED—\$5.00, \$8.00, \$10.00, \$15.00 will buy them loaded with film and ready for use. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies—OR—  
Other Chemicalsare used in the  
preparation ofW. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoawhich is absolutely  
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more eco-  
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.  
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
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**FERRUGINOUS TONIC**  
CONTAINING  
Peruvian Bark, Iron and  
Pure Catalan Wine.  
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of  
16,600 FRANCS.  
Used with entire success in Hospi-  
tals of Paris for the cure of  
**ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-  
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,  
and POORNESS of the BLOOD.**  
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIPE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but  
gentle in its effect, is easily administered,  
assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the  
gastric juices, without deranging the action  
of the stomach.  
Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful  
weapons employed in the art of curing;  
Iron is the principal of our blood, and  
forms its force and richness. Cinchona  
affords life to the organs and activity to  
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**HIGHLAND**  
**Evaporated**  
**Cream**  
A TABLE LUXURY,  
A CULINARY ARTICLE,  
AN INFANT'S FOOD.

Unsweetened and free from all preservatives.  
Keeps for any length of time in all climates.  
Its Uniform Quality, Convenience and Economy  
render **HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM**  
preferable to all other forms of cream or milk for  
Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Ice Cream, Charlotte Russe  
Custards and all uses to which ordinary cream or  
milk may be put.  
Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere  
Write for our Infant Food circular and  
Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled  
"A FEW DAINTY DISHES."  
**HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.,**  
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MENIER**  
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.  
Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

This story is told of the Autocrat by *The Home Journal*: "When her lion was leaving, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintance on parade, and rather expected effusive admiration from the great man, said, with a confidential smile: 'Well, Dr. Holmes, what do you think of afternoon tea?' He answered in these four graphic words: 'It is giggle—gabble—gobble—and git!' This sentence will become historic."

In the old days of impetuous warfare, caution was not regarded as so much a virtue on the part of a military commander as it is at present. In a battle between French and Austrians, in which Marshal Bugeaud commanded the French forces, an officer of the staff said to the marshal: "The enemy are advancing. Shall I send a party to reconnoitre and see how numerous they are?" "No," said Bugeaud, "we'll count 'em after we've beaten 'em."

The Boston *Globe* prints a story of a Yarmouth captain who had a small coasting schooner lying in port, and decided to give a lesson to painters in general by himself painting the vessel's name on her bows. He could not reach high enough from the float, and did not care to put out a swinging stage, so he reached down over the side to do the lettering. After finishing the job on one bow, he went ashore to view his handiwork, and this is what met his gaze—"E I O U V X"

Morelli was a man of humor and wit who took a malicious pleasure in making dullness ridiculous. "I remember," says Sir Austen Layard, "once going with him to see a picture which its owner attributed to Luino, and with respect to which he desired to have Morelli's opinion. After looking at it for a moment, Morelli said, very gravely, 'Lui—no,' with a slight emphasis on the 'no.' The owner was delighted, and boasted that his picture had been pronounced genuine by the great connoisseur."

Apologies to the announcement that the young Countess of Dudley has presented her lord with a baby, one's recollections are carried back to the funny incident in connection with the anxiously looked-for event of the birth of the present earl. An old friend of the late earl's called at the town residence in Park Lane to learn the news. A gorgeous flunky, all powder and importance, opened the door. "What news? Is it a boy?" "No," quoth Jeanes. "What, is it a girl?" "No, sir." The old friend became much interested. "Bless me, then, what is it?" The flunky proudly responded: "It's a heir."

A well-known society woman in Washington received a most uncomfortable snub from a handsome young congressman lately (says the *New York Advertiser*). She is always surrounded with admirers. On this occasion the young man said: "Mrs. N—, I think I shall go out more hereafter, and accept invitations so as to see Washington society." The woman said: "If you want to find out Washington society and see it properly, you must first fall in love with a married woman." The young man, not thinking of the fair one's reputation, emphatically said: "When I fall in love it will not be with a married woman," and he has only just found out why she looked for an instant as if she had been drinking vinegar.

The following is a variant on the old story of Napoleon and the son of a courtier—which probably was itself a variant of a still older tale. Senator Ransom, of North Carolina, was canvassing the State. Meeting a young man, whom he remembered as a recently fledged voter, he grasped his hand and greeted him effusively. "Why, John," he said, "I'm mighty glad to see you. The last time I met you, you were hardly more than a boy, and now you're a man. Well, how's father?" "Father's been dead for a year now," said the young man. "What, dead? Your father! I'm so sorry. Your father and I were old friends. I thought very highly of your father. Well, it's what we must all come to some day. I'm glad to have seen you again, John. Good-bye." They parted. An hour later they met again. The politician had forgotten all about the first meeting. He had shaken hands with an hundred people in the meantime. He greeted his young constituent with the same effusiveness.

"Why, John, I'm glad to see you," he said; "and how's your father?" "He's still dead," said the young man.

The *Nebraska State Journal* says that when Colonel Van Wyck, now of that State, was running for Congress, many years ago, in the Fifteenth New York District, there was a certain Irishman who steadfastly refused to give the old soldier any encouragement. The colonel was greatly surprised, therefore, when Pat informed him, on election day, that he had concluded to support him. "Glad to hear it, glad to hear it," said the colonel; "I rather thought you were against me, Patrick." "Well, sir," said Patrick, "I wuz; and whin ye stud by me pig-pen and talked that day fur two hours or worse, ye didn't hudge me a hair's breadth, sir; but after ye wuz gone away I got to thinking how ye reached yer hand over the fence and scratched the pig on the back till he laid down wid the pleasures of it, and I made up me mind that whin a rale colonel was as sociable as that, I wasn't the man to vote agin him."

Madame de Staël was suspected of painting herself as the heroine in her romance of "Delphine," and Talleyrand in the character of the greedy and artificial Madame de Vernon. "They tell me," said the wit, meeting her shortly after the book had appeared, "that both you and I are in the book, madame, disguised as females." One evening, a person asked Talleyrand's opinion on a certain subject. "Oh, I have one opinion in the morning, another in the afternoon, but none in the evening," said the cautious statesman. Charles the Tenth, affecting a heroism that was foreign to his nature, once said to Talleyrand: "For a king who is menaced, there is no choice between the throne and the scaffold." "Your Majesty," replied the wit, "forgets the post-chaise." It was not long before the revolution of 1830 compelled the king to make use of Talleyrand's suggestion, and to flee in a carriage from the Parisian mob.

Some years ago a man in Nantucket was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial, the judge, accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man who was busily sawing wood. The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat politely, and said: "Good-morning, judge." The judge looked at him earnestly a moment, passed on a little way, and then turned to glance backward, saying to the sheriff: "Why, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail the other day?" "Yes," replied the sheriff, with some hesitation; "yes, that is the man. But you—why, you see, judge—we—we don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, and we thought 'twould be a sort of useless expense for us to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man, so I gave him the jail-key, and told him if he'd sleep there nights, I guessed it would be all right."

Like other men who have the habit of working late, the caricaturist, Charles Keene, was sorely disturbed by cats, but he contrived a toy weapon of offense, over which the big man showed boyish enthusiasm. Breaking off the side-pieces of a steel pen, he fastened the centre harpoon-shaped piece on to a small shaft. This he wrapped round with tow, and propelled from a tube into which it fitted. The electrifying effect produced by these missiles upon his victims, without permanently injuring them, delighted him vastly, and he described graphically how they would come along the leads outside his window outlined *en silhouette*, and how the first moment they were struck by the little arrows they would stand for an instant stock still, while every hair on their bodies would stand out sharp and separate against the sky, like quills upon the fretful porcupine, and then bow, with a yell, they would leap headlong out of sight into the darkness.

Eminent Testimony.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher writes: "40 ORANGE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 14, 1890. 'I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars. 'The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other, it is without my authority or sanction.'"

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SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN  
VIA  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.  
Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M.	(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M.	(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.	
From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9:00 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.	(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30 P. M.
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:40, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.	(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12 M.; 1:10, 2:20, 3:55, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.	Fare, 50 cents, round trip.
From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:14 P. M.	(Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M.
Fare 50 cents, round trip.	
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 5:10 P. M.	(Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.	
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.	(Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:45, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.	Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.  
Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tocaloma, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tocaloma, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)	THROUGH TRAINS.	To San Francisco (Read up)
Sundays.	Week Days.	Week Days.
A. M., P. M., P. M., A. M.	A. M., P. M., P. M., A. M.	A. M., P. M., P. M., A. M.
9:00 8:00 5:00 9:00	San Francisco	8:45 6:15 7:25 8:15
9:40 8:35 5:35 9:35	Sausalito	8:15 5:45 6:50 7:45
10:40 9:40 6:35 10:30	San Geronimo	7:25 5:14 6:25 7:02
10:52 9:57 6:45 10:42	Camp Taylor	7:10 4:50 5:35 6:32
11:03 10:09 6:58 10:51	Tocaloma	6:55 4:32 5:15 6:13
11:16 10:21 7:15 11:05	Point Reyes	6:40 4:22 5:02 6:01
11:29 10:30 7:15 11:05	Tocaloma	6:30 4:08 4:45 5:43
12:17 11:17 8:41 12:31	Howards	5:45 3:35 4:15 5:13
12:31 11:31 8:54 12:44	Duncan Mills	5:30 3:20 4:00 4:58
1:25 9:34 1:30	Cazadero	4:00 1:45 2:25 3:23
A. M., P. M., P. M., A. M.	Stations	A. M., P. M., P. M., A. M.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—July 6th, SS. City of Sydney; July 15th, SS. San José; July 25th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama. Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Coahuila, San Mateo, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—July 18th, SS. Colima. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

China. . . . . Saturday, July 9, at 3 P. M.  
Peru. . . . . Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio Janeiro. . . . Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.  
Round-Trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M. for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892. *Belgie* . . . . . Tuesday, July 26 *Oceanic* . . . . . Tuesday, August 16 *Gaelic* . . . . . Tuesday, September 6

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., July 3, 18, 23. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., July 3, 18, 23, 28. For Europe, London, Hamburg, Etc., Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, . . .	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José. . .	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. . . . .	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis. . .	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	First and second-class Ogden and East, and third-class locally. . . .	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff. . . . .	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Delning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. . . . .	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton. . . . .	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. . .	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers. . . . .	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez. . . . .	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José. . .	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno. . . . .	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. . . . .	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento. . .	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville. . . . .	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore. . . . .	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. . . . .	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East. . . . .	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José. . .	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Niles and San José. . . . .	* 6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore. . . . .	9:15 A.
* 6:00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East. . . . .	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Vallejo. . . . .	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. . .	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz. . . . .	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz. . . . .	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San Jose, and Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz. . . . .	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations. . . . .	* 2:38 P.
* 7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions. . . . .	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. . . . .	6:10 P.
* 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations. . .	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San Jose and Way Stations, principal Way Stations. . . . .	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations. . . . .	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations. . . . .	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	Menlo Park, San Jose, and principal Way Stations. . . . .	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations. . .	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations. . . .	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations. . .	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations. . . . .	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tihuron, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tihuron for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Healdsburg, Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cauto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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The crowning puzzle to historians of music is why did Spain never produce an opera? The people are intensely musical. They have produced romances which are melodious, joyous, melancholy, soothing, saddening, tender, soul-stirring. Many of the Spanish ballads have been set to native music, and young ladies all over the world sing them to the delight of cultured audiences. Even the ignorant have heard of "Ay de mi, Alhama," and of the native chants from which Monpon borrowed his "Castibela," and Rossini stole "Una Voce." But a musical drama, or a musical comedy, seems beyond the reach of the Spanish composers. It is years since Edmondo de Amicis wrote of them:

"At Madrid, there is a concert every day—concerts in the theatres, concerts in the academy halls, concerts in the streets, and a crowd of straggling musicians, who deafen you at every hour of the day. After all this, one has a right to ask how it happens that a people so infatuated with music that it is as necessary to them as the air they breathe, I might say, have never given any great master to this art. The Spanish refuse to be comforted on the subject."

It might be worth while to speculate whether this peculiarity of the Spaniards is one of their many inheritances from the Moor. The Moslem was musical. He played on the harp, the lute, the flute, and especially on the guitar. But his music, like his instruments, was of primitive Oriental type. It was of the same class as the songs of the Hebrews—either mournful and in a minor key, or devotional, with high flights of lyricism or soul-stirring, like Deborah's psalm of victory. It was all rudimentary, with simple chords like plain-chant. It was natural music, and owed nothing to science. After their conquest of Spain, the Moors, who had imbibed from Bagdad an appetite for knowledge, resolved to cultivate music as well as other sciences, and established a college of music at Cordova. This was long before the art began to be studied in Italy, Germany, or France. But the college did not generate concerted music, nor great composers. Nor did the Spaniards, when Cordova fell into their hands, improve upon their predecessors by the composition of fine musics, or symphonies, or operas. They continued to confine their musical compositions to tender or sad romances, which were sung to the guitar, usually under Rosina's latticed window, to the aggravation of Dr. Bartholo.

This is the more surprising as the expulsion of the Moors from Spain was followed by a remarkable development of the Spanish intellect in every other branch of art. The age of Shakespeare was also the age of Lope de Vega and Calderon de la Barca in dramatic literature; of Cervantes in fiction, of Mirillo and Velasquez in painting. The discoveries of Columbus had given a remarkable impetus to marine architecture, the science of navigation, and the growth of industry, while a cultivated taste had stimulated the construction of palaces which are still the delight of beholders. Spain was in a ferment of intellectual activity. Macaulay and Voltaire agree that England and France relied upon Spain as the source of their inspiration in art and letters. Everything flourished throughout the peninsula except the art to which the Spanish heart most fondly clung.

It never awoke. When the Holy Inquisition threw a pall of darkness over the Spanish mind, and, one by one, arts, industries, and enterprises perished, music did not escape the general doom. It had not so far to fall as the others, and its disappearance was less noticed by strangers. It had planted no seeds which awaited a revival of favorable circumstances to germinate. When the Italian school arose, shortly after the beginning of the present century, the contagion spread to Germany, France, and even England, but it awakened no response in Spain.

There is one branch of spectacular art in which the Spaniards asserted supremacy at an early day, and have retained it through all vicissitudes. That is stage dancing. By that, also, they came legitimately as the literal heirs of the arts of the East. In the palmy days of Roman splendor, the Syrian dancing-girl, in translucent skirts and jeweled arms and twinkling ankles, sometimes succeeded in quickening the heart-beat of the jilted patrician; and later on, when the banner of the prophet swept through Egypt, the daughters of the Nile learned from their sisters by the Euphrates the seductive tricks which have made the Ghawaze famous throughout the world. They bequeathed them to the girls by the Guadalquivir. So the art has never been lost, nor has it ever departed from the laws of its origin. As in the days of Pompey, and Marius, the Syrian dancer danced with her hips and not with her legs, so to this day the Spanish successors of the sirens of the East—Otero and Carmencita—translate the thrill of passion by a convulsion of the Jumbur mus-

cles, alternated with a still pose that is gently stirred by a tremulous shiver.

The troupe from the City of Mexico which is now giving Spanish opera at the Orpheum, is only recognized as Spanish by the language used in the dialogue. Of the three plays thus far produced, two—"Masot" and "Les Diamants de la Couronne" are old French acquaintances; and "Carmen" is also French, even to the Toreador song. "Campanone," which was played on Monday, is by a Spanish composer named Brazza, but it is evident that Señor Brazza learned his trade in Paris, and, in his artistic soul, is a Frenchman. The sonorous choruses and brisk melodies of "Campanone" are redolent of the boulevards.

Our Mexican friends, who are doing their best and who, as strangers, must be judged indulgently, are drawing fine houses, and, let us hope, are making some money. But they can not compare with such companies as the Bostonians or the Carleton troupe. The prima donna, Señora Delgado, is most divinely tall and most divinely fat; when she makes love to Señor Serrano, who hails from Madrid and looks like a razeed Don Quixote, the considerate spectator trembles for the consequences if he should fall into her embrace. They are disturbed when, in the words of the programme, she gives him "a slab" in the face. Señora Delgado has a rather jerky style, and most of her notes are from the head, and sound shrill—which produces a painful effect on the hearer. Love sometimes shrieks, but it never creaks. The chorus, upon whom the heat and burden of the battle falls, are in chintz; they range themselves round the room like pieces of furniture, and the spectator instinctively looks at their necks for the accustomed anti-macassars. The best member of the troupe, both as an actor and as a vocalist, is Señor Quijada, a deep baritone, who is really a fine performer. He is the only member of the company who seems to be in earnest.

It is an accepted article of belief that our neighbors, the Mexicans, are truer lovers of music than we are. Everybody in the City of Mexico goes to the opera every night. When Patti went there a couple of years ago, she took in more money than she did for the like number of representations in this country. It was only when she seemed likely to cause a financial crisis by draining the country of coin that Abbey and Grau thought it prudent to depart. If the Alcaraz Brothers Company is a type of what satisfies the Mexicans, their operative education must be in the rudimentary stage. The best thing in "Campanone" is the dance, by Señora Fernandez and Don Patricio Gutierrez. Señora Fernandez dances in the French style; but she manages to retain enough Spanish coquetry to make her performance very piquant. An occasional glimpse of a green undershirt recalls Casanova's famous story, which everybody knows, of the *ballerina* at Barcelona.

As a general rule, plays in a foreign tongue—unless it be Italian—rarely draw in any country after a night or two. Daly gave the Parisians and the Berliners some superb representations of Shakespearean plays, but after the second night, he played to empty benches. When Coquelin took an admirable French troupe to London, he also had complaints to make of the unappreciative English. San Francisco, which is above all things cosmopolitan and in which almost every nationality is represented by a strong colony, has in its day poured money into the pockets of many artists who played to us in an unknown tongue. But they were generally good of their kind.

The Daly Company are to open next week at the Powell Street Theatre in "As You Like It." The Daly troupe are very popular in San Francisco, and they may lift the "hoodoo" from this ill-starred place of amusement, but it is doubtful. It is difficult to divert theatre-goers from beaten paths. As the Daly troupe appeal to the intelligent class of theatre-goers, it would have been better for them had they opened at one of the established theatres. The Powell Street Theatre has been doomed to disaster from its birth. When it was built, the building was frescoed with mechanics' liens; after it was built, the owners of the ground began fighting among themselves; when it was opened, manager after manager tackled it, only to fail. The Powell Street Theatre has a record of disaster unique in San Francisco. Now it has been refitted and its name has been changed. There is even an attempt to change its clientele by opening with a company which will draw the better class, in order that when the management suddenly slumps from the Daly troupe to a feeble stock company playing gory melodrama, the south-of-Market-Street contingent may have a fringe of the Four Hundred. But the result is doubtful. Stage people are as superstitious as sailors—both have many precedents for their beliefs. It will be surprising if the Daly troupe can lift from the Powell Street Theatre the "hoodoo."

At the theatres during the week commencing July 4th: Reed and Collier in "Hoss and Hoss"; the Tivoli Company in "Clover"; Charles E. Verner in "The Shaughraun"; the Daly Company in "As You Like It" (commencing Thursday); Haverly's Minstrels; the Spanish Opera Company; and Francis Wilson in "The Lion-Tamer."

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

Sarah Bernhardt's "Pauline Blanchard" has proved a failure in London, as it did here.

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew have parted, and Mrs. Potter is going to Calcutta for a three months' engagement.

Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood," is at work on four new operas, one of them being for De Wolf Hopper.

When Charles Frohman's stock company leaves San Francisco in August, it will go to Chicago, and during its stay there will produce a new play by Jerome K. Jerome.

Edgar Kelley's "Puritania" is growing in favor in Boston, and bits of it are heard in the streets of the Hub as incessantly as is "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ray" in less classic burghs.

Julie Kingsley's serpentine dance at the Tivoli has caught the popular fancy, and will probably be retained on the programme for some time. It will take place in the third act of "Clover."

John Drew will inaugurate his career as a star in the new farce-comedy Bisson and Carré are writing for him. He will continue to play light comedy for a year, and then turn to more serious work.

Mrs. W. B. Bancroft has written a play called "A Woman's Eyes"—from the well-known line of Scott's poem—which is to be produced at a local theatre in September. The scenery for it is now being designed by Mr. Willis Polk.

The financial smash-up of Judic, which has gone so far that her country-seat in Chateau has followed her bric-à-brac to the auction hall, is said to be due to ventures in mining-stocks counseled by Albert Millaud, critic of the Paris *Figaro*.

It is now said that Minna K. Gale will retire from the stage, for at least a year, on her marriage to Mr. Haines, a New York insurance man. She did intend to resume her career as a theatrical star, after a three months' wedding tour; but it seems she does not now expect a restoration of her emotional equilibrium inside of a twelvemonth.

Charles Frohman's stock company left New York a few days ago in a private hotel-car, bound for this city. They will make only one stop en route, at Salt Lake City. The same manager's "Junior Partner" company is due here, after an August engagement in Chicago. Among the members of the latter company are Kitty Blanchard-Rankin, May Irwin, and Henry Miller.

Von Suppe's comic opera, "Clover," will be produced at the Tivoli Opera House on Monday evening, July 4, with the following cast:

Count Wilfred, M. Cornell; Stella, Tillie Salinger; Rudolph, Geo. Olmi; Casimir, Ferris Hartman; Fanny, Gracie Plaisted; Dr. Track, Ed. N. Knight; Florine, Emma Vorce; Marquis de Rochefort, H. A. Barkley; Abbe Dandin, D. H. Smith; Pascal, Phil Branson; Martial, Ed. Torpi; Robert, J. P. Wilson; Bertram, Wm. Strachan; Adjutant, Geo. Harris; Señora Petronella, Grace Vernon.

Jessie Storey, the young actress who played the rôle of Agnes, with whom Bertie falls in love, in "The Henrietta," has been married to Edward Paulton, a young Englishman. She is pretty and petite, and has been on the stage some six or eight years, and the groom is the son of Harry Paulton, the comedian, and has written and adapted several plays in collaboration with his father, among them being "Dorothy," "The Queen's Mate," and "Erminie."

The Agnes Huntington Opera Company has gone to pieces, and the choristers are stranded in Chicago. They considered themselves cheated by the manager, and took a very feminine and equally effective method of revenging themselves. When they were on the stage they all pinned Cleveland badges on their breasts. The manager promptly fined them two dollars and a half each. The girls found their pay-envelopes that amount short at the end of the week and were hopping mad. After a mysterious conference, scissors were procured and in two minutes sixty irate young ladies had reduced sixty beautiful cos-

tumes to enough rags to make several yards of rag-carpet.

Lottie Collins, the American woman who made "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ray" go in London—it originally came from a shady resort in St. Louis, was introduced to respectability in a farce-comedy called "Tuxedo," and was practically unknown in America until it came back from across the water—has been engaged to appear in "The New Wing" by Charles Frohman. Her salary in New York is announced at \$1,200 a week, but it is safe to knock \$500 off that sum. In London she makes about \$550 by doing turns at several music-halls.

The relations between the Duke of Manchester and Bessie Bellwood have become so far strained that the fair and heavy-fisted singer has sued him for money loaned before he attained to ducal dignities. When he was the Viscount Mandeville, it was generally understood that he shared her comfortable salary; and once, when an unfortunate liverman attempted to collect a bill for cab-hire, the Bellwood rolled up her sleeves and sailed into the man to such good purpose that he was soon knocked *hors du combat*. Apropos of this, she said: "Well, if I do pay his debts, it is for the sake of his wife and children"—a remarkable reason, truly. But since he has had the right to sit among the hereditary law-makers of Great Britain, Manchester has treated Bessie cavalierly, and now she retaliates by this suit.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The daughter of an editor: "Why did you reject him?" "He was not accompanied by stamps."—*Life*.

"Biggsby's a great deal more of a cad than Baggsby." "Yes. He has a great deal more money, you know."—*Life*.

"Do you believe all you see, Hicks?" "No. I see you whenever we meet, but I don't believe you more than a tenth of the time."—*Ex*.

Jess—"I think it is nice to be married on one's birthday, don't you?" Bess—"I don't know; I have known it to bring bad luck. Look at Eve."—*Ex*.

Treebag—"Did Joblots leave any last request?" Humplate—"Yes; he wanted the funeral procession to drive around by the way of the ball-grounds."—*Ex*.

"There's one good thing about a clam," remarked young Feedly, as he dexterously removed a handful of gravel from his mouth; "he never loses his sand."—*Yale Record*.

She—"What did papa say, dear, when you told him you wished to marry me, dear?" He—"I do not remember what he said, darling, but I know I felt hurt."—*Ex*.

"Did I understand you to say he was a moderate drinker?" "I didn't say 'moderate'; I said 'modest.' He never drinks unless some one asks him."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

He—"I am in great trouble, Nellie." She—"Tell me, dearest, what it is—no one has a better right to share your troubles than your fiancée." He—"I have just got married."—*Truth*.

Verner—"Well, young Hardup married in haste; I suppose he's now repenting at leisure." Melton—"Not much; he has to hustle so lively for a living that he has no leisure."—*The King's Jester*.

Young Mr. Fiddleback—"Is Miss Redbud at home?" Servant—"She is, sir; but the minister is talking to her just at present, sir." Fiddleback—"Oh, all right. Don't wake her up."—*Life*.

Bridges—"What has led to the recent surprising increase in the membership of your church?" Brooks—"Our pastor is organizing committees for the personal investigation of the city's vice."—*Truth*.

"Miss Gasket, I love you dearly," confessed young Mr. Smithers. "I am so glad," replied Miss Gasket, fervently. "You make me intensely happy," he replied. "I hope I shall continue to do so, for I am to be your step-mother."

Gilmann (opening his hundred-dollar camera)—"Who's been at this BOX?!" The new girl—"O! t'ought th' baby'd be aiser wid sometin' t' play wid, sor, so Oi gev her th' accordion Oi found inside it, but divil th' note it'll make."—*Judge*.

Glanders (looking critically at a cigar which Gummy has just given him)—"Do you buy the Excelentissimo de Cubas, too?" Gummy—"No." Glanders—"This looks like the same brand as the one I gave you yesterday." Gummy—"It's the identical cigar."—*Judge*.

He (beside the hammock)—"It looks funny to see an electric button on a tree. May I inquire what it is for?" She (in the hammock)—"Certainly. It is connected with a bell in the nearest confectioner's. I have a code of signals by which I can let them know what kind of ice or soda are wanted."—*New York Sun*.

"Another letter from Alfred? When do you expect to marry him?" "He has two years more at the preparatory school. After that he will go to Yale, and when he has been graduated there he will go out West to make his fortune. When he has made his fortune, we shall be married. Oh, it all seems so beautiful."—*Life*.

Smith—"Robinson was looking for you to-day, Brown. He leaves for the West to-morrow morning, where he intends to remain, and he wanted to collect that twenty-five dollars you owe him." Brown—"Yes, I saw him a little while ago. I promised to forward him the money next week." Smith—"In what part of the West does he expect to settle?" Brown—"I don't know. I didn't ask him."—*Ex*.

Upon the recent death of an eminent English divine at Cannes, the following bulletin was placed by the family upon the door of his late residence: "Mr. S— departed this life for heaven at eleven o'clock A. M." Some passing wag, possessed of more drollery than reverence, placed beneath the notice a telegraph blank filled out in the following manner: "HEAVEN, 12 M.—Mr. S— not yet arrived. Getting uneasy.—PETER."—*Life*.

## Before You Take a Pacific Slope

For the far west; before you go aboard your steamer, Pullman palace train, or emigrant car, see to it that among your outfit is an adequate supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicinal safeguard specially suited to the wants of tourists, travelers, emigrants, and summer sojourners. Cures nausea, dyspepsia, languor, heartburn, malaria, rheumatism, etc.

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## WHITE EDITH.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Above an ancient book, with a knight's crest  
In tarnished gold on either cover stamped,  
She leaned, and read—a chronicle it was.  
In which the sound of hautboys stirred the pulse,  
And masques and gilded pageants fed the eye.  
Though here and there the vellum page was stained  
Sanguine with battle, chiefly it was love.  
The stylus held—some wan-chis'd scribe, perchance,  
That in a hazy tower by candle-light  
Forgot his mungy in his madrigals.  
Outside was winter; in its winding-sheet  
The frozen Year lay. Silent was the room,  
Save when the wind against the casement pressed  
Or a page rustled, turned impatiently,  
Or when along the still damp apple-wood  
A little flame ran that chirped like a bird—  
Some wren's ghost haunting the familiar bough.

With parted lips, in which less color lived  
Than paints the painter, she closed and read.  
From time to time her fingers unawares  
Closed on the palm, and oft upon her cheek  
The pallor died, and left such transient glow  
As might from some rich chapel-window fall  
On a girl's cheek at prayer. So moved her soul,  
From this dull age unshackled and divorced,  
In far moon-haunted gardens of romance,  
But once the wind that swept the paled oaks,  
As if new-pierced with sorrow, came and moaned  
Close by the casement; then she raised her eyes.  
The light of dreams still fringed them while she spoke:  
"I pray you tell me, does this book say true?  
Is it so fine a thing to be a queen?"

As if a spell of incantation dwelt  
In those soft syllables, before me stood,  
Colored like life, the phantom of a maid  
Who in the childhood of this wrinkled world  
Was crowned by error, or through dark intent  
Made queen, and for the duration of one day  
The royal diadem and ermine wore.  
In strange sort wore—for this queen fed the starved,  
The naked clothed, threw open dungeon doors;  
Could to no story list of suffering  
But the full tear would drop on her lash;  
Taught Grief to smile, and black Despair to hope;  
Upon her stainless bosom pillow'd Sin  
Repentant at her feet—like Him of old;  
Made even the kerns and wild-men of the fells,  
Drawn thither sniffing pillage in the air,  
Gentler than doves by her unknown white art,  
And saying to herself, "So, I am Queen!"  
With lip all tremulous, reached out her hand  
To the crowd's kiss. What joy to ease the hurt  
Of bruised hearts! As in a trance she walked  
That live-long day. Then night came, and the stars,  
And blisful sleep. But the birds were called  
By bluebell chimps (unheard of mortal ear)  
To matins in their branch-hung priories—  
Ere yet the dawn its gleaming edge lay bare  
Like to the burnished axe's subtle edge,  
She, from her sleep's caresses roughly torn,  
The meek eyes blinking in the torches' glare,  
Upon a scaffold for her glory paid.  
The roses on her cheek. For it befell  
That from the Northland there was come a prince,  
With a great clasp of shields and trailing spears  
Through the black portals of the breathless night,  
To claim the sceptre. He no less would take  
Than those same roses for his nursery.  
What less, in faith! The throne was rightly his  
Of that sea-girdled isle; so to the blocks  
Forthwith the ringlets and the slender throat.  
A touch of steel, a sudden darkness, then  
Blue Heaven and all the bynning angel-choir!  
No tears for him that loved for those who live  
To mate with sin and shame and have remorse  
At last to light them to unhalloved earth,  
Hers no such low-hung fortunes. Once to stand  
At her soul's height in that celestial air,  
With no hoarse raven croaking in one's ear  
The coming doom, and then to have life's rose  
Struck swiftly from the cheek, and the escape  
Love's death, black treason, friend's ingratitude,  
The pang of separation, chill of age,  
The grief that in an empty cradle lies,  
And all the unspoke sorrow women know—  
That were, in truth, to have a happy reign!  
Has thus been had of love, and the escape  
In that long-mateless pilgrimage to death?  
Or thine, whose beauty like a star illumined  
Awhile the dark and angry sky of France,  
Thy kingdom shrunken to two exiled graves?  
Sweet old-world maid, a gentler fate was yours!  
Would he had loved you, story, to his verse  
Who from the misty land of legend brought  
Helen of Troy to gladden English eyes.  
There's many a queen that lived her grandeur out,  
Gray-haired and broken, might have envied you,  
Your Majesty, that reigned a single day!

All this, between two heart-beats, as it were,  
Flashed through my mind, so lightning-like is thought.  
With lifted eyes expectant, there she sat  
Whose words had sent my fancy over-seas,  
Her lip still trembling with its own soft speech.  
As for a moment trembles the curved spray  
Whence some winged melody has taken flight.  
How every circumstance of time and place  
Upon the glass of memory lives again!  
The bleak New England; the level boughs  
Like bars of iron across the setting sun;  
The gray-ribbed clouds piled up against the West;  
The windows splashed with frost; the fire-lit room,  
And in the antique chair that slight girl shape,  
The auburn braid about the saintly brows  
Making a nimbus, and she white as snow!

"Dear Heart," I said, "the humblest place is best  
For gentle souls—the throne's foot, not the throne.  
The storms that smite the dizzy solitudes  
Where monarchs sit—most lonely folk are they!  
Off leave the vale unscathed; there dwells content,  
If so content have habitation here.  
Never have I in my life seen rhyme  
Of queen save one that found not at the end  
The cup too bitter; never queen save one,  
And she—her empire lasted but a day!  
Ver that brief breath of time did she so fill  
With mercy, love, and holiest charity,  
As more rich made it than long drawn-out years  
Of such weed life as drinks the lavish sun  
And rears unflower'd?" "Straight tell me of that queen!"  
Cried Edith: "Brunhild, in my legend here,  
Is lovely—was that other still more fair?  
And had she not a Siegfried at the court  
To steal her talisman?"—That Siegfried did.  
The Kriemhild weeped. "We wedded queen not loved?  
Tell me it all!" With chin upon her palm  
She listened, ever in her ardent eyes  
The sapphiric deepening as I told the tale  
Of that girl-empire in the dawn of Time—  
A flower that on the vermeil brink of May  
Died, with its forerunner whiteness for a shroud;  
A strain of music that ere it was mixed  
With baser voices, floated up to heaven!

Without was silence, for the wind was spent  
That all the day had played at the door.  
Against the rosy sunset the gaunt oaks  
Stood black and motionless; among the boughs  
The sad wind slumbered. Silent was the room,  
Save when from out the crumbling apple-branch  
Came the wren's twitter, faint, and fainter now,  
Like a bird's note heard in the woodlands dim.  
No word was spoken. Presently the hand  
Stole into mine, and rested there, inert,  
Like some new-gathered snowy hyacinth,  
So white and cold and delicate it was.  
I know not what dark shadow crossed my heart,  
What vague presentiment, but I stooped  
To lift the fragile fingers to my lip.  
I saw it through a mist of stranger tears—  
The thin white hand invisible Death had touched!  
—*July Scribner's*.

## THE INNER MAN.

In an article entitled "What the Coming Man Will Eat," contributed by Mr. W. O. Atwater to the *Forum*, there are some interesting comparisons between the inhabitants of Europe and those of our own country, as regards the nourishing quality of their food. The author thinks that we eat too much; but (says the *Sun*) however that may be, there seems to be no doubt that we eat more food, and more expensive food, than any other people in the world. Mr. Atwater prefaces the results of his inquiries by reminding us that food nourishes our bodies in two ways—first, by building and repairing the tissues; and, second, by furnishing fuel to keep the body warm and give it strength to do its work. The protein or nitrogenous compounds, such as the myosin, which forms the basis of lean meat, the albumen of eggs, the casein of milk, and the gluten of wheat, are sometimes called flesh-formers, because flesh, or, in other words, muscle and sinew, is formed from them, though they make blood and bone as well. The fuel ingredients are the fats and carbohydrates, such as butter, olive oil, and the oils of corn and other vegetable foods. It is customary for chemists to compute the fuel value of nutrients in heat units or calories—one calorie being the amount of heat needed to raise one pound of water about four degrees Fahrenheit. A pound of potatoes, which are three-quarters water, contains about 340 calories; a pound of rather fat sirloin of beef, 900; a pound of wheat flour, 1,600; and a pound of butter, 3,500 calories. Mr. Atwater is, of course, right in saying that diet should be so adjusted as to provide at once enough protein for the building and repair of tissue, and enough fuel to keep it warm so as to do its work. Enough, but not too much; for, according to Sir Henry Thompson, more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life accrues to man from erroneous habits of eating than from the abuse of alcoholic drinks. Now for the outcome of Mr. Atwater's comparisons. Of the dietaries of American wage-workers examined, the very smallest furnished 3,500 calories of energy per man a day. The average of seven dietaries of 421 persons in Massachusetts—factory operatives and mechanics engaged in moderately fatiguing work—was 4,475 calories; and the average of four dietaries of mechanics and laborers in Connecticut engaged in severe work was 6,705. The dietary of a number of brick-makers in Massachusetts was found to supply 8,850 calories per day. On the other hand, in a multitude of European dietaries, for which statistics are accessible, there are many which range from only 1,700 to 1,900 calories. The average of eleven dietaries of poorly fed wage-workers in Saxony and Prussia is 2,290. The largest European dietary for men employed, even in the hardest labor, of which Mr. Atwater has found a record, does not reach 4,500 calories. Voit's standard, based upon observations of the food of such wage-workers in Germany as are well paid and well fed, allows 118 grams of protein and 3,055 calories of energy. For men engaged in severe physical labor Voit's standard calls for 145 grams of protein and 4,500 calories of energy. In the dietaries of professional men in Germany, Denmark, and Sweden—lawyers, physicians, university professors, and students—the amount of energy furnished varied from 2,325 to 2,835 calories a day; the average was 2,670. In the German army the peace ration is computed at 2,800 calories, and the extraordinary ration, given in war time for service in the field, at 3,985 calories. Contrast with this the above-mentioned dietaries of Massachusetts and Connecticut factory-operatives, mechanics, and day-laborers at moderate work, which average 4,500 calories of energy a day. This collation of statistics puts beyond dispute what has long been asserted, that workmen are far better fed in the United States than anywhere else in the world.

Few people, except botanists (says a writer in the *New York Tribune*), are aware that there is a white strawberry, though the manufacturers of German preserves put up bottles of the white, or Alpine, berry as well as of the red berries, and both are imported. There is also a native white strawberry which grows by the side of the roads, in very much the same locations as do our wild red strawberries. It has a fragrance which is between that of the red strawberry and the pineapple; but it seems to lack something of the full, rich flavor of the crimson berry. Learned men have long questioned the origin of the name "strawberry," which comes down from Anglo-Saxon times. The Latin name, *fragana*, which means "the fragrant," is far more fitting for this best of berries. The probability is that strawberries were strung on straws and sold by the strawful, hence the name—though a huckster's derivation. School-children now frequently string raspberries in this way on a stiff stem of grass or of straw.

Caviar, which is made from the eggs of the sturgeon, is an important article of exportation for many cities of Russia and Astrakhan, and principally Taganrok. The annual amount is estimated at forty thousand pounds (one pound is equal to thirty-five pounds). The greater part goes to Turkey, Greece, Italy, and Germany, very little to England, and still less to France. The fisheries are situated at the mouth of the Volga, upon the banks of which stand

vast store-houses with the basements and cellars, in which are found the tubs that contain the brine used in the preparation of caviar. The fishes brought ashore are laid upon boards and covered with salt, and are then opened for the purpose of extracting the eggs and the entrails, which the Russians are very fond of, and which they eat in a fresh state. For exportation, caviar is prepared in two different ways: First—The eggs are washed and then immersed in strong brine for three-quarters of an hour, and finally allowed to drain. In this way "granular" caviar is obtained. Second—For "compact" caviar, the eggs are first cleansed, then pickled, and finally allowed to dry slowly. Then they are packed closely in canvas bags, which are inclosed in wooden barrels, after which they are ready for shipment. A ruder process, but one much used in the trade, consists in immersing the eggs immediately after collection in brine, wherein they are left for several months, after which they are dried in the sun.

## Secure Storage.

Families about closing their homes for the summer months should bear in mind that the vaults of the "California Safe Deposit and Trust Company," in the Safe Deposit Building, corner Montgomery and California Streets, are the most secure for the storage of silverware, jewelry, and other valuables. The terms are moderate. Valuables stored there will not be stolen or destroyed by fire, and the peace of mind secured thereby will greatly enhance the comfort and pleasure of summer vacations.

## False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.



## The Argonaut

DURING THE

## NATIONAL CAMPAIGN.

From the Conventions to the Elections, ending with November 15th, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office for ONE DOLLAR.

## Dividend Notices.

**PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK, 805** Market Street, Flood Building, San Francisco.—The Board of Directors of this bank have declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1892, at a rate of from five and one-third (5 1/3) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free from taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1892. J. E. FARNUM, Secretary.

**THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526** California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892. GEORGE TOURNY, Secretary.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101** Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending June 30, 1892, at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1/5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-third (4 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1892. CYRUS W. CARMAN, Cashier.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN** Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1/5) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-third (4 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892. JAMES A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

## THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,

Corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892. VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.



HAVE YOU SEEN THE  
**LOOPER**  
On the Light-Running  
**DOMESTIC?**  
OFFICE:  
29 POST STREET.

:- PORTABLE :-  
**PAPER HOUSES**  
FOR SUMMER CAMPING.

Send for Photograph and general description.

**PACIFIC ROLL PAPER CO.,**  
30 and 32 FIRST ST., - SAN FRANCISCO

**THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA,**  
SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital ..... \$3,000,000 00  
Surplus ..... 1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits ..... 3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD, ..... President  
THOMAS BROWN, ..... Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR., ..... Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON, ..... Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Bontmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Goteberg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

**WELLS FARGO & CO.**  
BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus, \$6,000,000

Directors: LLOYD LEWIS, President; JNO. J. VALENTINE, Vice-Pres't; Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. F. Gray, W. F. Goad, Wm. Norris, H. WADSWORTH, Cashier.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

**CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO.**  
OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000  
Assets, 2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders, 1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.  
City Office: 401 Montgomery Street. General Office: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

**Home Mutual Insurance Co.**  
N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) \$300,000 00  
Assets, January 1, 1892 878,137 01

PRESIDENT J. F. HOUGHTON  
VICE-PRESIDENT H. L. DODGE  
SECRETARY CHARLES R. STORY  
GENERAL AGENT ROBERT H. MAGILL

**London Assurance Company**  
Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

**Northern Assurance Company**  
Of London. Established 1836.

**GEORGE F. CRANT, Manager,**  
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**LOC CABIN BAKERY!**  
Our Home-Made Bread  
Is now in the houses of all the families who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheaper.  
**TRY IT!**  
Wedding Parties Supplied with all the delicacies.  
We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.  
Main Office 409 Hayes St., San Francisco.  
475 Eleventh St., Oakland.  
25 Agents wanted in every town. Send for circulars.

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Office and School  
**FURNITURE,**  
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.  
**C. F. WEBER & CO.**  
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

**RUBBER HOSE!**



**COTTON HOSE!**



R. H. PEASE,  
S. M. RUNYON.

USE  
**GOODYEAR'S**  
**Gold Seal Rubber Hose**  
BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

AGENTS, **Goodyear Rubber Co.** 577 AND 579 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO



**KIMBALL'S**  
**FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES**

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.  
16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

**WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,**  
Rochester, N. Y.

**KNABE PIANOS**  
It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28 1/2-Inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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**GEORGE GOODMAN,**

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The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the center of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

**THE PALACE HOTEL,**  
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:- THE COLONIAL :-  
PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.  
**STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.**

Central to all lines of cars.

**YOU'RE OUT**  
If you don't go to

**NAPA SODA SPRINGS**  
THIS SUMMER.

What Do You Want

A Climate that beats Italy.  
No Malaria or Cold Sea Air.  
Health-giving Mineral Water.  
Cuisine and Service Unexceptionable.

Comfortable Beds.  
Table First Quality.  
Gas and Running Water in Every Room.  
Hot Napa Soda Baths.  
Two Trains Every Day.

All Visitors are Satisfied.

**ANDREW JACKSON, - PROPRIETOR,**  
Napa Soda Springs P. O.

## THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	6.30
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
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The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
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The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
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The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	6.10
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.....	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Argosy for One Year, by Mail.....	5.25
The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.60
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

A letter to *Printers' Ink*, dated London, June 1, 1892, says:

The long-promised Pears' Soap Company was organized yesterday. The name of the company is A. & F. Pears, Limited, and its capital £310,000, distributed thus: £200,000 in 5 per cent. debenture stock, £200,000 in 6 per cent. cumulative preference shares.

£26,000 in ordinary shares.  
£150,000 in deferred ordinary shares.  
The vendors take the whole of the deferred shares and £86,500 of the ordinary shares, which is certainly not excessive. A well-known stock exchange firm offered the vendors £1,000,000 (say \$4,800,000) cash for the business right out. The ordinary shares (which were yesterday at a premium of two per cent.) take ten per cent. after the debentures and preference shares. The deferred shares then take another ten, after which any remaining profits are equally divided between ordinary and deferred.

The prospectus derives its chief interest for advertisers, however, from the statements it contains as to past advertising and profits. The profits, before deducting advertising expenses, and the advertising expenses themselves, for the past seven years are thus certified:

Year.	Profits.	Advertising.
1885.....	£ 95,106	£ 31,160
1886.....	117,562	38,849
1887.....	128,109	82,312
1888.....	153,756	86,491
1889.....	149,771	119,903
1890.....	165,345	126,994
1891.....	175,950	103,950
Total.....	£985,599	£609,665

An average advertising account of over four hundred thousand dollars is very remarkable business, and the steady growth of profits in proportion not less encouraging to newspaper advertisers. The statement, which the prospectus also contains, that the advertising is to be reduced to £80,000 a year is not easy to understand in face of the steady increase shown year by year, and especially of the diminished increment in 1891, when the advertising had been reduced. The American agency is referred to in the prospectus in appreciative terms. M. Lyman D. Morse, of the J. H. Bates Agency, is the American manager.

**GERMEA**  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

Vol. XXXI. No. 2.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 11, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W. C. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brennan's, Union Square. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The platform adopted by the People's Party, at its convention in Omaha, is not of so much general interest as the political and voting strength the party may reasonably be expected to develop, and the same remark applies with equal force to the Prohibition party. It was known in advance that the People's party would declare in favor of the sub-treasury scheme, to please the Farmers' Alliance; the free

coinage of silver, to gratify the South and portions of the West; the issuance of treasury notes in place of national bank-notes, to bring the former Greenhackers into line; and, in short, that the platform would be a hodge-podge, compounded with as much skill as possible, to appeal to the reformers on the one hand and the dissatisfied and disaffected on the other.

Of course the Prohibition platform needs no comment or explanation. It proceeds upon the theory that in every community the standard of mentality and self-control must be that set up by the weakest minds and feeblest wills, and that no man shall drink a glass of wine with his dinner, because some other man gets drunk.

It is of more interest to know, if we can ascertain, what the People's party and the Prohibition party are likely to do in the coming election, than what their views are as expressed in their respective platforms. The only way to make an estimate on this score is to compare the votes of the several parties in past Presidential elections, to see what changes have come about and what the relations of the parties have been when the votes have been counted. The following table embraces four Presidential elections, beginning with 1876 and ending with 1888:

	1876.	1880.	1884.	1888.
Democratic.....	4,284,885	4,442,035	4,911,017	5,538,233
Republican.....	4,033,950	4,449,053	4,848,334	5,440,216
Greenback.....	81,740	307,306	.....	.....
Prohibition.....	9,522	10,305	151,809	249,907
Union Labor.....	.....	.....	.....	148,105
United Labor.....	.....	.....	.....	2,808
American.....	2,636	707	.....	1,591
People's Party.....	.....	.....	133,828	.....

A very brief analysis of this table will make it mean more than merely to present the figures. The total outside vote—that is, outside the Republican and Democratic parties—was, in 1876, 93,898; in 1880, 318,318; in 1884, 285,637; and in 1888, 402,411. This indicates a growth in what may be called, generically, the third-party movement, but when we look into the vote of the old parties, we find that from 1876 to 1888 the Democratic vote increased by 1,253,348, and the Republican by 1,406,266, or, in other words, the increase in the vote of each party was greater than the vote cast for all the outside parties from 1876 to 1888 inclusive. To illustrate it in another way, while the combined strength of all the outside parties from 1884 to 1888 increased 116,774 votes, the Democratic party, in the same time, gained 627,216 votes and the Republican party 591,882.

There has not been a People's party, as such, except in 1884, when it polled 133,828 votes; but there has been a Prohibition party every year since 1876, and its vote has grown from 9,522 to 249,907. At the same time, it looks like a labor of Sisypheus to attempt to elect a President, when the two great parties are increasing their vote every four years by half a million or more, while the Prohibition cause can gain only from 100,000 to 150,000 at most.

At the same time, it would be unwise to undervalue the political strength of the third parties this year, especially the People's party, which is an unknown quantity. It will certainly poll some votes, how many remains to be seen. It will draw more largely from the Democratic party than the Republican, because it will appeal to the Democratic South and the fiat-money West on the financial planks of its platform. On the other hand, the Prohibition party may be expected to get its accessions from the Republican party, if anywhere, for between the Democratic party and cold water there is no love lost. There are prohibition Democrats, it is true, but they are like good Indians.

If, however, there is any legitimate deduction to be drawn from the figures we have given, it is that neither the People's party nor the Prohibition party will secure a single vote in the electoral college. The only time when a new party can expect to succeed is when it can mount some great popular wave, either of public sentiment or public indignation, and ride triumphantly over the heads of the old parties. Is there any indication of such a tidal wave this year? Frankly we must confess that we see no signs of it. There are local grievances and complaints, many of which are well founded and demand redress; but they are not universal and

can not be made so, for if they should be assembled they would be found conflicting and mutually destructive. The country is in a prosperous condition, as a whole, and shows no disposition to intrust the conduct of national affairs to new and untried hands. The Farmers' Alliance experiment in Congress, with Peffer in the Senate and Simpson in the House, has not been such a brilliant success as to warrant very many people in flocking into the Alliance in order to repeat it, and with an original Greenhacker for President and a Confederate brigadier for Vice-President, it is not possible to see how the People's party can obtain a greater share of popular confidence than the Alliance has.

It is now clear that a mistake was made in choosing Chicago as the place for holding the World's Fair. The Democratic National Convention offered the city an opportunity to demonstrate her capacity to handle a great crowd of visitors, and the test has proved not only Chicago's want of managing ability, but also the presence there of a pervading spirit disgraceful to the town. In every part of the country, complaint is heard from angry and disgusted men who have returned to their homes from the convention to denounce Chicago for the discomfort and rohhery to which they were subjected. The Wigwam, specially erected by contract, and guaranteed by the Chicago press as secure and in all respects admirably suited to its purpose, was a fraud and a failure. The rain poured through the roof of the ramshackle barn, delegates sat under umhrellas, and orators stood in puddles. When the winds rose, the thousands gathered in the gigantic shanty were in fear of their lives, lest it should collapse and hurry their mangled bodies under its wreck. An ordinary circus-tent would have been far more comfortable and safe. It is estimated that the convention drew 125,000 strangers to the city, and that each of these spent about ten dollars a day. For the five days of their presence, their expenditure represents the sum of \$6,250,000. At least half of this was stolen, if credit be given to the statements of the multitude of men who were placed at the mercy of Chicago's "speedy" citizens, and there is no reason to doubt their published testimony. Indeed, it is scarcely denied by the Chicago newspapers, which, in their comments upon the complaints of the skinned visitors, evince a queer mixture of amusement and exultation, as though conscienceless rapacity were the equivalent of superior shrewdness. The hotels led in the rohhers' raid. Prices were raised to criminal figures. One hundred dollars a day for a room, with hoard, into which five persons were crowded, is an instance of what the hotel men were equal to. Two newspaper correspondents paid twenty dollars a day for one small room in the Auditorium. The restaurants, the saloons, the cahmen, the tohacconists, everybody, in short, whose trade felt the presence of the throng, regarded the occasion as pirates do a prize. Undisguised extortion, accompanied by insolence and every form of rudeness, ruled the town. The New Yorkers are particularly bitter and scornful in their resentment. Commissioner of Public Works Gilroy drew this picture for the New York Herald of life in Chicago during convention week:

"Chicago is a hog town, and the people who live there are hogs," said he. "Chicago seems to be insanely jealous of New York, and whenever a man from New York wanted to buy something, the Chicago man thought he had a right to charge him two or three times what the thing was worth. It was always economical for a New York man to take off his red badge to get something. He couldn't buy a red necktie without paying three times what it was worth if he had his badge on. I think Chicagoans have just been playing a little preliminary game to the international rake-off which they will have when the World's Fair is there next year."

The thievery was general, and Chicago, instead of being ashamed of it, is hilarious. All the principal hotels—the Auditorium, the Palmer, the Grand Pacific, the Great Northern, the Leland, the Sherman, and the Grace, were, from all accounts, mere rohhers' roosts.

This matter is not local in its bearings. The World's Fair is not a Chicago enterprise, but one in whose success and proper conduct the whole United States is concerned. The world has been invited to come to the exposé.



cipate in it, and enjoy American hospitality. If the people of the world are to be regarded by Chicago as so many victims to be held up and plundered, as strangers whose convenience and comfort are of no consideration except in so far as their needs offer opportunity for spoliation, the nation will be put to shame, and justly earn a reputation abroad of a kind that mustadden the face of every American.

Chicago must be awakened to the fact that if she has not the virtue of decency, she had better assume it. If an appeal on patriotic and ethical grounds fails to move her, her press, officials, hotel-keepers, and tradesmen should, at least, be open to the suasion of immediate financial self-interest. The experience of the Democratic Convention, aside altogether from its scandalous features, has made it manifest that the city is at present conspicuously deficient in accommodations for a great gathering. The admission has to be made that, in taking Chicago's word for her capabilities in this regard, the country has been deceived. A crowd that New York could absorb without inconveniencing herself, would overflow Chicago as a Grand Army National Conclave would Sacramento or Stockton.

The World's Fair Commissioners have certain duties to perform, the imperative necessity for which has been made obvious by the convention experience. Special arrangements will have to be made for the housing and feeding of Fair visitors. The common council of Chicago, also, must be called upon to do all that ordinances can do to protect strangers from the thievishness of the resident tribes. Unless some reasonable assurance can be given to the people of the United States and other nations that they can have civilized treatment at something like normal cost in Chicago, disaster awaits the World's Fair. No one with the smallest regard for his comfort, his purse, or his temper, will go to Chicago in 1893, if he knows that by doing so he is in danger of encountering unrestrained Chicago hospitality. The town, evidently, is merely an overgrown village, of the sort classified by theatrical men and commercial travelers as "jay"—that is to say, rural in its notions of what constitutes luxury, and bandit-like in its conception of what strangers should be compelled to pay for what they get. Chicago, in short, considered from the fair-visiting standpoint, is no better than a road-agent. Unless the commissioners can mitigate the ferocity of her passion for "gouging" the stranger within her gates, Chicago will enjoy the distinction of having the World's Fair pretty much to herself.

The time has come to look into the transportation matter from a practical standpoint. It costs \$105 per ton to transport dry goods from New York to San Francisco by rail, the time being from twenty-two to twenty-six days. The same goods, if brought here via Panama, part rail and part steamer, pay \$84 per ton, the time being about forty-five days. By clipper ship round the Horn, the same goods can be laid down on our wharves at a cost of \$20 per ton, the time being about eighty-five days. Merchants will admit that the difference of sixty days between the all-rail route and the all-water route is not absolutely a controlling factor in the case, so far as the bulk of our importations from the East is concerned. But as time is important as to goods which are more or less perishable, or which are affected by the fluctuations of fashion, and as the items of interest and marine insurance for a couple of months must be considered where the value of the goods is large, it is but fair that the short land route should receive higher remuneration than the long sea route. But when the all-rail route is compared with the sea and rail route via Panama, the reasons for a wide disparity in charges are not so conspicuous. A difference of twenty days in time is not crucial. Even dress-goods can stand three weeks' detention on the way. And the increased charge for interest and insurance is not a controlling factor. If the freight rates of the Panama Railroad were reduced to cost, plus a fair percentage to the carrier, California importers would make money by waiting a few days longer for their goods.

No such reduction can be expected so long as the Pacific Mail Company is subsidized and the Panama Railroad bound by cast-iron contracts with the Southern Pacific Company. In order to use the Panama Railroad so as to build up our trade, it must be owned here, and operated not with a view of realizing extravagant profits for its immediate owners, but in such a way as to foster the trade of this side of the continent, from the growth of which its own prosperity will develop. It happens that the road is just now in a position when control of it can be acquired. It has seldom been in that position before, and may never be again.

The Panama Railroad was built by William H. Aspinwall and associates, and was opened in 1855. It was stocked for \$6,000,000 and was bonded for \$4,000,000, which was afterward increased to \$6,436,000, making the total capitalization of the company \$12,436,000. Some twenty years ago, Trenor W. Park, once of this State, and then president of the Panama Railroad, sold a controlling interest in the road

to the Compagnie Universelle du Canal Interocéanique de Panama. The exact terms of the sale were never known, but it has been said that the Frenchmen bought their interest at the rate of \$27,000,000 for the property, or twice its nominal value. It is known that Park made a fortune of several millions by the transaction.

Having bought control, the canal company operated the road through the New York board of direction, of which J. G. McCullough was for many years president, with D. O. Mills, Jesse Seligman, C. G. Franklyn, E. F. Winslow, W. B. Dinsmore, and other equally well-known men as directors. Under their management the road paid from fifteen to twenty per cent. in annual dividends, and was, in fact, the only real asset which the canal company had.

In 1888, after spending about \$200,000,000 in seven years, without getting much nearer its objective point, the canal company committed an act of bankruptcy and was placed by the French court in the hands of official liquidators. It is there still. Several schemes have been launched by De Lesseps to resurrect the concern. An extension of time has been obtained from the Colombian Government. Indulgent legislation has been procured from the French Chambers. But there appears to be no reasonable prospect that the enterprise will be resumed in anything like its present shape. Sooner or later liquidation will become inevitable, and the canal company will have to realize on its assets, including its interest in the Panama railroad.

Why should not the people of California, or of San Francisco, or of both, combine with the merchants of the entire slope to buy it? The operation would be in line with the enterprises which mercantile communities all over the world have undertaken to develop their trade. London, Paris, Hamburg, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, have all, at some time or other, spent money derived from the sale of bonds or from local taxation on projects which were designed to increase their maritime trade, or to promote their commercial and industrial growth. It is a settled principle of economy that money spent for such purposes by communities at large is well spent if the expenditure is bestowed in a judicious way. Nothing has so largely contributed to the growth of the interior States as the construction of railroads by the aid of issues of State or county bonds—nothing has done so much to build up the State of New York as the construction of the Erie Canal at State expense; there is hardly an American city of any prominence which does not owe its development to some public enterprise which was too vast to be undertaken by private capital, but which was carried to completion by municipal, or State, or national effort.

How much of the shares and bonds of the railroad company is held by the insolvent canal company is not known. It is large enough to carry control. The stock is the same as it was in 1855; the bonds have been largely reduced by the operation of a sinking fund. Probably \$15,000,000, possibly \$12,000,000, would buy out the Frenchmen. But if it required \$20,000,000, the interest would be a good investment. If the people of this State can be educated to understand what they would gain by getting control of the Panama Railroad, in the shape of low rates of transportation, they would willingly assent to an issue of ten or twelve millions of bonds by the State and the city, both of which are practically out of debt, and could command all the money they want at four per cent.; the balance of the money required could be raised by popular subscription. Once in the hands of a board of direction, appointed by the State and the city, the dividends on Panama stock could be reduced two-thirds without depriving its owners of income, and those two-thirds would go into the pockets of shippers.

It would seem that the Traffic Association would be working in legitimate lines if it sent to Paris to find out on what terms the canal company's interest can be acquired.

The student of contemporary politics who is learned in ornithology is impressed by the singular resemblance subsisting between the Democrat and the ostrich—not so much perhaps in the particular of rear elevation as in the habit of reasoning and composing the mind in crises fraught with peril by thrusting the thinking end into the sand-bank of desire. The party did this at the Chicago convention when it nominated Mr. Cleveland, in spite of the most strenuous warnings that he could not carry his own State of New York—warnings given by those most competent to form a judgment. And ever since then the Democracy has been determinedly pushing its head further and further into the bank. Throughout the country it is hard at work endeavoring to convince itself that Tammany and the masses of the party in New York city will be all right. "Tammany Cheers Cleveland," cries the elated San Francisco *Examiner* in large head-lines over the customary Fourth-of-July whoop-up of the organization. "Braves Of The Wigwam Show That They Are Supporting The Democratic Nominee Heartily," runs another line, and a third thus: "One Of The Most Enthusiastic Indorsements Ever Given By A Political Organization." We quote

these headings because they are excellent samples of the sand in which the brain of the Democratic ostrich is interred. It is incomprehensible how men, otherwise sensible, can so deliberately blind themselves to the facts in New York. Nothing has happened since the convention to alter these facts, and it is not even remotely probable that anything can do so during the next four months. Indeed, if the Republicans had been invited by their opponents to do what they wished to widen and fix the gulf that divides the Democracy of New York, the one thing the Republicans would have chosen to do would have been to nominate Grover Cleveland. That nomination has thrown the Mugwumps into an ecstasy, and the average Tammany Democrat so hates the Mugwumps that the sight of their joy is torment to him. In that memorable speech of Bourke Cockran to the Democratic convention, delivered at two o'clock in the morning to a vast audience that was lifted by it from the heaviness and irritability of fatigue into a fever of applauding enthusiasm, the picture of things as they are in New York was drawn with a strength and bitterness which would have disposed of Cleveland had his nomination depended upon the action of a really deliberative body. Cockran is a man of very unusual ability, and his speech was the most notable oratorical effort in either of the national conventions. He knows all about New York politics, and he shares that defiant loathing for the Mugwump which has become the hall-mark of New York Democracy. Cockran is no personal enemy of Cleveland.

"Let me say to you, gentlemen" (he observed), "let me say to you, in no spirit of disparagement to him as a man, or of his history, or of his record as an administrative officer, of his patriotism as a man, of his virtue as a citizen—let me say, I repeat, that in the State of New York for four years the forces that have invoked his name, the men who have assumed to speak for the Cleveland Democracy, are the men over whose prostrate bodies the Democratic party has been compelled to march to victory. . . . Throughout all these four years, these men who have assumed to speak of the Cleveland Democracy as their own especial property have been the foes of every Democratic measure which the Democratic party supported and which the Democratic party wrung from Republican hostility. When you are asked to nominate Mr. Cleveland against our protest, it means the indorsement of the war that has been made against us and the Democratic party. It means that we should abase ourselves in the dust before them whom we have trampled in the dust in the name of a triumphant, aggressive, and militant Democracy. It means that the men who have carried the banner to victory by majorities reaching to forty-eight thousand are to be dishonored in a Democratic convention."

It may well be that these reasons do not appeal very strongly to the bosoms of Democrats outside of New York; but it was New York that Cockran was telling the convention about, which convention did not need him or anybody else to inform it that without New York's electoral vote Cleveland can not be President. Nevertheless, the delegates from States that always vote for the Democratic candidate and from States which never do, insisted on handing Tammany over to the tender mercies of the triumphant Mugwumps. The enthusiasm of Republican Pennsylvania's delegation for Cleveland was food for Cockran's satire:

"Mr. Cleveland is popular in Republican States because his Democracy is not offensive to Republicans. I believe he is a man of the most extraordinary popularity on every day of the year except one—election day. It is a popularity which may be described as tumultuous, but it is not calculated to produce votes. It is calculated to produce enthusiasm for months before the election and disappointment for four years after."

In answer to the plea that as Cleveland had carried New York in 1884, he could be relied on to repeat the feat this year, Cockran laid a wreath of immortelles upon the tomb of a departed brother, who will long live in Republican memory:

"We are told that Mr. Cleveland carried the State in 1884; but do not the gentlemen remember that the victory was due to Burchard, rather than to this amazing popularity which appears to be so great before the eye in spring-time and so impalpable in the cold light of November? Is not this denial of justice to Burchard enough to make his bones turn in their resting-place? Is there a greater proof of the ingratitude of republics than this forgetfulness of the gentleman from Pennsylvania of the credit due the memory of the preserver and saviour of the Democracy of the year 1884?"

Returning to the detested Mugwump, whose superior righteousness affects the Tammany sensibilities much as Mr. Pecksniff was wont to inflame the animosity of the wicked, Cockran bluntly told the convention:

"With the Mugwump there can be no treaty of peace. He has no weapon but slander and abuse. He does not want to run the Democratic party; he wants to own it. He wants you to lend him this nomination to accomplish his own purposes. . . . Some of the gentlemen who have seconded the nomination seem to have reached the impression that the business of the Democratic party here is to officer its convention, shape its policies, and name its candidates in order to please an element that despises our party and derides its history and professes superiority to it. . . . God forbid that this party of ours, whose growth is the hope of the nation, shall close its doors against a man who is ready to profess its faith and enlist in its armies. But what we do protest against in New York is that our party shall be surrendered to the control of those who despise and dislike it, that one man may be exalted and the Democratic party degraded."

This frank orator gave the convention an intimate view of New York politics, citing the figures of successive defeats and victories, asserting that a united Democracy could



overthrow the Republicans, notwithstanding the Mugwumps, whose ability to make a noise is altogether out of proportion to their votes. Then he threw this bomb from the rostrum:

"There are behind me here two heroes whose deeds have not escaped the attention of history—two heroes who have led the Union armies to victory and who have never made faces at the vanquished foe, and they will tell you here that the soldier votes of New York—of which there are twenty-five thousand at least Democratic—will not support Mr. Cleveland, and did not support him in 1888."

General Sickles at this point rose in his place among the New York delegation and cried: "No, no; never!" amid applause and hisses.

Cockran asked the convention the sensible question if it was wise to antagonize this soldier vote—"antagonize it blindly, defiantly, recklessly."

"What is the excuse?" he asked. "One, that we can get this Mugwump vote. Now, I warn you, from the experience of every Democrat who has carried the State of New York—and no Democrat has failed to do it in nine years, except Grover Cleveland—that you can not get the Mugwump vote without driving away one hundred thousand Democratic votes."

That ought to have been sufficiently explicit, one would think, and enough to make men of judgment hesitate. Cockran was not speaking in the hope of scaring the convention into nominating Hill; he knew there was no chance of that. He only asked for anybody except Cleveland. But he knew, also, that this cup would be pressed to Tammany's lips, and gave this cheerful sketch of the consequences:

"We will be loyal to the ticket. We will submit to the indignity and the outrage, and we will try to undo all we have done for eight years. We will try to take these two irreconcilable elements—the Mugwumps and the Democrats—and fuse them into a mighty force for victory in November next; but let me warn you, gentlemen, that the professions of nine years and the lessons of nine years can not be unlearned in three months. These men have been taught by us to believe that the Mugwump was the natural foe of universal suffrage and of free Democratic institutions. If we go back and tell them now that the Mugwumps are, after all, the true exponents of Democratic faith, that the Democratic convention has accepted a nomination from their hands and rejected the advice of the Democratic party, one of two results will follow, in my judgment. Either these people will doubt our sincerity and refuse to support the ticket, or else they will concede our sincerity, but they will visit us with their contempt, and in both events the ticket will be menaced with disaster. Now remember that it takes not much of an abstention from the polls to damage Democratic prospects. The dangers to Democratic success from Democratic sources are seldom visible on the surface. The dangers from Mugwump opposition are magnified ten-thousand-fold in advance of the crucial test of the ballot-box."

Tammany has hung its Cleveland banner on the outer wall, and Tammany has raised its Fourth-of-July cheers for the ticket, as in duty bound, but above and behind this bit of perfunctory Democratic sunshine lowers the dark, prophetic figure of Bourke Cockran. Only the kick to be delivered on November 8th will divorce the unhappy Democratic national ostrich from the sand-bank.

It seems strange to us in America to read about the Parliamentary elections in Great Britain going on, day after day, for a whole week. We are so accustomed to our own system, which requires all the voting for President, for example, to be done on the same day and in a single day, that the notion of a week of elections is hardly comprehensible. To the practical politician, it possibly suggests chances of making an election come out as he wants it, by making good the deficiencies of the first days by extra exertion on the last.

The plan of elections in the United Kingdom is regulated by an Act of Parliament, adopted in 1872, which provides that, on receiving the writ for an election, the returning officer fixes a day to receive the names of candidates. A candidate is required to have an agent for election expenses and in promoting his candidature, he is bound to see that no breach of the law is committed, and that the total expenses of the election are kept within the limits fixed by the Corrupt Practices Act. After the nominations are declared, a day is fixed by the returning officer for taking a poll of the electors, and this, it will be seen at once, is the reason why the elections are held on different days in different places. The rest of the proceedings of an election are very similar to our own, the ballot being a secret one and the returns being made to the House of Commons, which is the judge of the qualifications of its own members. The time of election, therefore, is dependent on three factors—the receipt of the writ, the naming of the day for nominations, and the naming of the day for voting.

There are now six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons, so when we read that two hundred have been elected, it is obvious that nothing can be determined positively as to the complexion of the new House. There are, of course, certain districts which can be relied upon with as much assurance as certain States in this country, but with only about one-third of the entire House chosen, any estimate of majorities must be purely conjectural.

The indications are that Gladstone will be called upon to form a ministry, with a small Liberal majority, and then the

question will arise, what will he do with the matter of home rule and the government of Ireland? Gladstone knows the Irish people as well as any English statesman of any age, and he knows that they are incapable of self-government in the extended sense of the term. Whether, with a small Liberal majority, he will venture to propose even local sovereignty for Ireland—that is, the administration of purely local affairs—is extremely doubtful. That would involve an Irish legislative body of some kind, and the rich and influential Province of Ulster has already declared emphatically that it will not obey the decrees of a Dublin Parliament, though it professes extreme loyalty to the British Empire.

The Irish question bids fair to give the Liberals as much trouble as it has given the Conservatives, provided they come into power, and the reason is not far to seek. It is because the Irish can not agree among themselves on any question, whether it be one of importance or a mere trifling detail of administration. No party can do anything for a people that not only will not help itself, but will not allow others to help it. If Gladstone should have a two-thirds majority in the House of Commons, he could not frame a home-rule bill for Ireland that would suit a majority of the Irish people longer than it would take the ink to dry on the bill, and for this reason we need not look to see the Irish question any nearer a solution at the end of the next Parliament than it is now.

At this season, nobody who is anybody stays at home. Everybody goes to the country, not, because it is cooler in the country, for it is not, nor because life is pleasanter there, for in many country-places, what with poor food, hard beds, mosquitoes, uncomfortable rooms, bad water, and uncongenial company, it is very much more unpleasant, but simply because it is the thing to go, and those who do not go are supposed to be short of money, or eccentric in their tastes. In the great cities of the world—Paris, London, New York, Boston, and Philadelphia—society goes to the country in summer, and, therefore, so must society in San Francisco.

Our summering places are divided into two classes. There are the large summer hotels, where the ladies wear low-necked frocks at dinner, and the men wear Tuxedo coats, and there are more modest spots to which the commonality repair, and which grow by a process of evolution into "watering places," though sometimes there is very little water at them, and what there is bad. But a visit to the latter will enable a young lady to inform her friends, on her return to the city, that she has been spending the summer in the country—which will rectify her social position if it has seemed askew.

Life at the places mentioned in the first class is pretty uniform. The fare is the same, the pleasures the same, the company the same. You meet the same people at all of them, and you hear at each the same gossip, scandal, and lies. If a man seeks, more than thrice, the society of a girl who is congenial, the phalanx of rocking dowagers on the veranda immediately announce that they are "engaged," and the man in despair flees to the club-house and gin-fizzes. If another man walks twice around the lawn with a young matron, the same rocking dowagers hold an inquest on her character, and proceed to pity her husband. If a married man and a married woman are seen talking together, the dowagers whisper them to death.

But with all their human drawbacks, the big summer hotels are at least clean and well-kept; "here every prospect pleases, and only man is vile." Woman, apparently, the hymnologist did not include.

The evolution of the other kind of summer resort is like the evolution of fashionables from the chimpanzee. A farmer builds him a house and finds that he has a couple of rooms to spare. He advertises for summer-boarders, to be fed on milk fresh from the cow and new-laid eggs. Next year he cuts up his stable into rooms, gives them a coat of whitewash, and finds that he can rent them all. In the following year he treats his barn to the same metamorphosis; and the milk fresh from the cow and the new-laid eggs fill it with city people of modest means and rural propensities. Then he fits up any other odd sheds on the premises as "cottages," and, after a few years, his place is noticed in the papers as "that attractive and health-giving summer resort in the Stigginsville Valley."

Proud of the fact that she is spending the summer in the country, as those stuck-up folk round the corner do, Anna Maria ignores the little circumstances that she is badly fed and badly lodged in her summer resort; that from the absence of bath-rooms it is evident that the Stigginsvillans do not bathe; that a steady course of mosquito-bites is imparting to her face an appearance which suggests that she is convalescing from small-pox; that it is deadly dull, the only enjoyment being a walk through the woods, with poison-oak on either side and a possibility of a rattlesnake among the dead leaves; that the widow with the light hair and the bronze boots, who goes out driving with the only young man on the place, is very queer, indeed. When the end of the sea-

son comes, if Anna Maria is as honest as she looks, she has confessed to herself, if not to her mamma, that this going to the country is very grand, no doubt; but, except for the glory of the thing, she had rather have stayed at home. Were she a resident of New York, or Philadelphia, or Chicago, where the thermometer has a playful way of hovering in the nineties, and where it is as hot at night as in the day-time, so that the tossing sleeper dreams that his pillow is a red-hot plowshare, it is sensible, and, indeed, in the case of children, necessary to seek change of air in the cool mountains or by the breezy shore of the ocean. But as she lives in a city where she carries a wrap almost every day in the year, and pulls a blanket over her perfect form when she closes her eyes at night, where the trade-wind supplies a constant change of air and excellent markets furnish a variety of delicious food, she must admit that, in deferring to fashion so far as to exile herself from town in July and August, she makes a sacrifice which entitles her to rank among the noble army of martyrs.

If San Franciscans should go anywhere in summer, they should go from the sea to the Sierra; the mountain air is the change they require. But if Mohammed lived here, and were to go to the mountain, he would find the fare so bad that he would speedily return hither upon Fatima, his magic mare.

The desperate and bloody struggle at the Homestead Steel Works, in Pennsylvania, in which some twenty or thirty men were killed in an armed conflict between striking workmen and a lot of men brought in by the owners of the works to guard their property, is another and a striking example of the weakness of county and State governments in the suppression of disorder. There was no interference on the part of any lawful authority until the battle was fought out. One deduction seems inevitable—it is that the Federal jurisdiction must be enlarged within the several States, so that it may, without any intervening processes, protect the life, liberty, and property of its citizens when occasion demands. The weakness and inefficiency of our dual, or rather, triple form of government was never more completely exemplified than in this affair. The officer whose duty it was to protect the lives of citizens and the property of the Homestead Company, was absolutely powerless, and when he applied to Governor Pattison to use the power of the State to stop bloodshed and prevent the loss of life which was actually taking place, that official replied that he, the sheriff, must swear in special deputies and stop the war himself. The refusal of the governor of Pennsylvania to use the power of the State, tied the hands of the general government, for it can act only upon the request of the executive of a State, unless in case of open rebellion or insurrection. Here lies the weakness of the system. There are too many obstacles in the way of prompt action. If the working-men of this country possessed the intelligence with which it is the custom to credit them, they would see that they are themselves paying the way for a strong, centralized government, against which the waves of popular tumult and uprising would dash in vain. Property and property rights already have a tremendous influence, and how long do the workingmen think it will be, if scenes like this Homestead affair are repeated, before there will be a law under which Federal soldiers will be stationed in every State in the Union for the preservation and protection of property against strikes and strikers? Such outbreaks as this accelerate the drift of this country toward centralization. Men who have millions of money invested in property will not consent to leave it at the mercy of a mob, with no protection but that of a sheriff of a county who holds the only key to the situation, and without whom no defensive machinery can be set in motion. If this country is Germanized, the working-men will have only their own blind folly to thank for it.

General P. A. Collins has received a letter from Professor Andrew D. White, formerly president of Cornell University, thanking him for his "resolution that the national committee of your party should, at the next national convention, provide accommodations only for the delegates, the alternates, the press, and the national committees." Mr. White says:

"I regard this as one of the most wise and far-sighted resolutions which has been introduced into any national convention of late years. No one can sit in a national convention of either of the two parties under this system, without being reminded of the French National Convention just before the downfall of the French Republic, when liberty had deteriorated into utter license, and the voice of the whole people of France was drowned by the howling, screaming, hysterical mob of Paris in the galleries. It may also be said that our national conventions should be thrown open to the people. That is my contention, and my objection to the present system is that it enables a single State or even a single city virtually to exclude the people, nay, enables it to pack the galleries so as absolutely to thwart the free expression of the popular will, and may yet enable individuals or corporations, by the use of money on a large scale, to pack the galleries with men hired to applaud their agents, or to overpower with clamor delegates obnoxious to their ambitions or interests. The result of this present system, under which the convention has ceased to be a deliberative body, and has become mainly a menagerie to amuse a local mob of men, women, and children, who are frequently admitted for money, and in which, having paid their money, they feel themselves supreme, can be only an evil to both the great parties and to the free institutions of our country."



## THE GREEN EYES OF THE WOLVES.

How a Woman's Whim Cost her a Brave Man's Love.

Two men and a woman; a great baronial room, furnished half in the English, half in the Oriental style; a wide, low divan, covered with rich brocade and heaped with many cushions; deer-skins everywhere—on the floor, the furniture, the low, easy-chairs; a buffet crowded with massive silver; a huge stove of tiles and Dutch faience; beside it a square table, covered with a cloth, upon which steams always the inevitable samovar, surrounded by transparent cups and crystal glasses in holders of metal filigree; the walls hung with draperies of dark-red velvet, faded pastels and photographs, and a fox-hunt in oils.

One of the men, wearing a brown-velvet jacket and his feet in soft shoes, leans back in a deep easy-chair reading a newspaper. His hair has begun to whiten, but his brows are as black as his eyes, and his expression is one of bored weariness. The other—a young lieutenant in undress uniform, his opened coat showing beneath it a crimson-silk shirt—paces back and forth with a step regular and firm. He is tall and robust, with blonde hair and mustache, and a frank smile on his somewhat full lips.

The lady—young also, and fair and delicate, her golden hair coiled in a loose knot low on her neck—reclines on the divan, lazily smoking a cigarette. She is in dark blue, her waist clasped by a silver belt studded with turquoise, her slim, white wrist circled by a narrow band of plain, dull gold. Her eyes, bold and laughing, dilate from time to time with those fleeting gleams and shadows peculiar to the eyes of the feline race. Indolent and languid in repose, nervous and feverishly alive at the slightest movement, she is a singular mixture of vivacity and indifference, of softness and hardness, the scarlet curve of her rose-red lips announcing clearly an indomitable will.

Out of doors it is a night of clear metallic whiteness, the hoar-frost tracing even the window-panes with fantastic flowers. Within, all is warm and snug—a balmy atmosphere impregnated with tea-fumes, tobacco, and that subtle odor of tanned skins, the perfume of Russian leather.

The silence of the room for the moment is broken only by the rustle of the paper and the lieutenant's measured tread. Presently the lady yawns, rearranges her cushions, and begins to sip from a frail Japanese cup the smoking amber fluid. She is awake at last. The lieutenant turns, a flame like a ray of sunlight in a dark place in his brown eyes, and throws himself at her feet. She answers the gay, caressing glance with a coquettish pout and a movement of the arm that makes the bracelet at her wrist ring like a bell.

"Prince," she says, suddenly, addressing the reader in the chair by the smoking samovar, "what are we going to do to-morrow? What are your plans for us, prince, tell us?"

"To beat the oak plantation," he answers, tossing aside his paper. "The wolves, the peasants tell me, make nightly ravages there. Two nights ago it was a horse; yesterday, a cow, killed so near daylight, too, that its body was still warm when they found it by the roadside."

"We shall really hunt, then?" said Mme. Novar, with sparkling eyes.

"Yes, the dogs are in good shape, the hounds well-trained, and they ask nothing better than to sharpen their teeth on the wolves' hides."

"But it will freeze by to-morrow," the young officer objects—"freeze hard, at that; the moon has a haze around it."

"And what if it does freeze?" asked the lady. "With my habit, toque, and seal gloves I can face any weather. Don't forget the champagne, prince."

"Have no fear, madame; all will be done as you desire."

Another long silence. Mme. Novar suddenly springs from her cushions. Throwing back her head with a bird-like motion, her loosened hair lies half-uncoiled now on her beautiful neck, her half-closed eyes open wide and eagerly.

"Listen—listen," says she; "I have an idea!"

"What is it?" the lieutenant demands, admiration of her beauty sending the blood to his good-natured face in an ardent glow.

"I wish, absolutely, without delay, that we go to hunt now, at once, to hunt in a sleigh—in a troika. Quick, prince, quick! Give the order. What snow! What moonlight! What life! Everything calls us! Quick—quick, I say, prince, let the horses be harnessed while I go to dress myself."

"My dear madame," the prince responds, hesitatingly, and rising stiffly from his chair, "with the greatest pleasure, hut—"

"But what? What excuse are you seeking to find to keep us here in this downy nest, drinking tea, and tea, and tea? We shall turn into dried mummies. But see—see for yourself, prince," flying to the window and pulling back with feverish haste the heavy curtains, so that a wave of silvery moonlight floods the chamber, only half-lighted by the shaded lamps; "a perfect apotheosis of fiery brilliancy! How is it possible to remain at home on a night like this?"

"My dear madame," demurred the prince again, a note of coldness, if not displeasure, in his voice, "I must be frank; it is my duty to warn you that I am not sure of my team. The orders of a pretty woman are absolute; I have passed a lifetime submitting to them, but in a case like this all depends on the training and experience of the horses. If they run, or upset us, no earthly power can save us from the teeth of the wolves, if they chance to be numerous. My middle horse is perfect—a wise old trotter; nothing could alarm him—but the other horses? They are young—too young, madame; they arrived from the Don only last spring, and are not yet sufficiently broken. They have hunted, it is true, but hunted mounted; it is not the same thing, and then, only in daylight. Wolves are thick these freezing nights, half-starved, and not at all timid. Take the word of an old hunter, madame, and do not expose yourself—"

"You are jesting, my dear prince," Mme. Novar interrupts, with a little, dry laugh; "or, perhaps, now I think, of it, maybe you are afraid? Be careful, or you will compel me to believe that you are growing old—which would be truly a pity."

She speaks with such an accent of mingled provocation, sarcasm, and defiance, and in her eyes there is such a mocking light, that the prince responds—by ringing the bell.

A servant in Cossack dress answers the summons.

"Tell Timothy to harness Faust, Arabi, and Ares to the big hunting troika; Faust in the middle. Let André prepare the guns and the pig, and be ready in half an hour."

The little Cossack, with his shining buttons and rosy face, bows and goes out; the prince follows him. Left alone with her, the lieutenant, a troubled light in his eyes, approaches Mme. Novar.

"Dear madame," he begins, gently, "I am neither an old nor a cowardly man; but, nevertheless, I beg of you to give up this fancy. It is very tempting, I know, for a woman like you; but do not, I beseech you, compel your host to expose himself and his servants to a risk so terrible. For I give you my word that, with inexperienced horses, at this season of the year, when the wolves are most ferocious, it is a deadly danger to run. I entreat you not to insist. Our responsibility—"

"Thou, too, Serge!" cries Mme. Novar, with a burst of ringing laughter. "Away with fear! The more danger there is, the more one should feel one's self alive; the more sensations one has, the happier one should be."

The lieutenant answers her, with a reproving gesture: "For one's self alone, yes; but for others?"

A big sleigh, in the shape of a half-ship, the horses harnessed to the prow, the coachman in front, in his usual place, waits now at the foot of the outer staircase; between the shafts a big black horse, its intelligent face surmounted by long, pointed ears and lighted by large, brilliant eyes, stands patient and stolid between the Ukraine runners. The right-hand horse is gray, the left-hand, roan, both of them thin, sinewy, with flowing manes and tails.

Timothy, the coachman, with his strong face and eagle glance, perched up aloft, touches his cap to the prince as he slowly descends the steps, Mme. Novar on his arm. She, pale and frail, but smiling, is clad from head to foot in seal-skin, her flashing eyes sparkling like flame through her veil, a light rifle flung carelessly over her shoulder. The lieutenant follows, with André bearing half a dozen guns.

A clear, silvery light floods everything, house and grounds. Each line of the harness, the guns, the eyes of the horses and of the men shine under it with extraordinary brilliancy, and seem to give back to it electric sparks. Mme. Novar runs across the terrace, which the marvelous witchery of snow and moonlight has turned to purest marble. She springs to the sleigh, the men quickly follow; at the same instant, low grunts and squeals are heard under the furs. André flings himself down on the spot whence come the squeals to stifle the sound, and the horses are off at a gallop.

Fast as the run is, it is almost noiseless, the fall of the horses' hoofs on the soft snow scarcely perceptible. The bells have been removed from both sleigh and harness. Now and then the coachman's whistle resounds through the stillness like a bird's shrill call. Again, one of the horses sneezes. But ever in this arrowy rush they cross the swelling, undulating plains that stretch out like endless sheets of silver.

The plains once passed, they enter a stately wood, whose trees form lines, black and wavering, of limitless perspective. Timothy halts at a cross-roads; the vehicle stands out against the snow like a bit of ebony on a field of pearl. The firs, stirred by the wind, moan and creak dismally, the boughs rub and grind each other with a dull, crunching sound. The horses snort; the smothered cries rise still from the bottom of the sleigh.

"Is it to be here, your excellency?" asks Timothy, quietly.

"How far are we from the Green Lake?" the prince responds.

"Nearly five miles; this road leads there direct, winds around the lake-edge, and loses itself in the steppe on its way to the high-road, which it joins near the post-station."

Mme. Novar, still impatient, interrupts with the order: "Make the pig cry!"

"It would be better to wait, I think," André replies. "This road turns sharply not far from here, and the ditches are deep; granting even that we are able to keep on the margin of the pond—"

"Peace, fool!" cries Mme. Novar; "do as you are bid!"

And instantly there sounds from the sleigh bottom a hideous medley of squeals, squeals, and ear-splitting grunts, such as only a pig has power to utter, and whether bleeding to death or merely having his ear pulled, his gamut of notes is always the same. Mme. Novar smiles triumphantly; the lieutenant looks at her, then turns his eyes, with a slight lift of the shoulder.

The frightful clamor reaches far and wide in the rarefied air. André, now and then, stifles the squeals under a heavy sheep-skin, and all eagerly listen. Suddenly, in one of these intervals of silence, a patter of running feet sounds behind them on the yielding snow. It comes from the depths of the forest; it draws nearer and nearer. Dry branches snap. The horses tremble. Soon the patter changes to regular plunges, like a pack of hunting-dogs leaping and bounding, and back of them, in the thicket, lank, gaunt forms gather and multiply.

All at once the horses rear. Timothy braces himself like a rock in his seat. The edge of the forest glows now with a line of fiery sparks, greenish and changeful—the phosphorescent eyeballs of the wolves' advance guard, fleeing and skulking, but always returning with stubborn obstinacy toward the sleigh and its tempting freight. Timothy loosens the reins, and the middle horse starts off with his long, swinging stride, trotting steadily, without haste or spurts, and always restraining his companions, covered with sweat and quivering in every muscle.

The wolves, seeing their prey thus escape them, hurry to pursue. There is a score already, and their number steadily increases. They run in great leaps, two and three together, greedy, but not yet bold, urged on more by curiosity than ferocious appetite.

Mme. Novar, calmly elated, her hand on her rifle, awaits the signal to fire. The prince, straight and rigid, knits his brow with sombre air. The lieutenant watches André teasing the pig to make it squeal louder. The wolves now are scarcely twenty feet distant from the hunters, and closing in rapidly. The troika quickens its pace, the side horses straining at the bit with furious energy.

Suddenly one of them trips, falls, but gains his footing with a frantic bound, at the same time uttering a strangled neigh; the sleigh jerks roughly, then follows with a rush. But even this brief check has brought the wolves dangerously near; they run—wolves and horses—side by side now, the wolves waiting for the horses to give out. At this close approach of the brutes the Ukraine horses, wild with terror, no longer know what they are doing. The time has come—with a sharp crack the guns go off, and four wolves fall. Their comrades fling themselves on their panting bodies and crunch them fiercely.

Meanwhile the sleigh has gained a little, but the smell and taste of blood have made the wolves rabid and filled them with a mad thirst for slaughter; the gap is soon closed between them. Again the guns crack; only one wolf falls this time, but falls with a snarling yelp that sends the side horses off in a frenzied run. The middle horse, with the wisdom of an old hunter, though for some time exhausted and panting, and no longer able to control his yoke-mates, allows himself to be borne along.

The sleigh swings and plunges; crashes now into a hedge, now into a snow-bank, or whatever chances to bar its way; turns half over at a bend in the road, and only rights itself as André flings his weight to the upper side.

The prince, white as marble, whispers a low order in Timothy's ear. Mme. Novar laughs no more; her eyes shine like a cat's; she looks at the wolves and again at the horses.

"Superb! Magnificent! That old horse is simply amazing! His name, prince, his name?"

"Faust, madame," the prince answers, coldly; "also permit me to remind you that our danger is very great."

"I know, I know—you need not tell me. If the sleigh upsets—well, nothing will remain of us but our guns and the buttons of our clothes. Pooh! I trust to Faust—he is a marvelous animal."

"By God's will, my prince," says Timothy, solemnly, "we'll reach the lake safely. How it will be then—I can not tell; the lake-edge is bad, rough, and slippery, the descent very, very steep."

"So! Take this, then," the prince returns, giving Timothy his hunting-knife; "if we are spilled, I am not to fall alive into the jaws of those devilish brutes."

"I comprehend, your excellency," Timothy replies.

"And thou, Serge," Mme. Novar murmurs, pale but smiling a bewitching smile into the lieutenant's face, "art thou afraid?"

"I, madame, afraid?" he answers slowly, looking her straight in the eyes as he speaks; "no. But a useless death seems to me ridiculous—criminal, when imposed by the caprice of a willful woman—but I submit to it."

Mme. Novar shudders; for a moment she seems stunned. "And you speak thus to me, Serge?" she questions, amazed.

"To you, Marta," he answers, for the first time calling her by her name.

Something seems to break in her heart as she listens—a whimsical, thoughtless heart, a little too sure of its power, perhaps, but essentially feminine. The shock increases for her tenfold the danger to which they are exposed.

And such danger, too! The horses, beyond control, maddened, their heads low, run haphazard. The wolves, relentless in their chase, are almost on them. Suddenly Timothy cries out hoarsely:

"The lake, the lake, my prince! We are there!"

Before them the forest opens, a broad, treeless space comes into view; it is the road—the road barely visible, which slopes like a sort of ice-covered trench whose sides are nearly vertical. The least slip on the horses' part, a slight swerve aside, and all—men and beasts—would be rolling in the snow, at the mercy of the ravenous horde so close at their heels.

The sleigh flies now like a squall of wind. Not even Faust attempts longer to check their headlong flight. He, too, runs blindly, flinging out his heels with the long, superb stride of a pure-blooded racer.

"God protect us!" murmurs the prince under his breath—"the victims of a woman's whim!"

He sighs, turns his back on Mme. Novar, and seats himself by the coachman, the veins of whose neck swell out like whip-cord as he pulls on the lines with all his might.

"Let them go," says the prince, "let them go, Timothy. No human power can aid us now."

"Holy Virgin, no; not till the lake is passed!" Timothy cries. "The steppes are just beyond; once there, we are saved!"

Like a bolt of lightning the horses fly down the slope to the lake. Seeing something like a sink before him, Faust, with lifted head and wide-open eyes, recognizes the danger confronting them, for he knows, like a human, what his end will be if his maddened comrades drag him over the brink of that treacherous spot. He braces himself stiffly, digs his feet deep in the snow, and throws himself to one side, thrusting the right horse with him and forcing him to keep in the road edging the water.

But the left horse slips, scrambles, and falls. Now Faust rears, forcing with him the right horse to his haunches. Timothy, trusting to the instinct of the old horse, holds fast with one hand, stretches forward across the shaft and cuts with one stroke the fallen horse's traces. With a neigh of agony he instantly disappears under a swarm of snarling devils.



The sleigh flies on, the lake and wood are passed, and the broad highway of the steppes is before them. The hunters are silent and speak never a word; a light gleams in the distance, and Timothy turns the steaming horses toward it. It is the post-station in the midst of the steppes. They enter the court-yard like a charging hurricane.

Faust for a moment breathes heavily and loud, staggers blindly, whinnies low, and shudderingly falls—never to rise again. He had broken a blood-vessel in the effort he had made to keep the sleigh straight when the side-horse fell, and, though bleeding inwardly all the while, the strength and courage of his race upheld him to the last.

Timothy, with bowed head and wet eyes, makes no attempt to hide his sorrow. The prince stands like a man of stone, gazing dumbly at his horse, already stiffening, his legs stretched out, his mouth and nostrils red with blood. Mme. Novar, too, for a moment is speechless; then throws back her head with a gesture of imperious defiance.

"It was not to be this time," she murmurs, softly. "We are saved—saved, Serge, my friend, though all depended upon a horse."

And moved, touched, in spite of herself, she turns and impulsively reaches her hand to her lover. But he stands like stone; he does not notice her hand, and his voice is ice itself as he mechanically repeats after her: "As you say, madame—all depended upon a horse."

Still she does not understand him; she is a woman and hard to convince, and she speaks again with a tender inflection:

"How strangely you speak, Serge. It was Marta—did you know that, Serge—Marta you called me during—during our peril," she adds, with a silvery laugh.

"For the first and the last time, madame," the lieutenant returns, gravely. "Faust has broken that which bound me to my dearest desire. True courage is always admirable. I would see any woman brave peril coolly, and would commend the effort; in like proportion would I despise her did her caprice endanger the life even of a dog. How, then, judge one whose willful fancy exposes human lives to the cruellest danger? Men are not allowed, as you know, to draw back from a daring, even a foolhardy undertaking—a silly bondage imposed upon us by self-esteem. Therefore, a woman who abuses her privileges, who presumes upon this sentiment and knowledge, is neither more nor less than a murderess—a murderess with premeditation; and a woman, be her station what it may, without tenderness, is, in my opinion, a monster."

"For that reason, madame, permit me to congratulate you on the happy outcome of your whim, and to bid you—farewell."—Translated from the Argonaut from the Russian of Tola Dorian by E. C. Waggener.

#### LATE VERSE.

##### Love and Thought.

What hath Love with Thought to do?  
Still at variance are the two.  
Love is sudden, Love is rash,  
Love is like the levin flash,  
Comes as swift, as swiftly goes,  
And his mark as surely knows.

Thought is lumpish, Thought is slow,  
Weighing long 'twixt yes and no;  
When dear Love is dead and gone,  
Thought comes creeping in anon,  
And, in his deserted nest,  
Sits to hold the crowner's quest.

Since we love, what need to think?  
Happiness stands on a brink  
Whence too easy 'tis to fall  
Whither's no return at all;  
Have a care, half-hearted lover,  
Thought would only push her over!

—James Russell Lowell in July Cosmopolitan.

##### Two Moods.

###### 1.

Between the budding and the falling leaf  
Stretch happy skies:  
With colors and sweet cries  
Of mating birds in uplands and in glades  
The world is rife.  
Then on a sudden all the music dies,  
The color fades.  
How fugitive and brief  
Is mortal life  
Between the budding and the falling leaf!

O short-breathed music, dying on the tongue  
Ere half the mystic canticle be sung!  
O bairn of life, so speedily unstrung!  
Who, if 'twere his to choose, would know again  
The bitter sweetness of the lost refrain,  
Its rapture, and its pain?

###### 2.

Though I be shut in darkness, and become  
Insentient dust blown idly here and there,  
I hold oblivion a scant price to pay  
For having once had held against my lip  
Life's brimming cup of hydromel and rue—  
For having once known woman's holy love  
And a child's kiss, and for a little space  
Been boon companion to the Day and Night,  
Fed on the odors of the summer dawn,  
And folded in the beauty of the stars,  
Dear Lord, though I be changed to senseless clay,  
And serve the potter as he turns his wheel,  
I thank Thee for the gracious gift of tears!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in July Harper's.

At the insane asylum, on Blackwell's Island, it is said that when the insane are first committed, they are visited by family and friends. The friends drop off, but father, mother, sisters, and brothers return, week by week, month by month. Then the brothers appear no more. At length, the father leaves to the mother and sisters the duty of looking after the afflicted son or daughter. The girls marry, and husband and babies claim their time. Then the day comes when the mother alone is seen. Year in and year out, unmindful of the weather, unheeding the season, comes the mother. When she comes no more, they know at the asylum that she is dead.

## A ROOF-GARDEN CONCERT.

"Van Gryse" pictures Male New York of a Summer Evening.

It is the end of June, and wealthy female New York has gone—disappeared from the face of the city, vanished from the shopping block of Twenty-Third Street, fled from the silent mansion on Fifth Avenue, and at seaside and mountain, hotel and cottage, spreads its fresh plumage in the eye of the beholder. Male New York is left behind to a man, and if you want to see male New York in these warm evenings, go to a roof-garden and there you will find him, sometimes alone, sometimes herding with other wifeless husbands, sometimes as the escort of beautiful and brilliant ladies in floating muslin dresses and huge, flowery leghorn hats. On every side you will see him, of every age, from young, smooth-faced chappies who do not look over eighteen, to white-haired and mustached old veterans, with mighty spread of white waistcoat, loling with leviathan laziness on the creaking, weak-kneed garden-chairs.

Monday was a hot day, broiling toward mid-afternoon and evening. The city sweltered under a fierce sun all day, respired gaspingly as twilight came on with its blissful softness and dark, rested, cooled off, made its most elaborate toilet, and repaired to the roof-gardens, there to find the three things a New Yorker loves best—a theatrical performance, people, and gossip.

The Madison Square Roof-Garden is supposed to be the best in town. It is a long section of the roof between the great tower which Diahia crowns and the two smaller towers that front on Madison Avenue. These, rounded and delicately fine, their sparkles of electric lights, like imprisoned glow-worms, trembling against the deep-blue night sky, look dwarfs beside the taller tower, which soars up and up into the cool, still regions of the night, uplifting the great Diana toward those stars which, in their cold aloofness, resembled her—the "Queen and huntress, chaste and fair," of the Roman's prayers.

Looking upward at Diana from the roof-garden, one could see the bronze points of her bow and arrow afar up against the dark sky, and the lights that blossomed in fairy clusters from the tower's angles. Below these again, the long reach of wall is broken by window under window, down to the roof where we sit—windows, by the way, of the choicest bachelor apartments in town. It would appear on this warm evening that the bachelors are all out. Their windows are dark—and just then a light breaks softly out in one of them, and a man, a tiny figure up there in that high window, leans out and looks down. For a moment he stays gazing on the garden below him, swarming with people and specked all over with the electric lights, then further down on the criss-crossing of streets, the long lines of lamps, the leafy darkness of the park, the great expanse of the restless, heated city.

By half-past eight the garden is full. It is a long square of the roof, paved with brick, open to the sky, beautified by flowering plants, shrubs, and palms standing about in big boxes, lit by quantities of electric lights. The guests pour in in a steady stream, take possession of the vacant tables—everybody sits at tables—breathe a great sigh of relief, take off hats and gloves, and silently eye the people about with lazy curiosity. A cool, pure breeze blows in between the garden's columned balustrade and stirs the hair on the women's foreheads and the lace edgings of their thin frocks. Waiters fly about, with trays, and deposit iced drinks on the tables. An observer may notice that sherry-cobbler seems a favorite. The ice clinks coolly in the tall tumblers, the languid new-comers apply their lips to the tip of the straws and imbibe the chilled liquid, while their eyes rove musingly over the occupants of adjacent tables. A cold perspiration bedews the outside of the glasses, and a woman, dressed in pale blue and black, with a square of black court-plaster set in the very corner of her eye, is seen to take up her glass in her gloved hand, set it down suddenly, and regard her soaked finger-tips with an air of pouting dismay.

Just in the centre of the garden is a stage, small and showing a façade like a Greek temple. Here a performance goes on, to which one-half of the crowd listens with the breathless attention that some people would award to any form of theatrical representation, from Salvini's Othello to a Punch-and-Judy show, while the other half never takes the trouble to give more than an indifferent glance in the direction of the Greek temple. The performance is mild enough for a warm evening; it would not tax the attention of the most tired auditor. It seems to be a sort of variety show, in which comic-singers and banjo-players come in and "do their turn." As the garden is open to the sky, the music evaporates into the blue vault of heaven, and the audience gets but a mild distillation of the banjoist's selections and the melodies of a band of Spanish Students.

There was one part of the performance worth mentioning—a serpentine dance by a Miss Renwood. This same serpentine dance is the dance Loie Fuller tried and failed to copyright. It is undoubtedly original and undoubtedly pretty—not a skirt dance and not a Spanish dance, but with elements of each. The costume of the dancer is a great deal more important than she is herself. Miss Fuller said she brought hers from India, and that it was the same material the Nautch girls wore. However that may be, it is of something very fine, but not thin, a closely woven and extremely soft, silken fabric, quite like the stuff brought by the prince in the story, which would clothe the princess from head to heel, and yet could be drawn through a ring. Skirts of this fall to the ground; there is a tight waist, low necked and short-sleeved, and a silver belt. Purple-silk tights complete the costume.

The dancer, under a strong light, sways, postures, and executes a few swift dancing-steps. Then she swirls, twists, and swings, and the skirts begin to writhe about her in cloudy coils. They twine round her with a singular, restless, undulating motion, till she is sometimes completely hidden by them. They seem to be multitudinous and endowed with a

sinuous, unending spiral action, like the soft, writhing movement of the serpent. Sometimes, from amid their winding evolutions, the purple tights come suddenly into view, and as suddenly disappear again in the revolving, white maelstrom of draperies. The dancer uses her arms to keep the skirts in motion. The sides of the upper layers of gauze, or whatever it is, are caught by her fingers, and beaten with swaying of the arms into waves upon waves of billowing, undulating whiteness. These, at times, envelop her from her feet to her head in a perfect spiral, a corkscrew, of skirts, with a glimpse of blonde hair and upraised arms above it all. It suggests the charm that Vivian was so curious to learn—"the charm of woven paces and of waving arms."

The dance is just about to come to an end when, suddenly, a light breaks out at the back of the stage, behind the dancer. All before her is darkness. Against this pallor of light the dance goes on—very shadowy this, and singular. Through the tossing, waving clouds of drapery the whole figure shines against the light like a misty silhouette. In a dim, moving halo of pallid nebulousity, the slim, dark shape, vaguely visible, sways and glides like a spirit in a dream, indistinct, dim, and uncertain, while the music rises and falls and the feet of the dancer keep silent time.

Then Miss Renwood skips off the stage by a back way, the lights break out all over, and the crowd comments and orders more sherry cobbler. Meantime, hundreds more have been slowly pouring in. The garden is packed now, every table taken, and a goodly stream of standers lean against the walls and balustrades. The men are a good-looking company—the average New York men—middle-sized, generally dark, thin-faced, grave, invariably well-dressed and well-groomed. There are every sort of women, from servant-girls upward. They wear every sort of dress, from a spotted calico and a dirty white sailor-hat, to thin white and flowered silks, clouded with masses of lace, and little diaphanous bonnets through which one can see their rolled-up hair.

One gorgeous creature, a member of the Four Hundred, left late in town, sailed splendidly by with two attendant men, both smaller than she was. The New York woman is very tall just now and thin as a reed. This one, a woman with a fine, sweet face, wore a flowered white dress, tan slippers, and silk stockings to match, and a bonnet formed of three twisted strands of pearls, the hair appearing between each strand and with white strings in the back that were wound round the coil of her hair.

Close on her heels came another lady who created quite a sensation. That she did so would have surprised an outsider unversed in the enthusiasms of the New Yorker. She was a pretty woman—plump, unpretentious, and somewhat over thirty. Her beauty lay in her eyes, which were large, dark, and sad—beautiful, plaintive eyes, like a child's. Their expression was contradicted by a decidedly gamine mouth, saucy in expression, hard and tight-lipped. She wore the simplest suit of gray tweed, the coat buttoned up over a colored shirt, and a blue sailor-hat, worn low on her forehead as if the sun shone in her eyes. For the rest she was a pretty, dowdy woman, neither remarkable for style or beauty. But everyone stared furiously at her, for she was Marie Jansen, one of the most popular of the New York comic-opera singers. Ask a real New Yorker what he considers the best performance in comic opera he ever saw, and he will answer at a blow—"Marie Jansen, as Javotte in 'Erminie'."

The members of the dramatic profession have a penchant for the roof-garden. Henry Dixey drops in toward eleven o'clock. He is a hard-featured, Jewish-looking man, with large, round eyes. With him comes one of the young men about town, whose great and glorious career is food for the gossips. This young fellow, who looks but little over twenty, has a beautiful, fresh face like a girl's, smooth shaven and delicate. Having unlimited means and unlimited leisure, he has "lived," as the French would say, and the young men of his class speak with admiration of the vicissitudes of his meteor-like existence in the metropolis. Being an authority on all matters of fashion, it would be worth while to describe the costume of this gay spark, as the proper one for visiting a roof-garden—black, broadcloth trousers and Tuxedo coat, no waistcoat, a glistening expanse of shirt-bosom, broken by three small but perfect pearls, a white-muslin cravat, and a belt of bright, yellow russet leather. A pair of patent-leather shoes, and a wide-brimmed, white sailor-hat completed the attire of the youthful son of Apollo. A good half of the men at the garden wore the same, minus the pearls.

Another interesting figure from the artistic world was Harry McVicker, the artist of *Life* and other publications. He has the peculiarity of so many New York men of looking about eighteen years of age. If you saw him in the graduating class of a college, you would regard him as a precocious lad. He has an intelligent, ugly face, and a slight, insignificant figure. His wife, who was with him, is a chic and dainty young woman, very well dressed and resembling not a little the plump and piquant ladies whom her husband draws so well. Though a young woman of the fashionable life, she writes, now and then, little dialogues that her husband illustrates—quite a partnership of the Muses.

NEW YORK, June 29, 1892.

A day or two after Mr. Blaine's resignation, a letter reached the White House from an ambitious young man in Iowa, in which the writer asked for information about the duties required of the Secretary of State and "how much the wages were." The correspondent added that if the salary was satisfactory and the labors not too arduous, he would like to make an application for the job.

The London Servants' Union has held a meeting, and its members have delivered speeches about their grievances. One of these grievances is the length of their daily service, which generally lasts from seven o'clock in the morning till an hour or two after midnight, or over eighteen hours a day,



## A BAD MAN.

The Deputy-Marshall's Day's Work.

"If he's in that part of the State, or in any part of it, for that matter (mind you, I don't believe he's fool enough to linger in this country, when he's had plenty of chance to get to Canada or Mexico), he's our meat. I've got a deputy down there who's onto his job, and if your friend Mr. de Vries is in that neck of the woods, Stiles can produce him in twenty-four hours."

That is what the United States marshal said to the special agent of the Treasury Department, who had come West in search of Mr. Hamilton de Vries, absconding bank president. The latter, unwittingly, had got himself into trouble with Uncle Sam, as well as with the authorities of his State, and was, therefore, in a surer way to get into the hands of justice than if he had been careful not to tamper with the patience of the long-suffering uncle aforesaid.

The marshal was so certain of his deputy's ability to lay hands on Mr. de Vries—if, as the special agent believed, the ex-bank president was sojourning in said deputy's neighborhood—that the agent, who was only human, and, besides, had no personal interest in the matter, left the affairs, for the present, in the marshal's hands and proceeded to take life as easily as possible while he might—it was much better than going, partly by stage or horseback, into a wild and woolly region after a man who might not be there, after all.

While the special agent, who had been up late the night previous, yawned and stretched, preparatory to leaving to return to his hotel, the marshal wrote a telegram to be sent to the deputy who looked after the three "tough" counties in the south-east corner of the State.

"Here, Ball, take this to the office, will you?" And to Uncle Sam's emissary he remarked: "Now, then, that's settled. Stiles'll have him by Saturday, if he's there. Ever take anything?"

The special agent rose with some alacrity, and they went out and drank to the health of the down-trodden and over-worked employees of a sordid, exacting government.

When the marshal appointed Bob Stiles a deputy, and assigned to him the duty of attending to the three south-east counties, he knew what he was about. He had always been a firm believer in the truth of the old saying that "it takes a thief to catch a thief." On the same principle, he held that it required a bad man to handle bad men; and in making his appointment for Jones, Elkhorn, and Antelope Counties, he had no hesitancy in selecting Mr. Stiles, whose application for the position was indorsed by many leading citizens—not because they were keen to see Bob get the place, but because he asked them to indorse him, and a refusal to do so involved possible, indeed, probable, unpleasant consequences.

Yes, Bob Stiles was, undeniably, a bad man. Not that he had ever made himself amenable to the law—at least, not that anybody knew of—but he had a blood-stained obituary list of persons who had disagreed with him, and a beautiful disregard for the consequences of anything he chose to do; and he chose to do some very peculiar things, especially when he had over-indulged in his favorite intoxicant, which was quite frequently. When Mr. Stiles was not engaged in his official duties, his avocation was that of gambler, and he was not an over-scrupulous one, either; in fact, I am obliged to confess, albeit with much reluctance, that Mr. Stiles enjoyed "skinning a sucker" as well as did any other member of the fraternity.

It happened, however, that, one sad night—the very night before the day the marshal sent him the telegram concerning the missing bank president—Mr. Stiles and a confrère had sat in a game with a supposed "sucker" from the mines, who turned out to be very much of a player himself, and that Mr. Stiles and his friend rose from the game "busted," and each owing the house for several stacks of chips, and Mr. Stiles stood on a corner, this bright afternoon, looking very down-hearted and sadly out of his usual spirits, when the boy came along with his telegram.

"Hm! 'Tall man—black whiskers—dark complected—gray eyes.' Um! Cret. I'll look after ye t'morrow, Mister D' Vries!"

He had been walking as he read, and had reached the post-office by this time. In response to his inquiry, the clerk handed him an official-looking envelope. He retired to a corner to read it, and the contents made his eyes dance. "'Sta bueno! Hyar's luck fer ye, Bobby, o' boy! Five hundred dollars r'ward! Thanks, Bobby, we don't care ef we do; oh, no, not any!' And as Mr. Robert Stiles walked up the street to his usual "hang-out," he felt quite cheerful, and whistled as though the five hundred dollars were already in his possession, for he knew right where he could find a certain Thomas Rudey, ex-moonshiner, urgently wanted for the murder, several months previously, of a revenue officer who had raided Mr. Rudey's still, in a neighboring State.

Next morning, bright and early, the deputy-marshall rode gayly forth. He had made a small "borrow," and won a hundred or so, the night before; he would make five hundred dollars and some fees to-day; and these facts, together with the brightness of the morning, the beauties of nature and the excellent breakfast he had just eaten, conspired to make him, if anything, more cheerful than usual, and that was very cheerful, indeed. There was only one thing that troubled him, and that was the fact that no reward was offered for the arrest of De Vries, whose history he had read in the papers.

"Th' idee!" the deputy-marshall said to himself. "Hyar's this high-toned cuss fr'm Ohio—husts a bank, robs 'is fr'en's, an' takes th' bread away fr'm orph'n's an' widders, an' gits away; no r'ward f'r him! Hyar's a poor devil of a moonshiner, got nothin' but a still t' keep 'is family on, an' thinks he's got jest's much right t' make whisky—dam good whisky, too—anybody else; shoots a revenoo offuser th't mo' likely shot at him first, an' Uncle Sam offers five hundred t' an! It's tough, no use talkin'!" And Mr. Stiles chirped

to his horse, which was nibbling at the branches of the trees by the roadside.

Four hours later, Bob Stiles, deputy-marshall, rode into a little valley into which the by-road had led him from the main trail. He looked to his revolvers carefully, to see that they were all right for the emergency which was quite probable, and decided on a plan of action. He dismounted, and proceeded on foot toward the shabby, tumble-down log-cabin that stood in a little clearing on the hillside above him.

As he reached the edge of the clearing, he halted, and took note of the cabin and its surroundings, observing, with some surprise, the neat appearance of the garden and yard and the unavailing repairs that had been attempted on the old cabin. "Kind o' decent, 'pears like," thought the deputy-marshall, as he sneaked around to advance on the house from the rear. "Wonder where all th' folks is?"

As he emerged from the thicket at the rear of the house and started toward it, two or three scrawny curs rushed at him, barking fiercely, but no one appeared to silence them. He spoke to them, quietly, and presently they drew off, somewhat mollified, but still growling suspiciously. Then the deputy-marshall tip-toed quietly up to the open window and looked in.

On a tumbled, forlorn-looking bed, at the other end of the long room, lay, propped up with the bed-clothing, a young woman, evidently in the last stages of consumption. She was breathing in short, quick gasps—fighting bravely for a few minutes' respite from the end that, Bob could see, was so near. Her wasted hands rested on the heads of two little children who were crying softly, in their uncomprehending way, in sympathy with the broad-shouldered man who, with his arms about the dying one, as if to hold her back from the awful shadows, was sobbing his heart out.

"Oh, Sue, I can't let ye go! Don't go an' leave me—don't! An' Tom an' Moll—they—they!"

"Don't, Tom," came in a weak voice from the form on the bed. "It's dretful hard t' go an' leave you all, but it had t' be. I'm glad ye think I've be'n a good wife to ye—an' Tom—promise me ye'll allus be good t' our children—won't ye, Tom, dear?"

The man only sobbed and nodded his head. The slight form his arms clasped was shaken by a fit of coughing that was awful to hear, and the deputy-marshall, whose cheeks were wet with unwonted tears, murmured: "Poor thing; oh, poor thing!"

Then the weak voice continued:

"I know ye will, Tom. I'm only afeared o' one thing: what'll th' babies do ef—ef they sh'd ketch ye an' put ye in jail? Be keerful, Tom, oh, be keerful, fr their sakes, won't ye? My pore babies—my pore babies!"

There came another fit of coughing, more terrible than the other, during which Bob Stiles wiped his eyes on his sleeve, with nervous fingers pulled the money he had won the night before from his pocket, rolled it up, and threw it in on the floor of the cabin. Then he turned, without another look at the man he had come to arrest, and hurried to the spot where he had left his horse, sobbing all the way—for Bob Stiles, gambler, still had a heart, though he had thought it buried in the grave of the wife whose young life had gone from her just as this woman's was going.

It was late in the afternoon when the deputy-marshall rode up to the house where Hamilton de Vries, ex-banker, was staying. Mr. de Vries was seated on the front-steps, smoking a cigar, and looked cool and comfortable, and as much at peace with himself and the world as if he were the honest, upright, Christian gentleman his friends and acquaintances, up to three weeks ago, had believed him. He was, as the officer rode up, trying to arrange with himself for a trip to Mexico by the shortest possible route. Unavoidable circumstances, unnecessary to state, had brought him here, and unavoidable circumstances made it desirable for him to get away as soon as possible. He was thinking how easily he could have got to Canada, if he had not been obliged to come here first, when a voice addressed him:

"Ah, Mr. d' Vries, I see ye've cut off y'r whiskers."

Mr. de Vries sprang to his feet, pale as death, and faced the smiling horseman, who sat looking at him from a point near the corner of the house, around which he had quietly come. Mr. de Vries would have drawn his revolver, but it was not so convenient to his hand as were the weapons of his visitor, so he tried other tactics.

"I guess you're mistaken, my friend. My name is White—James White."

"Oh, no, it ain't," said the deputy-marshall, easily. "I've got good reasons for callin' ye D' Vries, an' I reckon ye hadn't better kick none. I'll have t' ask ye, moreover, t' pack up an' ride over t' Columbus with me."

But Mr. de Vries did not want to go. He called on Jem Whatcom, proprietor of the house—which was a sort of boarding-house used by sportsmen during the fishing and hunting seasons—to witness that he was what he claimed to be; but Jem knew the deputy-marshall, and immediately told the bare truth, which was that his guest was a stranger; had come two weeks before, and had, a day or two after his arrival, held a secret conference with two other strangers, who came one evening and stayed only until the next morning.

So, despite Mr. de Vries's protests, he was disarmed and put in charge of the landlord, while Stiles searched his room. A little later, he was riding toward Columbus beside the deputy-marshall: while ahead of them, with Mr. de Vries's possessions, drove Jem, in the huckboard.

It was not a pleasant ride for Mr. de Vries. He shifted in his saddle and eyed the officer nervously, hoping the latter would give him an opportunity to break away—but none was presented.

Then Mr. de Vries bethought himself of a scheme. He tapped his companion on the shoulder.

"Say, marshal, I've got something besides what's in the grip" (and he pointed to the satchel in the huckboard, which, Bob had found, contained a goodly portion of Mr. de Vries's final haul).

The officer did not respond.

Mr. de Vries cleared his throat and tried again.

"Suppose," he suggested, "that I should get away, and you should find a couple of thousand in your coat-pocket?"

No answer from his captor. They came to the top of a hill, and, only a few miles away, could see the little town, their destination, its windows reflecting the glow of the red sunset. De Vries was desperate. He looked down the road: Jem was far ahead of them.

"Say, for God's sake, man, will you take three thousand?" he cried.

No answer.

"Four thousand, then."

The officer began whistling softly, and his prisoner took this as a favorable sign. He halted.

"Marshal, look here. I've got six thousand dollars, and no more, in my pockets. I need a thousand to get out of the country with—you understand that—but if you'll let me go, I'll give you the rest. Isn't that fair?"

The officer spoke:

"Jest ride up a leetle ahead o' me, will ye?" he said. "I never like t' have a man laggin'; I want t' keep an eye on 'im."

Later, after he had seen his prisoner safely lodged in the county jail for the night, the deputy-marshall, with some difficulty, managed to borrow a twenty to go, and "sit in" a game with.

R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, June, 1892.

## SOME ELECTION FIGURES.

In 1888 there were thirty-eight States, having a total of 401 electoral votes. Harrison carried twenty States, with an electoral vote of 233; Cleveland, eighteen States, with 168 electoral votes. Now there are forty-four States, and the total electoral vote is 444—requiring 223 of these to an election. The six new States admitted into the Union since 1888 are Washington, Montana, Idaho, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Wyoming. Of the forty-four States, as represented in the House of Representatives, thirty have Democrats in majority, twelve have Republicans, and two—Kansas and Nebraska—have members of the Alliance organization. In the event of failure of the Presidential electors to elect, the choice of President must be made by the House of Representatives—each State to cast one vote, according to the partisan majority of the members. No election by that means has ever been held, the electoral vote having determined the election in every instance—the election of 1876, between Hayes and Tilden, having been referred to and decided by the extraordinary and special act of an electoral commission of fifteen—five members of the House, five United States senators, and five justices of the United States Supreme Court, who decided by the vote of eight to seven; Justice Bradley casting the decisive vote in favor of Hayes.

In the election of 1888, the eleven States which constituted the Southern Confederacy cast their total of 107 electoral votes for Grover Cleveland. These eleven States have now a total of 112 electoral votes. Virginia, with 12 electoral votes, gave 1,539 majority for Cleveland. Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri, former slave States, also cast their 40 electoral votes for Cleveland. West Virginia gave Cleveland a majority of 1,873. The six Territories, since admitted as States, all elected Republican delegates to Congress. In 1888, Connecticut, with 6 electoral votes, gave Cleveland 336 majority in a total vote of 153,978. The McKinley tariff, by the increased duty on Sumatra tobacco, has benefited Connecticut tobacco-growers very largely, and it is conjectured that they will now change the vote of the State to the cause of tariff protection, and for Harrison. In a total vote—1888—of 344,448, Massachusetts gave Harrison 32,037 plurality. Indiana gave Harrison 2,348 plurality in a total vote of 536,949; Illinois, a plurality of 22,195 in a total vote of 747,686; Iowa, a plurality of 31,711 in a total vote of 404,140; Michigan, a plurality of 22,911 in a total vote of 475,313. The electoral vote of Massachusetts, in 1888, was 14—it is now 15 votes; of Illinois, 22—now 24; of Michigan, 13—now 14 votes. Iowa and Indiana remain as they were in 1888. New Jersey gave Cleveland 7,149 plurality in 1888; she had then 9 electoral votes; now 10. New York gave, in 1888, 13,002 plurality for Harrison. Her electoral vote, 36, remains the same. Ohio gave Harrison 19,599 plurality in 1888—the electoral vote, 23, is the same now. Pennsylvania had 30 electoral votes in 1888; now 32. Wisconsin gave 21,321 plurality for Harrison in 1888, in a total vote of 354,614. She had then 11 electors; has now 12. Everybody concedes Pennsylvania to Harrison and protection. It is in Massachusetts, Ohio, Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, and New York that the enthusiastic supporters of Cleveland expect the changes that will give him the election. California and Montana are included in the Cleveland list by some. This State had 8 electoral votes in 1888; she has now 9. Of the six new States, Washington and South Dakota have each 4 electoral votes; the others, each 3. It is unlikely that any of them will fail to cast the vote for Harrison. The twenty States which cast 233 electoral votes for Harrison in 1888, have now 247 electoral votes, and the six new States have 20 in all—or a total of 267 electoral votes—to the account of Harrison, on the basis of 1888. The loss of 44 of these votes could be withstood, and still his election would be assured. The loss can be sustained of Indiana, Iowa, California, Nevada, and Montana. With Connecticut redeemed to the Republicans, there would still be left to Harrison 7 electoral votes above the required majority. Cleveland has to overcome this strength of 55 electoral votes more than he got in 1888. Conceding to him Indiana, New York, and Montana—in all 54 votes—he would still lack one vote. In the great struggle of 1876, one vote made Hayes President. There is better reason for Connecticut and New Jersey to cast their votes for Harrison than for New York or Indiana to go for Cleveland. The chances for gain over the vote of 1888 are in Harrison's favor.



## SCANDAL AGENCIES.

"Piccadilly" on Geraldine Ulmar's Suit against the "World."

Within the last two years, from various circumstances, the name of Geraldine Ulmar has been brought before the public with more persistence than perhaps that of any other theatrical celebrity of her class. The enormous success she achieved in "La Cigale," eclipsing as it did all her previous triumphs with Mr. D'Oyly Carte at the Savoy, raised her at a bound to much higher favor than before, and the sensation caused by her appearance on the boards of the Lyric Theatre had hardly subsided when her marriage with Ivan Caryll, the conductor of the orchestra there, attracted further attention; and now, thanks to the substantial damages awarded her in the recent action at law against the London correspondent of the New York *World*, she is to-day by far the most talked about of all her compeers. The greatest sympathy has been from all sides extended to both husband and wife in regard to the unenviable false position in which they were momentarily placed by the publication of the unfounded story connecting Miss Ulmar's name with that of Mr. Sedger, the Lyric manager, and the courageous way in which the scandal was met is viewed with general approval, while of all causes *alibres* of late years it would be difficult to find one whose verdict has given such unanimous satisfaction in England as that recorded in the case of "Tilkins *versus* Greaves."

The result of the trial, moreover, is not unlikely to have an important influence on the future conduct of those great dailies in New York which have established branch offices or agencies in London, where a number of copies are sold to American visitors, to Englishmen who take an interest in business or politics in the States, and to the various clubs and libraries in the metropolis. Hitherto not a little space in the columns of some of these journals has been devoted to "spicy" items concerning coming scandals in English high life, intelligence of which is most enthusiastically received by, and transmitted with the greatest alacrity from, the London agency to the head-office on your side of the "herring pond," and thus it often happens that things only whispered or discreetly hinted at in the London clubs are printed in very plain black and white in New York. Some of the gossip sent over no doubt is perfectly true, though more of it is utterly false, and still more full of the exaggeration peculiar to the retailers of small talk; but as the American law of libel is very lax and difficult to put in operation, and as the English law was supposed to be inoperative so far as American journalism was concerned, the pernicious system grew unchecked, until Miss Ulmar found a vulnerable point in the London representatives of the New York press.

It is most astonishing how much is revealed by an action-at-law, more especially in theatrical circles, for apart altogether from the points at issue, there are innumerable minor details presented and emphasized that have never before been thought of by the outside world. For instance, though Geraldine Ulmar and Ivan Caryll have been continuously before theatre-goers for several years now, how few would have recognized them in the prosaic personality of Mr. and Mrs. Tilkins? The name itself is a disappointment, and quite at variance with what might have been expected from the distinguished appearance of the composer or the pretty features of his wife. The stage patronymic of "Geraldine Ulmar" is much more in keeping with the dainty little figure, slightly below the medium height, whose dark tresses, mischievous face, and merry, laughing eyes, would instantly remove any doubts of the actress's ability to do full justice to Gilbertian dialogue; and Mr. Gilbert's desire to retain her for "The Mountebanks," now running at the Lyric, can be readily understood when to other qualifications is added a most painstaking and sympathetic disposition.

Americans in New York city have had ample opportunities of judging Miss Ulmar's entertaining powers, as there she may be said to have made her debut, while, for the two seasons before she came over to England, she played the principal soprano parts in Gilbert and Sullivan's American company. She at first sang only at concerts, studying hard all her leisure time. One day, when she was only sixteen, Miss Ober, the directress of the Boston Ideals, came from Springfield to Boston—where Miss Ulmar was then staying—to offer her a short engagement. The soprano in that smart English opera company was unable to appear, and the young American was asked to journey down to Springfield and assume the rôle of Lydia in "Fatinizta" at some six hours' notice. Much to her own astonishment, she made a decided "hit," and has since then remained on the operatic stage.

Though cordially appreciated in the United States, it is since she came to England that Miss Ulmar has really made a name for herself. Her first appearance was in "Ruddygore," at the Savoy Theatre, in May, 1887, and then in the revivals of "Patience," "The Pirates of Penzance," and "The Mikado," while she created her parts in "The Yeomen of the Guard" and "The Gondoliers." It was during the run of this latter piece that the unfortunate split took place between Sir Arthur Sullivan and Messrs. Gilbert and D'Oyly Carte, and on the termination of her engagement in this opera, Miss Ulmar left the company. It was rumored at the time that her departure was in some way influenced by the dispute between the "Trinity of English Comic Opera."

The members of "the profession," unless they stand at the very head, are not as yet encouraged to enter much into society, and so English actors and actresses associate more or less with those in touch with them. If this be one reason why Miss Ulmar and her husband are not much met about, it must also be remembered how very seldom their evenings are at their own disposal.

Miss Ulmar appears to be a general favorite with all those with whom she has come in contact with—Mr. W. S. Gilbert, perhaps, as much as any one. Should Gilbert and Sullivan again become collaborators—as every one here devoutly wishes—there is little doubt that Miss Ulmar will again be introduced into the cast of the piece.

The Wild West Show, five years ago, proved so remunerative a venture that the proprietor has returned to the scene of his former success. Although, no doubt, the entertainment is still extremely popular with all classes, in his everyday life Colonel Cody will remark a difference. In 1887, England might be said to have thrown aside some of its habitual reserve to do honor to the fiftieth year of the queen's reign, and the notoriety to be gained by securing the presence at an "at home," of a person recognized by royalty induced many to open their doors to Buffalo Bill who would have closed them to Colonel Cody. This year, owing to the court mourning, there is far less entertaining going on, and, with the Prince of Wales away from his usual place, neither American men nor women are so much run after as formerly.

The International Horticulture Exhibition has, this year, been welcomed cordially, as it is upwards of thirty years since an exhibition of this description has been held in London. The terraces and flower-beds of the grounds are tastefully laid out to exemplify the several styles of Egyptian, Roman, Indian, Japanese, and Old English gardens; and military bands and an *al fresco* promenade serve as additional attractions, while the Wild West proves the mainstay of the whole. The arena where the troupe exhibit their horsemanship covers five acres. From this cinder-strewn track a wicket-gate opens on the encampment. The large double tent occupied by Buffalo Bill stands in the very centre of the camp, at the apex of a triangle formed by pathways leading to the public and private entrances of the arena. To the left, stretching out on both sides of the walk, are the tents of the cowboys, and to the right are those of Annie Oakley, Johnnie Baker, and other celebrities, with the Indian wigwams on the crest of an artificial knoll opposite, while directly facing his partner's abode is Natt Salsbury's tent.

Colonel Cody's tent stands some fifteen or twenty feet back from the road-way, and, passing between the two stuffed buffaloes which guard the entrance, the famous scout's home during his sojourn in this country appears. The roof may be a trifle low, but the ground is covered with Brussels carpet, and an easy-chair of mahogany and morocco, with a comfortable-looking saddle-bag sofa, presents a striking contrast to the head of a grizzly bear, which glares up at the intruder from its position on the floor. Opposite the entrance stands a table, before which is placed a large picture of Buffalo Bill, in full frontier costume, and, on the table, photographs of Mary Anderson—the colonel's particular favorite—Ellen Terry, and Henry Irving are grouped round others of the queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. At one corner lies a red-sandstone peace-pipe, and, close to it, is the sheathed knife with which, sixteen years ago, Buffalo Bill killed the Cheyenne chief, Yellow Hand, and so secured the first scalp after the death of Custer. At one end of the tent is a gun-rack, on which are ranged several rifles of various makes, among them—in pieces now—his old gun, "Lucretia Borgia," carried all through his buffalo-hunting days. On supports of the canvas covering are hung several pictures, buffalo-heads, and some fine antlers, and under every chair there are placed skins of wild animals—many very scarce now—all brought down by the unerring bullet of the scout. At the back of the tent is a desk piled with letters—mostly on business matters, for invitations do not pour in at the rate of over three a day, as they did five years ago—and above is ranged the library, which appears to be limited to six or seven books, prominent among them being "The Life of George H. Custer."

With a view of taking them over to the World's Fair, Colonel Cody is collecting parties of horsemen of as many nationalities as possible. He has already secured ten Cossacks from the Caucasus, who made their debut at Earls Court in the beginning of this month, while before long a party of Gauchos from the Argentine interior will arrive, to be followed by detachments of Magyars and Persians. Now it is a close race between Prince Ivan Makharddz'i's Russians and the "red man," while in points of horsemanship, cowboy, Indian, and Mexican vaquero have all something to learn from the new-comers. These wild riders of gloomy Asiatic steppes appear in what seem rather cumbrous sheep-skin cloaks of yellow, brown, and green, fastened round the waist with belts from which depend sword, dagger, and various silver ornaments. On their heads they wear small, round Astrachan caps, and heavy cavalry boots cover the feet and the lower part of the legs. Their voluminous garments in no way interfere with the freedom of their movements, and, riding Colonel Cody's broncos, they do some wonderful work in the saddle, while the Indians are "not in it" with their dancing and singing. They talk Russian only slightly, using among themselves the Georgian dialect, and if one is to believe them, they are all born princes.

The expenses connected with the establishment mount up into most alarmingly large figures. The expenditure in advertising is estimated at \$875,000 for six months, and the bills for the London hoardings alone just now cost for printing \$40,000. In wages, upwards of \$7,500 is paid away every week, while the feeding and "keep" of so many mouths, with the many "extras," is another heavy item. The Indians, for example, are very fond of golden syrup, and one hundred pots are asked for each week, besides seventy-five pots of jam. Tea is a favorite beverage with them; but, of course, their beloved, but forbidden, "fire-water" is the drink they are most partial to, and it requires unceasing watchfulness to keep them sober.

Since he was last here, the difference in Buffalo Bill's appearance is very noticeable. Though he still preserves his firm, stately carriage, a slight roundness in the shoulders gives evidence of the encroachments of advancing years, and his long locks are now thin, straggling, and grizzled. In regard to his entertainment, Englishmen, he says, are most attracted by much the same points in the show as Americans of the Atlantic Slope; that is, they are divided in their interest in the rifle-shooting and riding, while a Western man's attention, he declares, would be wholly engrossed by the buck-jumping.

PICCADILLY.

LONDON, June 18, 1892.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The fortune of the late Jules Lebandy, the great sugar refiner and speculator of Paris, is estimated at three hundred and sixty millions of francs, probably the largest fortune in France.

The London *World* says that Mr. Labouchère has consented to take a place in the approaching Gladstonian ministry; he will be postmaster-general, with a seat in the cabinet.

When King Oscar visited the Prince of Monaco recently, the latter ruler not only turned out his toy army to receive the guest, but he reinforced the organization by borrowing a few policemen from the City of Nice.

Dr. Keeley, the gold-cure man, has been in London for several weeks, trying to arouse public interest in his method of treating inebriates; but in consequence of the general election, and owing to other causes, he has not met with much success.

Prince Alexis of Russia missed the last train that would reach the English Derby in time, and telegraphed a polite request to have the races delayed, as he was exceedingly anxious to see them. When he arrived at the Derby, however, he found the races run.

The Duke of Portland, who is one of the richest noblemen in England, has just added twenty thousand acres to his shooting-preserves. The duke has now eighty thousand acres, or one hundred and twenty-five square miles, reserved solely for the use of his gun.

The death is announced at Madrid of the notorious Carlos Marfori, Marquis de Loja, one of the last in the long list of favorites of Isabella the Second, and one of the causes of her expulsion from Spain. He was the son of an Italian cook, and owed his preferment to his good looks.

The Rev. T. de Witt Talmage is in London, and the newspapers are beginning to talk about him. The *Evening News* and *Post* announces, with approximate accuracy, that he has the largest mouth in America, and that "his salary in Brooklyn, which is a suburb of New York, is five thousand pounds sterling a year."

President Harrison's most formidable rival for the hand of Miss Caroline Scott, who afterward became his wife, was a boy who fell in love with her, as did her husband, while they were both attending her father's school. He is Thad L. Conant, and he is living now in Evansville, Ind., where he is river-editor of the *Standard*.

The succession of Mr. John W. Foster, of Indiana, to the Secretaryship of State brings about the rare and, perhaps, unprecedented occurrence of two members of the Cabinet being of the same name. The other member referred to is, of course, Mr. Charles Foster, of Ohio, who succeeded Mr. William Windom as Secretary of the Treasury.

According to the story current in Paris, the late Spanish Duke of Fernan-Núñez was the hero of an episode that made all Paris laugh when it became known to the public. The duke was in the train of Sarah Bernhardt's admirers at the time, and sent the actress a tea-service that proved to be of plated metal instead of the *repoussé* silver the actress supposed it to be. Bernhardt is said to have fainted when the discovery was made by one of her curious friends.

At the much-discussed meeting between the Czar and the German emperor, which took place on June 7th, the emperor created for his uncle a special rank in the navy, making him admiral *à la suite*, and, although the Czar showered no honors, military or naval, upon his host, he bore himself with dignified cordiality. The two emperors know each other slightly better than before, and Europe at large, having exhausted the interest of the subject, is again pensively polishing its weapons.

N. C. Creede, the Colorado mining millionaire, gets loads of letters. Many contain touching appeals from diseased people, whose doctors have told them that they will die if not speedily dispatched to a health-resort, and Mr. Creede is importuned to become the means of saving the sufferers' lives. Other epistles contain requests of every possible description, but all having a prompt remittance by return mail their object in view. Many come from the fair hands of sighing spinsters and widows, who find that they can not live without the solace of Mr. Creede's love.

One of the most applauded members of M. Molier's amateur circus this year is a M. San Marin. This young and fashionable athlete lifts a recumbent ox from the floor without any apparent effort. M. San Marin is really a wonderful specimen of manly perfection. M. Molier has also recruited a charming lady, who sings like a nightingale after having galloped around the ring three or four times. Every one of the performers—from the manager, who caracoles on his famous horse, Benouville, to the clowns, male and female, and the instrumentalists who supply the music—are, of course, all amateurs, some of whom belong to the very highest rank of French aristocracy.

The most pretentious person in Bulgaria is M. Stambuloff. Originally a barkeeper in Tirnovo, he contrived to persuade Russia that he could be useful in conspiring against Turkey; and then Austria that he could be useful in conspiring against Russia. By craft and subtlety of an artistic kind, he then succeeded in establishing a pinchbeck dictatorship on his own account, and now he has almost persuaded Europe that he and Bulgaria are synonymous. Stambuloff has gradually become more and more intolerable by his arrogance and domineering manners, displayed even towards the prince himself. Positive information comes from Sofia of serious differences between Prince Ferdinand and his premier. An immediate rupture was averted only by the personal intervention of the British consul-general.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

With the July issue, the Chicago *Dial* passes from the control of A. C. McClurg & Co. to Mr. Francis F. Brown, who has been its editor and part-owner since its commencement. The *Dial* is a monthly magazine of literary criticism, and has maintained a high standard for twelve years.

A library edition of several of Anthony Trollope's novels, with illustrations, will soon be issued in New York.

Don Manuel Antonio Matta, who was Minister of Foreign Affairs of Chile during the *Baltimore* affair, and who wrote the insulting dispatch concerning President Harrison, has prepared a book of three hundred pages reviewing the controversy, and it is now in press.

A new novel by Eva Wilder McGlasson, author of that very successful story, "Diana's Livery," will begin at once in a New York illustrated weekly.

Pierre Loti, the pen-name of the new French Academician Captain Julien Viaud, was not taken from the Japanese word for violet. *Loti* is an impossible word in Japanese, as the alphabet contains no *l*. The *Critic* says that *loti* is a Maori word, descriptive of a flower that grows only in Polynesia, where the sirens of Queen Pomare's court bestowed it upon the young Frenchman in the days when his ship was stationed at Tahiti.

Mrs. Terhune ("Marion Harland") is at work on "The Story of Mary Washington," which a Boston house is to publish next winter.

"The Naulahka" will be published in London by William Heinemann. Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's collaborator, was Mr. Heinemann's partner in the enterprise of establishing the English Library on the continent, and the book will, very naturally, be published in that series. It is also to appear in French and German simultaneously with its publication in English.

The French author has a means of profit not possessed by American authors, as the *Nation* points out:

"He may arrange for a succession of serial publications of the novel or book of travels in periodicals of decreasing importance. While the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and *L'Illustration* and *Le Temps* contain only novels hitherto unpublished, many minor Parisian periodicals and most of the provincial newspapers are satisfied to offer their readers literary matter already printed in some other publication, and even after it is for sale over the counter in book-form. *La Lecture*, for example, was founded two or three years ago to publish only first-rate literature in this second-hand manner; and it was so successful that the same publishers brought out *La Lecture Rétrospective*, to contain the writings of recently deceased French authors. Like most French reviews, *La Lecture* appears twice a month. The same principle is now to be applied to a new weekly, *La Revue Hebdomadaire* (Paris: E. Plon, Nourrit & Cie.), which is to be chiefly eclectic, like *La Lecture*, with original articles on politics and music and the fine arts."

Will Carleton's latest poems will be issued soon, with the title "City Festivals." In form it will be like Mr. Carleton's other volumes of verse.

No American author, with the possible exception of Bret Harte, enjoys greater popularity in Germany than Mark Twain. A complete edition of his works, translated into German, is to be brought out in a short time by a well-known publisher in Stuttgart.

A new serial by William Black, called "Wolfen-berg," with illustrations by W. Hatherell, has been commenced in a New York weekly.

An Eastern house has in preparation a students' edition of Bulfinch's "Age of Fable," wrought over by Professor Charles Mills Gayley of the University of California, with notes, cuts, and maps.

It is said of the late Mrs. Procter, the widow of Barry Cornwall, that if she had grievances she kept them to herself, save on one notable occasion. It was when she found in Carlyle's "Reminiscences" some disrespectful words about her mother, Mrs. Basil Montagu. Mrs. Procter retorted by printing and circulating among her friends old, time-yellowed letters of Thomas, in which he acknowledged humbly and affectionately the numberless benefits he had received in his day of small things from Mrs. Montagu. It was an effective, as well as a just revenge.

A large part of the second English edition of Kipling's new collection of verses, "Barrack-Room Ballads," was ordered by the booksellers before it appeared.

A new volume of short stories by William Black, entitled "The Magic Ink and Other Stories," will be published at once by a New York house.

Among the books which D. Appleton & Co. will bring out soon are:

A novel by Rider Haggard, in a different vein from his earlier romances; "A Thorny Path; or, Per Aspera," a romance by Georg Ebers; "Controverted Questions," by Professor Huxley; "The Principles of Ethics," Vol. I., by Herbert Spencer; "The Canadian Guide-Book," Part II., ("Western Canada"), by Ernest Ingersoll; "La Bella," by Egerton Castle, in the Town and Country Library; "Pictures from Roman Life and Story," by Professor A. J. Church; "Footsteps of Fate," by Louis Couperin, in the Holland Fiction series; "Cap'n Davy's Honeymoon," by Hall Caine; "The Naturalist in La Plata," by W. H. Hudson; "The Hope of the Gospel," by George MacDonald; and a summer series of handy volumes in dainty bindings, by Hamlin Garland, Brander Matthews, George H. Jessop, and others.

A wealthy Hungarian has set aside one hundred and fifty thousand florins and a villa for the use of the "best living Hungarian author," the aforesaid author, who will draw the income of this amount

during his life-time, to be chosen by a jury of literary experts. Now, then, if some of our American millionaires were to follow this generous Hungarian's example and donate, let us say, a million dollars for the use of the best living American author, the income thereof to be drawn by this author and his successors, which one of our living authors would be chosen as the beneficiary by a committee of literary experts? Probably each expert would choose himself.

Zola's "Débâcle" ("The Downfall") was issued in Paris in an edition said to number one hundred and sixty thousand copies. The copyrighted American edition was brought out on the same day.

## William Dean Howells.

T. C. Crawford prints in the New York *Tribune* a long and interesting account of two interviews he recently had with Mr. Howells, from which we make the following extracts:

"The best outline of Mr. Howells's early life will be found in his book entitled 'A Boy's Town.' The chance which turned Mr. Howells into the pathway of European leisure and study came through the friendship of Messrs. Nicolay and Hay, who were private secretaries to President Lincoln. Mr. Howells applied for the consulate of Munich. He was then a well-informed country youth. His father was the editor of a country newspaper in Ohio. Mr. Howells learned to read and write in his father's office. Some of his first articles were set at the case. His father gave him a good common-school education. The young man had first acquired a good knowledge of Latin, and then learned the rudiments of Greek. From these he went to French and German, and picked up a good reading knowledge of Spanish."

"It was his knowledge of German which turned his mind in the direction of the consulate at Munich. The President, however, gave the Munich appointment to some one else, and told his secretaries that their friend, Mr. Howells, could have the consulate at Rome. This was early in the history of the War of the Rebellion. Mr. Howells found that his fees were only three hundred dollars a year. He was then unmarried, with very modest ideas and a great ambition to go to Europe to study; but he did not think he could live on that amount of money, so he appealed again to his friends in the White House. They secured for him the consulate at Venice, which was then worth seven hundred and fifty dollars a year, and as Southern privateers were at that time becoming objects of interest in foreign ports, Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were able to obtain the increase of the pay of this post to fifteen hundred dollars a year. He accepted the post, and the following year his wife met him in Paris, where they were married. He remained at this post for four years, and during that time acquired an accurate knowledge of the Italian language. His book, 'Venetian Days,' written as the result of his life in Venice, is to-day the guide-book of every American tourist who visits this city, and has had a larger sale than any other work by Mr. Howells. He had sufficient leisure during his incumbency of the post to travel all over Italy, and to visit some of the other countries of Europe. It is Italy, however, which he knows best. Upon his second visit to Europe, he made a tour of Great Britain, and spent much time in London, where he found his books circulating nearly as widely as at home."

"Mr. Howells is in the neighborhood of fifty years of age. He is of medium height, and is quite stout, round, and contented-looking. His face is round. Nearly all the lines of his figure are curved. His hands are fat and dimpled. His round face has the look of refinement, experience of the world, the good-natured indifference, and the cynically happy disbelief of a diplomat of experience and high position. His eyes are a dark gray, and deeply set. His forehead is broad and high, covered nearly to his eyebrows with iron-gray hair, combed down in what might be called a bang, if there were not a semblance of a parting to destroy the character of such a definition. An iron-gray fringe shades his firm-lined mouth. The nose is straight and not large. His chin is smooth-shaven and forceful. His voice is very agreeable."

"When at his new post as joint editor of the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, he occupies a small den where there is room for a huge desk, a stuffed leather-chair for Mr. Howells, and for three or four chairs for the literary aspirants who come in trembling to submit to his judgment the samples of spring poetry, essays, and stories which come in endless procession to every recognized publication. Sketches of proposed illustrations standing carelessly about relieve the plainness of the office, which is rigidly business looking, much like the corner of the average managing-editor of a daily newspaper."

"His first writing was an essay upon the subject of life. This was not written, but was composed at the case. He does not know what has become of this contribution to American literature. His next step in the direction of literary study was to discover the laws of prosody. That opened up to him the possibility of writing poetry, and a lot of precious rubbish he said it was that he composed at that time. He said he considered his strongest book was 'The Modern Instance.' Of his novels, 'The Hazard of New Fortunes' has had the largest sale."

"Mr. Howells said that he did not think that any one ever should go into literature on account of any great profits to be realized therein. A man who did not depend upon journalism might work a long time before arriving at an income of twelve hundred dollars a year. Literature is ill paid in comparison with the work of almost any other profession. Mr. Howells said: 'The success that I have made and the reputation that I have obtained would, in any other profession, entitle me to at least four or five times what I now receive.' He then added: 'I make at the outside between ten and fifteen thousand dollars a year. But it is just to add that writers do not work as many hours as the men of other professions. This is the only true rule of artistic temperaments takes kindly to leisure. I do not believe in moods, as they are usually defined. A writer or an artist is in a good mood for his best work when he has overcome the natural disinclination to work, so as to assume, at least, the virtue of the industry.'

"Mr. Howells has been a regular monthly contributor to periodicals for years. He was first the director of the *Atlantic Monthly*; then *Harper's Magazine* secured his services, and now the *Cosmopolitan* flies his name as editor. Besides his novels, he has always had these editorial duties to occupy his time. His writing hours are always in the morning. He writes from three to four hours, finishing at the luncheon hour, one o'clock. His afternoon is generally devoted to editorial work and to reading; his evenings to social diversion and casual readings. He never writes in the evening, for if he did he would not be able to sleep."

## New Publications.

"Stolen Sweets," by S. L. Pierce, author of "Di," has been published in paper covers by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Zina's Awakening," a story by Mrs. J. Kent Spender, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Tableau; or, Heaven as a Republic," by John George Schwahn, has been published in paper covers by the Franklin Printing Company, Los Angeles; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"La Débâcle," Emile Zola's new novel, the English version of which was noticed at length in our columns last week, is published in Paris by Charpen-

tier and is for sale in this city by Tausz, Lévy & Co.; price, postpaid, \$1.00.

An eighth edition has been issued of Laurence Hutton's "Literary Landmarks of London." It is brought down to date by new appendices, and contains many interesting portraits. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.75; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Italian Child-Life; or, Marietta's Good Times," by Marietta Ambrosi; and "Miss Matilda Archambau Van Dorn," by Elizabeth Cumings, both intended for children, have been published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; price, 75 cents each; for sale by the booksellers.

J. M. Barrie's story of the adventures of a young Scotchman with literary aspirations in London, entitled, "When a Man's Single," and "Memoirs of a Mother-in-Law," by George R. Sims, have been issued in paper covers by the Waverly Company, New York; price, 25 and 50 cents, respectively; for sale by the booksellers.

"Matter, Ether, and Motion," by A. E. Dolbear, Ph. D., is a popular exposition of some of the new ideas regarding the manifestations of force, setting forth the factors and relations of physical science. The subject is a large one, but Dr. Dolbear has covered his ground and treated it clearly and in a manner calculated to interest the lay reader. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; for sale by the booksellers.

The Washington departmental clerk, Lewis Vital Bogy, who was discharged for having, it is alleged, depicted the weaknesses, great and small, of certain powerful persons with whom his work brought him in contact—his novel was called "In Office"—has written a second story, entitled "A Common Man," which has been published by F. J. Schulte & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Diego Pinzon and the Fearful Voyage he took into the Unknown Ocean, A. D. 1492," by John Russell Coryell, is the story of a mischievous Spanish school-boy, who, for his pranks, is sent to sea with his uncle, who commands one of the ships of Columbus's voyage of discovery. History and fiction are judiciously mingled, and the result is an entertaining story for boys. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A goodly lot of short stories, by John Heard, Jr., which have already afforded pleasure to the readers of light literature in the magazines and other periodicals, have been collected and are issued in a single volume of the Franklin Square Library with the title "A Charge for France and Other Stories." Among the latter are "Hand-Car 412, C. P. R.," "That Yank from New York," "Impressions of the Boat-Race: By No. 7," "The Story of Tres Palacios," "A Spanish Vendetta," etc. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Ten series of humorous pictures, by A. B. Frost, are contained in "The Bull Calf and Other Tales." The experience of the humane man who tied the leading-rope of a well grown calf about his waist; the story of the tramp who changed his own rags for the suit of a yellow-fever patient and subsequently turned up as the Wild Man of Hunkunkamunk; how Villet, the kicking mule, was cured of her evil habit; the editor's interview with the spring poet who proves to be an athlete—these and other funny incidents are the subjects that Mr. Frost has treated in his best manner. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"A Queen of Curds and Cream," by Dorothea Gerard, tells the story of the child of a *misalliance*. Her father had been a dissipated pet of Viennese society; but, owing to her mother's plebeian origin, she is friendless and penniless when she becomes an orphan. An English baronet, a cousin far removed, looks her up and falls in love with her; but he is already married. He disappears in the burning of a theatre, and she, inheriting a great estate from him, goes to London, and with her beauty, wit, and goodness conquers society. It is a well-constructed story, with clearly drawn characters and an interesting plot. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Vesty of the Basins" is the title of a new novel by Sallie Pratt McLean Greene, whose "Cape Cod Folks" created a decided sensation a few years ago. The scene is laid on the rugged Maine coast. Vesty is an angel of mercy among the sea-faring folk there. She loves the son of a wealthy and ambitious woman, who persuades her not to "stand in his way." So Vesty marries another man, and the young man makes a worldly match; he takes to drink, and almost loses his life in a disaster in which Vesty's husband is drowned. They do not marry, however, for he dies; and, finally, Vesty becomes a wife again—this time to a cripple, for whom she had first felt that pity that is akin to love. The characters are described with that vivid power of portraiture that raised such a storm when "Cape Cod Folks" came out, and the story is one that holds the reader's attention to the end. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

## GEORG EBERS'S NEW ROMANCE.

## A THORNY PATH.

(Per Aspera.)

By GEORG EBERS, author of "Uarda," "An Egyptian Princess," etc. Two volumes. 16mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

This is a singularly strong and impressive story of life in Alexandria, Egypt, in the third century A. D. With the power which comes from mastery of the subject and vividness of expression, the author pictures life in the old Egyptian city among the natives, the early Christians, and the Romans. The cruel Emperor Caracalla, who spent some time in Alexandria, plays a prominent part in the book, and there are brilliant descriptions of the games and gladiatorial combats of the arena. These graphic sketches are interspersed in a romance which will be found to hold the reader's interest throughout.

## APPLETONS' GENERAL GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The following question is of interest:

"In a case where religion is the same, and education and social position are equal, do you think a man without money can ask a girl who has money to marry him, and, at the same time, retain his self-respect? Do you think such a marriage would turn out a happy one?"

To this question, the New York *Sun* replies: "The most important, nay, the essential inducement to marriage, is the attraction of love and affection. Without such sentiment, the law of natural selection is violated. As the view of the marriage relation is high or low at different periods, or in different countries or individuals, the conception of love varies from gross passion to the purest and most exalted and romantic sentiment; but always and everywhere it is recognized as the only true motive for mating. In society, as it becomes more civilized and complex, the operation of this law is disturbed to some degree by artificial influences tending to restrain the natural instinct. Reason, prudence, ambition, and considerations of pecuniary interest may control its manifestation. Both men and women may marry under such influences rather than in strict obedience to the simple law. In France, for example, marriages are arranged by a family council; but the experience of all French society shows that they are not contracted in defiance of the universal instinct; for French wives and mothers are conspicuous for their fidelity and devotion. French novels written by men of coarse imaginations may describe them differently, but the description is false and fictitious. Never before was love alone, and love in its higher sense, so generally a controlling motive in marriage as it is now. It is becoming more and more dominant even in polygamous countries, and its growing power is shown in the revolt of women against barbarous marriage traditions and usages; for, by the beneficent decree of nature, the law of selection first influences the woman. The choice rightfully rests with those who are to be the mothers of the race. Does the woman want the man? That is the important question. In the case of our correspondent, then, the proper course, and the only course, is for him to find out whether the rich girl wants to marry him. What 'society' or other people think about the matter is of no importance. What she thinks about it is all her lover needs to ask."

The American sweet-girl graduates idealized—almost idolized—Lady Henry Somerset, and the closing days of her ladyship's American visit were passed in an atmosphere of social apotheosis. Lady Henry gave the American girl some good advice: "Be content with your nationality. Don't aspire to be an Anglo-American." Her ladyship delighted her fair admirers by telling them that the familiar footing which exists between the American young man and woman before betrothal results in far happier homes after marriage than does "the strict rule of London society in this regard." America scores again in the comparison which her ladyship institutes when she says: "In America, unlike England, the women are more intellectual than the men." Lady Henry's valedictory words were these: "Women of America, I love you. Avoid the faults and even the virtues of the women of other nations. Perfect your American peculiarities."

A married man offered to give his wife one dollar for every kiss she gave him. This fulfillment of their bargain she exacted to the uttermost farthing. Years after, the man failed in business, utterly and irretrievably. Whereupon his wife said: "Cheer up, I have another fortune for you," and brought to him the proceeds of her kisses, dollar for dollar, that she had saved. It is the legal aspects of this case (says the *Evening Sun*) that are interesting and important. The point is, could his creditors claim this money in payment of their dues? Different States take different views of such transfers of money? In this case the creditors claimed that it was illegal, the woman having given no consideration in return. For, argue the lawyers for the complainants, a kiss is no consideration—a married woman is bound to kiss her husband, that being one of his rights, the precedent for this view being found in 142 Pennsylvania. This case, it appears, is that of a married man who transferred certain properties to his wife on her agreeing to perform certain acts which her husband desired. After his failure, the creditors brought suit to recover this property. This suit they gained, the judge deciding that the husband's request was within his rights, and his desire to settle them peaceably by the payment of money gave the transaction no standing in court. The offense was, moreover, aggravated by the fact that he was in debt at the

time. In the first case, it was pleaded that the dollars for the kisses being extended over a long period of time, the question of indebtedness to creditors at the time of payment could not hold. This was granted, but did not overrule the previous decision that the woman, under the law, had given no consideration; therefore, the transfer of moneys was illegal and could be claimed by creditors.

The members of the Court of Chancery have decided that the sum of fifty pounds sterling is "ample" for the purchase of a wedding trousseau for a ward. "Is it possible," asks James Payn, "that they can be married men with marriageable daughters of their own? If so, we should be proud of them, for they are as courageous as the chief justice who committed a prince to prison. My own conviction is, however, that they must be bachelors. The decrees of the Court of Chancery are said to be all-powerful; what a blessing it would be if its jurisdiction extended to parents as well as guardians! Then might poor paterfamilias, when milliners and dressmakers invade his home to furnish forth the bride that is to be, say to materfamilias: 'Remember, my dear, the lord chancellor has decided that fifty pounds will be "ample" for dear Angelina's trousseau.' But this is a counsel of perfection, I fear, beyond a father's hopes."

In the *North American Review* Mr. W. H. Mallock considers the article by Lady Jeune on "London Society," which had appeared in a previous number of that periodical. Lady Jeune's contention is that fashionable society in London is morally worse than it was a generation or two ago. Mr. Mallock's main point is that the changes, whatever they may be, that have been wrought in it are the result, not of the aristocratic, but of the democratic element in it, and that the process of demoralization is in effect a process of democratization. This is a rather startling proposition, but Mr. Mallock arrays many facts in its support. Between 1851 and 1880 there arose in England, according to Mr. Mallock, twelve thousand "new families," with minimum incomes of one thousand five hundred pounds sterling a year, the maximum, which was attained by fifty families, being ninety thousand pounds, while four hundred attained incomes of twenty thousand pounds. These fortunes were all commercial. The gainers of them did not in most cases aim at social distinction, being occupied with something more important; but in the second generation there were necessarily a large proportion of idlers who had nothing better to do than to get into society, and who had the requisite of a large amount of money and a willingness to spend it in entertaining. Either personal agreeableness or lavish hospitality is, indeed, the road of entrance to every society which devotes itself to amusement and has no other business. The nucleus of this society in England is the aristocracy, and the aristocracy accordingly passes upon the claims of every candidate for admission to the "smart set." The comparatively few people who are born in society set the standard for those who seek admission to it. It is, therefore, in a country socially so aristocratic as England still is, necessarily the moral standards of the aristocracy that prevail, and that impose themselves upon the class just below it, and it is not possible to relieve the aristocracy from responsibility for the moral condition of the "smart set," if that condition is not satisfactory. The Prince of Wales is *ex officio* the head of society and the fountain of honor, and we have had a public exposition of the ways of his "set" that is by no means alluring. The whole Tranby Croft business shows how "getting into society" is managed. In that case, the aspirants from the middle class laid aside their own moral standards in deference to the prince's social standards, including their scruples against gambling, with the result that when a real "swell" came to be exposed and disgraced, society consoled itself by execrating and deriding not him, but "the Wilsons."

Mr. Punch, of London, has taken up a new rôle, that of mentor to the Sisters of Teleniachus. Any woman, according to his idea, can marry any man she likes, provided she is careful about two points. She must let him know that she would accept a proposal from him, but she must never let him know that she has let him know. In other words, the encouragement must be strong but gentle. To let him know that you would marry him is to appeal to his vanity; but to let him know that you have given him the information is to appeal to his pity, which is disastrous. The only trouble with this advice is that the girl who is clever enough to detect the subtle

shadings of these differences is clever enough to get a husband without any advice.

Napoleon Bonaparte, well aware that the Spartan simplicity and inexpensiveness of Republican uniforms would be absurdly out of keeping with the demand for display incident to a brand-new military empire, deemed no costume too ornamental or costly for the officers of an army that raised him to supreme power and enabled him to conquer Continental Europe. The "beau sabreur," Joachim Murat, sometime Grand Duke of Berg and King of Naples, was a type of Napoleonic military gaudiness. In his famous portrait by Isabey, he is represented as he rode past his illustrious patron, at a grand review, held in the last year of the foregoing century, mounted on a powerful gray charger, all the trappings of which were massively plated with pure gold. The marshal was attired in a blue-velvet tail-coat, with scarlet and gold facings, scarlet tights enriched with heavy gold embroidery, half-high boots of purple leather, worked through and edged with gold braid, and a huge cocked hat, trimmed with broad gold lace and surmounted by a triple plume of crimson ostrich feathers. Round his waist were knotted two silken sashes, one very broad, of pale lilac hue, profusely brodered and fringed with gold, the other narrower, bright scarlet in color, and similarly ornamented. He was seated on a leopard skin, stretched over a crimson and gold saddle-cloth; his spurs, stirrups, and the scabbard of his jewel-hilted sabre were all of fine burnished gold. It may be doubted whether Solomon in all his glory was ever so showily arrayed as a marshal of France under the Consulate or First Empire.

There are few husbands, we fear, who would enter upon matrimony with such an array of good resolutions as Theodore Parker entered in his journal on his wedding-day. Here they are:

1. Never, except for the best reasons, to oppose my wife's will.
  2. To discharge all duties for her sake freely.
  3. Never to scold.
  4. Never to look cross at her.
  5. Never to worry her with commands.
  6. To promote her piety.
  7. To bear her burdens.
  8. To overlook her foibles.
  9. To save, cherish, and forever defend her.
  10. To remember her always in my prayers. Thus, God willing, we shall be blessed.
- Do you suppose he lived up to that standard?

A correspondent of the Chicago *Herald* says that a woman living in a Western city was left a widow, with three young children and almost nothing with which to support them. She had no trade, had never been obliged to earn her living, and the outlook seemed very discouraging. One evening, however, as she was brushing and putting away her late husband's clothes, a solution of the problem flashed upon her. She acted upon it forthwith. Two days afterward, every member of a certain club found in his mail an envelope containing this lady's visiting-card, on the back of which was written in her own hand: "Men's suits and overcoats repaired, scoured, cleaned, and pressed. Thirty dollars a year, payable two dollars and a half on the first of each month. Garments sent for and returned promptly upon notification." The next day's mail brought her thirty-nine answers, twenty-two of which were accompanied by the first payment. There were fifty-five dollars in what had been an empty pocket-book. That was four or five months ago. To-day she has a truly comfortable income, and it is still increasing. She employs two stout women and a tailor, and her own two lads are her messenger-boys. A note in the morning's mail is answered by one of the boys before three o'clock. The work is done with the utmost dispatch; there are no extras in her bills, except for new materials, such as lining and buttons, and the customers are all delighted. Their clothes were never before kept in such good condition.

Coaching by moonlight is the latest development of the popular sport which is rapidly taking root among the wealthy classes in France (says Mrs. Crawford in the New York *Tribune*). No fewer than half a dozen regular coaches leave Paris daily for various destinations, including Maisons-Laffitte, Poissy, and Versailles, and as if this were not enough, the lovers of the road are now extending their operations to the hours between sunset and midnight. Some time ago, the syndicate of gentlemen which runs the splendidly appointed line of vehicles known as the "Reunion Coaches," announced that they would run a four-in-hand on moonlight nights from Paris to St. Germain and back, leaving the Avenue de l'Opera at six o'clock in the evening, and reaching the point of departure again before twelve o'clock, with a sufficient sojourn at St. Germain to allow of the enjoyment of a good dinner at the celebrated restaurant of the Pavillon Henri the Fourth. No sooner had this announcement been made than Count Jean de Madre—one of the most enthusiastic of French coaching men—went the syndicate one better, and organized a moonlight trip of his splendid coach to the well-known, open-air restaurant of Robinson, near Sceaux, and back, with not only a dinner, but music and fire-works as well. Since the rival coaches have begun running, each has had a full way-bill, and the passengers have thoroughly enjoyed the return journey by the balmy, brilliant moonlight night, scented with the odor of honeysuckle and lime-blossoms, along the high-roads which lead from St. Germain and Sceaux to Paris.

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## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The richest heiress in Berlin is said to be a Fraulein Hildgard von Loucadon. She is worth two millions of dollars.

The Queen of Hanover evidently does not share the enthusiasm for Bismarck shown at Munich, for she has cut short her cure at Kissingen rather than run the chance of meeting the ex-chancellor.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris now lives in London and is a woman of wealth. Her father-in-law left his estate to her and her two children on the condition that they would make their residence in England.

After a great deal of modest denial, Mrs. Grimwood, of Manipur fame, has confessed that she is about to marry again. The bridegroom to be is a wealthy Englishman, and the marriage will take place, it is said, early in the autumn. Extraordinary, how soon they marry, these widows of heroes.

Miss Grace Lewes, eldest daughter of the late George Lewes, of England, the husband of the famous novelist, George Eliot, is on a visit to Mr. Daniel H. Harkins, also of England, but now occupying a typical country home at White Plains, near Ophir Farm, the residence of Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

Jean Ingelow is the most popular of the English poets. She is a quiet, shy-looking old lady of sixty-two years of age, and inhabits a pretty house in London. She has a very accurate mind and a horror of untidy or slipshod ways. She works hard, and finds her greatest relaxation in the study of botany. Three times a week she gives what she calls a copyright dinner to twelve poor persons just discharged from the hospitals.

One of the most interesting women in Europe is Mme. Olga Novikoff, better known, perhaps, as "the Russian siren." She is said to be the only woman who can influence at one and the same time W. E. Gladstone, Lord Salisbury, Count Ignatieff, and to a certain measure the Czar's course of action. She is in high favor at the Russian court, being a warm personal friend of the Czarina. Over the signature "Olga" she writes equally well in both English and Russian.

The Baltimore *Sun* says: "Grover Cleveland's mother was Anne Neal Cleveland, of Baltimore; his maternal grandfather sold books at No. 179 Baltimore Street (old number), seventy years ago. Richard Falley Cleveland married Anne Neal in this city in 1829. Eight years later, Grover Cleveland was born, when his parents were in Essex County, New Jersey, at the parsonage of the Rev. Stephen Grover, who became godfather to the future President. Mrs. Anne Neal Cleveland died in 1882."

Lady Brooke, of Tranby Croft and baccarat fame, attended a sale at Tattersalls the other day. An American who saw her there, says she is a marvelously pretty woman, just a trifle passé. She has exquisite golden hair, deep-blue eyes, finely marked brows, and a graceful, elegant figure. She wore on that occasion a cadet blue-cloth dress, trimmed with silver passementerie, and she trailed her handsome skirt about the yard with a nonchalance that showed there were plenty more where that came from.

Mrs. Margaret Manton Murrill, of New York, recently addressed the National Health Society of England on the subject of hygienic costuming. Her costume is thus described:

The long black-velvet gown, which was worn over silk tights with no petticoat beneath, was highly wrought with bands of jet embroidery and fell in long, graceful lines over the contour of the statuesque figure it half-revealed. The bodice was laced over a chemise of white-silk mull and defined at the waist line by a girdle of jet, and the whole surmounted by a picturesque hat of black velvet, covered with nodding plumes, won from Professor Hubert Herkimer the exclamation: "A beautiful woman of most unusual type."

The Princess of Wales is reported to be possessed at times with a conviction that the Duke of Clarence is not really dead, but merely hidden away somewhere; and she spends hours wandering from room to room in the hope of finding the spot where he is concealed. Both of the sisters of the Princess of Wales have been under treatment for mental disease. Indeed, the youngest sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, has spent at least two years of her married life under restraint in the famous lunatic asylum of Dobbling, near Vienna. Moreover, peculiar significance is attached to the announcement that the Princess of Wales will remain abroad in strict privacy until next November.

Countess Marguerite Hoyos, whose marriage to Count Herbert Bismarck lately took place, is the second daughter of Count George Hoyos, who is married to the second daughter of Mr. R. Whitehead, of Paddockhurst, Worth, Sussex, also of Fiume, Hungary, where he has his torpedo-works. Count Hoyos, by this marriage, became partner in the firm of Whitehead & Co., torpedo manufacturers. Countess Marguerite is in her twenty-first year; Count Herbert Bismarck is forty-three. Countess Marguerite is one of a family of seven children. Her father is only a junior partner, so at present there is no reason for supposing he will ever leave her a large fortune. She is thoroughly Austrian, and has been brought up entirely abroad, with the exception of a few months spent annually quietly in the country in England. Two years ago she made quite a sensation when "brought out" in Vienna.

## A DEAD POETESS.

A Few Poems by the Late Anna Reeve Aldrich.

A few days ago the New York papers announced the death in that city of Miss Anna Reeve Aldrich, a young woman for whom the future seemed to hold a bright literary career. She was born in 1865, and began to give evidence of a talent for imaginative writing while still a child. *The Century*, *Scribner's*, *Lippincott's*, and other periodicals have printed her poems and short stories, and our readers will recall a clever sketch which she contributed to the *Argonaut* some months ago under the title "My Devil and I." Four years ago she published a book of poems entitled "The Rose of Flame and Other Poems of Love," which went into a second edition, and later she published a novel called "The Feet of Love." Miss Aldrich was an enthusiastic worker and often overtaxed her strength; the immediate cause of her death, which took place June 28th, was typhoid fever.

We append a few of her poems, taken from "The Rose of Flame":

## PRESENCE.

Sighed a wave in middle ocean,  
"Oh, to reach the warm, white shore!  
On its breast to lie in silence,  
Hushed in peace forevermore."

"Ah, I know what lies before me—  
I at last shall clasp the shore,  
Break my heart on it one moment,  
Then moan on forevermore."

## SEPARATION.

If it were land, oh, weary feet could travel;  
If it were sea, a ship might cleave the wave;  
If it were Death, sad Love could look to Heaven  
And see, through tears, the sunlight on the grave.  
Not land, or sea, or death keep us apart,  
But only thou, oh, unforgiving Heart.

If it were land, through piercing thorns I'd travel;  
If it were sea, I'd cross to thee or die;  
If it were Death, I'd tear Life's veil asunder  
That I might see thee with a clearer eye.  
Ah, none of these could keep our souls apart,  
Forget, forgive, oh, unforgiving Heart!

## SNOW.

Last year I watched it drift, and said,  
With leaping heart and happy sigh:  
"The fair earth wears her bridal-robe;  
So, soon, please God, shall I."

To-day, with quiet heart, I see  
The little flakes go whirling by:  
"The fair earth wears her winding-sheet;  
So, soon, please God, shall I."

## A GRAVE.

'Tis but a mound of narrow girth,  
The gracious grass will hide the earth,  
And morning touch its eastward side—  
A mound so short, a maiden's pace  
Would measure off the little place  
It humbly holds, till judgment-tide.

I do not mourn; I have no tears,  
I only know a weight of years  
Must lie on me ere I depart,  
And that I bear a mock at truth,  
The brow and laughing eyes of Youth,  
While chill of Age is in my heart.

## UNDER THE ROSE.

He moved with trembling fingers  
From my throat, the band of red,  
And a band of burning kisses  
His lips set there instead.

Then he tied again the ribbon,  
"I will hide them, Love," said he,  
"And the secret of thy necklace  
None shall know, save thee and me."

It was just a foolish fancy,  
But from that day to this,  
I wore the crimson ribbon,  
To hide my lover's kiss.

He has gone, and love is over,  
But this blade within my hand,  
Still shall hide our secret kisses  
With another crimson band.

## ROSE SONG.

Plant above my lifeless heart  
Crimson roses, red as blood,  
As if the love pent so long  
Were pouring forth its flood.

Then, through them, my heart may tell  
Its Past of Love and Grief,  
And I shall feel them grow from it,  
And know a vague relief.

Through rotting shroud shall feel their roots,  
And into them myself shall grow,  
And when I blossom at her feet,  
She, on that day, shall know!

## La Veuve Clicquot.

The Messrs. Werlé, who manufacture the celebrated Veuve Clicquot champagne, own hundreds of acres of vineyards, comprising the very best locations in the well-known districts of Verzenay, Bouzy, Le Mesnil, and Oger, at all of which places they have vendangeoirs, or pressing-houses, of their own. Their establishment at Verzenay contains seven large presses, that at Bouzy eight, at La Mesnil six, and at Oger two, in addition to which grapes are pressed under their own supervision at Ay, Avize, and Cramant in vendangeoirs belonging to their friends.

It is a peculiarity of the Clicquot-Werlé establishment at Reims that each of its cellars, and there are forty-five of them, has a name. The ample cellarage which the house possesses has enabled M. Werlé to make many experiments, which firms with less space at their command would find it difficult to carry out on the same satisfactory scale. Such, for instance, as the system of racks in which the bottles repose while the wine undergoes its diurnal shaking. Instead of these racks being, as they commonly are, at almost upright angles, they are perfectly horizontal, which offers a material advantage, inasmuch as the bottles are all in readiness for disgorging at the same time, instead of the lower ones being ready before those above, as is the case in many establishments, where the ancient system is still followed. This makes every bottle of wine uniform in character. This extreme care and attention to the details of the manufacture of the wine is what has tended to make the Veuve Clicquot champagne the best now produced in the world.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

## SOCIETY.

The Tennis Tournament.

The fifth annual tournament of the Pacific States Lawn-Tennis Association was held in San Rafael on June 30th, July 1st, 2d, and 4th, to determine the championship of the slope. It attracted to the courts a large number of admirers of the game, who were kept interested throughout by the really excellent playing of the contestants. The gathering was a fashionable and picturesque one. Light-hued attire and bright colors predominated. The all-coners cup was won on Saturday by Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, of the Oakland Lawn-Tennis Club, and on Monday he was called upon to contest with Mr. William H. Taylor for the championship of the Pacific States. Mr. Taylor had previously won the championship cup twice, but was obliged to win it a third time before it became his absolute property. This he did by remarkably clever playing, and amid great enthusiasm. The title of champion of the Pacific States and the championship cup are now the property of Mr. Taylor. On Saturday evening a flannel cotillion was given at the hotel, and on Monday a hop was enjoyed, both affairs being largely attended.

Mr. Joseph Tobin, of the California Lawn-Tennis Club, and Mr. Samuel Neel and Mr. Charles P. Hubbard, of the Oakland Lawn-Tennis Club, left last Wednesday for the East to attend the Eastern tournaments. Mr. Tobin and Mr. Hubbard will play in the championship doubles of the Middle States tournament, which will take place in Chicago on July 11th. Mr. Neel and Mr. Hubbard will play in the singles at the National tournament, at Newport, in August.

— IT WILL ASTONISH THOSE WHO ARE AWARE of the low prices charged for all kinds of goods at The Maze, on Market and Taylor Streets, to learn that a reduction is to be made there on Monday, July 11th, and will continue until August 1st. The reason for this is that the fiscal year of the firm commences with August, and as the firm's buyers in the East and Europe are already forwarding large invoices of new goods, The Maze must dispose of its present stock. This "sacrifice sale" does not mean that a lot of old-fashioned and shop-worn goods are to be foisted on the public. The Maze has acquired a clientele of patrons who know that all its articles are exactly what they are represented to be, and they know that there will be no out-of-date goods sold, but only enough of the present stock to make room for the new importations.

De Wolf Hopper is in Europe for a vacation, after nine years of continuous work. The *Sun* correspondent gives this account of his rest:

"De Wolf Hopper, who came to Europe for a rest after nine years of hard work without a vacation, is finding some difficulty in getting it. He arrived in London about four o'clock on last Saturday afternoon, having received at Queenstown an invitation for dinner that evening with Miss Kate Forsythe and one for supper at the Green-Room Club later with Burr McIntosh. Hopper got to bed at four o'clock Sunday morning, and at eight was awakened for a visit to Westminster Abbey, after which he was taken to the Star and Garter, at Richmond, for breakfast with Nat Goodwin. He returned for dinner with Fred Leslie and sat up with Irving, Toole, and Goodwin until five o'clock. On Monday morning he was duly called at eight to visit St. Paul's Cathedral before starting on a coaching-trip at eleven to Virginia Water, whence he returned in time to dine with McIntosh and visit the Lyceum Theatre. After which, he took supper with Irving at the Garrick Club, and then visited Leslie at his rooms, getting to bed toward six o'clock on Tuesday morning. At eight A. M., Hopper, in a comatose condition, was dressed by his friends and placed on top of the St. Albans coach, where he revived in time for luncheon. He returned to London in time to visit the Empire Theatre, thereafter supping with Fred Leslie and other members of the Green-Room Club, and getting to bed by four o'clock. He was dragged out of bed at nine A. M., and taken to the Tower of London, saw Mrs. Langtry's matinee performance at the Criterion in the afternoon, dined with Ed Sothorn in the evening, attended a big anniversary performance at the Pavilion, and then, with a score of others, had supper with Richard Harding Davis, in his chambers in the historic Albany. The supper lasted until five o'clock Thursday morning, and so Hopper had plenty of time to sleep before doing the British Museum and the Royal Academy before luncheon. He attended the Actors' Fund benefit in the afternoon and went to Toole's Theatre to see "Walker, London," in the evening, supping with Toole afterward and getting to bed at the early hour of four. Buffalo Bill had arranged a day at the Wild West Show for Hopper on Friday, so that he was only able to go through the Bank of England before getting out to the camp, where luncheon was served at one. Hopper dined in camp after the performance with several other celebrities and then visited Irene Kiralfy's "Venice in London" at the Olympia. Returned to supper with Burr McIntosh at the Hotel Victoria, and got to bed before three o'clock in order to be up early this morning to take the coach for Brighton. This evening he saw Oscar Wilde's play at the St. James's Theatre, and afterward supped at the Green-Room Club with Cecil Clay, getting to bed after daylight. To-morrow morning, Hopper will be compelled to get up at eight in order to take a train at ten o'clock for Maidenhead, where Nat Goodwin has chartered a steam-launch for a day on the Thames. Among Hopper's engagements for next week is one to play in a game of base-ball in a team of American actors against a team of American cowboys in the arena of the Wild West Show. The actors who will play are captained by Burr McIntosh, and include, besides Hopper, James Powers, Ned Cleary, Ed, and Sam Sothorn, David Longworth, Howard Kyle, and Nat Goodwin."

Mascagni has now reached that degree of importance where the leading singers in his new opera come to his place of residence, Leghorn, to rehearse under his immediate direction.

A bright, blooming complexion comes of the good blood made by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

John Habberton says there were not twenty canoeists in the country when he began to paddle a canoe, twenty years ago. Now there are twenty thousand of them.

For a disordered Liver try BEECHAN'S PILLS.

— SILVER-PLATED PHOTO-FRAMES AND OTHER novelties at remarkably low prices. Leo. Zander & Co., 116 Sutter Street.

## USE ONLY

MURRAY &amp; LANMAN'S



REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

Summer Announcement

A. L. BOWHAY

-:- Ladies' Tailor -:-

Will reduce prices during the months of July and August to make room for his new fall goods.

504 SUTTER ST.

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. HARRISON REMOVES

Superfluous Hair

By the Electric Needle.

GUARANTEED PERMANENT.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary Street, San Francisco.

New Summer Resort.

LAKESIDE FARM

LAKE TAHOE, CAL.

(Formerly "State Line House.")

The pleasantest location on the Lake shore. Magnificent pine forest, grassy meadows, fine drives and walks, best fishing grounds, hunting and boating. Telephone and daily mail. Best camping spot at the Lake. Good pasturage for stock. Number of guests limited. Good fare and reasonable prices. Address the undersigned at Bijon P. O., Lake Tahoe, or A. M. Hill, 29 New Montgomery St., S. F.

E. B. SMITH,  
(Formerly of "Nook Farm," Napa Co., Cal.)

ONE MINUTE  
PANCAKE MEAL  
JUST THE THING FOR  
CAMPERS

There is nothing mysterious about the Wanamaker system. Three principles underlie the business—al liberal, all vital:

Liberal dealing.  
Liberal advertising.  
I count truth-telling with liberal dealing—nothing can be more illiberal than lying.

No odds what the size of a business may be, our experience has proved that generous advertising will bring a crop of sales as surely as generous culture will bring a crop of grain. There is no guess-work about it. There is just one condition—the advertised thing must be worth the attention of buyers.—M. M. Gilliam, Advertising Manager for John Wanamaker.

## Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1-10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

GEORGE TOURNVY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-fifth (5 1/5) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-third (4 1/3) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

JAMES A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY,  
Corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Emma Durbrow, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Durbrow, to Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee.

The monthly party at the Pacific Yacht Club, in Sausalito, will take place this (Saturday) evening.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall and Miss Goodall, of Oakland, while in San Rafael on the evening of the Fourth, gave a most enjoyable coaching-party to a number of friends. They started from the hotel about nine o'clock for a drive through the valley and returned at midnight, when a delicious supper was served. The party comprised: Captain and Mrs. Edwin Goodall, Miss Goodall, Misses Knowles, Miss Owen, Misses Tompkins, Miss Coxhead, Mr. H. H. Haight, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. Charles Bates, Mr. Fred Howard, Mr. James Archibald, and Mr. Whitney Herr.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. Francis Francis, who will be remembered by many as having come to this city, with Sir Thomas Hesketh, the yacht *Lancaster* *Wife* some years ago, is again in California. He was in the Yosemite Valley last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Janin are enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mr. N. K. Masten and the Misses Masten are passing the season near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. B. F. Norris and Miss Ida L. Carleton are enjoying a visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family will remain in the vicinity of Mount Shasta during this month.

Mr. Albert E. Castle was at Santa Cruz during the national holidays.

Mr. Ellis Wooster has left Blythevale to pass several weeks at Larkspur Inn.

Miss Mamie Burling is passing the summer at Santa Cruz. Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague have returned from the East, and are at Blythevale.

Mr. George Woodrich and Mr. George Hamner have returned from a two weeks' outing in Sonoma County.

General W. H. Dimond, the Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond, and Miss Mamie Holbrook have returned to Menlo Park after passing the holidays in San Rafael.

Mrs. N. Dillon, the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon, and Mr. Thomas L. Dillon are passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. George Page have returned to San Rafael after a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant will pass the next three weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd have been entertaining Miss Ethel Smith at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank will leave their villa at St. Helena on Monday to pass the season at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., are at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will be at Monterey all of this month.

Mr. D. O. Mills arrived from New York early in the week and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Belden and family will pass the remainder of the season at Monterey.

Mr. H. Selby and Miss Selby are passing the summer in their Menlo Park villa.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin Tubbs will go to Monterey next Monday to pass the remainder of the month there.

Mr. Albert L. Stetson returned from Santa Cruz last Tuesday. He made the trip there on the *Larkspur*.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Cunningham are expected to return from Alaska to-day, and will go to Monterey for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and Miss Ethel Martel are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hayes Hammond, Miss Bettie Hammond, and Miss Helen Wheeler passed the recent holidays at Monterey.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman have returned to Oakland after a pleasant visit to San Rafael.

Mr. Frank L. Unger leaves July 9th for New York city.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele is visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, *né* Pullman, arrived from the East last Monday, and went at once to their new home, Boyd Lodge, in San Rafael, where they will remain several months.

Mr. Louis Hirsch went to Santa Cruz on the yacht *Chipsa*, with Commodore Gutte, and remained there until Tuesday.

Mrs. E. B. Jerome and daughter are rusticiating in the Santa Cruz Mountains.

Miss Stella Hayes is passing the summer in Mill Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Miss Helen Wagner, and Miss Blethen passed the holidays in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John H. Dickinson and Miss Shipman, who have been visiting friends in Cisco during the past week, will return to Sausalito to-day.

Mrs. William McDonald and Miss Hilda McDonald are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alexander McCollum in Mendocino.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence are passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. E. B. Pond and Miss McNeil have been visiting the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. Morgan Hill passed the Fourth at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson have been in the vicinity of Mount Shasta during the past fortnight.

Mr. William H. Kruse went to Santa Cruz with Mr. A. B.

Spreckels on the *Larkspur*, and remained there during the holidays.

Mr. Robert McMillan and the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan have gone to Larkspur Inn for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Delia Mills are passing several weeks at Santa Cruz.

Miss Nellie Hillier is passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Spreckels, who are now in Paris, will leave soon to visit Norway, Sweden, and Russia, and will then go to Italy.

Mrs. O. V. Walker and Miss Helen Walker passed the holidays in San Rafael.

Miss Marie Dillon, Miss Ada Sullivan, and Miss Arcadia Spence have returned from a fortnight's visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss L. S. Adams, Miss Adams, and Miss Fitch have been at Monterey during the past week.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe has been enjoying a visit to Miss Maud Morrow in San Rafael.

Mrs. Ira Pierce and Miss Pierce will go to Monterey on Monday to remain there until August.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile are occupying the residence of Mr. E. W. Hopkins in Menlo Park.

The Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upson, of Sacramento, will pass the next three or four weeks at Monterey and Pacific Grove.

Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Flavin are visiting in New York city, but will soon go to Chicago to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. B. Gunn will be at Monterey during the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel Easton will go to Japan in August and will be away about three months.

Dr. and Mrs. J. A. W. Lundborg passed the holidays in San Jose.

Mr. D. W. Hitchcock has returned from a visit to Portland, Or.

Mrs. Luke Robinson and family, accompanied by Miss Romie Wallace and Miss Grace Thorne, are passing a few weeks at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. C. T. Mills has returned to Oakland after an enjoyable visit at the Hotel del Coronado.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young returned from their Eastern trip last Monday.

Mrs. Fulton G. Berry and Miss Maude Berry are passing several weeks in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Emeric and Miss Lorena Barbier have returned from Lake Tahoe and Webber Lake, after an absence of two weeks.

Mr. Benjamin Arnold returned last Tuesday from Santa Cruz where he passed the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, have returned from their Alaskan trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. MacGregor, Miss Helen MacGregor, Miss Stella, E. W. H. Walker, Miss Ruth Benjamin, Miss Ives, and Miss R. Palmer have arrived in Paris.

Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss Georgie Truman are passing the summer months at Waukesha, a short distance from Milwaukee.

Miss Lillabel Crane has returned to the city after a pleasant visit to friends in Santa Cruz for two months.

Mrs. E. F. Porter, the Misses May and Sadie Porter, and Mrs. E. F. E. are now in Paris after a delightful trip through Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge left for Honolulu last Wednesday and will be away six weeks.

Mr. Charles Meinecke has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker have returned from their visit at Seattle.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement Bennett are passing the season in their cottage at San Rafael.

Mr. Donald de S. Graham leaves for the East this week, to be away a couple of months.

Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknell returned to the city last Wednesday after a most enjoyable visit to relatives in Oakville, Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman passed the holidays at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mrs. Emma and Mr. J. E. Hanlon have been in San Rafael during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herold, Jr., were at the Napa Soda Springs during the holidays.

Mrs. A. G. Hawes has returned from a visit to her daughter in Honolulu.

Mr. Benjamin Wooster has gone to China, taking the trip for the benefit of his health.

Mr. George Huntsman and the Misses Huntsman have returned to the city after passing the season in San Rafael.

Miss Susie Russell is visiting Miss Ella Goad near Mount Shasta.

Miss Mary L. McNutt is paying a visit to Pescadero.

Mr. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are making a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Scholle will remain at Monterey during July.

Mr. W. H. Keith, Jr., of this city, who is studying music in Paris, recently met with an accident from which he was fortunate to escape with his life. He was knocked down by a runaway cab-horse one evening. The shaft of the vehicle struck him, merrily grazing him, however, but the horse came down full force upon Mr. Keith's right foot, crushing the toes. The prospect of permanent lameness is not a pleasant one to contemplate, yet that is now staring the ambitious young Californian in the face; a grand opera singer can not go limping around the stage, and the fate of Mr. Keith's musical career is now bound up in his foot. His many friends are anxiously awaiting to hear that he is able to walk again.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels are visiting Paris.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan and their five children left New York a week ago on the steamer *La Gasconne* for France.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have returned from Europe and are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. James Freeborn is at the Windsor Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are in Paris. Miss Archibald, of Oakland, passed the Fourth at Larkspur Inn as the guest of Mrs. Henry Wadsworth.

Mr. James J. Archibald has returned to the city after passing two weeks pleasantly in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels departed on the steamer *Australia* last Wednesday to pass several weeks at Honolulu.

Major Frank A. Vail returned last Friday from a pleasant trip to Los Angeles.

Mr. Duncan Hayne, who has been spending a month in Santa Barbara, returned to town early in the week.

Judge Walter B. Cope, of Santa Barbara, is in town for a few days.

General and Mrs. W. H. Brown, Major George Burdick, Major Charles T. Stanley, Mr. George S. Mearns, and Dr. Frank H. Fisher were entertained during the holidays by General John H. Dickinson at Craig Hazel, in Sausalito.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury and Miss Pillsbury were at the Windsor Hotel in New York city during the past week.

Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan, who have been passing the season at their villa in Menlo Park, will leave on July 16th for a two weeks' visit near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Alexander Forbes and Miss Forbes are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. Alexander C. Smith and the Misses Smith left New York a week ago for Hamburg.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker is in Paris.

Mr. John N. Featherston will leave on July 16th to pass a couple of weeks in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Cowles are at the Hotel Normandie in Paris.

Mrs. E. E. Caswell, of this city, left for Europe on the *Furst Bismarck* on June 30th. She will visit Dresden, Berlin, Munich, and Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Moore, Miss Moore, and Mr. A. A. Moore, Jr., of Oakland, left on the steamer *Australia* last Wednesday to visit the Hawaiian Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Glascock departed for Honolulu on the steamer *Australia* last Wednesday.

Miss Virginia Calhoun, of San Jose, left last Wednesday on a months' trip to Honolulu.

Colonel William H. Chamberlain has returned from a visit to San Diego and other resorts in Southern California.

Mr. W. H. Aldrich and Miss Helen Aldrich left on the steamer *Australia* last Wednesday for Honolulu.

Mrs. Jennison C. Hall has recovered from her recent illness and has gone to Santa Cruz where she has a cottage for the season. Her sisters, Misses Jessie and Carrie Wiggins, will pass the season with her.

Mrs. C. W. Lasell has returned from San Rafael and is

staying at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Lasell will arrive here from the East on Sunday.

Mrs. O. F. Willey will leave Sausalito to-day to pass a few weeks in Auburn.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wiggins have returned from their excursion to the Lakes.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Announcement is made of the engagement of Lieutenant Sidney S. Jordan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., to Miss Diana M. O'Connell, daughter of the late Lieutenant Colonel Herbert Pelham Curtis, U. S. A.

General and Mrs. A. D. McCook, U. S. A., and Mrs. E. F. Noble and Miss Helen Noble, of Los Angeles, have been in the Yosemite Valley during the past week.

The address of General A. Y. Kautz, U. S. A. (retired), while abroad, will be care of Drexel, Harjes & Co., 38 Boulevard Haussmann, Paris, France.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, surgeon, U. S. A., has been appointed Medical Director of the Department of California.

Lieutenant Frederick H. Lefavor, U. S. N., will leave the Mare Island Navy Yard, on July 26th, for Yokohama to join the *Monocacy* as navigating officer of that vessel. His wife will remain at the Mare Island navy-yard for a couple of months and then join her husband at the Asiatic station.

Captain E. L. Zalinski, U. S. A., has left the Arkansas Hot Springs, and is at Averill Park, N. Y.

Captain J. J. O'Connell, First Infantry, U. S. A., and his son, Cadet J. J. O'Connell, who was graduated from West Point last month, left for Europe on June 25th, on the steamer *Alaska*. They will visit the principal military establishments in England, France, and Germany. Miss O'Connell has entered the New York School of Dramatic Art as a special pupil of Nelson Wheatcroft, the well-known actor.

Assistant Paymaster J. Q. Lovell, U. S. N., is on duty on the *Portsmouth*, which is at Newport, R. I.

Lieutenant and Mrs. John D. Miley, U. S. A., *née* Mordecai, are en route here from the East.

Lieutenant W. R. Hamilton, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been writing a series of articles on our military schools in *Outing*.

Captain Louis Kempf, U. S. N., has removed to 269 Durant Street, Oakland.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., will return from New York this month with a number of recruits.

Lieutenant C. A. Foster, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Monocacy* and ordered to proceed home. He has also been granted three months leave of absence.

Lieutenant J. H. Pendleton, U. S. M. C., arrived in Sitka, Alaska, on June 11th, and is now in command of the marine barracks at that place. Mrs. Pendleton and her daughter, Miss Helen, are with him.

Dr. Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N., has been detached from the naval hospital at Mare Island and ordered to proceed East.

Lieutenant Oliver E. Wood, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a three weeks' leave of absence.

The *Army and Navy Register*, Washington, D. C., has just published by authority of the War Department the new manual of guard duty for the United States Army and the National Guard. Many changes have been made, some very radical and many important ones. The object in publishing the work in pamphlet form is to have a practical test made this summer in the camps of the National Guard, after which comments and criticisms are desired by the War Department.

Charles Keene, the *Punch* artist, never married. He left some forty thousands pounds, all made out of his pictures. He seems to have had a fancy for practical jokes. One of them was to take pieces of bread and paint them to represent slices of plum cake, and place them at intervals along a low wall, and watch the effect upon the children. He was once employed on the *Illustrated London News*, which work, however, does not seem to have been much to his taste. He did not like to be sent to draw a public dinner or a ball. He used to tell a story of a society reporter who was noting down the names and titles of the company at the ball, and addressed Keene, who was drawing in the vestibule: "Delightful party, ain't it?" said the gentleman to Keene, finding no one else to talk to. "I always liked her ladyship," he added, with a self-complacent smile. "You see, one meets such charming people," he kindly explained, as he jotted down a duchess.

Ambrose Thomas, the famous composer, is said to be contemplating retirement from the directorship of the Paris Conservatoire, the most important musical appointment in France. M. Thomas is in a very critical state of health, his illness being much complicated by his advanced age.

An eager public is not to be thrilled with the perusal of the book which Deeming wrote while in prison awaiting hanging. The authorities have decided that all his writings while in jail, including his letters to the press, shall be destroyed.

## Fashions in Stationery.

The fine gradations of grief as shown in the signs of mourning among civilized people may seem almost foolish and heartless, but a failure to observe them betrays a certain carelessness that puts one without the pale of those who are in fashion's thrall. Mourning in dress is governed by laws that every one knows, but in correspondence, where changes are being made constantly, one can rely only on the stationers of the *elite*.

That is why those who have suffered bereavement are so universally trusting to Sanborn, Vail & Co. for their new stationery. This well-known firm has been accepted by the leaders of San Francisco society as arbiters of "the correct form" in all manner of materials for correspondence; and when bereavement in the family brings up a new condition of affairs, our social magnates have relied upon the well-known taste and knowledge of this leading firm to provide them with just the proper depth of black border on their paper and envelopes. That the material of the paper shall be correct the buyer may be sure, for in this, as in all matters pertaining to polite correspondence, the good taste of Sanborn, Vail & Co. is infallible.

A word, too, should be said for the copper-plate work now being done by Sanborn, Vail & Co. in their big establishment on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. It is most beautifully designed, and the engraving and printing are artistic enough to suit the most critical. Those contemplating having cards, invitations, etc., engraved for the coming social season, should bear in mind that nowhere else can it be done as well in all respects as at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store.

## HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally On Fire with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



## CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy cure, and economical care, and not to use them, is to fall in your

duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

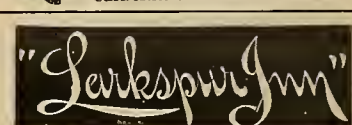
425 "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



## PAINS AND WEAKNESSES

Relieved in one minute by that new, elegant, and infallible Antidote to Pain, Inflammation, and Weakness, the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. 25 cents.



Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air, and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commuters" \$5 per month; Ladies and Children, \$3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

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## OLD FAVORITES.

## The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire.

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,  
The ringers ran by two, by three;  
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;  
"Good ringers, pull your best," quoth he.  
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Eastern bells!  
"Play all your changes, all your swells,  
"Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"  
Men say it was a stolen tide—  
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;  
But in myne ears doth still abide  
The message that the bells let fall:  
And there was naught of strange, beside  
The flight of mews and peewits wild  
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,  
My thread break off, I raised myne eyes;  
The level sun, like ruddy ore,  
Lay sinking in the barren skies;  
And dark against day's golden death  
She moved where Lindis wandereth,  
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews were falling,  
Farre away I heard her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;  
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,  
Floweth, floweth.

From the meads where melick groweth  
Faintly came her milking song—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
For the dews will soon be falling;  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowlslips, cowlslips yellow;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot;  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;

Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,  
Come uppe, Jetty, rise and follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."—*Jean Ingelow.*

If it be long—aye, long ago—  
When I beginne to think howe long,  
Again I hear the Lindis flow,  
Swift as an arrow, sharpe and strong;  
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,  
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),  
That ring the tune of "Enderby."

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,  
And not a shadowe mote be seen;  
Save where, full fyve good miles away,  
The steeple towered from out the greene  
And lo! the great bell farre and wide  
Was heard in all the country-side  
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds, where their sedges are,  
Moved on in sunset's golden breath;  
The shepherde lads I heard farre,  
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;  
Till, floating o'er the grassy sea,  
Came downe that kindly message free,  
"The Brides of Enderby."

Then some looked uppe in the sky,  
And all along where Lindis flows  
To where the goodly vessels lie,  
And where the lordly steppes shows.  
They sayde, "And why should this thing be,  
What danger lowers by land or sea?  
They ring the tune of "Enderby."

"For evil news from Mablethorpe,  
Of pyrate galleys, warping downe—  
For shippes ashore beyond the scope,  
They have not spared to wake the towne;  
But while the west bin red to see,  
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,  
Why ring "The Brides of Enderby?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne  
Came riding downe with might and main;  
He raised a shout as he drew on,  
Till all the welkin rang again:  
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!  
"A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

The olde sea-wall (he cryed) is downe!  
The rising tide comes on apace;  
And boats adrift in yonder towne  
Go sailing uppe the market-place."  
He shook as one that looks on death:  
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith!  
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds her way,  
With her two bairns I marked her long,  
And ere yon bells beganne to play  
After I heard her milking song."  
He looked across the grassy lea,  
To right, to left, "Ho, Enderby!"  
They rang "The Brides of Enderby!"

With that he cried and beat his breast;  
For, lo! along the river's bed  
A mighty eygre reared his crest,  
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.  
It swept with thunderous noises loud,  
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud  
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed  
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine,  
Then madly at the eygre's breast  
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.  
Then bankes came down with ruin and rout,  
Then beaten foam flew round about,  
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,  
The heart had hardly time to beat,  
Before a shallow, seething wave  
Sobbed in the grasses at our feet;  
The feet had hardly time to flee  
Before it brake against the knee,  
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roof we sate that night,  
The noise of bells went sweeping by;  
I marked the lofty beacon light  
Stream from the church tower, red and high;  
A lurid mark and dread to see;  
And awesome bells they were to mee,  
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide  
From roafe to roafe who fearless rowed;  
And I—my sonne was at my side,  
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed;  
And yet he meaned beneath his breath,  
"Oh come in life, or come in death,  
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?  
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare;  
The waters laid thee at his doore,  
Ere yet the early dawn was clear,  
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,  
The lifted sun shone on thy face,  
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,  
That ebbe swept out the rocks to sea;  
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!

To manye more than myne and mee;  
But each will mourn his own (she saith),  
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath  
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more  
By the reedy Lindis shore,  
"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,  
Ere the early dews be falling;

I shall never hear her song,  
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along  
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,  
Goeth, floweth,  
From the meads where melick groweth,  
When the water, winding down,  
Onward floweth to the towne.  
I shall never see her more  
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,  
Shiver, quiver;  
Stand beside the sobbing river,  
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling  
To the sandy, lone some shore;  
I shall never hear her calling,  
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow;  
Quit your cowlslips, cowlslips yellow;  
Come uppe, Whitefoot, come uppe, Lightfoot,  
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow;  
Come uppe, Lightfoot, rise and follow,  
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,  
From your clovers lift the head;  
Come uppe, Jetty, follow, follow,  
Jetty, to the milking-shed."—*Jean Ingelow.*

## ENAMELING THE BATH-TUB.

## And How the Stout Gentleman Enamelled Himself.

Previously to Loosha's assumption of the reins of management at No. 999 Middleclass Flats, our present domestic treasure occupied the position of house-and-parlor-maid at Billit's. Billit's is a lodging-house of the most approved respectability, situated in the classic neighborhood of the British Museum. At Billit's gentlemen are "taken in" by the month or quarter, "found" and "done for"; and in this orbit Loosha revolved with sharp and winking brilliancy for the space of seven years. Loosha's trenchant manner was formed during this régime; her eye acquired its gimlet-like properties; her bosom developed its adamantine qualities of resistance to wheedlenents or "come-overs" on the part of the opposite sex.

Loosha had things pretty much her own way at Billit's; Mrs. Billit—who loved Loosha as her own—being content to sit in her little parlor, like a lady, and "make up her slates" (at which arithmetical exercise she was, to quote Loosha, "a oner") while Loosha rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm. Lodgers of all shades and patterns frequented Billit's. Commercial gentlemen, independent ditto, military, naval, legal, and clerical, all passed under Loosha's eye in regular rotation. That terrible organ plumbed, measured, weighed, dissected, and classified them; while upon the tablets of Loosha's memory were engraven their characteristics, weaknesses, failings, and idiosyncrasies. The experiences collected by Loosha during her seven years at Billit's would make a good-sized volume. Some of these experiences are weird and gruesome, others laughable or absurd.

As in the case of That Stout Party in the third-front. His "nearness" as regarded the expenditure of currency, proved, as Loosha says, his fall. He was a miserly old 'unks, she says, or he would never have tried to paint the inside of his bath with Elphinstone's Elephant Enamel instead of sending it to the japper's to be properly done up. And what happened was a judgment on him and his ways. For the very next morning as ever was, after Loosha had deposited at his door the two large-sized cans of boiling water—for which That Stout Party "ad a right to 'a paid extra, or, at least, remembered the girl who regularly put out her scollop-bone in carrying of 'em up"—the repeated plungings of some heavy body on the third floor caused the house of Billit to tremble, while, at the same time, That Stout Party's bed-chamber bell tintinnabulated violently. Loosha responded to the summons.

"'E opened the door to my knock," she relates, "in 'is dressin'-gown, as were a Rob Roarer plaid, tied round where 'is waist ought to 'a been with a bell-pull and tassel. My 'art turned right over when I clapped my eye on 'is face, it was that gashly white. 'My, oh, gracious, sir! I says; 'ain't you well?' I says. 'Is answer was a sickly sort o' smile; an', lo and be'old you, in that identical moment 'e cracks all over 'is features like a whitewashed ceilin' when a carpet-dance is goin' on over 'ed. I'd a' screeched, but for an idea that rushed over me; an' 'astily pushin' That Stout Party to one side, I rushes into 'is room. There stands the bath, as 'e'd just got out of, steamin' in the middle of it, and white soup was not the word for the water, nor 'orrid strong enough to call the smell of it. 'Wot can be the matter?' says That Stout Party intercently; 'I feel exceed'n'ly strange, Loosha.' 'Which singularly would be strange if you didn't!' I sharps back on 'im, 'considerin' you're a livin' mask of Elphinstone's Elephant Enamel, an' if allowed to set, will last a life-time, as the labels say; so I should advise you, I says, 'to get yourself seraped without delay.' At that 'e 'owls out 'orrid, an' plunges at the bell, an' I goes down an' fetches Mr. Billit an' Edward, the boot-boy, promp' measures bein' indispen-sational, an' between 'em they got 'im out of 'is shell. 'E didn't stop long at Billit's after that, because of the story leakin' out, an' the other lodgers givin' 'im the nickname of 'Old Crusted,' besides sendin' 'im a circ'lar from the enamel comp'ny askin' 'im to forward 'is photograph before an' after use for an advertisement, and kindly oblige."

"Human nature is human nature," as Loosha's mother, Mrs. Hemmans, is wont to say, "and men but men, call 'em what you may"; and, following this example of maternal tolerance, Loosha glides lightly over certain episodes in her life at Billit's, when lodgers returned home in the small hours under the influence of ardent spirits, or, as Loosha puts it,

"a bit 'appy." When such a one proved incapable of controlling his language or his boots within the proper limits, Loosha's services were enlisted for the dual purpose of pacifying the backslider and getting him upstairs. Loosha's ready presence of mind and high-strung spirit would be invaluable, one can understand, in moments of emergency. There is no human doubt that but for her, Captain Clatterpen (Loosha's short for Clutterbuck, which really is his name) would not at this present moment be—a doring the bereth of life." Captain Clatterpen had regularly for years laid into Billit's Dock, when ashore, for the needful overhauling. The captain was grizzled, thick-set, elderly, a staunch Presbyterian, and an admirable seaman. He had but one failing, and advertised it by the fine and penetrating odor of rum which continually enlivened his atmosphere. Somewhere about the small hours of the morning, a shuffling sound would be heard upon the doorstep of Billit's, a puff of Old Jamaica through the letter-slip would succeed an aimless period of fumbling with the latch-key, and the inmates of Billit's would be startled from their slumbers by a nautical bellow: "'Of 'Ship a-hoi!'!" says Loosha. "'Like the fog-'orn of a penny steamboat it sounded, and 'Old your noise, Capt'n Clatterpen, do!' Mrs. Billit 'ud say, lettin' down the chain. Then in 'e'd tumble as 'appy as you please. There was only one way o' gettin' 'im upstairs, and that I called the candle-charm. It was done by 'oldin' the candle very near 'is face till 'is eyes began to water an' 'is whiskers smell like singin', an' then doring of it a little ways back, when 'e'd stagger arter it like a pessimized subjee'. One night, when 'e was as bad as ever I remember to 'a seen 'im, I lured 'im upstairs in this way, till I got 'im to the top landin', where his bedroom was, close to the iron ladder that run up to the fire-escape trap in the roof. I got 'im into 'is arm-cher, took off 'is collar, an' raked out the fire, collared 'is matches, give 'im a soothin' shake, an' left 'im. Then I goes down to set Mrs. Billit's 'art at rest before goin' to bed myself, as slep' on the same top-landin' with that old peach. Up I comes again in ten minutes' time. Lo and be'old you, wot does I see but 'is door wide open, and, singularly, the roof-trap, with the stars blinkin' through. Next minute I 'ears the capt'n's heavy foot-marks jouncin' on the leads over'ed. Up the ladder I 'ops, and puts out my 'ed. Though I knowed 'e was there it give me a turn to see 'im staggerin' up an' down amongst the chimbley pots. Before I could breathe my lips, 'e turns an' sees me. 'A 'oyl!' sezee. 'Ow's the wind, bosum?' 'Blowin' round the corner!' says I, knowin' 'e must be humored. At that 'e gives a lurch as nearly carried 'im over the parapet. 'Lay 'er 'ed to it, sezee; 'an' d'jee! Fetch me my night-glass from the cabin.' Which you've 'ad one too many at this identical moment, thinks I; but I says to 'im coaxin'ly, 'Go on! Wot comfort is there in 'avin' it up 'ere? Come down an' mix for yourself, Capt'n.' 'Wot do you mean, you son of a seed-cake?' sezee in a tearin' rage. 'Do you think I'm goin' to send my ship an' crew an' cargo to Davy Joseph's locket?' sezee, 'by stoppin' under 'atches on a dirty night like this?' 'Dirty or not,' says I, 'you won't clean it by stoppin' up 'ere amongst the blacks!' 'Shiver my tops, sezee, 'if I ever 'eard such mut'nus langwidge in the 'ole course of my 'experience. I'll stop 'your grog, you ———' (and to repeat 'is language would be to demean myself); 'I'll put you in irons, or my name ain't Joshua Clatterpen.' 'Come an' do it!' says I, tauntin' 'im, an' poppin' down the ladder again. Breathin' fire and slaughter, 'e sets down on the edge of the trap-'ole, drops 'is legs through, an' begins to come down the ladder. 'A ned wind an' a nevy sea,' 'e growls; 'ow she pitches, the cussed old 'ulk! 'ow she rolls I dom 'er old dead-lights! Which shows the sort of female 'is mind was running on. 'E cracks I jumps sky-'igh, for 'e misses 'is footin' an' come down on the landin' with a crash an' 'bellow that brought all the lodgers out of their beds, as pale as ashes, thinkin' it's the Last Trunk. The shoek sobered Capt'n Clatterpen, for 'e picked 'isself up, nip, an' went off to bed as mild as milk. Though stiff in the joints next day, which is nothin' to what h'd 'a been if he hadn't fell into the house instead of off it, as 'e would a done but for me. An' I always have said, an' ever shall, Loosha is wont to wind up, 'if it was with my passin' breath, that a garden angel couldn't a done more for a man than I did for Capt'n Clatterpen that identical night."—*St. James's Gazette.*

Safe and sure to regulate the bowels—Ayer's Cathartic Pills never fail to give satisfaction. Recommended by eminent physicians.

She (on her bridal tour)—"Oh, Dan, I'm so unhappy." Dan—"Why, what is the matter, darling?" She—"If I am as much to you as you say, you can't be sorry your first wife died, and that nakes you too brutal for me to love."—*Life.*

Preparing for the fray: '93—"What are you going to wear at your class dinner?" '92—"My foot-ball clothes."—*Puck.*

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, faces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies

—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the  
preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s

## Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure  
and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

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**16,600 fr.**  
**SIX GOLD MEDALS**  
at  
Vienna,  
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**QUINA-LAROCHE**  
AN INVIGORATING TONIC.  
Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan Wine.  
For General Debility, Poorness of the Blood, Fever & Ague,  
22 rue Brochant, Paris.  
**E. Fougere & Co.,**  
30 N. William Street, New York.

Naming new goods, pointing out novelties, foreshadowing fashions, telling of improved housekeeping helps and conveniences are what give strength to store talk. It is often good advertising to hold up an insignificant thing. The money spent on one item may be out of all proportion to the value of that particular stock. But the good to your business doesn't stop with that stock. As a matter of fact it is usually of secondary importance what peg of fact you hang your talk on.

If what you say illustrates a store principle; if it dents the reader's mind with the idea that the merchant behind it is liberal, broad-minded, enterprising, the advertisement is worth many times its cost. Perhaps the most effective advertising is that which ties a deep business thought to a simple thing. If it is done neatly and naturally, a germ will be planted by it in every reader's mind that will grow to your gain.—*M. M. Gilliam, Advertising Manager for John Wana-maker.*

## BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

THE PERFECTION  
OF CHEWING GUM.

A DELICIOUS

REMEDY

FOR ALL FORMS OF

INDIGESTION.

13 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin  
mailed on receipt of 25c.

CAUTION—See that the name  
Beeman is on each wrapper.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to  
digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from  
dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 23 Davis St., S. F., Cal.

ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW  
YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.

\$12 Buys a \$45.00 Improved Oxford Saver  
Sewing Machine! perfect working, reliable,  
finely finished, adapted to light and heavy  
work with a complete set of the latest improved  
attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for  
years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers  
and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

During war times, some one had sought Governor Curtin's advice about buying a good roadster (says the Philadelphia Press), and he recommended the would-be purchaser to Dr. Rutherford, of Harrisburg, who said: "Do you want a first-class animal? Well, you can not go amiss in buying any horse you see within a radius of forty miles of Harrisburg, for all the bad horses have been bought up and turned over to the government for the use of the army."

An old Highlander, rather fond of his glass, was ordered by his doctor, during a temporary ailment, not to take more than one ounce of spirits in the day. The old man was a little dubious about the amount, and asked his boy, who was attending school, how much an ounce was. "An ounce—sixteen drams, one ounce," "Sixteen drams!" exclaimed the delighted Highlander; "gaw! no' so bad. Run and tell Tont Mactavish and Big Duncan to come doon the night."

Pope Pius the Ninth once granted an audience to a French lady of high station, who threw herself at his feet, and devoutly thanked him for the restoration of her health. "But how have I done it?" inquired the Pope. "I procured a stocking that belonged to Your Holiness," she replied. "One of my stockings?" "Yes; I put the talisman on my diseased foot, and it has been completely cured." "Madame," replied the Pope, a little maliciously, "fortune has been very kind to you. You need only put on one of my stockings, and your foot is healed, while I put on both my stockings every morning, and I am hardly walk."

"You can not always tell what a thing is by the name it bears," said Mr. Depew to a New York reporter the other day. "Some years ago, I met an Englishman in London, and our conversation soon touched upon investments in American securities. The Englishman informed me that until a short time before, he had several thousand pounds invested in New York Central and Lake Shore securities. 'But I took my money out of those properties,' said he, 'and reinvested it in an American railway that I think will pay much better.' 'May I ask what the new investment is,' said I. 'Certainly,' replied my London acquaintance. 'I got hold of a prospectus of the New York, Boston, and Montreal Railway, and I made up my mind that a railway running between the three principal cities in America was about the best paying thing that you could have.' That railroad," continued Mr. Depew, "is now known as the New York and Northern. It has not yet started from New York, and it has not reached either Boston or Montreal as yet."

"You know how lean Ingalls is," said a Kansas politician to a New York Press reporter. "Well, down in Atchison there is a doctor who is a great friend of the senator. The doctor had been greatly annoyed by a newsboy who would come into his office very unceremoniously and pester him by trying to sell papers. One day, when Ingalls was in the office, the boy was heard coming up the stairs, and the doctor decided to put up a job on him. He rushed out an articulated skeleton, placed it in a chair by the desk, and then the two men withdrew to the back room. In rushed the boy, and, without noticing what was at the desk, came directly up to the skeleton. When he looked up and saw it grinning at him, he was nearly scared into convulsions, and bolted for the door, yelling bloody murder. The joke tickled the doctor, but Ingalls's conscience pricked him, and, going to the window, he looked out at the boy who was standing below, crying. 'Come upstairs, my boy,' he said, 'I'll buy one of your papers.' But the boy began to yell harder than ever, and between his sobs he managed to blubber out: 'Ob, you can't fool me, even if you have put your clothes on.'"

The author of "The American Siberia" tells the following story of a one-armed convict in the South, whose duty it was to couple cars on the railroad: "One evening, he was standing on the end of the first flat-car, pin in hand, ready to make a coupling when the engine should approach closely enough. He was holding some oranges, and his attention was somewhat divided between his duty and the safety of his fruit. The engine was not backing in, but coming pilot first, and when the coupling-bar struck the socket, the shock threw the man off his feet. He

fell between the two, and before the engine could be stopped, it struck him, doubled him together, and ran over his body, lifting the truck-wheels quite off the track. There he was, wedged into a ball sustaining the whole enormous weight, and the pilot was canted over him at an angle of forty-five degrees. The captain of the gang supposed the man to be dead, and it was with no hope of saving him that he shouted to the convicts to pry up the engine at once. They ran at the word. Beams were thrust under, the great mass of metal was raised by main force, and the man was pulled out. To the amazement of every one, he stretched himself, felt his limbs and body, slowly regained his feet, and said: "What's my oranges?"

"I was one of a party of eight once held up by a lone highwayman," said P. J. Marlin, a bridge contractor, to a St. Louis reporter; "I was traveling by stage in Montana. The party consisted of two army officers, a speculator, four miners, and myself. The stage had been held up pretty frequently, so we all went fixed for trouble. Every man had a brace of six-shooters, and we were just aching to have the road-agents tackle us; at least, we talked that way. We commented very unfavorably upon men who yielded to the demands of the freebooters without a struggle, and promised them a warm time if they tackled us. One man had little to say. He was the speculator, a red-headed man with a squint. Finally one of the army officers asked him what he would do if the robbers attacked us, and he replied that he did not know. As we swung around a sharp bend in the road, the stage pulled up with a jerk, the driver threw up his hands, and almost before we knew it, we were looking into the barrel of a Winchester. Well, sir, that lone robber marched us out and stood us up in line, with our hands above our heads. Then he threw each man a small sack and made him pull it over his head. We all complied, but one. The red-headed speculator pulled his gun and shot the bandit so full of holes that he died before he could touch the ground. Then he climbed up, knocked the driver off the box, and drove the stage into the next station, with the most crestfallen lot of brigbarts aboard that ever wore guns and neglected to use them."

The following anecdote comes to us from the navy-yard at Mare Island, Cal. It is human nature for people, in a crisis, to imagine themselves as playing the most important rôle. This is well illustrated by an anecdote told by a naval officer of his first experience under fire during the Civil War. He was a midshipman at the time, just out of the academy, and his vessel was engaged in destroying a blockade-runner aground near the entrance of Mobile Bay. Suddenly the harassed enemy woke into animation and returned the fire. A shot from a rifled gun on the beach came hissing through the air, passed over the Union vessel, and buried itself in the water just beyond. "I was stationed on the fore-castle," said the narrator, "and I give you my word, I thought that shot was coming straight for my head, or, at any rate, was going to graze it. My first impulse (an uncontrollable one) was to dodge, which I promptly did; my next was to feel ashamed of myself and to glance carefully around to ascertain whether any one had observed my discomfiture. A consoling sight met my eyes. The captain and first lieutenant, aft on the poop-deck, were just straightening into a more completely upright position, and I overheard the captain remark to his companion, in a tone expressive of some relief: 'By George! that was an awfully close shave, you know. The confounded thing must have passed just over our heads.' While I was trying to reconcile this statement with my own sensations, I heard an Irishman, who occupied a position between the two points, exclaim, in reference to the same missile: 'Begorra, b'yes, I cud have caught it in me hat!'"

## Chills and Fever Cured.

G. W. Messenger, 216 Seneca Street, Buffalo, N. Y. writes: "I was a great sufferer for many years with chills and fever, and tried remedies of all kinds, but found no relief until a friend of mine told me to buy a box of BRADRETH'S PILLS and take them as directed. I used two boxes and believe that I am cured, as I have not been troubled with them for the past year. I cheerfully recommend them to all who suffer."

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## SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

### TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and will further police, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9:00 A. M., 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:10, 1:10, 2:20, 3:55, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M., 5:14 P. M. (Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:15, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.

Excursion Rates. Thirty-day Excursion. Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates. Friday to Monday Excursion. Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tolocoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursion. Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tolocoma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tomales, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)				THROUGH	To San Francisco. (Read up)			
Sundays.		Week Days.			TRAINS.		week Days      Sundays.	
A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.
9.00	8.00	5.00	9.00	San Francisco	8.45	6.15	7.25	8.15
9.40	8.35	5.35	9.35	Sausalito	8.15	5.45	6.50	7.45
10.14	9.10	6.05	10.04	Fairfax	7.36	5.14	6.14	7.02
10.40	9.40	6.34	10.30	San Geronimo	7.10	4.50	5.35	6.32
10.52	9.57	6.48	10.42	Camp Taylor	6.55	4.32	5.15	6.13
11.03	10.09	6.58	10.51	Tolocoma	6.40	4.22	5.02	6.01
11.16	10.31	7.15	11.05	Point Reyes	6.30	4.08	4.45	5.43
11.29	10.40	10.10	11.50	Tomales	5.40	3.25	4.41	
12.17	11.41	12.13		Howards	4.58	2.40	3.54	
12.55	9.10	1.05		Duncan Mills	4.25	2.08	3.15	
1.25	9.34	1.30		Cazadero	4.00	1.45	2.45	
A. M. <th>P. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th> <th>Stations</th> <th>A. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th> <th>P. M.</th>	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.	Stations	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.	P. M.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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Through line sailings—July 15th, SS. San José; July 25th, SS. San Juan; August 5th, SS. City of New York.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama. Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guastama, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—July 18th, SS. Colima. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East India, Straits, etc.

Peru ..... Saturday, July 9, 3 P. M. China (new) ..... Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro ..... Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892. Belgic ..... Tuesday, July 26 Oceanic (via Honolulu) ..... Tuesday, August 16 Gaelic ..... Tuesday, September 6

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. C. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., July 3, 8, 18, 23. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	* 12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	First and second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	9:45 P.
9:00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 8:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, Woodland, and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Niles and San José.	* 6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.	
6:00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
† 7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	† 9:15 A.

### SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

### COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
* 7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	* 8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
† 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	† 2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	Menlo Park, San José, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:30, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Stenopol.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cato, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uval, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.20; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$8.50; to Glen Ellen, \$9.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$7.80; to Guerneville, \$8.50; to Sonoma, \$9; to Glen Ellen, \$12.20.

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TINTS





The story of Carmen was written by a Frenchman, Prosper Mérimée; the opera was written by another Frenchman, George Bizet; the part has been faithfully interpreted by Americans, French women, and German women, but never by a Spanish woman, though it is Spanish all through, from manner to matter. Indeed, there has never been but one Spanish prima donna who could play it—that was Malibran; and she never appeared in the part, chiefly because she died before it was written.

We, in this antipodean region, have seen it splendidly rendered. Emma Juch—a German, and anything but gypsy-like, either in face or figure—was a delightful Carmen. She sang the song "As I do not know myself," deliciously; and all through the piece she intermingled the coquetry of the frail cigarette-maker with the volcanic passion of the Spaniard till the nerves of her auditors tingled. She was ranked by connoisseurs as second to Minnie Hauck.

Poor Emma Abbott was an agreeable Carmen, and Nordica, who never played the part in this city, but thrilled audiences with it in the City of Mexico, Chicago, and New York, was a dream. To depict the fickleness which diverted Carmen's affections from street-lover to brigadier, and from brigadier to toreador, and the fierce flame of passion which bids the blood leap to meet the loved object, as the springs leap to meet the sunshine, she had only to recall memories of her past. In her, the fury of love would have consumed her soul, if she had not possessed the power to quench the paroxysm of one passion by lighting another—as the surgeon relieves a pain in the breast by blistering the neck. Nordica was just a little too refined to play Carmen; she never could quite lower herself to the street level. But she was fine.

Carmen was a cigarette-maker at Seville, in 1820. In that place, at that time, cigarette-makers were chosen for the deftness of their fingers, and not for the purity of their morals. Even now, it is said that at Seville, young ladies who enter the cigarette-factories are rarely selected from the ranks of the vestal virgins of Spain; the fair creatures are rather worshippers of Venus than of the chaste Diana. It is doubtful if any of them would perish as Lucretia did. But they are a joyous band, and barring a fondness for garlic, which is common in Spain, they are monstrous good company. They sing, and dance, and frolic, and love, and fight with spontaneous *entrain*; young Americans who visit the ancient capital of Andalusia sometimes bring away more distinct memories of its modern inhabitants than of its antiquities; as might be expected from a city, one of whose chief ornaments was a temple to Astarte. Of this gay sisterhood, Carmen, or Carmencita, as the boys loved to call her, was queen and high priestess. She was a *traviata*, cast rather in the mold of Manon Lescaut than that of pale, pulmonary Marguerite; a sort of plebeian Cleopatra, of insatiable passion, who cast gay defiance to world and lovers alike.

To depict such a girl, and to imbue her with the vivacity which can alone redeem her frailty, calls for talent of a very high order, indeed. We forgive the Dame aux Camélias, because we see that her punishment is close at hand, and that the time has passed for everything but pity; but Carmen, in the full-blooded flush of her robust vitality, throwing her flower to the brigadier and bending her white neck on the shoulder of the stalwart toreador, makes no appeal for indulgence. She must be judged by her deeds; and if she be forgiven by her audience, the pardon must be extorted by the art of the comedienne who can cast such a spell on our understanding that we attach no odium to vice.

It is enough to say of the Alcazar Brothers' troupe that the only member of it who seemed in the least to understand what he was on the stage for was the tenor Montane. He did not sing any better in "Carmen" than he did in Braza's "Campanone"; his voice is small, thin, tired, and he seems to feel it necessary to explode from time to time in a burst of sound, like a sudden jet from a powerful steam-engine. But he can act, and he did act the brigadier with vigor and passion, as if he understood what it was to have got involved in a desperate love-affair. But he swam, like Virgil's hero, quite lonely among a crowd of drowning wretches in a vast abyss. Señor Quijada, who did quite fairly in "Campanone," was out of his depth in the toreador. Opera-goers have heard the toreador song sung by many baritones, from Tagliapietra to Rubio; but none of them, we will venture to say, ever heard it so inadequately rendered as it was by Quijada. There was a rolling bravura in Tagliapietra's voice when he sang in English:

"Love waits there for thee,  
Toreador!  
'Tis love waits there for thee!"

But this Spaniard sings it as he might sing "Razle-Dazle!" The action with which the song is accompanied would animate a red Indian, outside a cigar-store; but he is as wooden as the Indian, and can not be animated by anything short of physical violence. It was very sad, for Carmen without the toreador song is like a Japanese salad without truffles.

The women were all equally bad. In the part of Michaela, which was taken by Señora Pastor, there is a pretty song:

"Io dico non,  
Non son paurosa,"

which usually brings down the house, but it was dreadfully rendered. Señora Pastor may be endowed with a thousand virtues and charms, but if it is an article of faith in the City of Mexico that she can sing, it only shows how flaccid a long course of clericalism leaves the faculty of belief.

There is a lady who hops round in a dark-red skirt and smiles in a ghastly way at a male bird who hops on concentric lines, and, after a time, the intelligent spectator realizes that they are dancing a cachucha, or a fandango, or some other Spanish dance which requires no muscular effort. The lady's action is like that of a coleopterian which has been impaled on a pin, and squirms round in a vain hope of disengaging itself from the weapon, while the man has modeled his calisthenic performance on that of the grasshopper, which pursues its prey by leaps and bounds.

And, finally, there is Señora Delgado herself, who looks so kind and motherly in her adipose that it is a pleasure to watch her. She has no more understanding of Carmen than the frail cigarette-maker had of algebra, and, indeed, she looks so good and worthy a woman that she may be unable even to put on the counterfeit of wickedness. What acting she does she accomplishes with her eyes, into which organs she throws as much expression as she can. Of the devilry which Minnie Hauck and Emma Juch put into the part, honest Señora Delgado has no conception; she would not sit on a table, and swing her feet so as to expose a dainty ankle in a red stocking for all the brigadiers that ever swaggered, and all the toreadores that ever pinked a bull in the mortal spot. Those fine, round arms of hers are made to dandle babies on, not to embrace Don José with a warmth which menaces strangulation; and her voice seems better fitted to sing lullabies to put them to sleep than to interpret songs of illicit love.

But for the performance of "Carmen," including the accompaniment of a cracked piano, people pay only seventy-five cents for the best seats, and twenty-five cents for admission, with the chance of a very comfortable seat, indeed. For the ridiculous sum of a quarter, a gentleman may hear all the songs, and for another quarter he may take his girl to hear them. This is enabling devotees of Saint Cecilia to plead at her shrine in *forma pauperis*. The man who, for such a minute investment, expects to get five or seven dollars' worth of musical enjoyment ought to be compelled to spend the rest of his life in listening to the orchestra at the Baldwin.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 11th: Charles Frohman's Company in "Gloriana"; Augustin Daly's Company in "The Last Word"; the Tivoli Company in "Clover"; Reed and Collier in "Hoss and Hoss"; Mavery's Minstrels; and William Redmond and Mrs. Thomas Barry in "Hermione."

—THE ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CALIFORNIA SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST COMPANY, for the year ending June 30, 1892, must be a source of satisfaction to the stockholders of that prosperous institution and of pride to the officers who have so successfully conducted its affairs. The corporation transacts a general safe-deposit, trust, and banking business. Its safe-deposit vaults are the safest and best constructed in the world and are perfectly guarded, and it has a luxuriously appointed department for the convenience of its lady patrons, which has proved very popular. The trust department acts as administrator for some of the largest estates in California; it is trustee for many great corporations in the Western States generally; and the volume of its business as registrar and transfer agent for stock and in similar transactions is constantly increasing. It is to be observed here, by the way, that all investments of trust funds and the title thereto are kept separate from the assets of the corporation. In addition to these the company conducts a general banking department and a savings department, both of which are well patronized and more than fairly prosperous. The sudden growth of the deposits in the past two years is especially striking—in 1890 they amounted to \$179,701.95, and on July 1, 1892, to \$1,355,544.43. Such an increase in the volume of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company's business and the prosperity it enjoys indicate very careful and shrewd management in the conduct of its affairs. Its officers are all men well known as leaders in the world of finance, and the treasurer, Mr. S. P. Young, on whom devolves the active management of the entire institution, is acknowledged to be one of the keenest financiers of the day. He it was whom the government appointed receiver to wind up the affairs of the California National Bank three and a half years ago, and he straightened matters out so that all the creditors recovered their money in full, and he has brought the same brilliant abilities to the management of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company. The Safe Deposit Building is at the south-east corner of Montgomery and California Streets, where all business is transacted.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.  
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

One of the Palmer companies is to be here next month with "Alabama" and "Colonel Carter of Cartersville."

Julie Kingsley continues her serpentine dance at the Tivoli, and is proving herself a very interesting part of the programme.

Geraldine Ulmar is to retire from the Lyric company in London, and will be replaced by another American actress, Sedohr Rhodes.

The Daly Company opened in "As You Like It" at the renovated Powell Street Theatre on Thursday evening, July 7th, too late for notice in this number.

"Hoss and Hoss," at the California Theatre, in which Charley Reed appears, is a disappointment, in both the play and the company. "The City Directory" was not of a very high order, but the people in it were bright, and the piece amusing. But the people in Reed's new company are dull, and the piece, "Hoss and Hoss," is really most melancholy balderdash.

"Gloriana," as played by Charles Frohman's comedians, will be preceded every evening by a curtain-raiser entitled "The Major's Appointment." The company includes E. J. Henley, Frederick Bond, Edwin Stevens, Charles B. Wells, Joseph Allen, Miss Henrietta Crossman, Miss May Robson, Miss Margaret Robinson, Thomas A. Wise, and Henry Robson.

Von Suppé's popular comic opera, "Clover," which was unavoidably postponed at the Tivoli last week, will be produced on Monday evening, July 11th, with the following cast:

Count Wilfred, M. Cornell; Stella, Tillie Salinger; Rudolph, Geo. Olmi; Casimir, Ferris Hartman; Fanny, Gracie Plasted; Dr. Track, Ed. N. Knight; Florine, Emma Vance; Marquis de Rochefort, H. A. Barklew; Abbe Dandin, D. H. Smith; Pascal, Phil Branson; Martial, Ed. Torpi; Robert, J. P. Wilson; Bertram, Wm. Strachan; Adjutant, Geo. Harris; Señora Petronella, Grace Vernon.

Miss Lulu Glaser, of Francis Wilson's company, carries away with her on her *acrobatic* a number of dude hearts. She has been the most popular member of the company, except Wilson himself. She is a pretty and piquant little creature, and it is a very great pity that she speaks with the accent of the Western Reserve so thickly upon her tongue. The hostility between her and the letter *r* is indeed bitter. Nevertheless, Lulu is a nice grrrrrrl, as she would pronounce it.

The New York Press gives publicity to the rumor that Lillian Russell—once Solomon, ex-Braham, *de* Leonard, and commanding a salary of \$800 a week, with a nest-egg of \$50,000—has in view during her present trip to Europe a reconciliation with her former husband, Teddy Solomon. Solomon, who is not handsome, but gifted, saw her possibilities and by training her voice raised her from mediocrity to the first place on the comic-opera stage. Then, when he wanted to enjoy the fruits of his labors, she divorced him and cast him out upon the cold world. He landed on his feet, however, and now has a comfortable income from his musical compositions. But Lillian has aspirations toward English opera, knows her defects, and hopes that Solomon will remedy them. Hence this modern love-chase and the tears of the New York Johnnies.

DCLXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 10, 1892.  
Onion Soup.  
Deviled Crabs.  
Broiled Squabs. Parisienne Potatoes.  
Fried Egg-Plant. Succotash.  
Roast Veal.  
Tomato Salad.  
Snow Pudding. Raspberries. Lady Fingers.  
Fruits.

SNOW PUDDING.—Half a box Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, one cupful cold water, one cupful boiling water, juice of one lemon, one and one-half cupfuls sugar, whites of four eggs. Soak and dissolve the gelatine, add the lemon-juice and the sugar. Strain into a large dish and set in a cold place. Leave it until it begins to set, but not till very stiff it will probably take an hour. Have ready the whites of the eggs beaten stiff. Beat them well into the jelly a spoonful at a time; fifteen or twenty minutes will not be too long to beat it. Put it in wet molds until stiff. Then turn out on a glass platter, and pour over it the following custard when cold. This will make two molds.

THE CUSTARD.—One quart of boiling milk, yolks of four eggs, one-third cupful of sugar—flavoring. Make as boiled custard.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

#### Secure Storage.

Families about closing their homes for the summer months should bear in mind that the vaults of the "California Safe Deposit and Trust Company," in the Safe Deposit Building, corner Montgomery and California Streets, are the most secure for the storage of silverware, jewelry, and other valuables. The terms are moderate. Valuables stored there will not be stolen or destroyed by fire, and the peace of mind secured thereby will greatly enhance the comfort and pleasure of summer vacations.

#### Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Gilbert and Sullivan's Satire,

THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE!  
Re-appearance of MISS TILLIE SALINGER.

Monday, July 11th,

CLOVER!

Popular Prices... 25 and 50 cents.

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2524 CALIFORNIA STREET,

MISS EMILY EDMONDS is bringing the best talent of the city and her own strong, personal interest to bear on the various grades of educational work. School re-opens July 25, 1892.

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Special advantages and terms to boarders. Kindergarten, Intermediate, and Academic Department. French and German taught and spoken from lowest grades upwards. Teachers of acknowledged ability only. New term begins July 11th. Coach calls for pupils.

MISS BOLTE, Principal.

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Sixteenth Year.

Christmas Term will open Monday, August 1st, 1892. Prepares for University and business. Faculty of nine professors and teachers. An accredited school with the University of California.  
REV. DR. E. B. SPALDING, Rector.

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In important respects the most elegantly equipped school for Girls in America. Term begins August 9th. Send for circular.  
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—AT—

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Will begin on Monday, July 13th, 1892.

NATHAN W. MOORE, Principal.

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Next term begins Monday, August 8, 1892.

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#### MME. SYLVAIN SALOMON,

Having returned from Paris, will resume her Singing Lessons on August 1st.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

The sphere of woman may indeed be boundless, but she has to stop when she comes to a barbed-wire fence.—*Ram's Horn*.

*Mrs. Flip*—"George, what do you think of that bathing costume?" *Mr. Flip*—"Oh, it's good as far as it goes!"—*Puck*.

*She*—"I understand that you and Nellie are married and happy." *He*—"Yes—that is, she's happy and I'm married."—*Life*.

*Impatient guest*—"How long is my steak going to be?" *Waiter*—"About eight inches, boss—we give big portions here."—*Puck*.

*First senator*—"Is Smitherson going to accompany us West with Blank's body?" *Second senator*—"No; he doesn't drink."—*Life*.

*It*—"Gwacious me, Huffy, whatevah's the maffah with youah clock? Wuu down?" *The other*—"N-a-w; Lunnon time."—*Puck*.

It has been moved and seconded that the name of the signal service be changed to the signal failure. Are there any remarks?—*Blizzard*.

*First lawyer*—"Married now, eh? So you have won a case in Cupid's court." *Second lawyer*—"Yes; but I have to pay the costs."—*Puck*.

"Don't be angry, old fellow—it's only my way." "Well, I wish you'd emulate the babes in the wood." "How?" "Lose your way. It's no good."—*Puck*.

*Madam* (in New Jersey)—"My poor man, what could have brought you to this pitiable state?" *Far-away Jamie*—"De train, mum."—*Harvard Lampoon*.

*Daughter*—"Shall we invite Dr. Bigfee to the reception?" *Mother*—"I think we'd better not, he's so absent-minded. He might charge it in the bill."—*New York Weekly*.

"How did you like it in the West?" "Not very well. It took too much attention to find out just when to throw up your hands and when to lay down your hands."—*Puck*.

*Ted*—"I suppose you intend to spend your vacation far from the busy haunts of men?" *Ned*—"You bet your life, old fellow. I want to go where the women are."—*New York Sun*.

*Hicks*—"There was a story afloat down-town today that Jobson was embarrassed on account of the fall of May wheat." *Mrs. Hicks*—"You don't say; who is she?"—*Brooklyn Life*.

*Clara*—"Mr. Spudkins wants me to make a case for his umbrella, and I don't know what material to use." *Maude*—"Why don't you use one of your silk stockings?"—*Cloak Review*.

"Why, Tommy Jones, shame on you! You didn't say all your prayer." "Papa said I might leave out about our daily bread while mamma went to cooking-school."—*Chicago Inter-Ocean*.

*Clerk of hotel* (to departing guest)—"Your key, sir." *Guest* (absently)—"Eh?" *Clerk* (gruffly)—"Your key, I said." *Guest*—"Oh! The ball and chain. I left them in the cell."—*Puck*.

*Chicago swell*—"Ah, Mr. de Bean, a superabundance of caloric is permeating the circumambient atmosphere." *Mr. de Bean* (of Boston)—"Yes; I noticed it was d—d hot."—*Life*.

*First seaside girl*—"There's a great man-eating shark down on the beach, dead. What do you suppose killed him?" *Second seaside girl*—"Starvation, probably, if he was a man-eating shark."—*Life*.

*Briggs*—"Clubberly has sworn off smoking." *Griggs*—"On account of a girl, I suppose?" *Briggs*—"Yes. He heard she was going to make him a present of a box of cigars."—*S. G. & Co's Monthly*.

*Dashaway*—"Seems to me, uncle, that's a pretty nice suit of clothes you are wearing." *Uncle Ebony*—"Yes, sah; dat suit ob clothes was giv ter me by de wife of de geman dat stood behin' my mule."—*Life*.

"So you wrote her a poem?" "Yes," replied the young man, sadly. "What did she say?" "She said she admired my letter; but she didn't quite understand my method of using capital letters."—*Puck*.

"There are caps and caps," said the howling wind, as it observed a yachtsman who had got his outfit from us; "but there's a cap worth blowing about," and it blew it about half a mile.—*S. G. & Co's Monthly*.

*Her father*—"Pshaw! when men are really in love, they don't like to talk about it." *Penelope*—"That's why I know he is in love with me. Why, I had to work awfully hard even to get him to propose!"—*Truth*.

*Athletic youngster*—"How large is Lapland, papa, and how many people are there in it?" *Father*—"I don't know. Why?" *Athletic youngster*—"I only want to figure out how many Lapps there are to the mile."—*Puck*.

*Miss Dukkets*—"Did you tell Mr. Getherie I was not in?" *Bridget*—"I did, mum." *Miss Dukkets*—"What did he say?" *Bridget*—"He said: 'Well,

tell her to come down as soon as she is in.' He's in the parlor."—*Puck*.

*The deacon*—"Biblics has acted queerly since he took the bichloride-of-gold cure." *The elder*—"In what way?" *The deacon*—"When the plate is passed to him in church now he just breathes on it."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

*Mrs. Brown*—"That poor woman was broken-hearted over the loss of her only son, who was blown up while firing off his cannon. She said she hoped he was in heaven." *Mrs. Malaprop*—"I guess he is, my dear. He got a good start."—*Judge*.

"Why don't Harkins marry that Miss Perkins? He's in love with her and she's only too anxious to get married." "He can't. He has a five-years' lease of his bachelor apartments, and they don't take ladies in the building."—*Brooklyn Life*.

*Proprietor*—"What are you taking back, there?" *Waiter*—"Customer sent this beefsteak back; says he couldn't cut it." *Proprietor* (examining it)—"Take it right back to him and tell him he'll have to pay for it. We can never use it again; he has bent it all out of shape."—*Puck*.

*He* (of Pittsburg)—"Don't you think that pretty Miss Emerson, of Boston, is just charming?" *She* (of Chicago)—"Yes; Clara is bright and vivacious, and possesses rare culture and refinement. But I think at times she is prone to shoot off her mouth, and so is not strictly in it as to correct taste."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

*Young wife*—"My dear, the first time I saw you, you were with a party of students giving the college yell." *Husband*—"Yes, I remember." *Young wife*—"And I noticed what a remarkable voice you had." *Husband*—"Yes; you spoke of it. Why?" *Young wife*—"Nothing, only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it."—*New York Weekly*.

*Tramp*—"Madam, you may not believe it, but I was once a prosperous business man, the sole owner and proprietor of one of the largest flannel-shirt factories in the country; and now behold me, absolutely penniless!" *Kind lady*—"How did you become reduced to such straits?" *Tramp*—"Alas, madam, I had an enemy. He bored a hole in the roof of my factory, and one fatal day it rained."—*Judge*.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Gravitation.

A pair in a hammock  
Attempted to kiss,  
And in less than a jiffy  
They landed like this.  
—*New York Sun*.

## Baby Sleeps.

Let every sound be dead—  
Baby sleeps!  
The Emperor softly tread,  
Baby sleeps!  
Let Mozart's music stop,  
Let Phidias' chisel drop—  
Baby sleeps!  
Demosthenes be dumb,  
Our tyrant's hour has come—  
Baby sleeps!  
—*New York Advertiser*.

## He Reckoned Not.

When she gave him her little hand  
He was so much in love,  
He little thought that every week  
'T would need a brand new glove.  
—*Cloak Review*.

## The Summer Girl.

Each year there is less difference,  
We find, between the genders;  
This summer's girl will be immense,  
Now she affects suspenders.  
She jilted you, and though you boast  
You never can forget her,  
You know that in three months at most  
You'll joy you didn't get her.  
—*Evening Sun*.

## A Truthful Man.

He mistook her for his sister;  
In the darkened hall he kissed her;  
He implanted sixteen kisses on her darling, bobbing head.  
When she exclaimed, "My goodness!"  
He explained his seeming rudeness;  
He mistook her for his sister, or at least that's what he said.  
—*Buffalo Inquirer*.

## What to Do with a Watermelon.

When you thump it with your fingers and it gives a heavy sound,  
Like summer rain a-fallin' on the dry an' dusty ground;  
Jes' get your Barlow ready an' prepare to make a swipe,  
And carve it straight an' steady, till it opens, red an' ripe!  
Then fold your Barlow careful, an' take your melon flat;  
Put one half on this side of you, the other half on that;  
An' take the biggest in your lap an' tear the heart out, so!  
An' smack your lips, an' praise the Lord from whom all  
blessin's flow!—*Atlanta Constitution*.

## Commencement at Billville.

Commencement's come at Billville—the girls are in the show,  
A-smilin' an' beguilin' in a maze o' calico;  
An' they're signin', speechifyin'—got the reins without a check,  
An' the boy is still a-standin' on the usual burnin' deck!  
An' Mary's got her little lamb—as gentle as a shoot,  
An' not a single drum is heard—not even a funeral note;  
An' Isac's rollin' rapidly—you almost see it shine,  
An' some are born at Engen—at Engen on the Rhine!

They're goin' like two-forty—the town can't get to sleep,  
For, Pilot, 'tis a fearful night, there's danger on the deep;  
And Curfew shall not ring to-night—they've sworn it, and they know!  
Commencement's come at Billville and the girls are in the show.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

— NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

## THE INNER MAN.

In a recent magazine article, "Ouida" has this to say on meat-eating: "I have all my life thought that meat-eating was objectionable from the aesthetic point of view. Even as a child the fashion of handing around a huge, gross piece on an enormous dish revolted my sense of beauty, and I was delighted when, on my first visit to England, a small and thin slice of beef was unobtrusively shown to me behind my left shoulder, to be accepted or rejected *ad libitum*. I quite agree with Lord Byron, who said he would not marry a pretty girl because she had asked for two helps of lobster salad, though if beef-steak had been substituted, I should understand it better still. The *bifte à l'anglaise*, which seems to be the only idea a foreign waiter ever has when he is asked to suggest something to eat to English-speaking travelers, is simply a piece of hot, raw meat, far more fit for the Zoological Gardens than for human food; for, despite constant and sometimes indignant disclaimers, it is generally believed on the continent that it forms the staple food of the British nation—that the strong limbs of the young men, the lovely complexions of the girls, and the bright eyes of the children are entirely due to this nourishment, and anxious mothers of families abroad are constantly impressing upon their offspring and everybody else about them the utility and necessity of this panacea, if they wish to be in good health and feel fit and strong. It is a curious fact that in places where this regimen of *vienne saignante* is followed, anemia is very frequent. I have been told, though I have not read it myself, that somebody has written a description of a town where the whole population was vegetarian. The change this would make in all the sights and smells is far greater than we at first imagine. The ghastly butchers' shops which meet one at every turn appear to me an incongruity, not to say more, in this civilized age. They would disappear, as well as the fishmongers', which are hardly any better. Then there are the sausage shops, which, especially in southern countries, persecute one with their pungent odor. How often have I been driven away while admiring the façade of an old *palazzo* or the portico of an ancient church by the emanations of the terrible *pizzicheria* half-way down the street. Another dread sight which meets our eyes abroad, especially in Germany and Austria, where much veal is eaten, are the slaughtered calves paraded about the streets, a dozen or two of them hanging over the sides of the cart. There can be little doubt, too, that our kitchens and dining-rooms would be far sweeter and more attractive if no animal food was ever brought into them. The eyes certainly would be gainers, and our olfactory senses, too. In pictures and in poetry the tables are laid out with luscious fruit and sparkling wines, whenever charming and pleasant scenes are to be conjured up before our minds. When coarseness and discomfort are portrayed, 'men brought in whole hogs and quarter beeves, and all the hall was dim with steam of flesh.'"

Mrs. Crawford declares that a new craze in Parisian society is for cinnamon, not only in what regards colors, but also as a condiment used in every shape and form. One of the most celebrated French scientists has discovered lately that no microbe can resist a strong infusion of cinnamon, which it appears is deadly to disease germs. Consequently the fashion—a very wholesome one—is to devour cinnamon. It is put in soups, in ices, in ragouts; cinnamon liqueur has been introduced, and French *elegantes* carry wee bits of cinnamon-bark in their bonbonnières in lieu of bonbons. The discovery of the marvelous qualities of this spice would explain why the Dutch, who live in an agree-chaunted country, have always had a passion for it, and, also, why our forefathers, who were in the habit of drinking quantities of mulled-wine strongly flavored with "canelle" (cinnamon), suffered comparatively so little from fevers and diseases which ought to have been brought on by the very primitive sanitary arrangements of the time.

"I believe the American is the best eater in the world," said Robert A. Howard, of Baltimore, "as he is also the best fed man. He knows what is good to eat and how to cook it, and combines in his menu the best dishes of all nations; but, with all that, he is woefully deficient in his eating in one very essential respect, and that is he persists in slicing his baker's bread as he does a pound cake. On a recent trip to Europe, I noticed that the Frenchman never cuts his bread, and the man who applies his knife to a loaf in a French restaurant or hotel is at once set down as ill-bred. The Frenchman always breaks his bread and pulls it to pieces, instead of slicing it as we do. There is excellent sense in this custom, too, as I have found, for baker's bread, eaten as the Frenchman eats it, is undoubtedly sweeter and tastes much fresher."

## Wake Up.

Yes, wake up to the danger which threatens you if your kidneys are inactive or weak. Don't you know that if you fail to impel them to action, Bright's disease or diabetes awaits you? Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters without delay. It has a most beneficial effect upon the kidneys when sluggish, and upon the liver, stomach, and nervous system.

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# THE ARGONAUT

DURING THE

## NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Up to the close of the campaign, ending November 15th, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. There will be no personalities. It is a campaign of facts. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar, and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.



HAVE YOU SEEN THE  
**LOOPER**  
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**DOMESTIC?**  
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September 30, 1891.

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THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR. .... Assistant Cashier  
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Assets.....2,632,228  
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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold) .....\$300,000 00  
Assets, January 1, 1892 .....878,137 01

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VICE-PRESIDENT ..... H. L. DODGE  
SECRETARY ..... CHARLES R. STORY  
GENERAL AGENT ..... ROBERT H. MAGILL

## TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

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By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

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The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
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This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

## PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

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Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

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Of London. Established 1836.

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Now for the type of an advertisement.

A good rule, I think, is for the advertiser always to keep in mind that he is personally talking to the reader. It is just as if he had the thousand, or five thousand, or fifty thousand, or may be the half-million readers of a paper face to face with him. The newspaper stands for him and talks to them, one at a time.

Now suppose he actually had one of these readers as a listener. What would his manner be? Would he stamp, and strut, and grow red in the face with screaming? Not a bit of it. No good salesman does that, outside an auction-room. He would be quiet and earnest, he would show interest in his customer as well as in his goods. Just as there would be nothing of the crusty or topknotical about him, so there would be nothing of the boisterous or hurrish. A little emphasis now and then; maybe a fist-whack on the counter occasionally. That's all.

To the eye and to the mind, his advertisements ought to reach for the same standard. Big type in an advertisement is like a shout in conversation. I see plenty of advertisements that are one ear-splitting screech from start to finish. Of course where everybody yells, you, in a measure, get used to the din. I've seen operatives talk together in the weave-room of a cotton-mill, where all was a babel of noises to me. They seemed to enjoy it. No doubt the advertising howlers get used to it—so do their readers. So do eels get used to being skinned.

In the Wauwamaker advertising, we use old style pica, solid, in single columns mostly. Easy to read, conspicuous, but not obtrusive. — M. M. Gillam, Advertising Manager for John Wauwamaker.

What is meant by judicious advertising is to tell the story you have to tell to the largest number of the right sort of people in the way best calculated to produce the effect you desire to produce and at the smallest cost. First of all, it is necessary to secure a well-worded advertisement, effectively displayed—yet with many advertisers this is the last point considered.—  
Printers' Ink.

**GERMEA**  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 3.

SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 18, 1892.

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**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the American Newspaper Agency, 15 King William Street, Strand, W.C. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Union Square. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

One Weihe, ringleader of the strikers at Homestead, being asked by the sheriff if he would "permit" the Carnegie Company to resume possession of its works, replied that he would; but being further asked whether the strikers would

permit other workmen, not members of their union, to take their places at the works, he replied that they certainly would not. He and his fellow-strikers thus asserted the right of controlling other men's property to the extent of deciding who shall work therein and who shall not. In their opinion, the title of the Carnegie Company to the works which it has erected with its own money, on its own land, is only a qualified title. By banding themselves into a labor union, the workmen have also acquired a title thereto, to the extent of forbidding the owners from employing persons who are objectionable to the union from working therein. No law of the United States, or of the State of Pennsylvania, or of the County of Allegheny, recognizes this title of the workmen. It is self-asserted. But the strikers proposed to maintain it by force of arms, and they showed, by killing the guards whom the owners had employed to protect their property, that they were in earnest in their pretensions.

Nearly all of the daily press, a senatorial demagogue named Voorhies, a blatant ass who is known as Sockless Jerry Simpson, of Kansas, the blatherskites who flourish in this city under the name of the Federated Trades, and who appear to sell each other out when strikes occur, have seen nothing in the lamentable events of last week but a cause for ejaculation over the employment of Hessian mercenaries in labor controversies in this country. It would seem that the contention of the Homestead strikers—that titles to property in this country are of no avail when contested by labor unions—is a much more fruitful theme for sermonizing. If, in one of the oldest and richest States, a man's property may be taken from him by a mob calling itself a labor union, and he may be prevented from using it for the purposes for which it was acquired, unless he assents to the dictation of a labor union as to the way it shall be used, it follows that a new power has arisen in this country which is superior to law, and which overrides State statutes and acts of Congress. No man can say that his property is his own till his title has been sanctioned by a labor organization.

But even this is not the gravest question which the Homestead riot has raised. Under our form of government, the method by which society defends itself against riot is clearly defined. When an outbreak takes place, the police or the town constables endeavor to quell it; they failing, the sheriff is called upon, and he summons his deputies to his aid; these failing, he summons the *posse comitatus*, which includes every citizen he can find; these failing, he notifies the governor, who summons the militia to sustain the sheriff; these failing, an appeal is taken to the President, who dispatches United States troops to the scene of action and disperses the rioters by force of arms. In theory, the plan is admirable, and harmonizes perfectly with the principles of local self-government. But in practice, it seems to involve the evil that it fann the disorder which it was intended to suppress, and ends where it ought to have begun.

At Homestead, the burgess was called upon to restore order. He could do nothing of the kind. Then appeal was taken to the sheriff, who was bidden to exhaust his power. He summoned the posse, and found that he could collect only a couple of dozen citizens without arms. Then, and not till then, when anarchy had reigned for several days, appeal was taken to the governor, who ordered out the militia. If they happen to be men who will do their duty and not sympathize with the strikers, the riot will be quelled, and it will not be necessary to appeal, in last resort, to the President. But, in 1877, in this very County of Allegheny, the militia would not act against the strikers, and it was necessary to call out the United States troops before the Pennsylvania Railroad Company could get possession of its property.

Simultaneously, a murderous attack was made by the Miners' Union upon the non-union miners at Cœur d'Alene. The occurrence is thus described in the dispatches:

"This morning a non-union miner started for Burke. When opposite the Frisco Mine, he was fired upon by men who were stationed behind barricades at the mine, and armed with Winchester. He ran back to the Gem Mine. Several hundred union miners then sent two hundred and fifty pounds of giant powder down a flume toward the Frisco Mine; directly in front of the mine the powder exploded, shattering the mill and making it a perfect wreck. The non-union

men then surrendered and were marched down to the Miners' Union head-quarters. The guards at the Gem Mine then opened fire on the town of Gem and riddled it with bullets. A battle ensued between the union and non-union miners; after lasting several hours, five men were killed and sixteen wounded. The union men have resolved to drive every non-union man out of the district."

The sheriff, on approaching the scene of conflict, was fired upon. He appealed for support to the governor. The latter, in turn, appealed to the President, stating that "the civil authorities of the county and the State of Idaho are wholly inadequate to maintain the peace." The President at once ordered Federal troops to be sent to the scene of disorder. They are on the way as these lines are written. But if it had been the duty of the Federal executive to act without waiting for an appeal from Governor Willey, some lives might have been saved, and the camp of Cœur d'Alene would have escaped a blow to its prosperity.

Another case, not exactly parallel, bears upon the same defect in our system. Some months ago, a mob at New Orleans broke into a prison, and lynched a number of Italians. Italy demanded the punishment of the murderers. The President asked the governor of Louisiana whether he wanted help to preserve the peace. The governor replied that he was perfectly capable of maintaining peace and order in Louisiana; the mayor of New Orleans, to whom the President's message was referred, replied that there was no disturbance in his city that he had heard of. Italy very properly demanded redress; Mr. Harrison had to reply that he had no power to coerce the authorities of Louisiana; to which the Italian minister pithily retorted that the King of Italy was bound by treaty to protect Americans in every part of the kingdom, and he did not see why the President should evade performance of a reciprocal duty in this country under cover of municipal law. Every decent American's cheek tingled with shame at the rebuke.

If law-breakers escaped punishment in Louisiana through the independent sovereignty of the State authorities, and if peace and order can only be permanently restored in Idaho by the display, actual or potential, of Federal bayonets, of what use is State sovereignty? It seems to be a hindrance instead of a help to peace and civilization.

That it is a hindrance is no new discovery. Just a hundred years ago, the nation being in straits for money, Congress levied a tax of seven cents a gallon on whiskey. The tax was paid everywhere except in Pennsylvania. On the banks of the Monongahela, in the very place where a mob now declares that iron-works shall be manned only by men of its choosing, distillers swarmed; they declared that the tax was an invasion of their rights, raised poles inscribed "Liberty and No Excise," mobbed and tarred and feathered the collectors. The county authorities confessed that they were unable to cope with the rioters. Governor Mifflin was appealed to, but he thought it would be rash to call out the militia. In four counties of Pennsylvania, including the County of Allegheny, where the mob has lately been supreme, the law of Congress was defied. It was not till Washington raised twelve thousand men in other States, marched into Pennsylvania and captured the ringleaders of the rioters, that peace was restored and the law went into effect. But State sovereignty suffered a rude shock.

The country is growing fast. Occasions of friction are multiplying. In the opinion of judicious men, the steadily swelling power of the labor unions is putting a strain upon our institutions which will try their strength. These organizations are building up a despotism which deprives non-union workmen and the community at large of their normal liberties. It seems evident that it is hopeless to expect that they will be held in subjection by local, or even by State authorities. The only power which can be relied upon to put them down—when they rebel against the laws—is the United States army, which is recruited from all parts of the country, has no affiliations with this or that labor party, owes no allegiance except to the United States flag, and takes no orders except from officers of the United States. Sooner or later the march of events and the danger of mobocracy may compel the people to extend the police power of the general government, and to clothe the President with the power to



maintain order wherever it is disturbed without waiting for an appeal from State officials. In this way, perhaps, and in this way only can future disorders be prevented in the manufacturing centres.

Slowly but surely this country is drifting toward centralization. Murderous mobs of striking workmen accelerate the movement. State lines will one day be as insignificant as county lines are now; States will be but expressions; State governors but shadows. In every State—which will then be but a Federal district—there will be a Federal official, appointed like the governors of our present Territories. To these officials will the people look for the suppression of disorder. Behind them will be arrayed the Federal Government and the army of the United States—that pitiless machine. Bayonets do not think. Ties of local friendship, feelings of kindred, do not appeal to the troops of the United States. If they were ordered to shoot down the mass of Huns, Slavs, Croats, Irishmen, and the few Americans who make up the mob at Homestead, they would do so without a moment's hesitation. A strong central government, with a standing army ready to crush disorder, is what the people of the United States will be driven to adopt. And it is the working-men who are driving them.

The analysis of the Presidential vote of 1884, when Grover Cleveland was elected, and that of 1888, when he was defeated by President Harrison, together with the vote of the Northern, Western, and Pacific States in 1890 and 1891, while the wild gust of the denunciation of the McKinley Bill and the Force Bill by the Democrats swept over the country, will not occasion much Democratic cause for hope in the coming campaign. And the elections, this year, in Rhode Island and Oregon dampen instead of brighten their outlook for November. A most vigorous effort was made in these two States by the Democrats. Mr. Cleveland made a personal campaign, speaking from the stump to the increased voting population of wage-earners in Rhode Island. The enlarged vote and the new element of the People's party in Oregon expected to defeat or much impair the chance of Republican success. The result in each has been Republican victory by increased plurality. But in the other States, at the elections enumerated, the analysis yields assurance for the Republicans and promise of the re-election of President Harrison. It is unnecessary to do more than refer to the vote of the South—the former slave States. To concede to them the solid vote for Cleveland will be enough—in all, including Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri—159 of the 444 electoral votes, of which 223 are necessary to an election. In all the remaining States, Mr. Cleveland made no important gains in 1888 over his vote of 1884—and he lost New York and Indiana, both of which he carried in 1884. He had 1,284 plurality in Connecticut in 1884; he got only 336 plurality in 1888. New Jersey gave him 4,412 plurality in 1884, with the Prohibition vote of 6,153; and in 1888, with the Prohibition vote, 7,094, Cleveland's plurality was 7,149—an increase of 2,737 over his plurality of 1884, and the only State in which his vote increased. Of all the Northern States, Connecticut and New Jersey went for Cleveland. With the 159 electoral votes of all the former slave States, 64 electoral votes besides must be cast for him from among the remaining States to elect him. It is unlikely that he will carry any of them except New Jersey, with her 10 electoral votes. It is barely likely that Colorado, Nevada, and Montana will join on a free-silver ticket, which would take 10 electoral votes from the Republican column. The Michigan gerrymander, or district system, can not affect beyond 5 of the 14 electoral votes of that State. This would still leave 34 electoral votes for Cleveland to overcome. The 15 of Indiana, 13 of Iowa, and 6 of Connecticut would yet be all required. New York, Illinois, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Nebraska, some or all of them claimed for Cleveland by very sanguine Democrats, can be depended on for Harrison. The total vote of the States in 1888, for President, and that of 1890, for congressmen, shows a large falling off in the latter year. The Democratic sweep of congressmen in strong Republican States was attributable to Republican lukewarmness and apathy, rather than to increase of the Democratic vote. The same is true of the State elections in 1891. In Michigan, for instance, the total vote fell from 476,273 in 1888 to 397,826 in 1890, and to 324,903 in 1891—a tumble of over 150,000 in the three years, while each year the voting population was increasing. This year the total vote of the State will, no doubt, be in excess of 500,000. The vote of Illinois fell off over 70,000 votes in 1890 from 1888, notwithstanding the large increase of voters, nearly every one of whom will be sure to vote in November. In Indiana, the fall was nearly 60,000 votes, over 60,000 in Massachusetts, above 45,000 in Wisconsin, nearly 45,000 in Ohio, above 50,000 in New Jersey, and 45,000 in Nebraska. The new voters of native birth mostly vote the Republican ticket; the Democratic increase is largely of the

naturalized class. There are at every Presidential election, in all the Northern States, more native new voters than of the naturalized. These will increase the vote for Harrison in every Northern State largely above his vote in 1888, and make his reelection sure. The election will be decided by the electoral votes. The scheme of third-party plotters, to throw the election into the House of Representatives, so as to insure the victory to Mr. Cleveland, will fail, as it ought to. There appears no sign or portent above the political horizon to cause doubt of Harrison's reelection. On the contrary, the auguries are all of the brightest. Republican doctrines will prevail.

The civilized elements of Ireland's population have cause to be happy over the meagre majority attained by the Liberals, as it will insure the defeat of the Gladstonian home-rule project. There were several reasons why they had to fear that the movement would be successful. The people of England, Scotland, and Wales are tired to death of the "Irish Question," and if the matter of separation lay solely between the Irish Nationalists and the empire, the chances are that Ireland would gladly be permitted "once more to resume her place among the nations of the earth"—that is to say, to return to the glorious independence of the days of Brian Boru, when the main business in life of the petty savage tribes that inhabited the island was to break one another's heads and cut one another's throats.

But the Ireland of to-day is not populated by barbarians exclusively. The northern counties are inhabited by a law-abiding, industrious, prosperous, and intelligent people. To hand these people over to the mercies of a Dublin parliament would be as cruel as it would be for the government at Washington to surrender the Territory of Arizona to the rule of the Apaches now herded on San Carlos Reservation. How much the civilized people of Ulster dread home rule was shown in 1886, when the whole city of Belfast remained awake to hear the result of the division in Parliament on Mr. Gladstone's bill. On the news being flashed from London that home rule had been defeated, the city went wild with joy. The sense of a common peril having been averted caused strangers to stop each other on the streets and shake hands, and for the women to forget all social lines. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* recalls how bands of workmen went through the dark suburban roads, knocking at doors of houses to pass the word, knowing that even at that hour of the night they would be sure of a welcome.

Recently the men of the North held a convention, and appealed to their countrymen across the channel not to deliver them up to the priest-ridden hordes of the South. Had Gladstone been given a majority this year sufficient to insure an attempt to impose home rule, the North would, in all likelihood, have risen to a man in forcible rebellion. The English, the Scotch, and the Welsh have answered Ulster's appeal, and, for the present, civilization in Northern Ireland is safe. Nothing has contributed more effectively to the result of the elections than the behavior of the British Irish populace of the South, which almost daily from the beginning to the end of the canvass has given unquestionable proof that Ireland's most pressing need is not a parliament, but a policeman's club on its savage head. The island for six weeks has been in a state of riot. The right of free speech has been denied by popular consent. The issues of the campaign have been discussed with brickbats and shillalabs, and not the least active in these scenes of sanguinary turbulence have been the priests, Ireland's real rulers.

A bare catalogue of the faction fights would fill a page of the *Argonaut*. A glance over the Irish cable dispatches for June and July reveals a state of things so closely resembling civil war that the difference can be understood only by the contending tribes. We read, for example, that when Dr. Tanner, Anti-Parnellite member of Parliament from Cork, attempted to address a political meeting at Tuam, "protected by one hundred policemen," the Parnellites "seized upon the platform," and when Tanner and his friends endeavored to get possession of it, he was knocked down, not only once but half a dozen times. "Finally the platform itself was pulled down and Tanner caught beneath the wreck." A free fight ensued. The shopkeepers, fearing a general looting, put up their shutters and locked their doors. "The police were at last compelled to charge the mob with drawn swords." At Waterford, after a Parnellite meeting, the crowd stormed the head-quarters of David Sheehy, Anti-Parnellite candidate. "The Sheehyites fought desperately and the police charged the stormers, but the head-quarters were captured." The wounded on both sides were numerous. "The doctors called to attend Sheehy, report that he is dangerously wounded, he being very weak on account of his having lost a great deal of blood." Colonel John P. Nolan, a Parnellite candidate in the northern division of Galway, was "knocked down and badly beaten." The house of a prominent Anti-Parnellite in Cork was attacked by a crowd of Parnellites, "who smashed the windows and shattered the furniture. The

children in the house were injured by stones." The Anti-Parnellites at Straneath, County Donegal, demonstrated their fitness for self-government by attacking the platform of the Liberal-Unionists. "Mr. Donaldson, a justice of the peace, who was on the platform, was hit on the head and had his skull fractured. Herdman, the Conservative candidate for East Donegal, and McCormill, the Conservative candidate for North Donegal, were both painfully wounded." Davitt was stoned, so was Dillon. As William O'Brien was returning home from a meeting at Cork, he was taunted by a heavy stone that landed on his head that the grand cause of national independence is not to be suppressed. Here are a brace of sample bricks from the fair temple of Irish freedom:

DUBLIN, July 3d.—The town of Dundalk was a scene of great disorder to-day. Timothy Healy addressed a meeting, and a number of serious fights occurred, many persons being badly injured. The Parnellites attacked the meeting and were repulsed after a fierce contest. The police kept the factions apart, but the fighting was resumed later in the evening.

The rioting in Limerick last night continued until midnight. The Parnellite meeting at Newry was attacked by McCarthyites to-day and a fierce fight ensued. The McCarthyites were repulsed.

And while all Ireland was heaving stones, swinging clubs, hooting, cursing, and rioting over its internal politics, what were the clergy doing?—the followers of the Prince of Peace, who, we are so often told, do such a noble work in mitigating the ferocity of the factions. Father Behan, a true specimen of his kind, answers. At a public meeting, he cried out:

"Parnell was a curse to the country. God thrust him down to the grave, where his bones are now rotting. Every man living a loose life, every drunkard, every man who likes to beat his wife, is a Parnellite."

This language, the cable tells us, called forth angry remonstrance from many of his reverence's hearers, whereupon the good priest, amazed at the temerity of the Parnellites in daring to dispute with an ambassador of God, exclaimed: "When we are your masters, we will crush you." Then he shouted to the police to use their batons.

The one gleam of promise that shows out of the darkness of Irish ignorance and violence is the resentment manifested in some quarters at the conduct of the arrogant, bullying clergy. The *Dublin Independent* made bold to say that "any layman would have been horsewhipped for such language as that of Father Behan," and that "the people have endured such priestly indecencies too long." At Kiltrush seven priests participated in an Anti-Parnellite meeting that was attacked, and they got their share of the blows. One of them was knocked down five times.

"The priests pleaded with their assailants in the name of the church and out of respect for their sacred character not to kill them. They threatened the attacking party with the penalties of the church, and also the retribution of the laws. The Parnellites, however, persisted in their attack, which might have resulted fatally for one or more of the priests but for the timely arrival of the police."

This disregard for the sanctity of the priesthood in election rows, which aforesaid was not only sufficient for their own protection, but that of their fellow-partisans also, perhaps accounts for the issuance, by Archbishop Walsh, of a tardy circular to the boisterous and excited clergy, urging them to preserve peace among the people.

No wonder that Englishmen listened to the appeal of the men of Ulster to save them from the fate of being governed by ungovernable Roman Catholic mobs. No wonder, either, that the whole world is agreed that Ireland's blackest day would be the one in which Great Britain should confer upon her the privilege of taking care of herself. More police, more coercion, more "tyranny," which shall compel respect for life and property—this, and not home rule, is what the situation in the barbarous island calls for.

It is announced that President Diaz of Mexico has rejected an offer from Mr. C. P. Huntington, of the Southern Pacific, to purchase the Tehuantepec Railroad. This road, which is only half built, runs from the mouth of the Coatzacoalcos River, on the Gulf of Mexico, to Salina Cruz, on the Pacific Ocean. When it is finished, it will be the shortest route between San Francisco and New York—except the transcontinental lines: the distance by steamer from San Francisco to Salina Cruz, from Salina Cruz by rail to Minatitlan, on the Gulf of Mexico, and from Minatitlan to New York by steamer being only 4,800 miles, while the distance between the two great ports via Panama is 6,057 miles. It is no wonder that Mr. Huntington wants it.

If Mexico sells the road, San Francisco ought to buy it, and not the Southern Pacific. In the last number of the *Argonaut* it was suggested that it would be sound economy for San Francisco or California to buy the Panama Road. Here is a road which, if it could be acquired at all, could be purchased for perhaps less money than control of the Panama would cost, and over which the steam voyage between San Francisco and New York could be made in probably five days less. Goods shipped from New York to



Minatitlan for San Francisco in swift vessels could be laid down on our city wharves in three weeks, which is less time than the transcontinental railroads take to carry them from shore to shore. Were the railroad in our hands, it would reduce freight charges some sixty-six per cent.

But President Diaz says that his government does not want to sell the road, and he probably means what he says. For thirty years or more, American companies have held concessions from Mexico to build canals, ship railroads, and freight railroads over the Tehuantepec route; they none of them have ever materialized. President Diaz lost patience at last, and undertook the construction of a road at the cost of the government, and for its benefit. It is said that he has secured money enough to finish it in 1894. Now that Diaz has demonstrated the feasibility of the enterprise, Mr. Huntington and his friends come forward and want to buy it, not to develop its possibilities, but to prevent its competing with their system. If they got it, they would probably let it get out of repair; they would be certain to charge such rates of freight that business would continue to flow, as it does at present, in the channel of the transcontinental roads. It is not the interest of Mexico to have the usefulness of its only interoceanic route placed in jeopardy to serve the purposes of the Southern Pacific.

There is another reason why Mexico should refuse to assent to a sale to the Southern Pacific. Such a sale could not be effected without impairing the sovereignty of Mexico over the State of Oaxaca. The owners of the road would own the land it crosses, and if friction arose between them and the Mexican authorities, they would be entitled to appeal to their own government for protection. It is easy to conceive cases in which it might become necessary to land troops to protect American lives and American property; the mere fact of their landing would be a defiance of Mexican sovereignty, and an assertion of American sovereignty over Mexican soil. We have seen how the thing works at Panama. Colombia's sovereignty over the land crossed by the railroad has never been publicly questioned; but whenever trouble takes place, foreigners do not scruple to land troops to preserve the peace, and while they are on shore in arms, they are sovereign, and not Colombia.

Again, the State of Oaxaca, the River Coatzacoalcas, and the port of Salina Cruz are all disputed territory. Guatemala claims that they belong to her, and that whenever engineers delimit the frontier, they will be awarded to her. Such a president as Barrios or Barillas would be quick to seize the opportunity which an American railroad across Oaxaca would afford to appeal to the United States to help her assert her rights. Nothing would be easier than to conclude a secret treaty with the United States, by which, in consideration of the concession of special privileges to the railroad, Guatemala was to obtain material aid from this country to push her frontier northward. It would not be necessary to intervene with arms. A loan of money would accomplish all that Guatemala desired, and if Mexico objected, she would be politely offered the alternative of war.

Mexico can not afford to let the Tehuantepec Railroad pass out of her hands. If she keeps it, and makes fair rates for all parties who want to use it, southern Mexico will become one of the most populous and richest portions of her territory. Towns will spring up at both ends of the line, and the fertile uplands of Oaxaca will soon settle up. This will be more agreeable to Mexican pride, and more profitable in the long run than to make a trade—no matter for how many millions—with foreigners.

President Diaz has done much for Mexico. He has lifted her out of the bloody mire in which he found her, and has made her one of the nations of the world. When he first took the reins of power, Mexico was not a nation—she was a geographical expression. If Porfirio Diaz is not a great man in Mexico, he will be after he is dead. If he wished to be corrupt, he could easily make more millions than the sale of this railway would bring him. But to great nations and great rulers, money is not everything. The sacredness of Mexican soil—the preservation of his personal honor—the judgment of posterity upon him after he is dead—these things are dearer to Diaz than Mr. Huntington's millions. We do not think that the Mexican Railway will be sold.

Life as it was in the town of Homestead, Penn., during the unrestrained dominance of the Amalgamated Association, affords us in miniature a vivid view of what the country's state would be should the "noble dream" of the socialist ever be realized and the honest workingman become our ruler—the glorious day of the supremacy of numbers and muscle over character and brains. Making full allowance for the exceptional circumstances, it is impossible to regard the conduct of these "down-trodden toilers" without all the abhorrence with which the excesses of sanguinary savages affect civilized men. And not all savages would have fired on flags of truce, or, having accepted an enemy's surrender on condition of personal safety,

have fallen upon the prisoners, inflicting every cruelty and indignity. That barbarous, unmanly, and cowardly ill-usage of the disarmed Pinkertons was worthy of the treacherous scalp-lifting, torturing Apaches. But it was not only in their hour of blood-frenzy that the workmen of Homestead manifested those impulses and qualities which make the thought of a society tyrannized by enthroned labor hideous to every well-balanced mind. An unrelieved despotism reigned in the place. The voice of the law-respecting minority was hushed by fear of murder. Citizens of the United States venturing to set foot in the town were catechised, searched, insulted, beaten, and expelled on threat of death. The law's officers were reduced to the condition of quaking, fawning suppliants for the safety of their lives. Railroads were forcibly taken out of the possession of their employees. And the correspondents of newspapers, when they were not ordered from Homestead under the compulsion of gun and bludgeon, had their dispatches jealously edited before transmission by their majesties of the Amalgamated Association.

Indignation at the beating and expulsion of reporters and the coincident gagging of the press is qualified to some degree by the reflection that to the press was largely due the riot at Homestead and the existence of that belief that they are the victims of injustice, which has been implanted in the breasts of the really pampered workmen of America. In order to catch the horny-handed one's vote for their party, the newspapers play the demagogue, and, in order to catch his nickel for themselves, they flatter his vanity, sympathize with his imaginary woes, and truckle to him continually. Moved by the desire to make a point against the tariff, the Democratic press was exceptionally eager in encouraging the Homestead workmen to violence. Told by the sycophantic press that it was they who had enriched the mill-owners, and that, therefore, they were being robbed by having their wages fixed at a point which made continued manufacturing profitable, they not unnaturally assumed that they had a right to dictate how the mills should be run. Finding himself suddenly clothed with power, the workman instantly gave practical effect to the newspaper gospel in which he has been bred, and proved to all the world how well-fitted he is, intellectually and morally, to manage his own affairs and rule others. The very first to feel the weight of his horny hand was the press, whose customary attitude toward him is on its knees.

It is well that the press has been taught this lesson—taught that in his gratitude for services rendered and flattering friendship shown, the workman's earliest impulse, should fortune place him at the top instead of the bottom of the political heap, would be to decree a censorship of the press, quite as rigid and much more violently enforced than that maintained by imperial Germany or autocratic Russia. It is well, too, that the civilized elements of the country's population have been afforded Homestead's bloody object-lesson of the inevitable consequences of newspaper political demagoguery and mercenary truckling to the many-headed mob. It is not impossible that the classes by whom social order and the precedence of mind over muscle are deemed things worth preserving, may be induced to bear it in upon the journalistic consciousness that encouraging murderous mobs is not productive of circulation and advertising patronage.

Considering that the daily press fomented the disorder at Homestead, and stirred up the working-men to riot and murder, little sympathy will be felt for the reporters whom the mob flung out of the town, neck and heels. But the occurrence should make the penny-gathering proprietors of the dailies think.

Owing to the jealousy of the worse half of mankind, the better half do not vote in England or in this country, outside of Wyoming. In the millennial age which is approaching, women will all vote, and it is quite on the cards that they may disfranchise certain unworthy classes of men, such as inebriates, bachelors, and incurable club men. In the meantime, both American women and Englishwomen may advise their husbands, brothers, sons, and sweethearts; but they can not do more. It is an humble, but sometimes an effective part to play.

In this country, except in the valley of the Missouri, women do their advising in private. They are sometimes very strenuous politicians. But they seldom go beyond warning a man in the seclusion of a private parlor that he will be "real mean" if he votes against the ticket of their predilection. The feeling that this is the proper course for a woman to pursue is expressed in ex-President Cleveland's letter to a party of ladies who proposed to organize a "Frances Cleveland Influence Club." He wrote that "it is impossible for us to approve of a use of Mrs. Cleveland's name in the designation of a club designed to do political work, as a name now sacred in home circles as wife and mother should be spared in clubs created to exert political influence." The principle on which this opinion rests is simple. Those who

mix in active politics must expect to take part in rough-and-tumble controversy, and, according to our notions of good taste, it is not becoming to expose our women to the coarse language of political strife.

That view does not seem to prevail in the State of Kansas or in the Kingdom of England. In the former, there is a lady by the name of Leake, who is said to be the most influential politician in the State. She is the woman who defeated Ingalls for the United States Senate, and was mainly instrumental in securing the election of the crank Pepper in his place. She is a person of very advanced views, and advocates the sub-treasury system, free silver coinage, and all the other modern improvements in economical science. She believes that the United States should carry the Kansas crop of grain till it can be sold at a profit, and she rather thinks that a "gold-bug," who wants to foreclose a mortgage on a Kansas farm, should be executed. In Kansas they think a good deal of her, and go to meetings where she exhorts. But when she loomed up at Minneapolis, a cold-blooded audience was disposed to laugh at her.

In England, ladies took an active part in politics at the time of the last election, in 1886. They formed Primrose leagues, wore bunches of primroses, and went about coaxing the electors to vote their ticket. Lady Randolph Churchill was a leader in the Primrose League, and, as she is still pretty and vivacious, the British farm-laborer rather liked her to coax him. At the elections of the past week, we hear of ladies accompanying their husbands to the platforms, from which they addressed the electors. Mrs. Dorothy Stanley stood by her husband, the traveler Stanley, when he spoke. The people, who were unusually brutal specimens of the British rough, hooted him and called on her to speak, and, when she opened her mouth, they jeered her, asking what constituency she wanted to represent. It was a disgraceful performance, worthy of a band of British electors; but why did Mrs. Stanley seek the society of British electors?

Then there is a Lady Somerset, who took a hand in the election in one of the boroughs of Gloucester. Sir Charles Dilke was running against Colchester Wemyss. Lady Somerset dug up his old trouble with his wife, and got the electors to pass a resolution declaring that, being moral men themselves, they must have a man of high moral character to represent them in Parliament. Lady Dilke was on the platform, and burst into tears. The spectacle of Lady Dilke weeping of course excites our sympathy, but what was she doing on the hustings?

Political fights are not conducted in Chesterfieldian phrase. Candidates call each other humbugs, and knaves, and liars, and what not—and men stand it, their cuticle having been calloused by long experience of party strife. But ladies are not used to being called names, nor is it desirable they should be. When a man hears his wife abused, his instinct to resort to violence is irresistible, though he can bear any amount of abuse of himself with equanimity. The appearance of ladies at political meetings is thus not only likely to be disagreeable to themselves, but is likely to bring discomforts on the men to whom they belong.

There is evidently a very radical difference between the British and American views of women in politics. We must confess that we agree with Mrs. Grover Cleveland. She prefers to stay at home, and to keep herself and her name for her husband and not for political clubs. She has always been reputed to be a very modest and a very charming woman, but this shows that she is a wise woman as well.

Last week the following dispatch came through, after the troops had reached Homestead:

Shortly before noon Hugh O'Donnell and a delegation from the Amalgamated Association called on General Snowden at his headquarters. They had been appointed a committee to notify him of the public reception the townspeople proposed to give the militia. One of the strikers, a man named Kuhn, took it upon himself to speak for his party. He said to the commanding officer: "We have come, sir, to offer you our assistance." The general looked at him coldly, and said: "I need no assistance; I shall preserve order myself." "But we have kept perfect order," Mr. Kuhn expostulated. The general pointed to the deserted mill below them, and answered: "So I have heard." "Ask the sheriff," Mr. Kuhn said. Sheriff McCleary, who was standing by, said, very sharply: "You turned back my deputies." "We come from the Amalgamated Association," Mr. Kuhn said; but the general cut him off with: "I don't recognize the association." "Well," said Mr. Kuhn, "we belong to the advisory committee, and we come—" Here the general broke in: "I do not know such a committee. I thank you for your offer, but I only recognize you as citizens. I am here by the order of the governor to cooperate with the sheriff in the maintenance of order and the protection of the Carnegie Steel Company in the possession of its property. All that I ask of you to do is to preserve order. I wish you good-morning." And he turned and walked off, leaving the committee embarrassed and very mad. Mr. O'Donnell said afterward: "I never met with such a chilling reception in my life. He did not seem to have the slightest regard for what we said or thought."

In printing this dispatch, the *Examiner* headed it as follows: "General Snowden Slurs The Visiting Delegations Of Labor Men And Plays The Role Of General Boom." Considering that the correspondents of the *Examiner* and other newspapers had been driven out of Homestead the day before by the mob of strikers, the superserviceable tone of that journal, and its humble demeanor toward them who had despitely used it, is most edifying. This is not only turning the other cheek to be smitten—it is presenting the person to be smitten.



## THE HAUNTED DRAGOON.

My father and mother (said Sam) married late in life, for his trade was what mine is, and 'twasn't till her fortieth year that my mother could bring herself to kiss a grave-digger. That accounts, maybe, for my being born rickety and with other drawbacks that only made father the fonder. Weather permitting, he'd carry me off to church-yard, set me upon a flat stone, with his coat folded under, and talk to me while he dived. I can mind, now, the way he'd settle lower and lower, till his head played hidey-peek with me over the grave's edge, and at last he'd be clean swallowed up, but still discoursing or calling up how he'd come upon wonderful towns and kingdoms down underground, and how all the kings and queens there, in dyed garments, was offering him meat for his dinner every day of the week if he'd only stop and hobnob with them—and all such gaminut. He prettily doted on me—the poor old ancient!

But there came a day—a dry afternoon in the late wheat harvest—when we were up in the church-yard together, and, though father had his tools beside him, not a tint did he work, but kept travailing back and forth, one time shading his eyes and gazing out to sea, and then looking far along the Plymouth Road for minutes at a time. Out by Braddon Point there stood a little, dandy-rigged craft, tacking lazily to and fro, with her mains'l all sbiny-yellow in the sunset. Though I didn't know it then, she was the preventive boat, and her business was to watch the hauen; for there had been a brusb between her and the *Unity* lugger, a fortnight back, and a preventive man shot through the breast-bone, and my mother's brother, Philip, was biding down in the town. I minded, later, how that the men across the vale, in Farmer Tresidder's wheat-field, paused every now and then, as they pitched the sheaves, to give a look up toward the church-yard, and the gleaners moved about in small knots, causing and glancing over their shoulders at the cutter out in the bay; and how, when all the field was carried, they waited round the last load, no man offering to cry the *Neck*, as the fashion was, but lingering till sun was near down behind the slope and the long shadows stretching across the stubble.

"Shan't thee go underground to-day, father?" says I, at last.

He turned slowly round, and says he, "No, sonny. Reckon us'll climb skywards for a change."

And with that, he took my hand, and pushing abroad the belfry-door began to climb the stairway. Up and up, round and round we went, in a sort of blind-man's holiday full of little gblnts of light and whiffs of wind where the open windows came, and, at last, stepped out upon the leads of the tower and drew breath.

"There's two-an'-twenty parishes to be witnessed from where we're standin', sonny—if ye've got eyes," says my father.

Well, first I looked down toward the harvesters and laughed to see them so small; and then I fell to counting the church-towers dotted across the high-lands, and seeing if I could make out two-and-twenty. 'Twas the prettiest sight—all the country round looking as if 'twas dusted with gold, and the Plymouth Road winding away down the hills like a long white tape. I had counted thirteen churches, when my father pointed his hand out along this road, and called to me:

"Look 'ee out yonder, honey, an' say what ye see!"

"I see dust," says I.

"Nothin' else?" Sonny, boy, use your eyes, for mine be dim."

"I see dust," says I again, "an' suthin' twinklin' in it, like a tin-can—"

"Dragooners!" shouts my father; and then, running to the side of the tower facing the harvest-field, he put both hands to his mouth and called:

"What have 'ee? What have 'ee?"—very loud and long.

"A neck—a neck!" came back from the field, like as if all shouted at once—dear, the sweet sound! And then a gun was fired, and, craning forward over the coping, I saw a dozen men running across the stubble and out into the road toward the hauen; and they called as they ran: "A neck—a neck!"

"Iss," says my father, "'tis a neck, sure 'nuff. Pray God they save en! Come, sonny—"

But we dallied up there till the horsemen were plain to see, and their scarlet coats and armor blazing in the dust as they came. And when they drew near within a mile, and our limbs ached with crouching—for fear they should spy us against the sky—father took me by the hand and pulled hot-foot down the stairs. Before they rode by he had picked up his shovel, and was shoveling out a grave for his life.

Forty valiant horsemen they were, riding two-and-two (by reason of the narrowness of the road), and a captain beside them—men broad and long, with hairy top-lips, and all clad in scarlet jackets and white breeches that showed bravely against their black war-horses, and jet-black holsters, thick as they were wi' dust. Each man had a golden helmet, and a scabbard flapping by his side, and a piece of metal, like a half-moon, jingling from his horse's cheek-strap; 12 D was the number on every saddle, meaning the Twelfth Dragoons.

Tramp, tramp! they rode by, talking and joking, and taking no more heed of me—that sat upon the wall, with my heels dangling above them—than if I'd been a spring of stone-crop. But the captain, who carried a drawn sword, and mopped his face with a handkerchief, so that the dust ran across it in streaks, drew rein, and looked over my shoulder to where father was digging.

"Sergeant!" he calls back, turning with a hand upon his crupper; "didn't we see a figger like this a-top o' the tower, some way back?"

The sergeant pricked his horse forward and saluted. He was the tallest, straightest man in the troop, and the muscles on his arm filled out his sleeve with the three stripes upon it—a handsome, red-faced fellow, with curly black hair.

Says he: "That we did, sir—a man with sloping shoulders, and a boy with a goose-neck." Saying this, he looked up at us with a grin.

"I'll bear it in mind," answered the officer, and the troop rode on in a cloud of dust, the sergeant looking back and smiling, as if 'twas a joke that he shared with us. Well, to be short, they rode down into the town as night fell. But 'twas too late, Uncle Philip having had fair warning, and plenty of time, to flee up toward the little secret hold under Mabel Down, where none but two families knew how to find him. All the town, though, knew he was safe, and lashins of women and children turned out to see the comely soldiers hunt in vain till ten o'clock at night.

The next thing was to billet the warriors. The captain of the troop, by this, was pesky cross-tempered, and flounced off to the "Jolly Pilchards" in a huff. "Sergeant," says he, "here's an inn, though a damned bad 'un, an' here I means to stop. Somewheres about there's a farm called Constantine, where, I am told, the men can be accommodated. Find out the place, if you can, an' do your best; an' don't let me see yer face till to-morra," says he.

So Sergeant Basket—that was his name—gave the salute, and rode his troop up the street, where—for his manners were mighty winning, notwithstanding the dirty nature of his errand—he soon found plenty to direct him to Farmer Noy's of Constantine; and up the coombe they rode into the darkness, a dozen or more going along with them to show the way, being won by their martial bearing as well as the sergeant's very friendly way of speech.

Farmer Noy was in bed—a pock-marked, lantern-jawed old gaffer of sixty-five; and the most remarkable point about him was the wife he had married two years before—a young slip of a girl but just husband-high. Money did it, I reckon; but, if so, 'twas a bad bargain for her. He was noted for stinginess to such a degree that they said his wife wore a brass wedding-ring week-days, to save the genuine article from wearing out. She was a Ruan woman, too, and therefore ought to have known all about him. But woman's ways be past finding out.

Hearing the hoofs in his yard and the sergeant's *stram-aram* upon the door, down comes the old curmudgeon, with a candle held high above his head.

"What the devil's here?" he calls out.

Sergeant Basket looks over the old man's shoulder, and there, half-way up the stairs, stood Madam Noy in her night-rail—a high-colored, ripe girl, languishing for love, her red bps parted and neck all lily-white against a loosened pile of dark-brown hair.

"Be cussed if I turn back!" said the sergeant to himself, and added out loud:

"Forty souldjers, in the king's name!"

"Forty devils!" says Old Noy.

"They're devils to eat," answered the sergeant, in the most friendly manner; "an', begad, ye must feed an' bed 'em this night—or else I'll search your cellars. Ye are a loyal man—eh, farmer? An' your stables are big, I'm told."

"Sarah," calls out the old man, following the sergeant's bold glance, "go back an' dress yerself decently this instant! These here honest souldjers—forty damned honest gormandizin' souldjers—be come, in his majesty's name, forty strong, to protect honest folks' rights in the intervals of eatin' 'em out o' house an' home. Sergeant, ye be very welcome i' the king's name. Cheese an' cider ye shall have, an' I pray the mixture may turn your forty stomachs."

In a dozen minutes he had fetched out his stable-boys and farm-hands, and, lantern in hand, was helping the sergeant to picket the horses and stow the men about on clean straw in the out-houses. They were turning back to the house, and the old man was turning over in his mind that the sergeant hadn't yet said a word about where he was to sleep, when by the door they found Madam Noy waiting, in her wedding-gown, and with her hair freshly braided.

Now, the farmer was mortally afraid of the sergeant, knowing he had thirty ankers and more of contraband liquor in his cellars, and minding the sergeant's threat. None the less his jealousy got the upper hand.

"Woman," he cries out, "to thy bed!"

"I was waiting," said she, "to say the cap'n's bed—"

"Sergeant's!" says the dragoon, correcting her.

"Was laid i' the spare-room."

"Madam," replies Sergeant Basket, looking into her eyes and bowing, "a soldier with my responsibility sleeps but little. In the first place, I must see that my men sup."

"The maids be now cuttin' the bread an' cheese and drawin' the cider."

"Then, madam, leave me but possession of the parlor, and let me have a chair to sleep in."

By this, they were in the passage together, and her gaze devouring his regimentals. The old man stood a pace off, looking sourly. The sergeant fed his eyes upon her, and Satan got hold of him.

"Now if only," said he, "one of you could play cards!"

"But I must go to bed," she answered; "though I can play cribbage, if only you stay another night."

For she saw the glint in the farmer's eye; and so Sergeant Basket slept bolt upright that night, in an arm-chair by the parlor fender. Next day the dragooners searched the town again, and were billeted all about among the cottages. But the sergeant returned to Constantine, and before going to bed—this time in the spare-room—played a game of cribbage with Madam Noy, the farmer smoking sulkily in his arm-chair.

"Two for his heels!" said the rosy woman suddenly, half-way through the game; "sergeant, you're cheatin' yourself an' forgettin' to mark. Gi'e me the board; I'll mark for both."

She put out her hand upon the board, and Sergeant Basket closed upon it. 'Tis true he had forgot to mark; and feeling the hot pulse in her wrist, and beholding the hunger in her eyes, 'tis to be supposed he'd have forgot his own soul.

He rode away next day with his troop; but my Uncle Philip not being caught yet, and the government set on

making an example of him, we hadn't seen the last of these dragooners. 'Twas a time of fear down in the town. At the dead of night, or at noonday, they came on us—six times in all; and for two months the crew of the *Unity* couldn't call their souls their own, but lived from day to day in secret closets and wandered the county by night, hiding in hedges and straw-houses. All that time the revenue men watched the hauen, night and day, like dogs before a rat-hole.

But one November morning 'twas whispered abroad that Uncle Philip had made his way to Falmouth, and slipped across to Guernsey. Time passed on, and the dragooners were seen no more, nor the handsome, devil-may-care face of Sergeant Basket. Up at Constantine, where he had always contrived to billet himself, 'tis to be thought pretty Madam Noy pined to see him again, kicking his spurs in the porch and smiling out of his gay brown eyes; for her face fell away from its plump condition, and the hunger in her eyes grew and grew. But a more remarkable fact was that her old husband—who wouldn't have yemarked after the dragoon, ye'd have thought—began to dwindle and fall away, too. By the new-year he was a dying man, and carried his doom on his face. And on new-year's-day he straddled his mare for the last time and rode over to Looe, to Dr. Gale's.

"Goody-losh!" cried the doctor, taken aback by his appearance. "What's come to ye, Noy?"

"Death!" says Noy. "Doctor, I baint come for advice, for before this day week I'll be a clay-cold corpse. I come to ax a favor. When they summon ye, before lookin' at my body—that'll be past help—go you to the little left-top corner drawer o' my wife's bureau, an' there ye'll find a packet. You're my executor," says he, "and I leaves ye to deal wi' that packet as ye thinks fit."

With that, the farmer rode away home-along, and the very day week he went dead.

The doctor, when called over, minded what the old chap had said, and sending Madam Noy on some pretense to the kitchen, went over and unlocked the little drawer with a duplicate key, that the farmer had unhitched from his watch-chain and given him. There was no parcel of letters, as he looked to find, but only a small packet crumpled away in the corner. He pulled it out and gave a look, and a sniff, and another look; then shut the drawer, locked it, strode straight down-stairs to his horse and galloped away.

In three hours' time pretty Madam Noy was in the constables' hands upon the charge of murdering her husband by poison. They tried her, next spring assize, at Bodmin, before the lord chief-justice. There wasn't evidence enough to put Sergeant Basket in the dock alongside of her—though 'twas freely guessed he knew more than any one (saving the prisoner herself) about the arsenic that was found in the little drawer and inside the old man's body. He was subpoena'd from Plymouth, and cross-examined by a great hulking king's counsel for three-quarters of an hour. But they got nothing out of him. All through the examination the prisoner looked at him and nodded her white face, every now and then, at his answers, as much as to say, "That's right—that's right; they shan't barn thee, my dear." And the love-light shone in her eyes for all the court to see. But the sergeant never let his look meet it. When he stepped down at last she gave a sob of joy, and fainted bang-off.

They roused her up, after this, to hear the verdict of *Guilt* and her doom spoken by the judge. "Pris'ner at the bar," said the clerk of arraigns, "have ye anything to say why this court should not pass sentence o' death?"

She held tight of the rail before her, and spoke out loud and clear:

"My lord and gentleman all, I be a guilty woman; an' I be ready to die at once for my sin. But if ye kill me now, ye kill the child in my body—an' he is innocent."

Well, 'twas found she spoke the truth, and the hanging was put off till after the time of her delivery. She was led back to prison, and there, about the end of June, her child was born, and died before he was six hours old. But the mother recovered, and quietly abode the time of her hanging.

I can mind her execution very well; for father and mother had determined it would be an excellent thing for my rickets to take me into Bodmin that day, and get a touch of the dead woman's hand, which, in those times, was considered an unfailing remedy. So we borrowed the parson's manure-cart, and cleaned it thoroughly, and drove in together.

The place of the hangings, then, was a little door in the prison wall, looking over the bank where the railway now goes, and a dismal piece of water called Jail-pool, where the townsfolk drowned most of the dogs and cats they'd no furdur use for. All the bank under the gallows was that thick with people you could almost walk upon their heads; and my ribs were squeezed by the crowd so that I couldn't breathe freely for a month after. Back across the pool, the fields along the side of the valley were lined with booths, and sweet-stalls, and standings—a perfect Whitsun fair; and a din going up that cracked your ears.

But there was the stillness of death when the woman came forth, with the sheriff and the chaplain reading in his book, and the unnamed man behind—all from the little door. She wore a straight black gown and a white kerchief about her neck—a lovely woman, young, and white, and tearless.

She ran her eye over the crowd and stepped forward a pace, as if to speak; but lifted a finger and beckoned instead—and out of the people a man fought his way to the foot of the scaffold. 'Twas the dashing sergeant, who was here upon sick-leave. Sick he was, I believe. His face above his shining regimentals was gray as a slate; for he had committed perjury to save his skin, and on the face of the perjured no sun will ever shine.

"Have you got it?" the doomed woman said, many hearing the words.

He tried to reach, but the scaffold was too high, so he tossed up what was in his hand, and the woman caught it—a little screw of tissue-paper.

"I must see that, please!" said the sheriff, laying a hand upon her arm.



"'Tis but a weddin'-ring, sir"—and she slipped it over her finger. Then she kissed it once, under the beam, and, lookin' into the dragoon's eyes, spoke very slow:

"Husband, our child shall go wi' you; an' when I want you he shall fetch you."

And with that turned to the sheriff, saying: "I be ready, sir."

The sheriff wouldn't give father and mother leave for me to touch the dead woman's band; so they drove back that evening grumbling a good bit. 'Tis a sixteen-mile drive, and the 'ostler in at Bodmin had swindled the poor old horse out of his feed, I believe; for he crawled like a slug. But they were so taken up with discussing the day's doings, and what a mort of people had been present, and how the sheriff might have used milder language in refusing my father, that they forgot to use the whip. The moon was up before we got half-way home, and a star to be seen here and there; and still we never mended our pace.

'Twas in the middle of the lane leading down to Hendra Bottom, where for more than a mile two carts can't pass each other, that my father pricks up his ears and looks back. "Hullo!" says he; "there's somebody gallopin' behind us."

Far back in the night we heard the noise of a horse's hoofs, pounding furiously on the road and drawing nearer and nearer.

"Save us!" cries father; "whoever 'tis, he's comin' down th' lane!" And in a minute's time the clatter was close on us and some one shouting behind.

"Hurry that crawlin' worm o' yourn—or draw aside in God's name, an' let me by!" the rider yelled.

"What's up?" asked my father, quartering as well as he could; "why! Hullo! Farmer Hugo, be that you?"

"There's a mad devil o' a man behind, ridin' down all be comes across. A's blazin' drunk, I reckon—but 'tisn't that—'tis the horrible voice that goes wi' en. Hark! Lord protect us, he's turn'd into the lane!"

Sure enough, the clatter of a second horse was coming down upon us, out of the night—and with it the most ghastly sounds that ever creamed a man's flesh. Farmer Hugo pushed past us and sent a shower of mud in our faces as his horse leaped off again, and 'way-to-go down the hill. My father stood up and lashed our old gray with the reins, and down we went, too, bumpy-bump for our lives, the poor beast being taken suddenly like one possessed. For the screaming behind was like nothing on earth but the wailing and sobbing of a little child—only tenfold louder. 'Twas just as you'd fancy a baby might wail, if his little limbs was being twisted to death.

At the hill's foot, as you know, a stream crosses the lane—that widens out there a bit, and narrows again as it goes up t'other side of the valley. Knowing we must be overtaken further on—for the screams and clatter seemed at our very backs by this—father jumped out here into the stream and backed the cart well to one side, and not a second too soon.

The next moment, like a wind, this thing went by us in the moonlight—a man upon a black horse, that splashed the stream all over us as he dashed through it and up the hill. 'Twas the scarlet dragoon, with his ashen face; and, behind him, holding to his cross-belt, rode a little shape that tugged, and wailed, and raved. As I stand here, sir, 'twas the shape of a naked babe!

Well, I won't go on to tell bow my father dropped upon his knees in the water, or how my mother fainted off. The thing was gone, and, from that moment, for eight years, nothing was seen or heard of Sergeant Basket. The fright killed my mother. Before next spring she fell into a decline, and early next fall the old man—for he was an old man now—bad to delve her grave. After this he went feebly about his work, but held on, being wishful for me to step into his shoes, which I began to do as soon as I was fourteen, having outgrown the rickets by that time.

But one cool evening in September month, father was up digging in the yard alone; for 'twas a small child's grave, and in the loosest soil, and I was off on a day's work, thatching Farmer Tresidder's stacks. He was digging away slowly, when he heard a rattle at the lych-gate, and, looking over the edge of the grave, saw, in the dusk, a man hitching his horse there by the bridle.

'Twas a coal-black horse, and the man wore a scarlet coat, all powdered with pill, and, as he opened the gate, and came over the graves, father saw that 'twas the dashing dragoon. His face was still a slatey gray, and clammy with sweat, and, when he spoke, his voice was all of a whisper, with a shiver therein.

"Bedman," says he, "go to the hedge, and look down the road, and tell me what you see."

My father went, with his knees shaking, and came back again.

"I see a woman," says he, "not fifty yards down the road. She is dressed in black, an' has a veil over her face, an' she's comin' this way."

"Bedman," answers the dragoon, "go to the gate, an' look back along the Plymouth Road, an' tell me what you see."

"I see," says my father, coming back with his teeth chattering—"I see, twenty yards back, a naked child comin'." He looks to be callin', but he makes no sound.

"Because his voice is wearied out," says the dragoon. And with that he faced about, and walked to the gate slowly.

"Bedman, come wi' me an' see the rest," he says over his shoulder.

He opened the gate, unhitched the bridle, and swung himself heavily up in the saddle.

Now from the gate the bank goes down pretty steep into the road, and at the foot of the bank my father saw two figures waiting. 'Twas the woman and the child, hand in hand, and their eyes burned up like coals; and the woman's veil was lifted, and her throat bare.

As the horse went down the bank toward these two, they reached out and took each a stirrup and climbed upon his back, the child before the dragoon and the woman behind. The man's face was set like a stone. Not a word did either speak, and in this fashion they rode down the hill toward Ruan sands. All that my father could mind, beyond, was that the woman's hands were passed round the man's neck, where the rope had passed round her own.

No more could he tell, being a stricken man from that hour. But Aunt Polgrain, the housekeeper up to Constantine, saw them, an hour later, go along the road below the town-place; and Jacobs, the smith, saw them pass his forge toward Bodmin about midnight. So the tale's true enough. But since that night no man has set eyes on horse or riders.

ARTHUR T. QUILLER-COUCH.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### Two Women.

The shadows lay along Broadway,  
'Twas near the twilight-tide,  
And slowly there a lady fair  
Was walking in her pride.  
Alone walked she, but viewlessly  
Walked spirits at her side.

Peace claimed the street beneath her feet,  
And honor charmed the air;  
And all astir looked kind on her,  
And called her good as fair—  
For all God ever gave to her  
She kept with chary care.

She kept with care her beauties rare  
From lovers warm and true,  
For her heart was cold to all but gold,  
And the rich came not to woo—  
But honored well are charms to sell  
If priests the selling do.

Now, walking there was one more fair—  
A slight girl, lily pale;  
And she had unseen company  
To make the spirit quail—  
'Twixt want and scorn she walked forlorn,  
And nothing could avail.

No mercy now can clear her brow  
For this world's peace to pray;  
For, as love's wild prayer dissolved in air,  
Her woman's heart gave way—  
But the sin forgiven by Christ in heaven  
By man is cursed away.—V. P. Willis.

### Magdalen.

If any woman of us all,  
If any woman of the street,  
Before the Lord should pause and fall,  
And with her long hair wipe His feet—

He whom with yearning hearts we love,  
And fain would see with human eyes  
Around our living pathway move,  
And underneath our daily skies—

The Maker of the heavens and earth,  
The Lord of life, the Lord of death,  
With whom the universe had birth,  
But breathing of our breath, one breath—

If any woman of the street  
Should kneel, and with the lifted mesh  
Of her long tresses wipe His feet,  
And with her kisses kiss their flesh—

How round that woman would we throng,  
How willingly would clasp her bands,  
Fresh from that touch divine, and long  
To gather up the twice-blessed strands!

How eagerly with her would change  
Our idle innocence, nor heed  
Her shameful memories and strange,  
Could we but also claim that deed.  
—Harriet Prescott Spofford.

### A Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory  
Heard this shrill wail ring out from Purgatory:  
"Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story!"

"I loved—and, blind with passionate love, I fell.  
Love brought me down to death, and death to Hell.  
For God is just, and death for sin is well.

"I do not rage against his high decree.  
Nor for myself do ask that grace shall be;  
But for my love on earth who mourns for me.

"Great Spirit! Let me see my love again  
And comfort him one hour, and I were fain  
To pay a thousand years of fire and pain."

Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent  
That wild vow! Look, the dial-finger's bent  
Down to the last hour of thy punishment!"

But still she wailed, "I pray thee, let me go!  
I can not rise to peace and leave him so.  
Oh, let me soothe him in his bitter woe!"

The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar,  
And upward, joyous, like a rising star,  
She rose and vanished in the ether far.

But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,  
And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing,  
She fluttered back, with broken-hearted wailing.

She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea  
Reclined, his head upon a maiden's knee—  
She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!"

She wept, "Now let my punishment begin!  
I have been fond and foolish. Let me in  
To expiate my sorrow and my sin."

The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!  
To be deceived in your true heart's desire  
Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"  
—John Hay.

In the tactics formerly in use in the Italian army the order "*Faccia feroce*!" had an important place. It signified "Look fierce!" and when it was given, the men put on a studied air of the most implacable ferocity.

## THE BRITISH ELECTIONS.

How the Result will Affect Some Prominent Englishmen.

He is a brave man who, unaffected by party prejudice or unbiased by the teachings of class tradition, would dare to predict, with any sense of sincere conviction, which party will win at the general election now so near at hand. The only issue in the whole campaign is Gladstone. If a majority of Liberal members of the House of Commons are elected, Lord Salisbury and his cabinet will at once resign their seals of office, and the queen will thereupon send for Gladstone and ask him to form a new ministry. But should the majority of members returned be found to be Conservatives or Unionists, then things will go on exactly the same as they do now.

I should say that in about six weeks from now—unless the election should prove a very close one and the result hang in the balance up to the last—there would be enough to show, with a fair idea of certainty, which way the British cat was going to jump. You see, a general election in England is strung out over weeks, the voting going on in different places on different days, to allow voters who possess several votes—that is to say, a vote in several places—to cast each and all of them. There has lately been a strong movement begun in favor of the principle of "one man one vote," as it exists in the United States, and before long it promises to become a leading issue, though at present it is kept in the back-ground.

The election is pretty safe to be a close one, and both sides are leaving no stone unturned to secure victory for their banners. Speech-making is going on everywhere by candidates and their friends. Foremost among those on the Liberal side is Sir Charles Russell, the attorney-general in Gladstone's last administration. The number of speeches Sir Charles makes is simply marvelous. He has an immense practice at the bar, and, considering the amount of private work he has always on his hands, it is really wonderful how he finds time and physical strength to go about here, there, and everywhere to speak in behalf of the different candidates who ask his aid. Of course this extra labor is not all disinterested. Should the Gladstonians win the day, Sir Charles will, at the least, be attorney-general again, if not lord chancellor for the first time. The woosack (by which is meant the lord chancellorship, the same being the large, square cushion stuffed with wool upon which the lord chancellor sits when presiding in the House of Lords, of which he is *ex officio* chairman) is the goal of all English barristers. Not only are you the "Keeper of the queen's (or king's) conscience," but you are at once created a peer and have ten thousand pounds a year salary. You sit in the highest court of equity and preside in the House of Lords. Your rank in the scale of precedence is sixth, which is pretty high, considering that there are upwards of seventy distinct grades established.

Sir Charles is one of the cleverest of men. An Irishman by birth, and possessed of an unmistakable brogue, he has by sheer ability (given the needed opportunities) gained the first place at the English bar. He especially excels as a cross-examiner, and is a most eloquent, ready, and convincing speaker. He is in nearly every case of importance. Among noted cases he has been in was that of Mrs. Maybrick, in which he defended her. He was for the Wilsons in the famous bacarat case; was counsel for Lord Russell in his matrimonial case, and for Mrs. Osborne, until the ruinous disclosures compelled him to throw up his brief. I should say that he has the cream of practice, and his income from his profession must far exceed the pay of lord chancellor. But a peerage is worth everything else, even in the estimate of a Liberal, and he would not hesitate to give up his practice for the patent of nobility which would directly be his, and would descend to his son. They say the best way to convert a Radical is to offer him a seat in the House of Lords. Talk as they may, there are none of them proof against the acceptance of this sop. It has been said, on the other hand, that Joseph Chamberlain has more than once been offered a peerage, but has steadfastly declined the honor. But so did Lord Beaconsfield for several years, and at last accepted one. If Lord Salisbury retains the reins of government, Chamberlain may again be offered a coronet, and perhaps this time he will accept it, possibly for the sake of adding to the peerage another American lady in the person of his wife.

One man who I should think would be sure to be sent to the Upper House, should Gladstone triumph, is Sir William Harcourt. He has done good service to his party, and deserves the step. Nor is it at all unlikely that the House of Commons will be glad to be rid of him, for he is almost as troublesome as Labouchère, and is quite as undignified in his utterances.

To show to what lengths the Conservatives are going in order to win votes, I will give one instance. Algernon Swinburne, the poet, is a strong Unionist. He simply detests Gladstone, and has lately written some verses on the subject of the election. One of these verses his sister has had lithographed in fac-simile for distribution as a campaign document. These are the lines:

### AN ELECTION.

"Choose England: here the paths before thee part.  
Wouldst thou have honor? Be as now thou art.  
Wouldst thou have shame? Take Gladstone to thy heart."

For my own part, I do not think Swinburne's political opinions have much weight. He is too violent and bitter, and lacks the ability to judge dispassionately. Indeed, I should not be surprised if the publication of his sentiments in this form would do more harm than good. It is curious that the head of his family, Sir John Swinburne, is one of the strongest Radicals and staunchest supporters of Gladstone in the House of Commons, while the head of his mother's family, his cousin, the present Earl of Ashburnham, is a prominent Home-Ruler and Gladstone man.

LONDON, June 24, 1892.

COCKAY



## CONJUGAL AMENITIES.

A Comedy in One Act.

[As the curtain rises, SHE is arranging some flowers on the table. Enter HE.]

HE—Ah, the table isn't set, so dinner is not ready. It is insupportable!

SHE—Why, my dear!

HE—I am tired of your eternal, "Why, my dear!" If it only happened once in a while I would say nothing about it; but it is the same thing every day.

SHE—It is not my fault.

HE—It never is your fault, of course.

SHE—The cook forgot to buy any butter, and I did not know of it until the last minute.

HE—A nice time to find out that there is no butter, at the last minute, when you have the whole morning to look after things.

SHE—But my morning is completely occupied.

HE—By what?

SHE—In looking after the second girl making the beds and cleaning up the rooms. You are in a very bad humor.

HE—I am not in a bad humor, but I am tired of repeating the same thing day after day.

SHE—But I can't be at the cook's heels all the time.

HE—I beg your pardon. You ought to be always at the cook's heels.

SHE—Then we might as well have no cook.

HE—That would make a saving.

SHE—I regret that my mother did not teach me how to cook.

HE—I would like to know what your mother did teach you. You can't make your dresses or bonnets, you can't cook, you can't do anything.

SHE—Go on. I won't take the trouble of answering you.

HE—What answer could you make? Your parents ought to have informed me. Parents are all alike. Just listen to them when they want to dispose of their offspring: "My daughter is good at this, my daughter is good at that, my daughter is good at everything." Then when we, in our simplicity, think to put our hands upon a good housekeeper, we marry— *presto* , we find that we are sold.

SHE—And you are rightly served; if you look for nothing but a housekeeper in your wife, you should marry the cook.

HE—That is just what a good many do. [At these words SHE lets a plate fall.] There is no reason for breaking plates. Another thing your mother should have taught you is not to break plates. But you break everything you touch. You would break your child if you had one.

SHE—Then it is fortunate that we haven't any.

HE—Very fortunate. But, if we ever have any daughters, they shall be taught how to cook before learning to play on the piano. They, at least, when they are married—

SHE—They will have hands as red as Mrs. Emmons's.

HE—Exactly; and don't say anything against Mrs. Emmons. There's a woman for you! Her eye is on everything, and everywhere. She looks after all the work of the house, keeps the rooms in order—

SHE—And henpecks her husband—

HE—But Emmons doesn't know it.

SHE—And it serves him right.

HE—Ah, that's the way with all you women. Once married, we must do nothing but love and adore our wives. Why not put you in a niche like a saint, and burn incense before you? One can see that you were brought up in a very puritanical manner by your mother.

SHE—Let my mother alone, if you please.

HE—Perhaps it is I who make her come to see us every Monday, and invite us to dinner ever Saturday.

SHE—That gives you a change.

HE—It bores me tremendously. In the first place, it is a regular journey to your mother's house in the suburbs. I always ask myself whether it would not be better to take a bag, so that I might stop on the way. And what an evening! For three consecutive hours to play casino, and hear your uncle tell how, when he was in the army, as he turned to pick up something, he received a flesh-wound from a rifle-ball.

SHE—We can easily arrange that matter by giving up our visits to my mother.

HE—By quarreling with your family, in other words?

SHE—Yes, by quarreling with them.

HE [angrily]—And it is my wife who gives me this advice! You want me to get in a row with all your family. You want your mother to come here and make a fuss, with tears in her voice, as they do at the theatre. Perhaps it would please you if she made trouble in our household, if she induced you to get a divorce. Well, get a divorce, and then I shall have a little peace; there will be an end of these daily quarrels. Yes, it would be a good thing. This morning I left the office in excellent humor, I came home with a smile on my lips, and not only is dinner late, but you are trying to pick a quarrel with me.

SHE—I? Ah, this is too much! [She bursts into tears.]

HE—Now she is crying, because she knows that tears make me— Well, no, I will not yield. If one can't even give a friendly counsel to one's wife, married life becomes unendurable. Ah, if it is a friend or a cousin who teases them, they find that charming. But when it is a husband... It is old-fashioned to take anything from a husband; it is out of date to love one's husband. What do you say? Yes, yes, you have been working a pair of slippers for me. I was wrong. At least, when I am in the wrong I acknowledge it. Instead of pretending to ignore the fact, I see that you have been embroidering a pair of slippers for me. [Noticing the slippers upon a table.] What, they are finished and made up? Why, my darling, you must have taken great pains to—

SHE—Leave me alone.

HE—Come, don't cry any more; you know that it grieves me to see you cry. Yes, you can't help yourself, it soothes

you; well, cry, Gertrude, cry. I have a bad temper, I know; I said too much, but it wasn't my fault. Let me tell you. [He takes a cushion, and goes upon his knees before his wife.] You see, I am on my knees, as in our early married days. Don't you recollect those days? Listen to me, darling. I was in a bad humor when I came home, and then—

SHE—You saw that the table was not set. Was that any reason—

HE—For making such a fuss? No, for your excuse was a good one. Anybody might forget to buy butter. For instance, I have often intended to buy lots of things for you, but I never once thought of buying you any butter. Don't you see?

SHE—And when you are angry, you accuse me—

HE—Unjustly. If you wanted to, you could cook like an angel. Do you know that your Welsh rabbits are delicious?

SHE—I will make you some soon.

HE—Let it be when your mother, who is very fond of them, comes some evening.

SHE—Then you like her a little?

HE—Whom? Your mother? Why, I adore her, she adores me, we adore each other.

SHE—Well, if it puts you out to go to mamma's house—

HE—Not at all. It does me good to breathe the country air. And what would become of your dear old uncle, if he could no longer tell me how he was wounded when he was in the army? The deprivation would kill him, and I do not want him to die.

SHE—You try to make yourself appear worse than you really are. Why do you pretend to be bad?

HE—Let me tell you why. If we did not quarrel once in a while, life would become monotonous, and nothing is so enervating as monotony. When we have enjoyed fair weather for a month, the storm which bursts is welcome. It gives us a change. And so, after a dispute comes the reconciliation which has its own peculiar charm. We wipe the moist eyes of our wife, and when absolution is accorded under the form of a smile, the treaty of peace is signed with a loving kiss. But it seems to me that Mary does not tell us that dinner is ready.

SHE—I will give her warning.

HE—No, the amnesty is general; and since the girl has bought vegetables which can't be cooked, suppose we take dinner at the restaurant?

SHE—Yes, indeed. I will put on my hat.

HE—And afterwards we will go to the theatre, like two lovers.

SHE—Does it oo love oo's popsy-wopsy?

HE—But I? Just doesn't it? Goo-goo-goo!

[The conversation here becomes inarticulate and unavailable for publication. Quick curtain.]

—Adapted from the French by Richard H. Buel.

The Chicago Democratic convention, in its platform plank on immigration, "condemns and denounces" any restraint of the coming of the industrious and worthy from foreign lands. As no party has proposed such restraint, the empty bombast will impress none; it will cause doubt of the sincerity of the main declaration to many; it will disgust more. The kindred and consequent evil of inadequate laws, in relation to naturalization, is omitted from mention in the platform, and presumably for the purpose that will suggest itself to every clear-headed citizen. From the immigrants of least worth and most numerous class, the Democratic party obtains, at every election, its raw recruits to its voting force. Ignorant, vicious, illiterate, unable to read or write, incompetent to comprehend the genius of republican institutions, they never adapt themselves to the requirements of American citizenship, and continue as pests to the community. They are mere voting-machines, and their votes are in derogation of the public good. They enable Tammany to retain its vicious control in New York and to be the chief factor in the rule of the State, a constant menace to the administration of the general government. Every year they are more endangering the local government of other cities. They are made citizens and voters in plain violation of the law, through the criminal laxity of courts over which the subservient tools of the political bosses preside. The effectual means to stop this abominable machine-naturalization is the exclusion of the immigrants of such classes—paupers, criminals, and breeders of turbulence.

Among the stories of Herr Forckenbeck, the late chief burgomaster of Berlin, which are being revived, is this: As president of the North German Reichstag, he was sent, in 1871, with Von Stauffenberg, to Versailles, to congratulate the Prussian king upon his election as emperor. Bismarck, who had just concluded the terms of peace with France, invited them to supper; and, at that repast, the Kaiser's chief counselor said: "This night, at twelve o'clock, the last shots will be exchanged between our troops and the French, and I have conceded to the French the honor of the last shot." Forckenbeck and his colleague left their host before midnight, drew out their watches, stood underneath a lantern of the Hôtel du Reservoir, and waited. First there was a cannon-shot from the German troops; then a solemn stillness. Then followed the last reply from Mont Valerien. The tower-clock at Versailles struck twelve; the French war had ended.

Before the Congressional Committee investigating the Homestead riot, it was testified on oath that wages were paid as follows: Rollers, \$250 to \$275 per month; heaters, \$185 to \$190; heaters' helpers, \$130; trainmen, \$97 to \$120. It is no wonder that these poorly paid mechanics are fighting to retain their jobs.

Corot painted only seven hundred sketches. But twelve thousand "Corots" have been sold in the Hôtel Drouot auctions.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Lord Tennyson has been cruising about the English Channel in a steam-yacht, accompanied by his son Hallam. He visited Jersey and Guernsey, and on the Island of Jersey saw his brother.

A petition for the pardon of Edwin Parker Deacon has been addressed to the President of the French Republic, signed by the twelve jurors by whom he was tried. It is thought that the public prosecutor will support the petition.

General Weaver, the People's party Presidential candidate, is known among his enemies in Iowa, as "Jumping Jim." We now have three Presidential candidates, each of whom has already run for the Presidency at least once. Weaver was the Greenback labor candidate in 1880.

The Hon. Hugh McCulloch enjoys the distinction of being the only man who has twice held the office of Secretary of the Treasury. His first appointment was in March, 1865, by President Lincoln; the second, in 1885, by President Arthur. Mr. McCulloch is in his eighty-fourth year.

Whitelaw Reid used to edit a weekly paper, called the *News*, in Xenia, O. Editor Stine, of the Superior, Neb., *Journal*, recalls a visit he once made to the future Vice-President, and, "after climbing a rickety old staircase, found him shoving a hand-roller over the forms on an old hand-press, and Preston B. Plumb pulling the lever."

The following Americans were honored by invitations to the royal inclosure at Ascot: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Emory, General and Mrs. George B. Williams, Colonel Thomas P. Ochiltree, Mrs. Vivian (formerly Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts), Mrs. Naylor Leland (formerly Jennie Chamberlaine), Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Ronalds, Mrs. Mackay, Mr. and Mrs. Winslow, and Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

New York's most notable capitalists are men of very simple habits, and some of the richest of them spend less than a well-paid clerk spends on minor personal pleasures. Very few of them use tobacco or liquor. It is said to be a rare thing for Jay Gould to have a hundred dollars in money in his pocket, and Russell Sage, John D. Rockefeller, and C. P. Huntington carry but little ready cash with them. Mr. Sage keeps as careful a record of his small personal expenditures as does a young housewife on a limited income.

An alleged heir of the late Father Mollinger, who died at Pittsburg on June 15th, has turned up in New York city. His name is John de Vries Hoffman. He is a paper-hanger, and is said to be very poor. He alleges that his mother was the sister of Father Mollinger's father. He has brothers and sisters living in Holland, where he, also, was born. If it is true, as alleged, that Father Mollinger died intestate, the nearest heir-at-law will come in for a great deal of money, the priest's estate being valued all the way from three hundred thousand to one million dollars.

H. C. Frick, now fighting to prevent the striking workmen from destroying his property, was born in Pennsylvania forty-two years ago, the son of a prosperous farmer, and began his commercial career as a dry-goods clerk. Then he became a bookkeeper in his grandfather's distillery. Before he was twenty-five years old, he induced several young men to go in with him in the building of fifty coke-ovens at Bradford, Pa. In 1873, when the great panic came, young Frick bought all the coke-ovens his capital would permit, leased as many more as he could, and, in short, staked his savings and his credit on the turn of the coke market. The result was that in less than two years he was a rich man. The Carnegies bought an interest in his coke business, which has been extended vastly, and when Carnegie retired, he selected this young millionaire to succeed him as president of the Edgar Thomson Steel Company, then the largest of the Carnegie interests, and a fortnight ago he became the head of the Carnegie Steel Association. As a manufacturer of coke, he had bitterly opposed unions, and had successfully insisted upon managing his own business without the aid of committees from the unions. As president of the Edgar Thomson Steel Company, he broke up the union among its employees, and earned the everlasting hatred of the Amalgamated Association.

W. Bourke Cockran, who made the hit of the day by his speech at the Chicago convention (condensed in last week's *Argonaut*), was born in County Sligo, Ireland, educated in France, a young and penniless immigrant, a dry-goods clerk, a schoolmaster, a poor law student. He is yet young, being only thirty-eight. He was seventeen when he came to this country. He was educated for the priesthood at Lille, France, but changed his mind. He is a thorough classical scholar and speaks French like a native. When he arrived here he went to work for A. T. Stewart. Then he taught school and studied law. His first important case was taken without hope of a fee—he defended a murderer and secured a verdict for murder in the second degree only. The fame of the case brought him to New York, and, in 1879, he made his first speech in the Democratic conventions. In 1881, he appeared at Albany as spokesman of the Irving Hall Democracy. His country-seat is at Sands Point, Long Island. He is an omnivorous reader, and is fond of good living, though he never drinks. He smokes ten to fifteen strong cigars a day. His first big case in New York was the Jake Sharp case. He has been married twice, his first wife having been a Miss Jackson, sister of Father Jackson, of St. Ann's Church. She bore him one child, and both mother and child died not far apart. His second wife, Miss Mack, a daughter of a wealthy brewer, John Mack, is a woman of taste and culture. She was rich in her own right. Their home on Long Island is said to be a model. They have no children. Mr. Cockran takes pride and pleasure in his dogs and horses, maintains an excellent stable and table, and believes life worth living.



## AT NARRAGANSETT PIER.

"Van Gryse" on Beach and Bathers, Bathing-Suits, and Drinks.

On the Fourth of July the watering-place season is supposed to stretch itself, open its eyes, take a long yawn, and wake up. It has been asleep up to that time. A few cottagers have straggled in, a few hotels have lowered their awnings and shown a small, matutinal crop of old ladies sitting on the verandas, a few children have tucked up their skirts and begun their annual excavations in the sand, a few chary, shivering bathers, blue about the nose and with shuddering, hunched-up shoulders, have taken their morning dip in the sea; but, for the rest, the watering-place has been asleep. The first wink of the sun's eye on July Fourth has waked it up.

Of course one spends the national holiday and the Sunday before it out of town. And to the undecided itinerant, Narragansett Pier seems a good place. One remembers having heard strange, wild stories of Narragansett Pier. It was here that the bathing-suits were so fearful and wonderful that men with snap-shot cameras stood upon the beach in unnumbered multitudes. It was here that there were bad, glad doings all day long, that beauty and fashion might be seen in the garish light of day drinking Manhattan cocktails and vermouth on the Casino balcony. Clearly Narragansett Pier is the place to spend the unengaged holiday, and one goes.

Monday is a fine day—a fine day by the sea in New England. That means a good deal. The sea in New England is clear, and lucent, and striped blue and green. The air is cool, and fresh, and clear with a crystalline clearness that makes distant objects look like cameos cut against the sky. The sea comes crushing and crowding in among its little red and brown rocks with a subdued, lazy rustle, and then goes, sliding reluctantly back, pulling all the rocks' fringes of seaweed outward in its lingering grasp.

Where the Casino strides across the road in its wide arch, go ladies in little groups and couples—lazy, summer ladies, with the wind whipping out their blue-serve skirts and tweaking their sailor-hats. They pass under the strip of shadow that the arch throws, emerge into sun on the other side, skirt that high stone wall where the ampelopsis grows so close and thick, and turn down the alley-way that leads to the bathing-beach. Carriages and horses roll and stamp up from here, there, and everywhere. Women with white shoes alight, and rustle their white skirts and twinkle their white feet down the alley-way. It is a windy little alley-way, and the white skirts lash out, and the white veils flutter, and the white parasols jump in the white-gloved hands of their owners.

At the end of the little alley comes the crescent curve of the finest bathing-beach on the Atlantic sea-board. This is neither the long, straight, wind-swept, surf-eaten outer edge of Long Island, nor the golden, wave-caressed shore of upper New Jersey. It is a unique beach. The huge, heavy, combing swell of the Atlantic does not come pounding in here with a long, ceaseless, sad reverberation. Those even, endless waves, curling in a glassy curve, hesitating, with their crests just fringed with foam, and then hurling themselves in tumbled snow on the beach, are not found here. The low billows heave up softly and lazily, curl, sweep inward for a beautiful, wavering moment, then slip down and shoot up the sand in noiseless, shallow foam. Beyond they roll in, glassy and green. But the sand is gray, and, where the water slides back in its silent hurry, is as hard as an iolaid floor, and reflects like a mirror—the only sand on this coast where the figure of the bather is reflected from the feet up nearly to the shoulders.

Back of this is a sweep of ramshackle wooden balconies, shaded, set in chairs, where the dry, dressed monde watch the wet, bathing-suited monde disporting themselves in the briny. Endless rows and unseen depths of bathing-houses open off these balconies, between which go little wooden pathways whereby the shamed and blushing bather may make her way, under a rain of piercing glances, down to the beach, where, in much confusion, she hurls herself into the kindly shelter of a breaking wave.

The watching monde certainly have by far the best of it, so far as passive enjoyment goes. In the first place, they feel the superiority which comes from the consciousness of being well dressed. They are all fixed up to the nines—veils in place, hats, full of lace and flowers, set on bewitchingly crimped and curled heads, figures done up to the highest point of tightness. Everything just as it should be, and no disturbing fears that anatomical secrets are to be revealed. Through their lorgnettes—the new kind, with the very short handles—these sagacious sylphs gaze upon the bathers—skurrying shamefacedly down the wooden pathways—with the quiet smiles of a superior intelligence.

The bathers, blushing, hang their heads and patter by. Sitting at gaze on the balcony, one has the melancholy pleasure of seeing many family secrets ruthlessly revealed. Skeletons are no longer kept in closets. A good many of them are out on the beach this fine morning, in black bathing-suits. One would suppose that the positive determination that tall, stout, fine-looking lady has to be knock-kneed would be as much a subject for concealment as hereditary insanity or a brother in the penitentiary. But there Angelina stands confessed, knock-kneed in all her charm, and does not at all seem to mind letting the world into the secret. Indeed, it is a discouraging sight for a proud American patriot to notice how many of his beautiful countrywomen recall to one's mind that expression about "the devil upon two sticks"—not that they are devils, but that they are upon two sticks.

Nevertheless, the thin ones look better than the fat ones. A large, stout woman, in a black bathing-suit, tripping with a modest simper down the pathway between the gazers, is undoubtedly not so pretty as the two girls who come behind her. These, by the way, are so far the best-looking figures in the surf. They are both tall and very slender, but lithe

and well made. They wear black-serve suits, full and caught in with broad, black belts. They have black kerchiefs tied tightly over their heads, long, black sleeves, long, black stockings, and high, black collars. They look as pretty as they do in their street-dresses, though their curled love-locks are entirely covered by the kerchiefs. But they are slim, neat, upright, entirely free from that superfluous avoirdupois which makes the fat female bather as shapeless a thing as the jelly-fish which the wave deposits at your feet.

It is too early in the season for any gorgeousness of bathing-suits. Those come later in the butterfly season of August. Just now, the bather is either so from love of the sport or from a desire to reduce her weight. No one as yet goes down the wooden pathway to the sands, challenging glances, in a costume of white silk. There is nobody who is what one might call a spectacular bather. The nearest approach to this is the handsome lady, with the two boys. She bathes somewhat earlier than the rest of the world, and one may make a guess that her dip in the sea is more a matter of duty than of pleasure. She does not seem to enjoy it very much, but she is stouter than is quite graceful, and, as all the world knows, energetic bathing is one of the best ways in the world to grow thin.

Wrapped up in a striped cloak, with her oil-silk cap pulled over her ears, she walks down the pathway to the sand. A maid accompanies her, also a fashionably shaven black poodle, with an inky lion-like mane, tufts of hair round its ankles, and one great, lonely bunch of ebony curls on the very tip-end of its tail. On the margin of the wave, the lady throws her cloak to the maid and hurries in, accompanied by the black poodle, which, in wild excitement, goes leaping after her, barking frantically and swallowing gulps of salt water. The bath over, she comes out, is wrapped in the cloak by the waiting maid, and, with the sandy and dripping poodle leading the cortège, goes back to the bath-house. As she comes up the walk, the little drips of water falling off the edge of her cap into her eyes, some one in the languid, gazing crowd is heard to remark that this lady is a Californian—"the daughter of Senator Stewart, of Nevada, who is spending the summer at Narragansett Pier with her two sons."

The next moment she has disappeared in the passage to the bath-houses. The mention of California has conjured up a picture, and idly gazing at the crescent of gray-beaten beach, one makes a mental comparison of it to Santa Cruz. There is a trifle more of surf here and a finer stretch of sand. The waves break nowhere on the Californian coast in this singular manner. Some of them roll close in, lumping into a long, even, green swell. Then rising to curl over, fretted into crystal spray on their curving edge, they stand thus for one motionless second, a level, smooth bank of lucent, jade-green water, in which, rising with the billows' rise, one can see the limbs and figures of the bathers, like bodies of insects that are found imbedded in bits of transparent amber. Then the swell curls and crushes down. The cries of the bathers further in shore, knocked about by the tumbling foam, rise clear and shrill. And—is this Santa Cruz, or is it Narragansett Pier? Surely that man walking along the edge of the water belongs to Santa Cruz! He is one of the land-marks of the place.

Who has not seen him sauntering by on the wave's verge in just this manner, on the edge of a bluer sea, with smaller waves, and in an air less clear, but made golden with an intenser sun? A tall, large man, in a suit of brown tweed, with a brown Derby hat on, and his coat flapping back over a shirt of pale-blue cheviot and a russet-leather belt. He even smokes the same short briar-wood pipe and wears the same shaped glasses, set close to his eyes on the bridge of an extremely aquiline nose. He is of a ruddy countenance, grizzled as to hair, very tall as to figure, looking like an Englishman, and in age somewhere near forty. The very same man, and no doubt about it! There he used to patrol the beach alone; here, however, he has acquaintances, and here he bathes just about twelve, with all the rest of the world.

Undoubtedly the season has begun. For when the bath is over, all the world goes to the Casino, and this is one of the things that is always done in the season and never done out of the season. So to the Casino the world goes—the bathing ladies a little damp about the backs of their necks and pink about their eyelids, but curled, and powdered, and veiled, and scented as charmingly as before; and the ladies who did not bathe neither damp about their necks nor pink about their eyelids, but as exquisite as ever, as trim, as fleckless, as white, as perfectly in place, as flawlessly dainty.

And here, on the paved stretch just inside the wall and outside the balcony, the world takes its seat, and is luxurious and lazy. One stares at every one, and every one stares back. The men stare complacently at the women, and the women stare haughtily at the men, wishing to goodness that they knew them. People who know each other get in little groups and do a little desultory gossiping; and unoccupied males cross their legs, and open their New York papers, and read. Meantime, beyond the wall and the drive, the sea rustles, and sobs, and chuckles among its rocks, and shoots up an arm or two of spray in a fitful burst of energy. That is without. Within, somewhere a band plays—plays dreamily, and pensively, and deliciously; plays a sad, rhythmic waltz that falls and rises softly as a sigh; plays a serenade; plays "Wang"—"a babbling brook, a shady nook, sweet lips where kisses dwell, O!"—and Della Fox, in her yellow wig and her white-flannel suit, comes to one's mind. What a pretty creature she is! The woman across there on the balcony, with the pink shirt and the white-duck Eton jacket, is not unlike her.

Then one drinks a little—everybody does that. Little tables dot the paved stretch, and form the nucleus for convivial parties and murmuring couples. The chilled bathers have to be warmed up. They take Manhattan cocktails, and the women who have not bathed raise their thick, cream-colored veils and sit daintily at long-stemmed, broad-bowled glasses full of emerald liquid and smashed ice.

The band goes on. It is now playing "Say not Farewell"—a plaintive, sentimental song—but it plays it with a gentle tenderness that is quite charming. A lady, in a gold Figaro jacket and gold-and-white skirts, gets up, her chair legs scratching on the stone pavement, and saunters off moodily, eyeing the people, through her short-handled lorgnette, with an air of insolent ill-humor.

Presently some more women pass out, with children, and two or three men. One of these is the wife of ex-Governor Sprague, of Massachusetts—the "Boy Governor," once the husband of the beautiful Kate Chase. They live near by, in a huge house—a house as big as a hotel, whose spires and cupolas show above the trees. The two ladies are plainly dressed in blue blazer-suits and peaked yachting caps. They are both young, both dark and handsome, with hard, black eyes and unusually upright and square-shouldered figures. As they pass along they look at the crowd with expressions of cold hauteur. The crowd stares back. All the world stares at Narragansett. It is just as correct there as it is to drink Manhattan cocktails and *crème de menthe*, while the band plays "Wang," and between the sips one reads the personals in the Narragansett *Times*, the local thunderer of the pier.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, July 5, 1892.

## THIRD-PARTY TICKETS.

A Chronicle of Bubbles.

Third parties are the tramp-ships on the ocean of politics. But many become derelicts, and most of them sink to the profound depths of that ocean, deeper than ever plummet sounded. The first in the United States to hold convention and nominate Presidential candidates was the Anti-Masonic party of 1832, with William Wirt for President. The organization had barely one object—the ostracism of Masonry—and it carried the electoral vote of one State, Vermont, out of the twenty-four States which comprised the Union. That one campaign was its beginning and its end, and it passed into history. Since that time, of third parties, there have come and disappeared the Abolition party, the Free-Soil party, the American party, and the Greenback party. The American party was the only one of them that had votes in every State, and it carried the electoral vote of one State. The Abolition party caused the defeat of Henry Clay for President by running the Birney ticket in New York, which drew away from Clay over fifteen thousand Whig votes and gave the electoral vote of the State to Polk. To rebuke Henry Clay on account of his slavery sentiments, they in effect elected Polk and put in power the Democratic party, devoted to slavery. The Free-Soil party was founded and organized by Democrats who had become dissatisfied with the party. In 1848, the movement was made to defeat General Cass for President, by carrying New York against him. It was not expected to prevail in any other State. With the Democratic vote divided between Cass and Van Buren, the electoral vote of New York was cast for the Whig nominee, General Taylor, and made his election sure. The Free-Soil party wrought the defeat of General Cass and the Democratic party in 1848, just as the Abolition party had effected the defeat, in 1844, of Henry Clay and the Whig party. In each instance it was the work of men who had become disaffected with the party in which they had before held fellowship. In 1844, it was resolute rebuke; in 1848, it was partisan revenge. Neither the Abolitionists nor the Free-Soilers obtained the electoral vote of a single State, whereas the Anti-Masons and the Americans each carried the electoral vote of a State—the Anti-Masons, of Vermont; the Americans, of Maryland. In 1880, the Greenback party and the Prohibition party entered the field with Presidential candidates. Neither of them carried an electoral vote of the thirty-eight States. Their candidates for President, Weaver, of Iowa, and Dow, of Maine, were both former Republicans—the one disaffected, the other a crank on his chief hobby. Again, in 1884, the two organizations put up candidates for the Presidency—Butler, Greenbacker; St. John, Prohibitionist. A very strongly fortified belief that the latter was the recipient of a large sum for his service to the campaign, by the Democratic managers, for enticing zealous temperance men from the Republican ranks, in close and important States, to enable the Democratic ticket to prevail, had its effect. In New York, in 1880, the Prohibition vote was 1,517; in 1884, it was 25,001. Cleveland carried the electoral vote with a plurality of 1,047 over Blaine. It appears that the Democratic bargain with St. John bore exceeding rich results. The Prohibitionists had again, in 1888, a Presidential ticket in the field, and this year General Bidwell, of Chico, is their candidate for President. He is a pioneer of California—an honest, upright, conscientious man. He was formerly a Democrat; has since been a Republican member of Congress and an independent candidate for governor. He is a farmer of great wealth, and is too sensible to imagine that he will be elected President. His candidacy is to attest his devotion to the cold-water cause. The Union Labor party is in the list of organizations of the period which can never expect direct results.

The Farmers' Alliance, or People's party, is the most recent of the third-party organizations. It started with local, widely segregated, phenomenal sweeps. It elected nine members of Congress in 1890—five from Kansas, two from Nebraska, and one each from Minnesota and Georgia. It displaced Ingalls, United States Senator from Kansas, and chose Peffer in his place, and Kyle, senator from South Dakota. It caused the defeat of Senator Wade Hampton in South Carolina, and raised the much inferior Irby to the exalted station. It made Tillman governor of South Carolina, and, with the Prohibitionists, Boies, an apostate Republican and Democratic proselyte, governor of Iowa. On this coast, in Oregon, it has elected several members to the legislature; but it did not succeed in the election of any State officer. Its numerical voting power in California is yet to be developed.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A new poem by Anne Reeve Aldrich, whose death was noticed in the *Argonaut* last week, will appear in an early number of the *Century*, and a volume of her poems will be published in the fall.

"A Thorny Path, or Per Aspera," the new romance by George Ebers, which is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co., is described as an impressive story of life in Alexandria, Egypt, in the third century, A. D. The cruel Emperor Caracalla plays a prominent part in the book, and there are brilliant descriptions of the games and gladiatorial combats of the arena.

The splendid edition of Caxton's "Golden Legend," prepared by William Morris, the poet, at his private press, is now almost ready for publication. He has himself designed the ornamental letters and borders, and Burne-Jones has made two full-page illustrations for the volume. It is worth while to record the fact that the present price of this "Golden Legend" is about forty-eight dollars—a price which is to be raised on the day of publication. The work is a careful reprint of the edition of 1484.

Statistics concerning the sale of Zola's books are again in order in London and Paris since "La Débâcle" appeared:

"On the day this work was issued the publishers executed orders for 66,000 copies, and another 20,000 were ordered from the printers. At the present time 1,204,000 copies have been sold of those of M. Zola's novels which are comprised in the Rougon-Macquart series, 'Nana' heading the list with 160,000 copies, after which come 'L'Assommoir' with 124,000, and 'La Terre' with 100,000. The sale of M. Zola's other works, such as 'Thérèse Raquin,' 'Les Contes à Ninon,' 'Madeleine Férat,' and his volumes of literary criticism are said to amount to about 250,000 copies, and these figures are exclusive of translations in the English, German, Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and Hungarian languages."

Mrs. Margaret Deland is finishing her third novel, and has, meanwhile, written a short tale, entitled "A Story About a Child."

In view of the favorable reception given to Appleton's "Canadian Guide-Book, Part I., Eastern Canada," now revised for 1892, the publishers announce a companion volume on Western Canada. The author is Mr. Ernest Ingersoll. There will be a large number of illustrations, together with three large and several small maps. D. Appleton & Co. will publish this book at once.

Pierre Loti, who is a sensitive person, seems to be inclined, it is reported, to take up his old sailor existence; the moving cause is the adverse criticism with which his countrymen greeted his Academy discourse.

Of the exiled Stevenson, the *New York Tribune* says:

"It is a question whether pagan hermitages offer the proper surroundings to a man of genius. Without making premature criticisms upon Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's latest writings, we may at least hazard the remark that they will hardly impel other writers of subtle and graceful gifts to take up a residence on Pacific islets."

"Wolfenberg," William Black's new novel, is being published serially in this country in a *New York* periodical.

Mr. R. L. Garner has confided his much-talked-of researches into "The Speech of Monkeys" to a volume which, under that title, will soon be brought out. He is going back to Africa to continue his experiments. Of the two parts into which the book is divided, the first is a record of experiments with monkeys and other animals, and the second a treatise on the theory of speech.

A biography of Ethan Allen, by the late Henry Hall, the Vermont historian, will be issued at once by D. Appleton & Co., with the title, "The Robin Hood of Vermont." Allen's own letters have been freely drawn upon.

The *Library Journal* says:

"In a certain city an examination of applicants for employment in the public library was held during October. The following is an exact copy of the answer to a question, asking for the titles of a work written by each of the authors named: John Ruskin, 'The Bread-Winners'; William H. Prescott, 'The Frozen Pirate'; Charles Darwin, 'The Missing Link'; Thomas Carlyle, 'Caesar's Column.' The same man is responsible for saying that E. C. stands for the Creation and A. D. for the Deluge."

A reprint of Dickens's novels, from the edition corrected by the author in 1867-68—one which practically embodied his latest revision—is to be brought out by his old publishers, Chapman & Hall. The edition will contain the original illustrations, and will be issued in twenty volumes.

"The Wide, Wide World," an American story, is said to be one of the four books most widely read in England.

D. Appleton & Co. announce an outdoor illustrated book under the title of "The Naturalist in La Plata," by W. H. Hudson, C. M. Z. S., joint author of "Argentine Ornithology." The author furnishes graphic accounts of the desert pampas, and the lives of animals, birds, and insects, from pumas to wasps and spiders.

An *édition de luxe* of "Othello," beautifully illustrated from drawings by Marchetti, the Italian artist, is announced for publication in the autumn. Signor Marchetti's knowledge of the scenery and costumes of the Othello period is said to be unique.

A London publisher has ready an anthology of Love-Songs, by Mr. Ralph H. Caine, of the

Liverpool *Mercury*. The book will be a representative collection from the best British song-writers. Mr. Caine, who is a brother of the distinguished novelist, is already known to the public as the editor of a recent volume of humorous verse.

In Aldrich's new poem, "Unguarded Gates," which was printed in the *Argonaut* two weeks ago, there is in the last few lines a very strong warning against the evils of unrestricted immigration. "O Liberty, white Goddess! it is well," it runs:

"To leave the gates unguarded? On thy breast  
Fold Sorrow's children, soothe the hurts of fate,  
Lift the down-trodden, but with hand of steel  
Stay those who to thy sacred portals come  
To waste the gifts of freedom. Have a care  
Lest from thy brow the clustered stars be torn  
And trampled in the dust. For so of old  
The thronging Goth and Vandal trampled Rome,  
And where the temples of the Caesars stood  
The lean wolf unmolested made her lair."

It was lately said of "Omar Khayyam" Fitzgerald that no man could possibly be more generous to the poor. No poor person was ever turned away from his door, and if in the streets he met any one who looked poverty-stricken and in distress, he used to slip money secretly into the shabby one's hand as he passed, not altering his walk or thinking of stopping to receive thanks.

Undaunted by the third refusal of the Academy to elect him to membership, Zola announces his intention of not only offering himself at the next vacancy, but of continuing to offer himself indefinitely.

The Summer Series of the Messrs. Appleton for this year will begin with the publication of "A Little Norsk; or, Ol' Pap's Flaxen," by Hamlin Garland, author of "Main Traveled Roads," etc. The second book in the Summer Series will be "A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours," by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop.

Lord Wolseley has finished the first two volumes of his "Memoirs of the Duke of Marlborough," and it is probable that they will be published in the autumn. The work is being written on a large scale, and these two volumes bring the narrative down only to the death of William the Third.

The forthcoming edition of Mr. James Bryce's "American Commonwealth" will take notice of many important changes that have occurred since the work was first issued. This edition will be copy-righted in America.

## New Publications.

"Morris Julian's Wife," by Elizabeth Olmsted, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Daughter's Heart," an English story by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Links from Broken Chains" is the title of a little book of verses by Donizetti Muller. The longest poem is "The Origin of the Will o' the Wisp," which has been printed before; the others are new. Published and for sale by the author at 25 East Sixty-First Street, New York.

"A Transplanted Rose," by M. E. W. Sherwood—who is also known, as Mrs. John Sherwood, as a writer on social manners and usages—is a story of New York society which has just been reissued in paper covers by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest issue of the new library edition of William Black's novels is "Magic Ink and Other Stories." In addition to the tale which figures in the title, it contains "A Hallowe'en Wraith" and "Nancibel: A Tale of Stratford-on-Avon." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

F. Marion Crawford's novels are being reprinted in a "dollar series" of which "Mr. Isaacs," "Dr. Claudius," and "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" are the latest issues. They are well printed in large type on heavy paper, and constitute an excellent edition of these popular tales. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00 each; for sale by William Doxey.

Richard Malcolm Johnston has reissued half a dozen of his popular Dukesborough Tales in a volume entitled "The Chronicles of Mr. Bill Williams." They are an entertaining series of sketches of the characters in a central Georgian town "in the grim and rude but hearty old times," and are really recollections of the author's early youth. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The publishers of the Chandos Classics announce their intention of selecting and reprinting "the cream of the diarists," and commence the new series with "The Diary and Letters of Mme. d'Arblay." With Macaulay's appreciative biographical notice of the famous diarist, the extracts fill three volumes of four hundred and fifty pages each, the explanatory notes being copious and well edited. Each volume has for frontispiece a photograph portrait. Published by Frederick Warne & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Out of the Fashion," by Mrs. L. T. Meade, is a story of four English girls who were never very dis-

tinctly in the fashion, but who are driven quite beyond the pale by their rascally father's swindling operations, detection, and death. They are taken up by a charming old spinster, who sets them to keeping house for friendless girls in London. It is a placidly entertaining tale, with some romance introduced in the love-affair of the youngest and prettiest of the four sisters. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

Rudyard Kipling's new book of verses is "Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads." The "Barrack-Room Ballads" have appeared in an earlier book, but the ballads are now first reprinted from the periodicals in which they first appeared. Among the latter are "The Ballad of East and West," "The Last Sutee," "With Scindia to Delhi," "The Ballad of the Clam-pherdown," "The Conundrum of the Workshops," "The English Flag," and other of Kipling's more recent poems, including all that were signed "Yussuf." Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"City Festivals" is the title of Will Carleton's latest book of poems. It is the sixth and last volume of the Farm and City Series, and includes: "Festivals of the Nation," "Festival of the Jolly Clergymen," "A Festival of the Sky," "The Festival of the Freaks," "The Festival of the Tram Club," and "The Festival of Family Reunion," with two pages of explanatory notes. The book is a handsome one, uniform in general appearance with the others of the series, and the illustrations faithfully portray the homely scenes of the poems. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

There are seven novelettes in Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest book, "An Edelweiss of the Sierras and Other Stories." The heroine of the first tale is a California girl, the daughter of a mining millionaire whose English wife has died at the birth of her daughter. The child is brought up by an Indian squaw, but the story takes her from her mountain home, and, in time, she becomes the Duchesse de B— and shines a social queen. The other stories are "Golden-Rod: An Idyl of Mount Desert," "Under the Convent Wall," "Cherry-cote," "The Shattered Violin," "A House Built Upon the Sand," and "On a Hill-Top." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Don Braulio" is such another excellent story of modern Spain as might be expected of Juan Valera, the author of "Pepita Ximenez." Don Braulio's wife is a pretty woman who has ambitions that her humdrum life does not satisfy. She wonders if she may not help him on in the world, and one day, when she is walking with her pretty young sister, the marked attentions of an aristocratic *fleur-de-lis* seem to suggest the opportunity. She determines to marry him to her sister, but his indecision between the charms of the two women leads to complications and furnishes an interesting story. "Don Braulio" is a striking picture of Madrilen society and a commentary on the condition of woman in Spain. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"An Artist's Story of the Great War," by Edwin Forbes, is a large folio of the kind known as "subscription books," which is to be issued in four parts, the first of which has just appeared. It contains twenty full-page etchings of scenes from army life, five full-page photogravure portraits taken from oil paintings of the leading generals of the Civil War, and enough descriptive text, written from the war-correspondent's point of view, to fill out the pages to the number of seventy-nine. Neither in artistic or literary quality does the work rise above mediocrity; its value is purely commercial and is based on the interest that attaches to anything connected with the war. Of some of the illustrations, it can only be said that they are grotesque. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; for sale, by subscription only, by the J. Dewing Company.

"Grania: The Story of an Island," by the Hon. Emily Lawless, is an intensely sad tale of life on the Galway Coast. On a bleak little island live Grania and her half-sister, Honor. Grania has abounding health and the virtues and passions of a strong woman, while Honor is a saint upon earth. There is a handsome, weak, dissipated young fellow, Murdough Blake, whom Grania has loved from her early childhood, and, though she can not be blind to all his faults, she constantly tries to let him show the nobility she believes he possesses. But he always proves ignoble, and finally, when Honor is dying, he refuses to sail over to the mainland to fetch a priest. Then Grania braves the tempest alone, and is drowned. It is a very real story that arouses the reader's strong sympathy, and—though written in English, for the characters all speak Gaelic—it is told in a style that has many of the beauties of poetry. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

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## VANITY FAIR.

"It is curious," remarked a man who spends much time in London to a New York Times reporter, "that while American mothers are bringing up their daughters as nearly on the model of the English girl as possible, repressing them at every step and preaching the stolidity of good form morning, noon, and night, English mothers, on the contrary, are encouraging their daughters to imitate the sprightliness of American women. Fortunately, it will take a good many generations of severe training to evolve the prototype of the average English girl out of my young countrywomen." The environment is so different, and the material to work upon so very dissimilar, that a duplicate result is hardly to be feared. I've met plenty of charming English girls, of course; but I've met many more who were most remarkably inane and undeveloped. I remember a family of three sisters, whose mother was an exceedingly clever and interesting woman. At different times I took each of the three out to dinner. The first one I tried very hard to entertain; told her my best stories, brought up all sorts of subjects; but she only said 'Really!' 'Is it so?' 'How very interesting!' or 'Fancy!' to everything. The next one did the same, and the youngest—a very pretty girl, with a lovely peachy complexion—followed exact suit. These girls actually made the same responses to the same stories. It staggered me, for they looked bright and sensible. But they were certainly quite incapable of expressing what opinions or ideas they may have had."

The 'Dunmow fitch, as every one knows, is a prize given to happy married couples. The estimate of Dunmow fitch winners—made, no doubt, by bachelors, and anything but trustworthy (writes James Payn)—puts the number of couples who had not quarrelled within a year and a day of their wedding at only five for four hundred and ten years—i. e., from 1445 to 1855. Since then the numbers have considerably increased, notwithstanding all the modern talk of marriage being a failure. Still, comparatively but few happy pairs have sent in their claim for the fitch, a circumstance that may charitably have been put down to their not caring for bacon.

"I want a bathing-dress that is pretty and becoming, without being the least conspicuous," said a young woman, who contemplated spending her summer at the seashore. "Anything that is *voyante* or attracts attention is so vulgar, and yet one does not like to look ugly at any time. I really feel quite at a loss how to have mine made." As so many women experience the same difficulty, a few hints on the subject, taken from the New York Tribune, may be useful. In the first place, to have a graceful bathing-dress, do not have the skirt too short; it should be well below the knees, and should never show the trousers, which is one of the few French fashions which are to be carefully avoided—their little frills of skirts and ungainly undergarments being akin to the ridiculous, as well as being uncommonly ugly. There is no prettier pattern in the way of a bathing-dress for a young girl than this: The neck is cut *en rond* and the puffed, short sleeves are both modest and becoming, and the skirt is sufficiently long to fill the same requisites. For an older woman the round neck does not look so well—a plain, high collar being more suitable. Sailor collars and blouses are, of late, generally relegated to children, and are considered rather "shoppy." One's bathing-dress being now as carefully made as any other frock. In regard to material, there is an abundance of choice. Many people prefer flannel, although its use is not nearly so universal as formerly. Galatea is much liked this season, and its narrow stripes make a very neat and pretty costume. Jersey cloth is also a good deal worn for bathing-dresses.

A marriage or, rather, a dowry insurance for women has been introduced by a Swedish insurance company. By this a father is enabled to secure for his daughter, at a reasonable premium, a dowry on her marriage at any time between twenty and forty years, or a sum of money in case she remains unmarried till she completes her fortieth year. Supposing a father wishes to secure for his daughter a dowry of thirty thousand dollars, he pays an annual premium from her birth of six hundred dollars.

Are women learning to hate men? Such is the alarming question asked by a writer in *Hearth and*

*Home*, who proceeds: "Of course there have always been and will always be individual man-haters, just as there have always been and will always be individual woman-haters. Some men are born bachelors, some women are created spinsters in the cradle, and they continue spinsters to the grave. The instinct of spinsterhood seems implanted in them. Men and the ways and habits of men are uncongenial to them. Strength greater than their own repels them, manners different from theirs, habits which they can not share, appal and disgust them. These women do hate men, but they are very few and far between. A more numerous class dislike men because they have been educated into such a frame of mind by misfortunes or sorrows brought upon them through male agency. They judge the male from the individual and look at all through the black spectacles presented to them by one." The *Sun* remarks of this: "What a foolish question—'Are women learning to hate men?' That they are learning this is certainly not proved by the hundreds of merry marriages that take place every week in the year, or by the fact that over ninety per cent. of all women of mature years are living in happy wedlock, or by the universal longing of maidens to find their proper mates, or by the ways of womankind toward mankind, or by the books of poetry and romance of which women are the authors, or by any other visible sign whatever. If women were learning to hate men, men would be learning to hate women, and this is something that will not come to pass so long as the world goes around the sun."

A woman, who has given the subject consideration, says always choose a dressmaker in your own style. If you are thin, choose her who is spare and meagre; if you are stout, choose her who is well covered. It is she alone who can enter into your feelings, realize your difficulties and needs, and clothe you, not only fashionably, but with that sympathy which should always exist between a woman and her clothes.

A bachelors' hotel, eight stories in height, near Broadway and Forty-First Street, is one of the architectural novelties promised in New York. Bachelors' apartment-houses have been a fad for years, but the idea of a bachelors' hotel is an innovation, and as such merits observation. Two well-known unmarried millionaires are the financial sponsors. The part of the scheme so far unfolded reveals the fact that one of the mammoth apartment-houses only recently erected is to be demolished to provide a site for the new establishment, wherein male help solely will be employed. The enterprise has assurance of much patronage, for New York has a small army of young, middle-aged, and old men who glory in the title of bachelor. Why would not a bachelors' apartment-house do well in San Francisco? There are plenty of young bachelors here, and the clubs having living-rooms are full all the time. Here is a suggestion for capitalists.

When we say a girl is homely, we mean that she is the reverse of beautiful, unmistakably plain, and sometimes painfully so. In England, however, the term is, in a measure, complimentary. The homely girl is the one endowed with all domestic virtues. She is one that a man would desire for a wife. A quiet little creature, delighting in the control of servants, the intricacies of household marketing, and the mild dissipation belonging to a quiet neighborhood. She is a home-body in every sense of the word; one of those cozy little women, with soft, plump cheeks, smooth hair, and rounded outlines, that a man always imagines as sitting opposite him at the table or bending over a bit of sewing in the mellow lamplight. If we want to tell a Briton that a girl is not good-looking, we must not say that she is homely, but plain or ugly.

"It is not 'being a dandy' to wear different clothes for different occasions," said a young man who dresses well to a *Tribune* writer; "it is really even economical in the long run, and it is certainly neater. What should I say were the right sort of togs for a visit to a country-house or at a watering-place? Well, this is what I like for myself: In the morning, on coming down to breakfast, I think check trousers look as well as anything, a colored cheviot shirt—a custom-made, starched shirt, with stiff bosom and studs, is the best style, but one with pearl buttons and laundered collars and cuffs will do—with a good tie, a leather belt, and russet shoes, and a dark-blue sack-coat. If you play tennis, don your flannels; it will not take a minute. These need not be

new. A shirt, slightly unbuttoned at the neck, and rolled-up sleeves make you very comfortable. After your game, take a bath and put yourself in your morning clothes again, and you will feel as fit as possible. If you ride, the proper attire is breeches and gaiters, high shoes (russet leather looks well), starched shirt, and dark coat, with a Derby. For shooting or long walks, English knickerbockers are the best rig, Norfolk jacket, tight sleeves, and a cap—the latter, by the way, which is worn so much in the summer for all occasions, should be English, as their caps have a much better cut than the American ones. Finally, in the evening you will feel more comfortable in a sack evening-coat. In hot weather, leave off the waistcoat and wear a sash, evening trousers, white shirt, black tie or white, and patent-leather pumps."

Curiously, while anarchy and revolution are in the air in Paris, fashion is amusing itself with the styles of the most revolutionary periods. The Faubourg St. Germaine affects the flowered elegance of Louis the Sixteenth, while the Faubourg St. Honoré clothes itself in the plain skirts, round waists, square bows, long veils, and scarfs of 1830. These two sets belong to the same gay world, yet do not mingle. At a recent fashionable wedding in Paris, it was observed that one set, decked out like ladies of the Trianon, sat on one side of the church, while on the other were the modest but knowing reminders of the period of Louis Philippe. The one was the prettier, the other more chic.

Two women the other day conversed in a shoe-shop (says the *Evening Sun*). One woman had lived in Europe nine years, and averred that she had never found a shoe that compared with the foot-covering of her own country. The other, who was surrounded with shoes of all sorts and sizes, said: "I have crossed the ocean twenty-two times, and I always take pains to supply myself with shoes before I go. I sail, in fact, next week, and I shall take with me eighteen pairs. I am buying them all now." Others who have tried wearing the shoes of other countries will agree with these women. It is not a question of cheapness. Shoes in France are cheaper even than in this country. Shoes in England are cheaper, but they are uglier and less comfortable, owing to some lack of adaptation to the American foot. Wherein this peculiarity lies is not so easily stated, but for Americans there is no shoe at once so comfortable and so good-looking as that built at home.

There are always two kinds of silk hats, each of the best quality, on sale in London. One is the strictly fashionable model, "the latest," or whatever one may choose to call it, which is retailed in the West End at from a guinea (five dollars) to twenty-five shillings (six dollars). The other is the style which immediately preceded it and has "gone out," although the quality is unchanged. This is usually called the "city" hat and costs four dollars (sixteen shillings). The distinction is a very peculiar one. Employees of large London commercial houses are not expected to be up to the hilt in fashion, and if they are, it is sure to be resented by their employers. A London city magnate would not be seen wearing the same shaped hat as one of his bookkeepers, and so the great army of salary-drawers keep just a shade behind the bond-holding community. For instance, now that the bell-crowned "topper" is *au fait*, the "city" hat is a "taper crown," and as such is strictly correct.

A writer in the Baltimore *Sun* has this to say concerning Chicago girls: "They grasp their skirts firmly with one hand, while with the other they frantically signal a cable-train, three cars gliding along at great speed. The cable-train stops, and then comes a spectacle that would be the best advertisement in the world for a hosiery factory, if the names of the manufacturer were inscribed on each stocking, because you have an opportunity to see the material of which it is made, as well as to read the names, if they were there. The Chicago women jerk skirts up far above the shoe-tops, and scamper by without considering conventionalities. That old story about the big feet of Chicago women is not a slander. The women would not be in keeping with the bigness of the place if their feet were not large, and that is not the worst of it, their ankles are—well, they are not exactly flat."

James Lane Allen has a story, entitled "John Gray," in one of the July magazines, in which he has three remarks to make apropos of the subject of marriage: "Some women in marrying demand all and give all; with good men they are happy; with base men they are broken-hearted. Some demand everything and give little; with weak men they are tyrants; with strong men they are divorced. Every bachelor is really the husband of an old maid. For every single man carries around with him the spirit of a woman to whom he is more or less happily wedded. When a man actually marries, this inner helpmate wisely disappears in the presence of her external contemporary."

Dyspeptics, take comfort! Ayer's Sarsaparilla has cured worse cases than yours.

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## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The first and only instance in this country of a woman being admitted to a man's hospital, in a professional capacity, is in the case of the recent appointment of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacoby as visiting physician of St. Mark's Hospital, New York.

The Rothschilds have a pretty way of providing a birthday present for all the girls of the family when they come of age. At the birth of each little girl, six pearls, valued at two thousand five hundred dollars, are put aside. Six more are added at every birthday, and when the young lady reaches the age of twenty-one, she is presented with the valuable necklace.

The following particulars of a prospective royal marriage are interesting:

Princess Marie of Edinburgh continues to receive, one at a time, from Mlle. Vacaresco, the love-letters sent to her by Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, who was forced to abandon the Vacaresco woman for Marie. The letters, so far as an inkling of them has reached the public, are not only gushing, but calculated to shock a princess of the good breeding of Princess Marie. Mlle. Vacaresco is not beautiful. She is an olive brunette, a true descendant of Dacian ancestors, but in figure is rather small and stout. Prince Ferdinand is still in love with her, and his intimates say he will continue to be so, and express pity for the Anglo-Russian princess whom he is to marry. Princess Marie of Edinburgh, who has been selected as Ferdinand's bride, is high-spirited and only seventeen, and an English popular society paper remarks in a casual sort of way, that "Marie has Romanoff blood in her veins, and is said to resemble in temperament her very unpleasant, though very handsome, great-grandfather Nicholas, the 'Great Bear.'" She will be very rich, special provision having been made by Alexander the Second for the children of his beloved only daughter, a very large sum being privately sent to her in England by his imperial majesty at the time of the row and scandal of his nephew, the Grand Duke Nicholas Constantinoitch, with the American *demi-mondaine*, Fanny Lear.

Railroad girls form part of the staff on every dining-room car on the through line of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Road. They do the work of cashiers and of kitchen-girls, and the latter are said to be paid as well as the former. All these women employees are Bostonians, and the demand for positions far exceeds the supply.

Doña Lastenia Larriwa de Llonca, a Peruvian woman, who has won some fame in South America as a poetess, publishes a weekly, called *El Tesoro del Hogar* (Fireside Treasure), in Guayaquil, Ecuador.

Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, the new principal of Newnham College, is the wife of one of the most distinguished professors in Cambridge, who was one of the founders of the college over which his wife is to preside. This is the first instance of a married woman (not a widow) being made the head of a woman's college in Europe. Mrs. Sidgwick's mother, years before woman's higher education had become the fashion in Great Britain, insisted on her daughters having the same course of education as their brothers; and so advanced is Mrs. Sidgwick's knowledge of mathematics that, had women been permitted to subject themselves to the test of the tripos, she might have preceded Philippa Fawcett as lady senior wrangler.

Eighty-five thousand coins in a single day is the record made in counting by Miss Calhoun, one of the money-handlers in the Treasury Department at Washington. Even at this rate she can detect a counterfeit coin immediately by her trained sense of touch.

Sarah Bernhardt gives her friends to understand that she was one of eighteen children, and in consideration of that fact very naturally her mother forgets the particular year in which this gifted daughter was born. She was educated at a convent, four times was expelled and four times taken back into the fold.

Mrs. Stanley may certainly be regarded as the champion admirer of a husband. When she spoke at the explorer's electioneering meeting at Doulton, last week, she said:

"I voted for Henry Stanley two years ago in Westminster Abbey, and I call on you to vote for him, not for himself but for yourselves and in your interests, because he is a great and a good man; and, when you and I have passed away and are forgotten, he will be remembered as having been a great man who had served his country well, and done noble things for it. You can't make him a greater man than he is by putting M. P. after his name. There are nobodies who want to be somebodies, and in order to get this title they will promise to do everything; but Stanley is a man of his word, and when he says he will do anything, he will do it. Stanley wants to extend your trade, and to do all he can to develop commerce. Here is Stanley, and if you turn your back on him, I say it will be a disgrace to Lambeth, for I think—and I do say it because I am Mrs. Stanley—that he is the greatest man in England at this moment."

The remarkable young woman, Olive Schreiner, who wrote that morbid tale, "The Story of an African Farm," resolutely refuses to pose as a lioness. She is said to look for all the world like a bread-and-butter country miss. She is at present on her own place in Africa writing another story.

Miss Ruth Kimball has the honor of being the first woman who has won entrance to the press gallery of the senate. There was a little opposition to her admission, but she has gained only good opinions since she took her seat among other reporters. She is the Washington correspondent of the St. Paul Globe.

Colette, daughter of Alexandre Dumas, who has recently divorced her husband and will hereafter reside with her father, is blonde, with wonderfully expressive eyes, exquisite complexion, and the most graceful manners. Dumas has been very severe in the education of his daughters, and, until the day of her marriage, Mme. Lippmann had not seen the interior of the *Théâtre Français*.

## THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

## Mexican.

Señorita, fill the cup,  
Ere I give the call "To arms!"  
Hold the blood-red chalice up,  
Just to contemplate its charms!  
See the wit and wealth of earth,  
See the love of which we dream,  
See the thousand rubies gleam,  
See the music and the mirth!

Señorita, thou art fair  
As a spirit-child of song!  
Gems thine eyes and silk thine hair,  
Lilth thy limbs and round and strong!  
Thou art mine, at least awhile—  
What's a soldier's life, I ask,  
If he can not sometimes bask  
In his Spanish sweetheart's smile?

Señorita, let us drink,  
Drink, and merry be till dawn!  
Let the evil spirits blink  
Their green eyes, and then begone!  
Off with care and on with joy!  
Sing a song, my tawny dove,  
Of a lover and his love,  
Sing for thy wild soldier boy!

Señorita, fill once more,  
If the flagon is not dry;  
Clink the glasses as before,  
Raise the glistening goblets high!  
When was I so merry—when?  
Ah, my rosebud of the South,  
Thus I kiss thy warm, sweet mouth,  
So—now let us drink again!

Señorita, am I mad?  
Oh, but I am reckless, very!  
One forgets himself, egad!  
With Amontillado sherry! . . .  
Would my lady call this right? . . .  
Far off yonder in the States  
Trusting my lady waits  
Señorita fair, good-night!—*E. x.*

## Jewess.

My dark-browed daughter of the Sun,  
Dear Bedouin of the desert sands,  
Sad daughter of the ravished lands,  
Of savage Sinai, Babylon,  
O, Egypt-eyed, thou art to me  
A God-compassed mystery.

I see sad Hagar in thy eyes,  
The obelisks, the pyramids,  
Lie hid beneath thy drooping lids;  
The tawny Nile of Moses lies  
Portrayed in thy strange people's face,  
And solemn mystery of source.

The black abundance of thy hair  
Falls like some sad twilight of June  
Above the dying afternoon,  
And mourns thy people's mute despair.  
The large solemnity of night,  
O Israel is in thy sight.

Then come where stars of freedom spill  
Their splendor, Jewess! In this land,  
The same broad holiness of God's hand  
That held you ever, outholds still.  
And whether you be right or nay,  
'Tis God's, not Russia's, here to say.  
—*Jaquin Miller in the Menorah.*

## Japanese.

Tangled and torn, the white sea laces  
Broider the breast of the Indian deep;  
Lifted aloft the strong screw races  
To slacken and strain in the waves which leap.  
The great sails swell; the broad bows shiver  
To green and silver the purple sea;  
And down from the sunset a dancing river  
Flows broken gold where our ship goes free.

Too free! too fast! with memories laden  
I gaze to the northward where lies Japan;  
Oh, fair and pleasant and soft-voiced maiden!  
You are there, too distant! O Yoshi San!  
You are under those clouds by the storm winds shaken,  
A thousand ri, as the seagulls fly.  
As lost as if Death, not Time, had taken  
My eyes away from your beautiful eyes.

Yet if it were Death, of friends my fairest!  
He could not rend and spirits twain.  
They came too near to be less than nearest  
In the world where true hearts mingle again.  
But sad is the hour we sigh farewell in,  
And for me, whenever they name Japan,  
All grace, all charm, of the land you dwell in  
Is spoken in saying "O Yoshi San!"  
—*Boston Globe.*

## Antipodean.

I wonder what home folks would think who saw you sitting  
In that delightful maze of pink of a French costume,  
Tying a slender foot, size two, in brodered silk incased,  
Half out, half in, the last court-shoe that took Parisian taste.

The moment they shot eyes at you they'd note the union  
rare,  
Complexion of the warmer hue, with crown of pale gold hair.  
'Twas this the Italian masters loved on canvas to portray,  
And some such witchery which moved the King Cohetua.

While the refinement of your face and the unconscious  
knack,  
The careless captivating grace with which you're leaning  
back,  
Could not be truer if you were the daughter of a peer,  
Or long-descended commoner in the same social sphere.

There's not a fairer in Mayfair, or better bred and drest  
In all the garland gathered there from England's loveliest;  
You look so dainty, so complete, so far from common folk,  
As if you'd never crossed the street without a Raleigh's cloak.

And yet I've seen you, often, too, on a half-broken horse  
Press hard an old-man kangaroo o'er fence and water-course;  
Gallop wildfire 'twixt low-branched trees, 'mid burrow and ant-heap,  
And pull the colt up from his knees when stumbling from a leap.

And if they knew the simple things with which you're grat-  
ified,  
And saw your hearty welcomings and freedom from false  
pride,  
They'd never dream that you command all money can  
acquire,  
And occupy a block of land as large as Lincolnshire.

I wish I'd Millais' art to trace you as you're sitting there,  
With your bright summer-tinted face and golden crown of  
hair,  
To catch the sweet simplicity and gallant confidence  
That mingle in your frank blue eyes, and augur innocence.

Innocence need not be uncouth and Nature's not ill-drest,  
Nor is it any crime for youth to try and look her best,  
And all delight when wealth and grace, accomplished and  
ornate,  
Seek not with coldness to efface the pleasure they create.  
—*Douglas Sladen.*

— NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Opera Season in London.

Sir Augustus Harris is giving London an unusually splendid season of opera at the Covent Garden Theatre. There are seventy singers on his list, and the repertoire includes twenty-five operas, ranging from Gluck's "Orfeo" and Beethoven's "Fidelio" to the very newest compositions, such as Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" and "The Light of Asia," by De Lara.

Among the tenors who sing French and Italian opera are Jean de Reszke, Van Dyck, and Rinaldini; among the baritones is Lassalle; among the basses, Edouard de Reszke, Miranda, and Caracciolo; sopranos, Melba, Nordica, Dotti, Emma Eames, Minnie Tracey (an American *débütante*), Zélie de Lussan (of the Boston Ideals in their palmy days), Sophia Ravogli, and Faure; and contraltos, Giulia Ravogli. Alvary, the great German tenor, is among the interpreters of Wagner.

The cast of "Carmen" will give some idea of the way the operas are sung. The Carmen is Mme. Deschamps-Jehin, and Emma Eames has the rôle of Michaela. Lassalle is the Escamillo, Jean de Reszke is the Don José, De Vascetti is the captain Zunigo, Miranda is Morales, and such minor rôles as those of the two smugglers are in the hands of Caracciolo (the *buffo basso* of "Crispino" and "The Elixir of Love," as we saw it here) and Rinaldini.

## The Bayreuth Programmes.

The official programme of the performances of Wagner's works in the opera-house at Bayreuth states that this year's performances will take place between the twenty-first of July and the twenty-first of August. "Parsifal" will be performed eight times, and "Tristan and Isolde," the "Meister-singer," and "Tannhauser" four times each. Director Levi, of Munich; Director Mottl, of Karlsruhe; Herr Richter, of Vienna; and Herr Strauss, of Weimar, will act as conductors.

The distribution of the principal parts is as follows: In "Parsifal" the title rôle will be taken by M. Van Dyck and Herr Gruning, of Hanover; Kundry, by Mailhae, of Karlsruhe, and Malton, of Dresden; Gurnemanz, by Grengg, of Vienna, and Frauscher, of Bremen; Amfortas, by Kuschmann, of Milan, and Scheidemann, of Dresden; Klingsor, by Liepe, of Berlin, and Planck, of Karlsruhe; while the solo flower-girls will be represented by Mlle. Hartwig, of Dortmund; Hedinger, of Breslau; Mitschiner, of Seltin; Mulder, of Utrecht; Welschke, of Breslau, and Wierge, of Schwerin.

In "Tristan and Isolde," the part of Tristan will be taken by Vogl, of Munich; Isolde, by Sucher, of Berlin; Marke, by Doring, of Mannheim, and Gura, of Munich; Kurwenal, by Planck, of Karlsruhe; and Brangane, by Staudigl, of Berlin.

In "Tannhauser," the part of the Landgrave is allotted to Doring, of Mannheim; Tannhauser, to Gruning, of Hanover; Wolfram, to Scheidemann, of Dresden; Walter, to Gerhauser, of Bayreuth; Biterolf, to Liepe, of Berlin; Heinrich, to Zeller, of Weimar; and Venus, to Mailhae, of Karlsruhe.

In "The Master-Singers of Nuremberg," the part of Sachs is given to Gura, of Munich; Pogner, to Frauscher, of Bremen; Beckmesser, to Muller, of Leipzig; Kothner, to Bachmann, of Halle; Walther von Stolzing, to Anthes, of Dresden; David, to Hofmuller, of Dresden; and Magdalena, to Staudigl, of Berlin.

The management will be in the hands of Herr Fuchs, of Munich, as in former years; the choruses and the musical management on the stage are intrusted to Director Julius Kniese. The orchestra and choir will be practically the same as in previous seasons. The dancers in "Tannhauser" will be under the superintendence of Virginia Zucchi, of Milan, and are mostly the same as last year, consisting of members of the corps de ballet of the Court Theatre, of Berlin.

The general rehearsals commenced on June 19th. All the tickets for the festival have been sold. As every seat represents five dollars, and as twenty-eight thousand tickets have been sold for the twenty performances, being the full capacity of the house, one hundred and forty thousand dollars is the limit of the total gross receipts which the festival can yield.

There was actually a deficit of about five thousand dollars last year. This season the Bayreuth committee will probably be enabled for the first time to put aside a substantial sum as a reserve fund for future festivals.

A new feature of the annual exhibition of the State Agricultural Society at Sacramento, will be the "historical section," in which will be shown all manner of articles illustrative of the history of California. Those possessing such articles and willing to lend them to the exhibition—where they will be cared for by the State Board of Agriculture—are requested to communicate with Mr. F. M. Woodson, Box 495, Sacramento, Cal.

Entries for the summer meeting of the Pacific Coast Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association close on Wednesday, July 20th, and the four days set for the races are Saturday, August 6th; Tuesday, 9th; Thursday, 11th; and Saturday, 13th.

## Caught at Last

In the toils of dyspepsia after imposing on the stomach for years, how shall the sufferer restore his much abused digestion? By a resort to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, coupled with an abandonment of eatables and drinkables calculated to injure the digestive apparatus in a feeble state. Nothing like the Bitters for conquering malaria, bilious and kidney trouble, rheumatism, and liver disorder.

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## Summer Announcement

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## PRACTICAL RESULTS OF INSURANCE

San Francisco, June 23, 1892.

Mr. D. Gilbert Dexter, General Agent,  
The Massachusetts Benefit Association,  
San Francisco:

Dear Sir—

I wish to tender you my very sincere thanks for your prompt settlement of my claim for \$10,000 against The Massachusetts Benefit Association, the same being for the policy of insurance on the life of my beloved husband, Andrew Smith, formerly a merchant of San Francisco.

I am, very truly yours, MARY C. SMITH.

Sums aggregating \$5,600,000 have been paid by this company since incorporation in 1878, at an expense to policy-holders of sixty per cent. of the "old-line" rates. By supplying the very best insurance at the very least cost compatible with safety, our success has come. To-day we have almost \$100,000,000 in force, over 28,000 members, and a cash surplus held in trust of more than \$350,000. Before insuring in, or taking an agency for, another company, it would be wise for you to call on or address the General Agent,

D. GILBERT DEXTER,  
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## Dividend Notices.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street.—For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits. Payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

GEORGE TOURNAY, Secretary.

THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, Corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.

For the half-year ending June 30, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Friday, July 1, 1892.

VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.



## SOCIETY.

## The Palmer Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer gave a most delightful dinner-party last Wednesday evening in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler, of Fresno, and Miss Sill and Miss Palmer, of Minneapolis. It was an *à la fresco* affair, being served in an open court in the Spanish quarter, and the menu was *à l'Espagne*, as the following array indicates:

Sopa de Berdura.  
Ensalada de Vainilla.  
Gallina Rellena.  
Pipian.  
Tamales.  
Chiles Rellenos.  
Frijoles.  
Salade Romaine, à la "Rose Leaves."  
Leche Empedrada.  
Café.  
Cesé fresco.  
Pan Mejicano.  
Chianti Vecchio. Cigarros.

Mexican girls played guitars and danced the fandango as a *divertissement*, and after dinner the company repaired to the *attelier* of Mr. Willis Polk, on Russian Hill. Mr. Nathan Landsberger played some charming violin solos, and there was other music as well as dancing, all of which made the evening a thoroughly enjoyable one. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Alban B. Butler, Miss Sill, Miss Palmer, Miss Price, Miss Daisy Polk, Mr. Arthur Price, Mr. Nathan Landsberger, Signor Rossi, Mr. Henry D. Pigelow, Mr. Daniel Polk, and Mr. Willis Polk.

## Rumored Club Consolidation.

It is stated that a number of members of the Bohemian and Cosmos Clubs are discussing the advisability of a consolidation of the two clubs. The Bohemian Club is about erecting a handsome and luxurious club-house on the north-west corner of Sutter and Mason Streets. Mr. Simeon Wenban, the capitalist, who owns the ground, has agreed to build a club-house which shall be arranged according to the plans of the club, and it is to be leased to them with the privilege of purchase. Mr. Wenban has been most generous in his negotiations with the club. As the new club-house will have more room than is needed for the purposes of the Bohemian Club alone, the idea of consolidation has suggested itself to various members of both the clubs mentioned. The matter has not yet taken any official form. The consolidation of the Pacific and Union Clubs has been so successful, from every point of view, that the example of the two older clubs may be a good one for the juniors to follow.

## Notes and Gossip.

The members of the Concordia Club will give a midsummer jinks on Tuesday evening, August 9th, in the club-rooms. Mr. Charles Ackerman will be the sire.

The engagements are announced of the two daughters of Hon. and Mrs. Valentine G. Hush, of Fruitvale. Miss Estella Woods Hush is engaged to Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Miss Harriet Louise Hush is betrothed to Mr. William A. Magee. The gentlemen are sons of Mr. Thomas Magee, of this city. The weddings will take place soon, but owing to the recent death of Mrs. Magee they will be celebrated quietly.

The wedding of Miss Beatrice Redding-Moses and Mr. Walter S. Hinkle took place on Sunday, July 10th, at the residence of the groom's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Hinkle, on Leavenworth Street. Miss Helen Walker was the maid of honor and Mr. Frank D. Willey acted as best man. The affair was celebrated very quietly. Mr. and Mrs. Hinkle are passing their honeymoon at Lake Tahoe.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Colonel C. Fred Crocker has returned from a visit to Mount Shasta and vicinity. He made the trip in his private car, and was accompanied by Mr. D. O. Mills, Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr., Mr. Russell J. Wilson, Mr. J. B. Crockett, and Mr. Henry T. Scott.

Mr. James V. Coleman is expected to return from Paris about the middle of August.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair sailed from New York last Wednesday for Europe on the

steamer *City of New York*. Miss Blair made a two week's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs at Newport prior to her departure.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall has gone to visit friends in Portland, Or., and will remain there until August 1st.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson have returned from a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins and Miss Genevieve Cummins have returned from a five weeks' trip to Oregon, Washington, and Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn are enjoying an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are in Hamburg.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bissell have returned to their home in Alameda after an outing near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San Jose, are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

General E. F. Beale and family and Mr. Truxton Beale are at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Mrs. Edwin Goodall and Miss Goodall have returned to their home in Oakland after a pleasant visit to San Rafael.

Mr. Elwood Crocker has gone to New York to join Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gilling.

Mrs. Grant Boyd and Miss Nellie Boyd will pass the remainder of the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss May Hoffman, Miss Mary L. McNutt, and the Misses Helen and Ethel Smith are visiting Pescadero.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas, the Misses Delmas, and Mr. Paul Delmas are passing the season pleasantly at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and Count and Countess Festetics will pass the month of August at Monterey.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mrs. F. A. Frank are at Monterey. Misses Eleanor and Mac Dimond will pass considerable of next month at Monterey.

Mrs. O. F. Willey is enjoying a visit at Auburn.

Mrs. (former) Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke have gone to Santa Cruz for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly will go to Monterey next Wednesday to remain several weeks.

Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan will leave to-day to pass a couple of weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. G. G. Wickson is at the Hotel Marlborough in New York city.

Miss Mamie Harrington is visiting the Misses Delmas at Santa Cruz.

Mr. A. J. Rosborough, of Oakland, is at the Hoffman House in New York city.

Mrs. E. L. G. Steele and family have returned to Oakland after a prolonged visit to resorts in Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Bancroft and family are now at their Walnut Creek farm, having returned from an enjoyable trip to the Yosemite Valley and Coloma in their four-in-hand.

Dr. H. G. Young and party have returned from a camping trip to Lianda.

Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Smith have returned from a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Charles M. Keeney and Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis will soon leave on a trip to Alaska.

Colonel and Mrs. William McDonald have returned from their visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, have returned from Alaska, and are passing a few weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord will be at Monterey during August.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest C. La Montagne, *né* Catherwood, have returned from Europe, and are in New York city.

Miss Ethel Lincoln has returned from her Alaskan trip. She will be at Monterey during August.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst and Miss Apperson were at Wiesbaden when last heard from.

Mrs. John D. Vost and Miss Vost are visiting Mrs. S. W. Sanderson in Paris.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings returned from Monterey last Monday with her son, Master Harry Hastings, and will leave soon for New York en route to Europe, where she will remain about three months.

Colonel William R. Smedberg has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raun have gone to San José for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham are occupying their villa near Lake Tahoe.

Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Hanlon are passing the season in San Rafael.

Miss Helen Walker will leave to-day to visit Miss Cora Wallace at her ranch in Tulare County.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., are passing a few weeks in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Grace, of New York, are here on a brief visit, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel. Mr. Grace is an uncle of Mrs. W. E. Holloway.

Mr. John Taylor and his daughter, Miss Taylor, are the guests of Mrs. L. C. Clark at Hillview, near Redwood city.

Miss Carrie Taylor has returned from Farmington, Conn., where she has been attending school.

Miss Eugenia Chapin has returned from a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. N. Dillon has returned from Paso Robles. The Misses Dillon and Mr. Thomas I. Dillon will remain there for a brief period.

Mrs. D. J. Tallant is passing the season at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Loughborough and family and the Misses Zane have returned from San Rafael, where they have been passing the season.

Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, who have been passing the season at Santa Cruz, have returned to the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Haviland are paying a visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker have been visiting the country near Mount Shasta during the past week.

Mr. Arthur Rodgers is at the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have returned from their European trip, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jaynes have returned to the city after passing the summer at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher, who have been passing the season at San Rafael, have returned to their residence on Sutter Street.

Misses Marie and Hilda McKenna are being entertained by Miss Eleanor Morrow in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Gregory are making a tour of Southern California.

Mr. James Brett Stokes is in the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. William S. Tevis is passing the season at Monterey.

Mrs. George Huntsman and the Misses Huntsman have returned from San Rafael and are staying at foot Pine Street.

Mr. J. B. Chrysal has returned from a two weeks' visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Ileyard are at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller, who have been traveling in Europe for several months, will return to their home in Oakland about the middle of August.

Mr. and Mrs. James R. Garniss will pass the remainder of the season in San Rafael.

Mrs. George L. Bradley, Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace, and Master Wallace are passing the summer at Manchester-by-the-Sea.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, are enjoying a visit at Blytheedale.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Mau will pass the next three months at Larkspur Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman have returned from a month's visit at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Nellie Hillyer is visiting Miss Mamie Holbrook at her home in Menlo Park.

Mrs. William H. Mills, Miss Mills, and Miss Bessie Huntington are occupying a cottage in Santa Cruz, and will remain there several weeks.

General and Mrs. I. F. Houghton, and Miss Minnie Houghton will pass next month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Symmes and family have returned from a prolonged visit at Pescadero.

Miss Alice Simpkins will be at Monterey during August.

Mr. John N. Featherston will pass the next two weeks in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Lily H. Coit and her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, have returned from their trip to Alaska. They will be at Monterey during August.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvain Well are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries are passing a month at San

Jose, and will remain there until the shoot of the Country Club, when they will go to Monterey.

Mr. John W. Mackay is expected here from New York in a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Archibald Wilson has returned from the springs completely restored to health.

Mrs. James C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood have returned from Los Angeles, and are at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have been in Toronto, Canada, for the past week.

Miss Minnie Houghton and Miss Bessie Shreve are making a pleasant visit to Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Joseph R. Smith and Miss Juliet H. Smith, of Los Angeles, are passing the season at the Hotel Shelbourne in Atlantic City.

Mrs. W. D. Fennimore and her son, Arthur, will return next week from a month's visit at Sisson.

Mrs. A. W. Simpson and Miss Jessie Simpson, of Stockton, passed several days here during the past week.

Mrs. William B. Collier is here on a visit from Villa Ka Bel, her country-home near Clear Lake, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Judge E. R. Garber is enjoying an outing near Mount Shasta.

Miss Hope Ellis will remain at her home in Marysville until early in August, when she will go to Monterey for a month.

Colonel and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne have been enjoying a visit at Santa Monica.

Mr. Earl A. Fargo and Mr. W. F. Giles left last Wednesday for the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Mabel Love is visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. Stanley at their ranch near Los Gatos, and will remain there a couple of weeks.

Miss Irene C. Everett is visiting friends at Bradley Beach, N. J.

Mr. William J. Younger will return from the East late in July.

Mrs. Frank J. Connelly and the Misses Porter are at Lake Tahoe. They will go to Monterey early in August.

Miss Adele Martel has been passing the week in Santa Cruz.

Mr. Alexander Hamilton is at the Hotel Albemarle, in New York city. He has been visiting the principal summer resorts in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Leonard have returned to Alameda after a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. F. L. Whitney and Miss Grace Whitney have returned from an extended visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. Richard Wallace has been here during the past week on a visit from Fresno.

Mrs. E. C. Van Winkle and her sister, Mrs. Brown, of Oakland, will leave New York to-day for Europe.

Mme. B. Ziska and Miss Alice Ziska have returned from a pleasant tour of Southern California.

Mr. Henry Clayton, of Philadelphia, is in the city on a two weeks' visit to his cousin, Mr. Walter R. Dinmore, at his residence, 1117 Twenty-First Street.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family, who have been passing several weeks in the vicinity of Mount Shasta, will return on July 20th, and then will pass a month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Highton have been enjoying a visit to St. Helena.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham left last Saturday for New York on a visit of several weeks' duration.

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs have been passing the week at Monterey.

Mr. W. R. Smedberg and the Misses Nellie and Cora Smedberg will remain at West Point until October.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has returned to Fruitvale after a visit to friends in Chico.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses O'Connor are enjoying an outing a few miles from Ukiah.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gamble and the Misses Gamble are on the steamer *Elliotia*, bound for Glasgow.

Dr. Calegaris will leave on July 25th to make a tour of Europe, and will be away about six months.

Mrs. William J. Younger and the Misses Younger left New York July 9th on the *Augusta Victoria* for Hamburg.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sheldon are enjoying a visit near Ukiah.

Mr. William R. Hearst is in Paris.

Professor and Mrs. E. W. Hilgard and the Misses Hilgard, of Berkeley, are en route to Bremen on the steamer *Elbe*.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar B. Carroll, of Sacramento, came to the city last Wednesday on a visit.

Mr. Edward Hughes is here from Denver on a short visit to his relatives.

Mrs. H. M. Newhall and Mr. George A. Newhall are passing a few weeks in San Rafael.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., has been appointed aid to Admiral Irwin, U. S. N., commandant at Mare Island, and will reside there henceforth.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., returned from Calistoga on Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Captain Henry Glass, U. S. N., and family have taken permanent quarters at Mare Island.

Dr. Millard H. Crawford, U. S. N., returned early in the week from a visit to Mare Island.

Lieutenant L. H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., is in New York city.

Brigadier-General John C. Kelton, U. S. A., (retired) has been appointed governor of the Soldiers' Home, District of Columbia.

Lieutenant Isaac P. Ware, assistant-surgeon, U. S. A., formerly of Fort Douglas, Utah., has been appointed to duty at Fort Mason, Cal.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and his family are passing the season in Hagerstown, Md.

## La Veuve Clicquot.

It is really remarkable to note the greatly increased popularity of the Veuve Clicquot champagne in the United States. The importations of this delicious wine are now so largely in excess of what they were ten years ago that the figures seem almost incredible. China, Japan, and India consume large quantities of it, Australia and the Cape Colonies are liberal importers, while in France, Russia, England, and Austria the demand is steadily increasing. The yellow label Veuve Clicquot is known the world over as the finest champagne made.

Our most notable physicians advocate its use in many forms of illness, pronouncing it to be a true stimulant to body and mind alike, rapid, volatile, transitory, and harmless. There is something exciting to the wine which the moment it touches the lips, sends an electric telegram of comfort to every remote nerve. Hundreds of ocean voyagers have borne testimony to the instantaneous relief it has given them in cases of sea-sickness, where all other remedies failed.

As an evidence of the extreme care taken in the manufacture of the Veuve Clicquot champagne, it is merely necessary to refer to the process of washing the millions of bottles before they are filled with the wine. The bottles are filled with pure water, and contain a certain quantity of glass beads, in lieu of the customary shot, which frequently leave minute particles of lead in the bottles—deleterious alike to health and the flavor of the wine. These bottles are placed horizontally in a frame, and by means of four turns of a handle are made to perform sixty-four rapid revolutions, which serves to thoroughly remove all dirt or foreign matter.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (lower drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

## SKINS ON FIRE

With unyielding Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blistery, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the greatest skin cure.

## CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA KESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

## WEEK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

## "Larkspur Inn"

Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commuters" \$5 per month; Ladies and Children, \$3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.

## Wolf &amp; Frank

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232 Kearny Street.

## TO OWNERS

—OF—

## CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for particulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS, Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

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## Greatest Legitimate Bargains

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Men's, Boys', and Children's

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

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## A PETTICOAT BATTLE.

Girl, Girly-Girl, Widow, and Grass-Widow.

The Girl was very pretty and the Grass-Widow was *chic*; but the Widow had charms neither of person nor manner. The Girl was young and the Grass-Widow still under thirty; but the Widow would have been entered in a matrimonial sweepstakes as aged. When women and horses attain to a certain age the number of their years no longer is mentioned.

Now, there came a Young Man down from the city for a brief sojourn at the shore. He was a comely young man, with a comelier fortune. Some said it was still coming; but the Young Man said they were wrong, and he ought to know. At any rate, his blazers, and white flannels, and yachting garments were costly and magnificent, and, besides, he was the only young man in the hotel. So the Girl and the Grass-Widow were loud in his praises when they thought he could overhear them; but the Widow said nothing.

The first day after the Young Man's arrival was a triumphant one for the Girl. She carried him off from under the very guns of the Grass-Widow and the Widow, and she kept him to herself at various sea-side amusements during the whole of that day. But the morning of the second day was a favorable one for the Grass-Widow, for she drove the Young Man out in the new village-cart which her husband had given to her the week before when he left for a shooting-trip, and the Young Man graciously received the homage of the Grass-Widow during the whole of that day and evening.

On the third day, the Girl resumed her sway, for she had arisen much earlier than had the Grass-Widow, and she had carried the Young Man off for a long walk before breakfast. The Girl said she did so love to walk by the sea in the early morning, but the Young Man said he thought it might be a little dangerous on an empty stomach. The Girl asked him if love wasn't sufficient nutriment for him. The Young Man said he didn't know, but he rather thought coffee and rolls were better. Then the Girl, seeing that she was running the risk of tiring her companion, took him back to the house for breakfast. But she played tennis with him all the morning and rowed him about the bay in the afternoon.

The Grass-Widow was angered by the victory of the Girl. When they were all sitting out on the hotel piazza after tea, the Girl and the Young Man a little removed from the rest, the Grass-Widow said it was shocking how forward girls had become in these days. When she was a young girl, girls were more modest. The Girl said she had no doubt—twenty years made a great difference. And the Widow smiled mentally.

On the morning of the fourth day, the Grass-Widow conceived a brilliant scheme to frustrate the designs of the Girl. She proposed a horseback trip, for she knew that the Girl could not ride. But it turned out that the Young Man could not ride, either, so he said that he and the Girl would drive over in a buckboard, while the others rode. Then the Grass-Widow retired to her room with a severe nervous headache, and the Girl and the Young Man went off for a long drive.

Now, during the past four days the Widow had sat upon the hotel piazza crocheting tidies. And while she had been crocheting, she had thought. And her thoughts by noon of the fourth day had formed themselves into a plan. So the Widow went up to her room that afternoon and wrote the following letter:

My DEAR LOU: Won't you let dear Ethel come to me for awhile. The air here is grand, and there are many nice young people at the hotel. She will have a glorious time, and I will take good care of your darling.  
Most sincerely yours,  
ELINOR SLYWUN.  
P. S.—Do let her come, and at once!

And on the afternoon of the fifth day the Widow received the following telegram:

JULY 11th.  
To Mrs. Elinor Slywun, Slowtime Bay House:  
Ethel will be down on the afternoon train.  
LOUISA KATZPAU.

So the Widow drove to the station to meet the Girl, and, as the Girl and the Young Man were out rowing and the Grass-Widow was confined to her room with nervous headache, she had no difficulty in smuggling the Girl into the house without the knowledge of any one. And when she got the Girl into her room, she dressed her in the most becoming manner possible. Then she took the Girl down to supper.

Now it happened that the Young Man had been very much bored by the continued company of the Girl. She was a very jolly sort of girl, and she didn't mind cigarettes, and there were many other pleasing features about her. But he was a fickle young man, and he had been in the society of the Girl for eight solid hours that day. So when the vision of loveliness in the shape of the Girl burst upon him unexpectedly at the supper-table, he straightway lost his heart and forgot all about the Girl. The Grass-Widow had been out of the running ever since the morning of the fourth day.

Before going down to supper the Widow had said to the Girl, just for a lark, she was going to make believe, and make everybody else believe, that the Girl-Girl was her daughter. And the Girl-Girl, being a foolish young thing, had consented. So the Widow had introduced the Girl-

Girl as her daughter fresh from a convent school. And, as nobody knew either of them at home, everybody accepted the statement without thought of question.

That evening the Young Man asked the Girl-Girl if she liked moonlight strolls. The Girl-Girl said there was no moon, but the young man said her eyes would furnish sufficient illumination for his needs, and he begged her to go with him. The Girl-Girl said she would go; but just then the Widow came forward and said that she never allowed her daughter to go off alone with young men anywhere. The Young Man said that he had just been on the point of asking the Widow to accompany them, so they three went off for a stroll together.

And the same thing was repeated throughout the whole of the sixth and seventh days. Whenever the Young Man wanted to take the Girl-Girl anywhere the Widow would interfere and declare that the Girl-Girl should not go without a chaperon. So of course the Widow would go along as a chaperon.

The Young Man was impulsive. He had fallen in love with the Girl-Girl, and he had fallen in love desperately. He did not want any long courtship, and as he fancied the Girl-Girl held the same opinions, he determined that he would propose marriage to her at once. But as he was a young man with high ideas of honor, he first went to obtain the permission of the Widow.

On the evening of the seventh day, he asked the Widow to go for a stroll with him. He did not ask the Girl-Girl to go this time. The Widow was very gracious. She acquiesced at once. They strolled down to the beach, and there the Young Man told the Widow that she could make him the happiest of his race; that she could gild his future with roseate dreams, and do all manner of other impossible chromatic feats. Would she bless him with her consent?

And the Widow said: "Yes, Fred."

Then the Young Man saw what a terrible mistake he had made, and he tried his best to explain matters and to make the Widow understand, as delicately as possible, that he had not asked her to marry him.

But they were married, all the same.—*Evening Sun.*

## THE OPENED DOOR.

One morning, Mrs. Benedict stepped out into the hall to say good-bye to a caller, and left the door of her flat wide open behind her. As she was wafting a few last messages over the banisters, a strong gust of wind seized the door and slammed it to—and Mrs. Benedict was locked out, for she had methodically placed the key in the side-pocket of her little leather shopping-bag, which lay, at that moment, in the left-hand corner of the top bureau-drawer.

Mrs. Benedict found herself in a very unpleasant position. She was without a girl, and there was no one in the flat. It was only twelve o'clock, and her husband did not come home until six. What could she do in the meantime? She could not even go shopping, for she was hatless as well as moneyless. And she had something cooking in the oven, besides.

She called to the janitor for assistance. He made his appearance and tried the door. Then he shook his head dubiously.

"O'll get the engineer; maybe he'll have some keys."

The engineer came. He did have some keys; about a hundred of different sizes and shapes, in a more or less rusty condition; but none of them would fit the lock.

"O'i might be after havin' Jimmy haul me up in the dumb-waiter," suggested the janitor. But the dumb-waiter had always brought grave intimations of burglarious possibilities to Mrs. Benedict's mind, and she was sure that the door which separated it from the apartment was locked, too.

"O'll go up on the fire-escape and climb in the winder," volunteered the janitor, with an eye to Christmas. But Mrs. Benedict said she knew the window was fastened.

"Perhaps I can pry back the catch with a thin knife. Come on, Dennis," said the engineer; and the two men left to try the forlorn hope.

It was at this moment that young Puffer had filled his big meerschaum with a dark, moist mixture of his own invention. It consisted of perique, cut plug, and cavendish, with a few odds and ends he happened to have in the house. It produced huge volumes of smoke—though his friends fought shy of it.

The absence of other buildings permitted an unobstructed view of the flat from the street in the rear, and so, of course, the first passer-by who noticed the two men on the fire-escape and the clouds of smoke pouring from Puffer's window, jumped at a conclusion and turned in an alarm.

Soon the sound of the engines tearing over the stone pavements attracted Puffer's attention; he rose and laid his pipe on the table, where it quietly went out. He stuck his head out of the window. A fireman was coming up the iron ladder, axe in hand.

The rescuer reached the balcony where the engineer and janitor were struggling with the window fastening. Without waiting for any explanation he pushed them aside, and, raising his axe, demolished both sashes and the two panes of glass, with one stalwart blow. Then he rushed through the flat, looking for fire. He came to the hall door and opened it.

"Oh, thank you," said Mrs. Benedict, gratefully. "Fer what, mum?"  
"For letting me in. I was locked out!"  
"Is that what all this rumpus is about?" asked the angry and astonished fireman.  
"I—I guess so," she faltered.  
"Well, mum," said the fireman, impressively, "the next time you get caught that way, don't call out three engines an' hose-carts, an' a hook an' ladder, an' a water-tower. Just send for me and I'll come around quietly, with my axe, and let you in."  
—*Ex.*

## DIALECT VERSE.

## A Hard-Working Woman.

All day she hurried to get through,  
The same as lots of wimmin do;  
Sometimes at night her husband said,  
"Ma, ain't you goin' to come to bed?"  
An' then she'd kinder give a hitch,  
An' pause half-way between a stitch,  
An' sorter sigh, an' say that she  
Was ready as she'd ever be,  
She reckoned.

An' so the years went, one by one,  
An' somehow she was never done;  
An' when the angel said, as how  
"Mis' Smith it's time you rested now,"  
She sorter raised her eyes to look  
A second, as a stitch she took;  
"All right, I'm comin' now," says she,  
"I'm ready as I'll ever be,"  
I reckon.

—*Albert Bigelow Paine in Kansas City Journal.*

## The Daguerreotype.

You hev to holt it sidewise  
Fer to make the lightness show,  
'Cuz it's sort uh dim an' shifty  
Till you git it right—'bout so!  
An' then the eyes winks at yeh,  
An' the mouth is cherry-ripe,  
Law! it beats your new-style picters,  
This old digger-type!

Thar's a blush across the dimples  
Thet burrows in the cheeks;  
F'om out them clumps o' ringlets  
Two little small ears peeks,  
Thet brooch thet jines her neck-gear  
Is what they used to wear;  
A big gold frame thet sprawled around  
A lock o'—some one's hair.

'Twas took 'fore we was married,  
Thet there—your maw an' me.  
An' times I study on it,  
Why, 't fizes me to see  
Thet fifty year ain't leached her  
A lick! She's jest the same  
She was when Sudie Scriggens  
Took Boone C. Curds's name.

The hair is mebbly whiter  
'An it was in '41,  
But her cheeks is jest as pinky,  
Her smiles ain't slackened up none.  
I reckon—love—er somethin'  
Verluminates her face,  
Like the criminy velvet lain'  
Warns up the picter-case.

'S I say, these cyard-boa'd portraits,  
They make me sort uh tired,  
A-ginnin' for' upon yeh  
Like their very lips was wired!  
Give me the old digger-type,  
Whar the face steals on your sight  
Like a dream that comes by night-time  
When your supper's actin' right.

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Harper's Weekly.*

## "The Sass of thet Ol' Man."

Waal, Jimmie, mother sez yer smit;  
He! he! peraps ye'll git the mit.  
Ye waan't? De'd sure? Waal Mary Ann  
Is up ter snuff. But how'll ye stan'  
The sass of thet ol' man?

I tell yer what, ye'd better quit  
Yer foolin' round—git up an' git!  
'Tween me an' ye I wouldn't stand',  
Fer all his ma'sh an' bes' uplan',  
The sass of thet ol' man.

The gal? Waal, new, the gal is grit,  
An' well wuth fightin' fer a bit;  
Onst spliced, ye'd make a noble span.  
Besides, ye'd git the homestead—an'  
The sass of thet ol' man.

I jawed 'im onst; we like to fit!  
The darter come an' med us quit.  
A fast-rate wife! But, son, I swaan,  
I don't see how on airth ye'll stan'  
The sass of thet ol' man!

—*J. R. Hutchinson in Arkansas Traveler.*

Druggists and all others who sell Ayer's Ague Cure are authorized to guarantee a cure in every instance. Try this medicine first.

## Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

## —DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

## —OR— Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER &amp; CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER &amp; CO., Dorchester, Mass.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FR

QUINA LAROCHE'S

INVIGORATING TONIC,

CONTAINING

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,

AND A

RICH CATALAN WINE,

used with entire success by the Hospitals of Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S., 30 North William St., N. Y.

The advertisement that brings the greatest returns to the advertiser is the advertisement plainly describing what you are offering to the public.

It is an advertisement that is often repeated.

It is an advertisement that is well written and attractively printed.

It is an advertisement that should be written by some one who has had experience in the art of writing advertisements.

Try that style of advertising, and you may be wearing diamonds, when the man who tries to sneak his advertisement into a description of a sea-serpent swallowing an iceberg will be working the brakes on a gravel-train.—*J. Armory Knox.*

## HIGHLAND

Evaporated Cream

A TABLE LUXURY,

A CULINARY ARTICLE,

AN INFANT'S FOOD.

## HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM

Is unsweetened and free from all preservatives. Retains its delicious and wholesome qualities for an indefinite time in all climates and at all seasons.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere

Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW Dainty Diseases."

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO., Sole Purveyors, Highland, Ill.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

The Celebrated

CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.

Write for Samples. Sent Free. Menier, Union Sq., N. Y.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

As an eminent physician remarked, when a stump-rotator was describing the condition of two geraniums, one of which was watered in the ordinary way, and advertised its virtuous principles by an exuberant freshness of blossom and leaf, while the second became an involuntary toper, and had been dosed with alcohol into premature decay: "Yes, if I were a geranium, I should prefer water. But then I am not a geranium."

When Thackeray was in this country he called on General Scott, full of admiration for his remarkable campaign in Mexico, and eager to hear the warrior explain how battles were fought and fields were won. "Well, now you know all about it," remarked a friend, as the novelist returned from a two hours' tête-à-tête with the soldier. "Not at all," replied Thackeray, with a twinkle in his eye. "The general takes no interest in strategy. I found that literature was his forte."

Signor Giolitti's recent elevation to the office of prime minister is bringing out curious stories of the people of Cuneo, his native town, in Northern Italy. Queen Margaret passed through the place a few years ago, and the civil authorities procured some liquid refreshments for her. After returning the glass she felt for her handkerchief, but the good mayor, thinking she was about to pull out her purse, said: "Your majesty, pray do not trouble; we have settled the account."

When Johnson, the lexicographer, was preparing his dictionary, his publisher could only, by the greatest importunity and oft-repeated requests, get the "copy" from him as it was needed by the printers. There came a time, however, when the great dilaatory author sent in the last pages of his manuscript, and when the messenger returned, Dr. Johnson said to him: "What did the man say?" "He said," was the reply, "thank the Lord God I am done with him." "Well," said Dr. Johnson, "I am glad to know that he thanks God for anything."

The Savoy Hotel (writes Howard Paul from London) is just now thronged with Americans. A few evenings since, M. Echenard looked into the smoke-room, where a tall, gaunt Yankee, with a Calisto Lopez between his teeth and his feet on the back of a chair, was puffing away vigorously. M. Echenard and he drifted into a brief talk, when a certain New York hotel, once popular but now out of date, was mentioned. "I am told it is without a rival," said M. Echenard, who is the pink of diplomatic courtesy. "You are wrong," replied the transatlantic; "say rather without an arrival, and you are nearer to the mark!"

There was once a debate in Parliament about the "barilla duty"; and, as the term was little known, an admirer of Cardinal Manning went to him for an explanation. "Dear me," replied Manning, "not know what barilla means? I will explain it. You see, in commerce, there are two methods of proceeding. At one time you load your ship with a particular commodity, such as tea, wine, or tobacco; at another time you select a variety of articles suitable to the port of destination. And in the language of trade we describe this latter operation as barilla." The inquirer about "barilla" soon found out that it meant an alkali obtained from the ashes of a Spanish vegetable. "Splendide mendax," he may have thought when he learned the truth, and his faith in Manning's infallibility was no longer the same.

An Italian curé was about making a journey. Many friends called to say good-bye, and, as had happened before, each gave him a paper on which was jotted down a list of things which the writer wished the traveler to purchase for him. Only one of these friends accompanied his memorandum with the necessary money. This one friend's commission the curé carefully executed, and delivered the articles to him. When the others called for their goods, he said: "Soon after I sailed, I took out all your papers to look them over and classify them. I laid them on the deck before me. Suddenly there came a gust of wind, and they were all blown away. I could not remember what they contained, and so I could not do your errands." "But," they objected, "you brought what So-and-So asked you to get." "Oh, yes," said the curé; "you see, he inclosed the cash

with his memorandum, and that kept it from blowing away."

A company of a British regiment was once sent on some duty, in time of peace, to a remote village in Ireland, and left there for several weeks, quite separated from its usual base of supplies. During this period some general orders, applicable more especially to men in barracks, were sent to the commander of the company. One clause of those orders was as follows: "All men in the command shall change their shirts at least twice a week." The captain gave orders to the orderly sergeant to see this command put into execution. "But, captain," said the sergeant, "there's only a shirt apiece to every man in the company. How can they—" "Silence!" exclaimed the captain; "orders are orders, sergeant. Let the men change shirts with one another." So the sergeant saw to it that, so long as the company remained in the place, on every Sunday and Wednesday morning the soldiers swapped shirts one with another.

A don once asked Thompson, the witty Oxonian, if he had heard what a much smaller entry of freshmen they had had that year, and he answered: "Well, I did hear indirectly, for I was aware that emigration had greatly increased among the lower orders." Of one of the tutors, he said: "That little man! he devotes all the time he can spare from the adornment of his person to the mismanagement of his pupils." One of the best of his sarcasms was that on some forward young men—junior fellows. "Gentlemen," he said, "let us remember we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us!" The following, too, is good. Some one at a college dinner made a rather offensive speech, when his neighbor heard Thompson say, in a meditative manner: "He reminded me of his father." People near him turned, expecting some reminiscence of a laudatory kind, when he added: "He succeeded in being at once dull and flippant"; then, after a short pause, "no uncommon combination."

In 1834, Mercadante had promised an opera to the Scala, of Milan; but, as the composer was suffering from weak eyes, he had put off writing it until within forty days of the prescribed period for sending it in. In his dilemma he called for Donizetti. "You alone," he said, "can work this miracle and save me from irreparable ruin by writing the opera in my place." "Everything depends," answered Donizetti, "upon whether the words please me or no. Whose is the libretto?" "Romano's." "Give it me to read. This evening I will let you have a reply." In the evening Donizetti returned to Mercadante, who awaited him in transports of anxiety, and said simply: "It is all right. You have nothing to do but to keep quiet and get well. I will think of the music." And he did not even require the forty days. In less than a month had been composed a splendid opera, drawn from the impetuous springs of that tireless imagination—"Lucrezia Borgia," which was to prove one of the most splendid victories of contemporary art.

## Marion Harland.

The celebrated authoress, so highly esteemed by the women of America, says on pages 103 and 445 of her popular work, "Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother": "For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

"For pain in the back wear an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER constantly, renewing as it wears off. This is an invaluable support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

—DR. MAYO A. GREENLAW, DENTIST,

Rooms Nos. 11 and 12, Academy of Sciences Building, No. 819 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

## MERCHANTS' LINE

New Line Clipper Ships.

New York to San Francisco

THE MAGNIFICENT IRON SHIP

T. F. OAKES, 1897 tons register, REED, Master, is now on the berth at New York, and having large engagements will receive quick dispatch. For freight apply to J. W. GRACE & CO., 430 California St., S. F. W. R. GRACE & CO., Hanover Square, N. Y.

**GEO. H. FULLER & CO.**  
MANUFACTURERS,  
BANK OFFICE  
AND  
CHURCH  
FURNITURE  
638-640 MISSION ST.

SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN  
VIA  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.  
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30 P. M.  
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12 N.; 1:10, 2:20, 3:55, 5:25, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:14 P. M. (Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:15, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

## EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.  
Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday. Localities and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Localities, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tomales, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)		THROUGH		To San Francisco (Read up)	
Sundays.	Week Days.	THROUGH	Week Days.	Sundays.	Week Days.
A. M. 8:00, P. M. 9:00	A. M. 8:00, P. M. 9:00	San Francisco	8:45, 6:15, 7:25, 8:15	A. M. 8:00, P. M. 9:00	A. M. 8:00, P. M. 9:00
9:40, 8:35, 5:35, 9:38	9:40, 8:35, 5:35, 9:38	Sausalito	8:15, 5:45, 6:50, 7:45	9:40, 8:35, 5:35, 9:38	9:40, 8:35, 5:35, 9:38
10:14, 9:10, 6:06, 10:04	10:14, 9:10, 6:06, 10:04	San Geronimo	7:10, 5:14, 6:10, 7:02	10:14, 9:10, 6:06, 10:04	10:14, 9:10, 6:06, 10:04
10:40, 9:36, 6:34, 10:30	10:40, 9:36, 6:34, 10:30	Camp Taylor	6:55, 4:30, 5:15, 6:13	10:40, 9:36, 6:34, 10:30	10:40, 9:36, 6:34, 10:30
10:52, 9:57, 6:48, 10:42	10:52, 9:57, 6:48, 10:42	Localities	6:40, 4:12, 5:02, 6:01	10:52, 9:57, 6:48, 10:42	10:52, 9:57, 6:48, 10:42
11:03, 10:09, 6:58, 10:51	11:03, 10:09, 6:58, 10:51	Point Reyes	6:30, 4:08, 4:45, 5:43	11:03, 10:09, 6:58, 10:51	11:03, 10:09, 6:58, 10:51
11:16, 10:31, 7:15, 11:05	11:16, 10:31, 7:15, 11:05	Tomales	5:40, 3:25, 4:02, 5:00	11:16, 10:31, 7:15, 11:05	11:16, 10:31, 7:15, 11:05
11:29, 10:40, 11:50	11:29, 10:40, 11:50	Howards	4:58, 2:40, 3:54	11:29, 10:40, 11:50	11:29, 10:40, 11:50
12:17, 8:41, 12:33	12:17, 8:41, 12:33	Duncan Mills	4:25, 2:08, 3:45	12:17, 8:41, 12:33	12:17, 8:41, 12:33
12:55, 9:10, 1:05	12:55, 9:10, 1:05	Cazadero	4:00, 1:45, 2:45	12:55, 9:10, 1:05	12:55, 9:10, 1:05
1:25, 9:34, 1:30	1:25, 9:34, 1:30	Way Stations	A. M. 8:00, P. M. 9:00	1:25, 9:34, 1:30	1:25, 9:34, 1:30

## STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Culey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, F. B. LATHAM,  
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—July 15th, SS. San José; July 25th, SS. San Juan; August 3rd, SS. City of New York.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama. Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—July 18th, SS. Colima. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.; Peru (new)..... Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro..... Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M. China..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL

## STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamers From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Belgic..... Tuesday, July 26

Oceanic..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, August 16

Gaelic..... Tuesday, September 6

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska,

9 A. M., July 3, 8, 13, 23.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M.,

July 3, 8, 13, 23, 28. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay,

Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and

all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego,

stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis

Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in

Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4

New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento,...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa,...	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	First and second-class Ogden and East, and first-class Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff,...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Niles and San José.	* 6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.	.....
6:00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Centerville, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	Menlo Park, San José, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:45 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25,

7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:15, 6:15 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—

6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS, SUNDAYS, SUNDAYS, WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M., 8:00 A. M., Petaluma, 10:40 A. M., 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M., 5:30 P. M., Santa Rosa, 6:05 P. M., 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M., 5:00 P. M., 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Fulton, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Windsor, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Headburg, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Litton Springs, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Cloverdale, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Way Stations, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Hopland, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.

Ukiah, 7:25 P. M., 6:10 P. M.





Ada Rehan ripens from year to year. The Rehan of to-day is not the Rehan of 1890 or 1888. Her art has gone on maturing and receiving polish, while her youthful vivacity has undergone no decay. The buoyant spirits and exuberant vitality which made her famous eight and ten years ago, are there yet; but they have been toned, and refined, and elevated, and sublimated by intense and untiring study of human emotion.

She was gifted by nature with rare aptitude for her profession. A commanding figure, exquisitely proportioned in the lines of the Venus of Milo; a genial face, with expressive eyes, mobile features, and a smile of infinite witchery; a masculine capacity to endure fatigue; natural grace of movement; nerves which, thrill as they may, are always under control, and are not subject to depression or exhaustion—this was an equipment such as few actresses have enjoyed to start with. But chiefest among her gifts was her sympathetic nature. Even in the old days, when her highest aim must have been to become a bright soubrette or an attractive *ingénue*, she forged an electric chain between herself and her audience, so that people watched her and listened to her, to the neglect of the other members of the cast, they could not have told why. She held the key of all men's hearts, and won it by appealing to their finer instincts.

In the plays in which she has been seen here this time, she has had an opportunity of ranging the whole gamut of dramatic art. Coquette, *ingénue*, love-stricken maid, hoyden bubbling over with wit and mirth, fashionable siren, mistress of pathos and passion—she has been all in turn, and in each more delightful than in the last. We have seen many Rosalinds; but brilliant as Modjeska was, sweet as Adelaide Neilson could not help being, brightly as the other stars of comedy shone, we never saw Rosalind till now. The smiling old forest of Ardenne, where there was no rain and no cold, where the streams purred, the deer gambled, and pretty flowers grew under a leafy shade in a fairy world, never found its fitting tenant till now. Coily loving, fathoms deep in love, she effervesces in jest and quip as a merry maiden may, though she be no longer fancy free; she is so sweet in her young tenderness that Orlando seems a lout by comparison, and the audience can not understand how he resists the temptation to clasp her in his arms, and hold her there forever. This delicious creature, now irradiating the scene with playful merriment, now melting into subtle tenderness, bright with the dewy sweetness of impassioned youth, and revealing the ecstasy of maiden passion, must be just the woman Shakespeare imagined—a "splendid, regal, glorious, sunny, brilliant" being, compounded of the most priceless essences of humanity.

To depict Rosalind, Miss Rehan needed only to intensify her own idiosyncrasy. She, too, has a loving heart, a merry wit, and a coquettish temper. To be Rosalind, she required to be herself, with each trait emphasized. As the baroness in the "Last Word," she is a very different person.

Here she had to show us a volcanic Russian of high degree, brought up among serfs, and, therefore, haughty in bearing and terrible in wrath, but born with the appetite for conquest and dominion which are becoming in the daughter and wife of a *boyar*. She marks her path through life with the cadavers of her victims. She does not always seek to make conquests—in the common acceptance of the word. Men's hearts are things too small and trivial for her to be always seeking to win them. She can put a ring through a man's nose when she wants to. But her real ambition is to mold men to her will, so that they do the thing they do not want to do, and which they had declared they would not do, simply because she bids them. She lets us into the secret of her witchcraft, calls on us to stand by and see the wiles by which she accomplishes her results. She is like that Milic, de Montpensier of whom it was said that it was unsafe to let a Huguenot remain an hour in her presence, because he was sure to go to mass when he left her.

One of her most effective bits is the conversion of the secretary from his obdurate unforfeigningness to his son. In this, by a device of the extremest simplicity, she rises to a sublime height of pathos, which melts man, woman, and child to tears. She tells the tale of the death of her brother—a little child—modulating her voice, raising it and letting it fall as the incidents are agonizing or touching, while the spectator notes the progress of her work on the stern features of the secretary. A beautiful touch, in which she improves upon the tact of the author, is the reference, which is repeated, to the poor, thin fingers of the little dying boy. This is genuine art, and reveals, in

author and actress, a true knowledge of the chords of human emotion. The poor, thin fingers evoke a picture which no woman and few men can see in their mind's eye unmoved.

At the close of this scene, which ends an act, Miss Rehan shows that her own nerves have been stirred. And an acquaintance, remembering the old controversy over the question whether an actress should herself partake of the emotion she tries to delineate, ventured to inquire whether in this scene she really conjured up an actual boy and mourned over his death, or whether her effects were produced by pure artificiality and mechanical trick. It will be remembered that Diderot lays down the rule that the actress who portrays passion by speech and gesture, regulated by the rules of art, will be more effective than one who evokes the scene out of her fancy and gives the rein to her feelings. There are precedents on both sides. Sarah Bernhardt stated not long ago that she never identified herself with her rôles; that she had learned how to paint love, terror, anger, rage, and despair by certain set inflections of the voice and certain gestures of the body; that she never felt anything herself, but in her inmost soul was as cool in the agonies of death, or the paroxysms of passion, as when she was eating her breakfast. *Per contra*, Clara Morris, at the height of her fame, confided to a friend that, when she was acting, she was the person she represented; and she added, in proof of her assertion, that when she played the leading part in "Divorce"—which ran two hundred nights—she cried real tears on every one of the two hundred nights on the table on which she rested her head.

Miss Rehan appears to occupy ground between the two. She said she did not actually feel, in her proper person, the fierce emotion which it occasionally fell to her lot to portray; her nerves would not have stood such a strain. But she never played an emotional part without in some degree sharing the emotion, not as an actress, but as a woman.

Miss Rehan's life is yet before her. She is not yet thirty, and she has had many eligible offers of marriage; but thus far she has turned a deaf ear to all, being, as her friend Mrs. Daly says, wedded to her art beyond the reach of divorce. It has been observed by her friends, however, that the dark, gloomy, and foggy city of London—whither she goes on leaving here—has a singular attraction for her; and persons of discerning mind have remarked that when women profess a fondness for a place, it is generally because of some man who is in it.

In the meantime, let us make the most of her, while she still shines resplendent and peerless on the stage.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 18th: The Daly Company in "School for Scandal" and "The Foresters"; Charles Frohman's stock company in "The Lost Paradise"; the Tivoli Company in "Clover"; Marie Hubert Frohman in "The Witch"; Redmond and Barry in "A Sure Cure for the Blues"; Charles Frohman's comedians in "Gloriana"; and the Spanish Opera Company in "Boccaccio."

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

Suppe's "Clover" has been drawing large audiences to the Tivoli every night, and is to be continued for another week. Julie Kingsley's serpentine dance is announced to take place at half-past ten o'clock.

The Daly Company will present "School for Scandal" on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday evenings and on Wednesday afternoon, and Tennyson's "The Foresters" will be given during the remainder of the week.

Carmencita has retired from Koster & Bial's in New York, and, in theatrical parlance, is "resting." The managers decided to dispense with the Spanish Students to whose music she danced; she said they were part of the show, and it could not go on without them; and the managers said they would have to let her go. So Carmencita went.

"The Lost Paradise," adapted by H. C. de Mille from the German of Ludwig Fulda, made an excellent record in New York. In the Frohman company, which will present it here, are William Morris, Cyril Scott, Orrin Johnson, W. H. Crompton, James O. Barrows, Walter Perkins, Odette Tyler, Elaine Eilson, Maude Adams, Etta Hawkins, Annie Adams, and others.

"Who is to take John Drew's place?" is a question that many theatre-goers are asking, and they will be surprised to hear that Mr. Daly contemplates giving Drew's post of leading young man to George Clark. Clark is a handsome man and well-preserved; but he played leading rôles with Fanny Davenport twenty years ago, and must be near his fiftieth year. An occupation for between the acts will be thinking up how he will look playing lover rôles to Ada Rehan.

San Francisco is to have the first American performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Mountebanks," next October, when the Lillian Russell Company will produce it here. W. T. Carleton will be the baritone of the company, giving up the uncertain income of a star for a large salary; and the tenor will be Hayden Coffin, and the comedian Louis Harrison. Coffin is a great smasher of hearts: it is said that he figured in the *ante-mortem* confession made by Bettina Paddelford, which her husband, on

her unexpected recovery, made the basis of a divorce, thus giving to the comic-opera stage Bettina Girard.

Daniel Bandmann, the German-English tragedian, has married again, though it was not generally known among those who take an interest in such matters that he had been legally separated from his first wife, Millicent Palmer. They parted in 1883, and she returned to England, while he continued as a star here, with Louise Beaudet as his leading lady. He is now in litigation with the latter over his cattle-ranch in Montana. The present Mrs. Bandmann was a Miss Mary Walsh, and is said to be well known in San Francisco.

Marie Hubert Frohman, who makes her first appearance here on Monday night in "The Witch," is the daughter of Philip G. Hubert, one of the leading architects of New York city, and one of her brothers is a musical critic on the New York papers, while another is a vineyardist in the southern part of California. She is the wife of the third of the Frohman brothers, Gustave, and has been on the stage only a few years. She has played chiefly in New England; but last winter she tried New York and met with sufficient success to warrant her in venturing as far afield as California.

The death of Kate Castleton calls to mind that epoch of local theatrical annals which is generally referred to as "when the first 'Pop' company was here." Foremost in the merry band that amused and charmed our *jeunesse dorée* was demure and pretty Kate herself, casting ruthless glances about the parquet as she sang "For Goodness Sake, Don't Say I Told You." Then there was John A. Mackey, mending the holes in his shabby suit with shoe-blackening and telling about the ribbon-clerk's riotous time at Coney Island, where he spent two dollars "all for bee-ah"; and Lillie Grubb, too, who displayed her opulent charms in the garb of a Tyrolean warbler. All three are dead now: Mackey sank into a sea of alcoholic oblivion; Lillie Grubb married Dave Hayman and retired from the stage, only to leave him a widower two or three years ago; and now, Kate Castleton, after a long interval of rest, with occasional sporadic appearances in "snap" companies, has gone, too. They say she leaves a little fortune of seventy-five thousand dollars.

#### Advice to Fair Correspondents.

A silver mounted desk-pad—its leathern corners, ornamented with scrolls, or fleurs de lys, in silver, framing a large square of spotless blotting-paper—is the latest indispensable luxury for the writing-table in my lady's boudoir; and for traveling she must have a portfolio which is much the same thing, with compartments for ink, pens, and paper-knife, folding into a handsome leather case. No lady's outfit for home or a visit to country-house or hotel is complete without one of the other, and, if she has not one now, she should go down at once to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and pick one out.

They are kept in infinite variety of style and price at that great stationery and art-material store, and right across the aisle are to be found all the latest and most fashionable kinds of stationery. Just at present, tinted paper has the approval of the fashionable world—nothing garish, of course, but in delicate tones and shades. To answer the demand, the manufacturers have found it necessary to use all the chemist's arts to obtain new and pleasing tints, and the result is a variety from which every lady can select one to suit her individual taste, and so, while following the fashion, use a paper that will suggest her own personality and be different from what everybody else has—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

#### Bank of Sisson, Crocker & Co.

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#### STATEMENT.

STATEMENT OF THE ACTUAL CONDITION and value of the assets and liabilities of the

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San Francisco, Cal., at the close of business hours on the 30th day of June, 1892, the assets all being situate in the City and County of San Francisco, the Counties of Alameda, Contra Costa, Los Angeles, Marin, Santa Clara, San Diego, and Tulare, in the State of California, and in the County of Genesee, in the State of Michigan.

#### ASSETS.

Solvent bills receivable.....	\$2,685,171 72
Banking-house and other real estate.....	325,531 81
Sundry stocks and bonds.....	785,144 65
Due from solvent banks and bankers.....	288,206 88
Money on hand.....	782,002 01
	<hr/> \$4,836,057 07

#### LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock.....	\$1,000,000 00
Surplus fund.....	800,000 00
Undivided profits.....	\$1,974 43
Due depositors.....	1,773,316 65
Due banks and bankers.....	1,146,657 99
Due dividends.....	40,108 02
	<hr/> \$4,836,057 07

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—R. H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President, and Frank V. McDonald, cashier of Pacific Bank, do make oath and say that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

R. H. McDONALD, JR., Vice-President.

FRANK V. McDONALD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, A. D. 1892.

E. H. THARP, Notary Public.

#### STATEMENT.

STATEMENT of the amount of Capital of PACIFIC BANK, San Francisco, Cal., at the close of business hours on the 30th day of June, 1892.

AMOUNT ACTUALLY PAID IN U. S. GOLD COIN, \$1,000,000.

State of California, City and County of San Francisco, ss.—R. H. McDonald, Jr., Vice-President, and Frank V. McDonald, cashier of Pacific Bank, do make oath and say that the foregoing statement is true to the best of their knowledge and belief.

R. H. McDONALD, JR., Vice-President.

FRANK V. McDONALD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 2d day of July, A. D. 1892.

E. H. THARP, Notary Public.

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Undivided Profits ..... 3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

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THOMAS BROWN..... Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR..... Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON..... 2d Assistant Cashier

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Assets.....2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00  
Assets, January 1, 1892.....878,137 01

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"Brevity is the soul of wit," and it is an equally important point in successful advertising. We all feel sorry for the man who tells a story in so labored and protracted a way that the point of his narrative is lost; we all feel aggrieved at the long-winded account of a very simple affair. People will read a hundred short articles or paragraphs, touching upon as many subjects, in a single publication, where they will not more than glance at a dozen lengthy statements. This fact is readily shown by the journalistic tendency to "boil things down."

Write your advertisements without any thought of saving words—just as you would write a letter. Then go over it and mark out superfluous words, and cut out statements which you then see will not interest the reader. Then mentally place yourself in the position of a customer, as though your interests were outside of the counter rather than behind it, and consider how the advertisement would appear to you. Look carefully to see whether you have not written in too technical a vein, as a result of knowing all about goods of which your customer has but a superficial knowledge. Analyze the matter thoroughly and see if you have really written for the reader anything more than that you deal in shoes. Have you offered him an attraction in price or novelty? If you have not, you had better try again; you have simply copied your competitor.

You must not overlook the fact that you are to pay good money for advertising, and that the expenditure of that money is entitled to as careful consideration as is the matter of clerk hire, rent, the accuracy of your freight bill, or any other detail of your business. The difference between efficient advertising and that which is not is the difference between giving money away, and making a profit (on the amount spent for the advertisement) which even the pawnbroker does not get. Careless advertising is costly at any price.—Allston C. Ladd.

**GERMEA**  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The late labor riots teach many lessons; but the most important among them is the lesson that our system of local self-government—excellent as it is in many respects—is inadequate to cope with the disturbances which grow out of the presence among us of masses of ignorant and vicious foreigners, banded together in labor unions. This has been

shown every time in the history of the United States that a grievance, real or imaginary, has roused mobs to violence. At Homestead the system broke down when the sheriff was unable to summon the posse, and Pattison, the Democratic governor, withheld his hand in order to make partisan capital; guards, who were legally engaged by the owners of the Carnegie Mill to protect their property, were slaughtered by a mob of ruffians, consisting of Bohemians, Hungarians, Croats, Poles, and Irish, enrolled in what they call a union. At Cœur d'Alene, local government broke down when the governor confessed his inability to put militia in the field in force sufficient to overpower the mob, consisting of Irishmen, Cornishmen, and Welshmen, enrolled in what they called a union, who were blowing up mills and engines with dynamite and hunting down helpless fugitives with rifles and shot-guns. In both cases the theory of local self-government had to be trampled under foot, and resort had to the power of the central government.

The same failure of local self-government occurred in 1877, in Pennsylvania. The power of the State was inadequate to suppress the Pittsburg mob, and property-owners had to call upon the Federal Government to restore order. So in 1863 in New York, the State authorities were unable to quell the draft riots, and a division of United States troops had to be quartered in the city to perform a work in which local self-government had failed. More recently, quarrels having arisen in the new State of Wyoming between the owners of the large and the small cattle-ranges, the local authorities were utterly incompetent to preserve the peace, and the Federal Government had again to intervene. In almost every case in our history, whenever a local issue has led to widespread disturbance, it has devolved upon the Federal Government to perform a duty which, under a logical system of self-government, belonged to the local authorities of the State.

It also appears that in other matters not involving breaches of the peace, but affecting the public weal on a large scale, the local authorities have gradually abdicated in favor of the Federal Government. Thus the latter has had to take out of the bands of the local authorities the whole subject of quarantine, which on the face of it is a State concern. When the Southern States were almost yearly stricken with the plague of yellow fever, they guarded their frontiers with armed men. "Shot-gun quarantine" was established at the State lines, and the sister States treated each other like hostile nations. But this local quarantine was utterly inadequate, and the States were forced to appeal to the Federal Government for aid in their dire extremity. The result was the establishment of the "National Board of Quarantine," which has thus taken away from the States another one of their "rights."

When Italy called upon the United States for indemnity for the Italian subjects killed by the mob in New Orleans, the Government of the United States was forced to reply that it had no power over the State of Louisiana. This reply has placed our government in a most odious light before the other nations of the world. We figure as a country which exacts protection to Americans in foreign lands, but can not accord protection to foreigners here. The result will be—as a bill now before Congress shows—that the Federal Government will be forced to claim criminal jurisdiction in the case of offenses against foreigners who are in this country under treaty rights. If the Federal Government does not assume such jurisdiction, the great nations of the world will refuse to enter into treaties with this government. If it does assume such jurisdiction, and punishes offenses against its own dignity and the subjects of friendly nations, the States will lose another one of their "rights."

Here is another striking instance of the extension of the police powers of the Federal Government: When David S. Terry assaulted Stephen J. Field, Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, Terry was shot and killed by David Nagle, a marshal of the Supreme Court. The acts took place at Lathrop, in the County of San Joaquin, and in the State of California. Yet the Federal Government succeeded in its plea that the justice was in the exercise of his

judicial functions, going from court to court, and that the marshal who attended him was in pursuance of his duty as a Federal official when he shot Terry. Hence the case was tried in the Federal courts, and the State of California and the County of San Joaquin were powerless. It would, therefore, appear that the punishment of offenses against Federal officials while engaged in their Federal functions belongs to the general government, and thus the States lose another one of their "rights."

Altogether, it would seem as if the Federal Government were slowly enlarging its jurisdiction in many ways. This can not be denied, even by those who cling most fondly to "State sovereignty." And if the Federal Government is enlarging its jurisdiction, the point where it is most needed is in the extension of its police power. The vast and vicious mob of foreigners, which this country has foolishly swallowed and is now vainly trying to assimilate, is too much for the power of the county and State governments. The necessity for an enlargement of the power of the general government, so as to enable it to suppress rioting whenever it occurs without waiting for appeals from local municipalities or States, is forcing itself on thoughtful men. We can not afford to wait till lives have been lost and property destroyed to display the power of the law. The dangerous class must be taught that crime is certain to be followed by swift and inexorable punishment. If these vicious mobs are temporized with, the history of the United States for the next decade or two will be a bloody chronicle of riot and murder, followed by the inauguration of a strong government resting on bayonets.

The country is filling up with a rabble who have never been educated to respect the law. These Hungarians, Croats, Bohemians, Poles, and Slavs are born peace-breakers; what the Irish are, their recent elections show. These men are so ignorant that they claim a quasi-ownership of the works in which they labor, on the strength of their being banded in a union. At Cœur d'Alene, as at Homestead, these impudent scoundrels declare that other workers, many of them Americans, must leave the place because they do not belong to their unions. They find champions in Congress like Senator Palmer, of Illinois, who confirms the reports of his dotage by asserting that the Carnegie works belong not to Carnegie and his partners but to the workmen they employ. They find apologists in the press; sycophantic editors fawn upon the strikers, and justify their murders in order to catch the pennies of the labor unions. At Chicago, we are told, the trades-unions are forming themselves into military companies, and arming and drilling themselves as if for war. If there is to be a war between honest men and thieves, between law-abiding citizens and rioters, between the property-owner and the anarchist, there can be but one result. It will be the abolition of anarchy. It will be the reign of law. But after the conflict is over, the government of this country will cease to be a collection of States having each a collection of "State rights." It will be a government of but one State, and it will have the right to crush disorder with the strong hand of power.

At the customary weekly meeting of the San Francisco Presbyterian clergymen, the other morning, one of the brethren suggested that on Monday next the question for consideration should be the serious one of what is to be done with the thirteen hundred women employed in the dives, should the movement for closing them be successful. Hereupon Deacon Roberts arose and delivered himself of the opinion that it would be timely first to consider the conduct of those preachers who read Sunday newspapers—most of the information in their possession concerning dives having appeared in those sinful publications. It is to the order of intellect represented by Deacon Roberts that the Congress of the United States has deferred in making the national appropriation for the World's Fair conditional upon the closing of the exhibition on Sundays. The vote by which that pious proviso was adopted shows that both the political parties, as represented in the Senate, are, for the sake of catching the Roberts vote, equally eager to make this



nation of seventy millions of people ridiculous in the eyes of the world, or at least that part of it which is sufficiently civilized to be interested in international expositions. The House of Representatives has concurred in this proposition of the Senate, in which body its original sponsor was that humble servant of the Lord, Matthew Quay, of Pennsylvania. Such a paternity will, no doubt, carry with it a devout assurance of the Senate's sincerity to every Deacon Roberts in the land.

We are of the opinion, however, that the majority of American citizens would prefer to forego the commercial advantages of exhibiting at Chicago what they would like to sell to mankind rather than to have their country placed on view as a belated Puritan community, which in matters of individual liberty and conscience has not yet emerged from the intellectual night of the sixteenth century. Brother Quay and the rest of the God-fearing Sabbatarians insist on Sunday closing of the fair in order that the benighted foreigners who visit it shall be edified by the spectacle of an "American" Sunday, and that the rest of us may also be spiritually advantaged during the continuance of the Exposition by the same novel and improving sight. As a matter of fact, the sort of Pharisee Sunday which the brethren are aiming to manufacture at Chicago exists nowhere in America, except, perhaps, in the remote villages sequestered in the wilds of New England. This may or may not be a matter for regret, but the fact itself is not to be denied. The sort of Sunday which the brethren wish to invent for fair-time they have utterly failed to get accepted by any city of the United States. New York, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans, Baltimore—all, in common with every other city and town of considerable size within our borders, have persistently refused to adopt the Pharisee Sunday. The whole tendency of the time is away from instead of toward it. The nearest that any American city comes to accepting it is to vote in favor of placing on the statute-books laws which partially recognize it, and which laws it is then the city's pleasure habitually and flagrantly to break.

Whence do Brethren Quay and Roberts derive authority for their un-American "American" Sunday? It is to the Cromwellian Puritans of England—those of the joyous Praise-God-Barebones pattern—that we must look for the warrant for the Pharisee Sunday and to England and Scotland for its best modern exemplification. No one who has spent a Sunday in London—God-fearing London—where, during the hours of religious service, the public-houses are closed, needs to be told of the moral effect of the denial to the masses of opportunities for innocent relaxation on their one day of rest from toil. The closed museums and libraries, the packed saloons during no-burch intervals, and the coarse debauchery of the mob give the answer. Scotland—most pious of Protestant lands, and foremost in the consumption of whisky and production of illegitimate children—furnishes a Sunday framed strictly in accordance with the Quay-Roberts design. Every other man you meet on the streets of Glasgow who is not preaching is drunk. And the grass of the parks is black with the limp bodies of men and women sleeping off the effects of their Sabbath carouse. The grossness and depravity of London and Glasgow show that Sunday laws do not make a Christian Sunday. There can be no doubt at all of the goodness of the motives of nine out of ten of the perfectly respectable, but mentally limited and unreflecting, people who applaud the hypocritical action of Congress. They do not stop to think what the practical consequences of an endeavor to enforce such a regulation on the World's Fair would be. Here is an object-lesson for their enlightenment: A year ago, about this time, the Chicago saloon-keepers were complaining that their Sunday trade had fallen off ruinously. The cause was that the race-tracks had drawn the people out of the city. Assuredly the World's Fair must, in any sensible Christian's view, be regarded as a better substitute than Sunday horse-racing for attracting the people away from the whisky-shops. It does not surprise us to learn that the Chicago saloon-keepers are a unit in support of the proposition to close the Exposition on Sunday.

There is manifested a determination on the part of the managers of some of the third-party organizations, which have placed tickets in the field for the Presidency, to compass the defeat of the election by the regular mode—that by the popularly elected Presidential electors. They are conspiring to compel the extraordinary course of election by the House of Representatives, in which event the ordainment of the constitution is: "The votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice." Since the inauguration of the government, the House of Representatives has had devolved upon it the duty of naming the President on only two occasions, and these were before the period of nominating con-

ventions and party discipline. The original constitution provided for the election of President and Vice-President, without particular distinguishment. There were no party conventions, no special nominations. Senators, and representatives, and foremost men of the several States recommended, and the people generally acquiesced. Until 1801 there had been no difficulty or contention. Washington and Adams, Adams and Jefferson, had filled the respective offices of President and Vice-President without party or personal friction. But in the election of 1800, Jefferson and Burr had each the same number of votes for "President and Vice-President." Precedence of names and seniority in every respect intended Jefferson for President: but the returned official electoral vote was in and could not be changed. Accordingly, the placement of the two elected candidates had to be determined in the House, by States. To prevent similar complication, the Twelfth Amendment to the constitution was ratified and still prevails. Unless the votes of the electoral colleges of all the States declare the election of President and Vice-President, the duty is devolved upon the House of Representatives of choosing the President "from persons not exceeding three on the list as President," the choosing to be "immediately" and "by ballot." The only election of President determined by the House of Representatives since the ratification of the Twelfth Amendment was that of John Quincy Adams, in 1825, when the electors failed to elect. Andrew Jackson and William H. Crawford were the defeated competitors.

There are now forty-four States, with four hundred and forty-four electoral votes, and two hundred and twenty-three of these are necessary to election. The Congress now sitting holds until March 4, 1893. In the event of failure of the electors to decide, the choice of President, between the three highest candidates, will devolve upon the House of Representatives—each State entitled to one vote, to be cast by the majority of the delegation. Owing to the extraordinary sweep of 1890 in the election of congressmen, the Democrats have thirty States, the Republicans twelve, the Alliance or Independents two. There is a Democratic majority of sixteen States. In this condition, the election of Mr. Cleveland would be inevitable. Kansas and Nebraska are, strange as it seems, the Alliance or Independent States in Congress, notwithstanding they are both Republican in general reckoning—Kansas having given Harrison over eighty thousand plurality in 1888, Nebraska nearly twenty-eight thousand.

In the campaign, besides the two great parties, are the Prohibitionists, the People's party, the Free-Silver party, and the Labor party. The Prohibitionists have declared against any alliance or combination with another party. But the busy and unscrupulous managers of the other outside parties are scheming by every means to bring about an arrangement by which the several organizations shall be merged—in short, to "pool their issues," and combine upon a common platform—to carry enough States to prevent an election by the electors and devolve it upon the House. The scheme is contemplated only for the States of the North, in which the attack upon the Republican forces is considered feasible and possible of successful results. It will signally and ingloriously fail, with damning consequences to the conspirators; to the confusion and mortification of the party renegades and ready mercenaries and plastic dupes who join with them, as ward-healers join piece-clubs, to batten upon the drippings of the spoils obtained. Cleveland can not secure the electoral votes necessary to election. They are insured to Harrison beyond doubt. The devices and combines of the outside tramp organizations can not affect these States. In one or two of the least importance, the electoral vote may be turned against the Republicans; but there will be enough, and more than enough, to make the victory decisive.

The British Parliamentary elections are over, giving a Gladstonian majority of forty-four. Whether or not, Gladstone, with this slender and uncertain backing, will attempt to reintroduce and force upon the country his Irish Home-Rule Bill of 1886, remains to be seen. It is by no means improbable that, should he do so, he would not be able to hold together his majority in support of the measure.

In considering the outlook, two things have to be kept in mind. The first is that the majority is composed of heterogeneous elements, and the next that the result of the elections has shown the Gladstonians to be utterly mistaken in their estimate of the popularity of the home-rule scheme. Instead of the overwhelming indorsement of his Irish programme, on which Mr. Gladstone relied, it has barely escaped rejection at the polls. It is highly probable, indeed, that should the issue be presented nakedly, it would be buried under adverse votes. It is true that the question was given great prominence in the recent canvass: but it was far from being the only matter that occupied the people's minds in the struggle between the parties. "The living interest in the coming election," wrote Mr. Stead, in June, for his *Review of Reviews*, "centres far more in social questions which

affect thirty million Britons than in the political question which affects five or six million Irish. Englishmen have, to say the truth, 'gone stale' on home rule, and they are not likely to freshen up until they have something more definite to discuss than the mere affirmation of the abstract principle." The people of London have been more concerned in obtaining home rule for themselves, through their Metropolitan Board of Works—to whose extension of powers and policy the Conservatives are in general opposed—than home rule for Ireland. Undoubtedly the propositions for the local control of street railways, gas-works, and other municipal services induced tens of thousands who care nothing for Ireland to vote the Liberal ticket in London. This is also true as to the burning questions of taxation of ground rents and the strict regulation of the liquor traffic.

Assuming that Gladstone will adhere to his home-rule platform, and that the House of Commons will pass the bill, the Lords will certainly reject it. That will mean, of course, an appeal to the people upon the straight issue, so that the wild tribes of Ireland—granting that heaven has determined on giving them liberty to destroy themselves—can not hope for a parliament on College Green for a great many months to come. It has been the modern habit of the Liberals to threaten the House of Lords with extinction whenever the hereditary body has dared to oppose its will to that of the Commons. Time and again the House of Lords has yielded under this threat, fearing, above all things, to make its own life a question to which the masses have the power to give the answer at the polls. But the instinct of self-preservation will not operate in this instance. The Lords could scarcely wish for a better opportunity to match strength with their arch-enemy, Gladstone. A popular victory over him would insure them a new lease of life. That they must go in the end, no observer of the political tendencies now operating in Great Britain can doubt; but that the institution of hereditary legislators will survive the attempt to dismember the empire by granting practical independence to Ireland, there is reasonable certainty. It is not at all probable that the people of England, Scotland, and Wales can be induced, even by so magnificent and puissant a demagogue as William Ewart Gladstone, to set up a Dublin parliament until the people of the North of Ireland are willing it should be done. At present they are as hostile to the proposal as the people of California would be to the establishment of a parliament in San Francisco's Chinatown, which should have the power to legislate for the State, with only the veto of a governor, elected by Chinese votes and catering for more, to stand between the whites and the Mongolian laws. The people of the South of Ireland, it is not too much to say, are as far behind those of the North in civilization as our Chinese residents are behind the California Democracy. While the high-spirited and gallant tribes of the South—scorning prosaic toil and the restraints of Saxon-made statutes against murder, arson, assault and battery, and the maiming of cattle—break one another's heads with shillalahs for the glory of God and the upholding of the fame of dear old Ireland among the nations of the earth, the dull-souled natives of the recreant North give their sluggish minds to agriculture and manufactures, basely obey the tyrannous laws of the Sassenach, rear and educate their families, and present a state of society equal in thrift, prosperity, and order to any in Europe. The North strenuously objects to being handed over to the mercies of a Dublin parliament dominated by the Heals, O'Briens, and Dillons, who are as completely the rulers of the barbarians whom they flatter with the nineteenth-century title of constituents, as ever were the savage kinglings of the ferocious clans which in the dark ages ravaged the island with fire and sword, and were only made to keep the peace with one another when England rendered a benefit to mankind and civilization by enslaving them.

How strenuously the North objects was demonstrated by the extraordinary assemblage which met in Belfast early last month. To that convention, summoned to protest against home rule, no less than twelve thousand delegates came. In itself an immense meeting, far surpassing in numbers one of our own national conventions, it was yet only a conference of the duly elected representatives of the hundreds of thousands who throughout the country had met and sent these men to speak for them. Northern men of every class were there—"peer and peasant, employer and workman, merchant and manufacturer, Protestant and Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Independent, and Quaker"—all "united together," as the Primate of all Ireland expressed it in his opening prayer, "in the bonds of mutual love in the face of a common danger." That mighty gathering deliberately resolved to ignore the existence and authority of an Irish parliament should Gladstone set one over them, to imperil their lives, their property, and their political and religious liberty. The resolution adopted—or what we would call in America "the platform"—after express-



ing the devoted loyalty of the North to the crown and constitution of the empire, avowed the fixed resolve of the people to "retain unchanged their present position as an integral portion of the United Kingdom, and protest, in the most unequivocal manner, against the passage of any measure that would rob them of their inheritance in the Imperial Parliament, under the protection of which their capital has been invested and their homes and rights safeguarded." It was further declared:

"That we record our determination to have nothing to do with a parliament certain to be controlled by men responsible for the crime and outrage of the Land League, the dishonesty of the 'Plan of Campaign,' and the cruelties of boycotting, many of whom have shown themselves the ready instruments of clerical domination; that we declare to the people of Great Britain our conviction that the attempt to set up such a parliament in Ireland will inevitably result in disorder, violence, and bloodshed such as have not been experienced in this century, and announce our resolve to take no part in the election or proceedings of such a parliament, the authority of which, should it ever be constituted, we shall be forced to repudiate; that we protest against this great question, which involves our lives, property, and civil rights, being treated as a mere side issue in the impending electoral struggle; that we appeal to those of our fellow-countrymen who have hitherto been in favor of a separate parliament to abandon a demand which hopelessly divides Irishmen, and to unite with us under the imperial legislature in developing the resources and furthering the best interests of our common country."

That this appeal of the North of Ireland to the Protestant (and even non-*Irish Catholic*) English, Scotch, and Welsh had a profound influence, Gladstone's beggarly majority proves. That the same appeal, unweakened in force by the interference of other political issues, would have a still greater deciding influence, obviously stands to reason. Hence, should Gladstone persevere and run against the unshakable opposition of the House of Lords, there need be little apprehension of what the outcome of the new election, thus made necessary, would be. It is not to be believed that the Christian and civilized people of Great Britain will ever in cold blood surrender their brethren of the North of Ireland to the rule of the brutal peasantry which, during May and June, presented to the world the spectacle of a political contest that turned the whole South of Ireland into a riot—a riot which resembled nothing so much as a wholesale drunken free-fight in a Hibernian tavern. That spectacle has convinced the civilized nations that not more liberty, but more stern coercion is the most urgent need of the Irish situation. The Conservatives, we trust, will offer a rider to Mr. Gladstone's Home-Rule Bill, providing that every member of the Commons who votes for a Parliament in Ireland shall be required to live there.

Of the men composing the mobs of strikers who have been taking human lives and destroying property during the past fortnight, nine-tenths are foreigners. A naval officer, now in San Francisco, who was United States Inspector of Steel at Homestead a year ago, says that he was obliged to take interpreters with him during his tour of the yards. It is about time that this country put a stop to the admission of these murderous scoundrels. If Americans are to have their property destroyed, the lives of their employees menaced, and the laws of their States set at defiance by gangs of ruffianly foreign workmen, the Americans had better move out and let them have the whole country to themselves.

Congress hesitates or delays to act in relation to European immigration; the character of the immigration that has predominated during the past twenty years is every week becoming more intolerable and very seriously threatening the future condition of the republic and the public welfare. Uniformity in popular sentiment on the Pacific Coast upon the immigration of Chinese, without division of party politics, has so wrought upon Congress that the evil has been quite abated. The immigration of Chinese to the United States had its beginning in California, on the discovery of gold, and has all the time been directed to the Pacific Coast—mainly to California, but lately to British Columbia, on account of restrictive laws and exclusion declared against the Mongol race. The immigration from Europe was more or less a subject of popular contention in the early years of the republic, according to the nativity of the immigrants and agreeably to the race prejudices of communities. The immigration prior to 1870, however, was very different from that which has since come, and is now overrunning the entire country, although the larger portion seek and infest the great cities and manufacturing districts. The country in the early period needed immigrants, for the expansion of agriculture and occupation of the vast wild lands, for mechanical employments, and for every manner of laboring pursuits. Immigrants of hardy nature were mostly needed. Their skill in trades, their willingness to labor, their adaptability to every kind of employment, were ruling considerations. Until the immigration of Germans in considerable numbers—as late as 1840—from Europe, there had come mainly English-speaking immigrants, from Great Britain and Ireland. The great work of the Erie Canal in the twenties, the construction of railroads in the thirties and ever since,

spurred immigrant shipping agents to activity, and the condition of the peasantry of Ireland and the poor of Germany furnished supply to the demand. Thousands came of better classes—persons of means, skilled mechanics, and many bred to agriculture and useful pursuits. But the immigration of the past twenty years has been yearly increasing in numbers and in debasement. European immigration to America was formerly of the manliness and spirit, of the bone and sinew, of the distinctive nationalities. The mass of immigration now is of classes degraded at home and rank nuisance in this country; the noxious scum of communities, the vile and criminal of the land of their nativity. They are "aided" by parliamentary provision or deported by vigor of the law. A burden or a pest in their own land, they are dumped upon American shores, and cling to cities as offensive fungi, or spread throughout the country as weeds to the injury of wholesome growths. The influx is becoming intolerable, and is alarming. This objectionable immigration is as bad as that of Chinese in itself; much worse in contemplation of the future. The ballot rules. Chinese are forbidden the ballot. All from Europe are admitted to the governing machinery. Of nationalities from which only a few hundreds yearly immigrated to the United States prior to 1870, hundreds of thousands have since swarmed, and every year, every month, every week, and daily, the impour is increasing in pestiferous volume. Some weeks ago, in New York harbor, there were landed from four steamers in one day, from as many ports of Europe, a total of 4,493 immigrants—less than 800 of them English-speaking, over 3,000 from Mediterranean countries, of alien race. The United States does not want such immigrants.

It is time to stop the drool and drivel about this country being "an asylum for the oppressed of every nation, kindred, and tongue." It is rapidly coming about that the "oppressed" are the Americans who own property. They are being told by the rabble of foreign laborers that property-owners have no rights, and the Democratic party is seconding them. If that party wants to climb to power by such evil ways, it had better at once call itself the party of Anarchy, and hold a memorial meeting in honor of the late Ravachol.

The recent verdict of a Paris jury in the Reymond case marks a new step in the law of homicide. Mme. Reymond was a lady who moved in fair society in Paris. She had many friends, among others a pretty woman who was the wife of M. Delaporte Lassimonne. To her, Mme. Reymond introduced her husband, and a flirtation between the two arose, which ripened into a fierce passion. Mme. Delaporte left her husband and retired to a convent. Twice during the week she was permitted to leave the convent; and on these occasions Mme. Reymond became satisfied that she met M. Reymond. She became crazed by jealousy. In her testimony she swore that she had not slept for four months before the affray. At last, one evening, when M. Reymond stated that business called him out, his wife followed him, and tracked him to a house, which she entered, and creeping from door to door, she finally heard her husband's voice in conversation with a woman. She knocked; no reply came; she knocked again; still no answer; then she dashed her body against the door and broke it open. In the room she found her husband with Mme. Delaporte.

According to the evidence, the latter fell on her knees before her rival, screaming and pleading piteously for mercy. The husband stood aloof. Mme. Reymond drew a revolver, and fired several shots into Mme. Delaporte, as she crouched at her feet. Apparently maddened by the sight of blood, when her victim drew a quilt from the bed as a shield, she threw aside her revolver, tore the quilt aside, and again and again plunged a sharp knife into her body.

This was on May 21st. On July 12th, she stood her trial. Only two witnesses were examined, the murderer and her husband. The former was greatly agitated, burst frequently into tears, and had a fit of hysterics which involved a temporary suspension of the proceedings. But her testimony agreed, in the main, with that of her husband, who testified in an unimpassioned way, without once looking at his wife. The case was then given to the jury, and after a few moments' deliberation, they found a verdict of "not guilty."

It is thus established that, in France, men and women stand on the same footing, so far as their right to avenge conjugal wrongs is concerned. A French jury held Deacon excusable for killing Abeille, though society thought he should have challenged the man who had wronged him; public opinion, in France, sides with the jury and not with society. Now it is settled that a woman, whose monopoly of her husband is invaded by another woman, may avenge herself even to the length of taking the life of the invader. But the practical results may be serious. There have been many cases in this country where a woman has taken the life of her seducer, and juries have refused to hold her guilty of crime. But cases where a woman has taken the life of her rival have been very rare. In what is called society

—not only in the great European cities, but in American cities as well—many married men do not lead the lives of anchorites; adulteries not infrequently come to the ears of the injured wives. Now that the ladies are conceded the freedom of the pistol, some of them will be likely to use it. Like Mme. Reymond, they may follow the truant spouse to fair Rosamond's bower, and slay their rival with an ivory-handled self-cocker. These seem to be good days for married men to mend their morals, and to steer clear of Delilah and her sisters.

The responsibility for the deaths at Homestead should be placed where it belongs. It belongs at the door of Robert Pattison, Governor of Pennsylvania.

Primarily, of course, these murders were the work of the members of the Amalgamated Steel and Iron-Workers' Association, who fired on the guards the Carnegie Company had hired to protect their premises, killed several of them, and brutally beat the survivors after they had surrendered. But no small share of it must be allotted to the governor of Pennsylvania.

When the trouble first occurred, the sheriff of Allegheny telegraphed to the governor that he was unable to preserve the peace. Governor Pattison must have known this of his own knowledge. The posse which the sheriff was authorized to call out consisted of the rioters and their friends; to call them out was to invite them to suppress themselves. Yet Governor Pattison replied to the sheriff that he would not order out the militia until he was satisfied that the local authorities had exhausted their power. He capped this miserable subterfuge by meeting at the capitol at Harrisburg a delegation of the strikers who came red-handed from the scene where they had murdered American citizens who were discharging their duty. Another day elapsed during which the rioters, with force and arms, held possession of other men's property, and declared openly that they would hold it against all comers except their own confederates. And then, at last, when the whole country was speechless with amazement at the inauguration of anarchy in Pennsylvania, this feeble governor called out the State militia.

Had Governor Pattison issued his order to General Snowden the moment he received Sheriff McCleary's dispatch, the riot would not have lasted twenty-four hours afterward, the Carnegies would have resumed possession of their property, and the mills at Homestead would have been in full blast many days ago. It was his vacillation, his poltroquery, his mean attempt to make political capital for the Democratic party, which prolonged the disorder and encouraged the rioters to persevere in their lawless course. He was sworn to enforce the law, yet he connived at its violation. He was bound by his oath of office to maintain peace and order in the State of Pennsylvania; yet he "conferred" with Hugh O'Donnell, McLuckie, and other rioters and enemies of order, and sought excuses for evading the duty of putting them down.

At the time he telegraphed to Sheriff McCleary that he was not satisfied the sheriff had exhausted his power, a number of watchmen had been killed by rioters, others had been taken prisoners and kicked and driven with blows to the rioters' head-quarters; one of them had had his eye knocked out by a stick in the hands of a woman. Carnegie's mill had been seized. Its owners had been dispossessed, and the rioters were in full possession. If these events did not prove the inability of the local authorities to maintain the peace, what would? If the destruction of life and property did not of itself warrant the governor in calling out the militia, what would? How much more mischief did Governor Pattison want to see done before he felt it was time to interfere?

It is refreshing to turn from the cowardly conduct of Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, to the vigorous conduct of Governor Willey, of Idaho. Willey did not waste a moment in ordering out his handful of State troops, and in calling on the President for Federal troops to put down the mob. He did not hold "conferences" with rioters and red-handed murderers, as did Pattison. His dispatches were models of vigorous English: "If any man is caught placing dynamite in or around bridges or mills, shoot him on the spot." All honor to Governor Willey, of Idaho. And when Pennsylvania is making up her roll of governors, for her future temple of fame, let her leave a black and vacant panel for Pattison, as did the Venetians with Marino Falerio, their traitor doge.

By the death of ex-Senator Newton Booth, California has lost a man whom she delighted to honor. He worthily filled the two highest offices in the gift of the State—that of governor, and Senator of the United States. Of late years Senator Booth withdrew from active political life, and devoted himself to his books and to the companionship of a small circle of loving friends. But he was not destined to be full of years, although crowned with honors. The last months of his life he suffered from a painful and lingering disease, which he bore with fortitude. But the end came at last, and he passed away. May the earth rest lightly!



## A FIRE-EATING COLONEL.

Whose Advice was "Do not Monkey with Missouri."

In Albitumen, N. M., there lived, several years ago, an old gentleman named Clay Benton Girardeaux, who hailed from Missouri. As is well known, it was considered ungentlemanly, in the early days in Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas, to ask a man his real name. We accepted the names that were given.

Albitumen was a town before the railroad got there, before the United States acquired the territory. What I am about to relate happened in the new town, the one built around the railroad station.

I was on my way from San Francisco to Washington in the early eighties, and, owing to a snow blockade in the mountains to the east of Albitumen, I was detained in that town for several days. On the morning of my arrival I met a man whom I knew, and was introduced by him to nearly every human being in the place who was at all introduceable. Among others I was introduced to Colonel Clay Benton Girardeaux, a lawyer of the place. "Old Clay," he was called behind his back, "Kernel," or "Kernel Clay," or "Kernel Geradoo" to his face. He was both politician and lawyer, and got his living by either or both, but was more given to talking in bar-rooms than to talking for his clients in courts.

Unlike most men who went West in those days, Colonel Girardeaux carried no pistol—said that he did not believe in carrying one, that he had too little money to fight a highwayman for, and, as to fighting others, there was always the code duello for that.

If you have ever been to Albitumen you doubtless remember the "Star of the West" saloon, near the station, where one can get drink, food, or a game at any hour of the day or night.

"Everything is open," said the colonel to us, in describing the place; "everything is done in view of all, and no one thinks the less of a man for taking a cocktail before breakfast, any more than he does for taking breakfast, nor does one lose caste by playing at faro, or any game of chance. Money is earned to be spent in a jolly, generous fashion, and the way a gentleman wants to spend his money is the way a gentleman ought to spend it. I was born, gentlemen, in St. Louis, fifty-eight years ago. It was a town, then. Now it's like Philadelphia, unfit, gentlemen, for a man of spirit to live in. When St. Louis began to put on a silk hat on Sunday, I left the place, the home of my birth, and went to Kansas. Then Kansas began to improve, as the preachers say, and I quit. I've been coming West since then, and now I've been in Albitumen two years, and it's what this saloon is, gentlemen. It's the 'Star of the West.' You can drink and gamble every day in the month, and bow or talk to an easy lady on the street, and no one says a word. By the way, gentlemen, I'm not religious, but I thank God every night that I am not a married man. I do so like a bed all to myself. I'm a poor man and can't afford more than one bed, and no Girardeaux could ask a lady to sleep on the floor. Yes, gentlemen, this town is the healthiest, happiest, jolliest town in the world. It has only one blot. They don't believe in the code duello. They believe in the shoot-on-sight principle. It's wrong, gentlemen—wrong. The duel permits of a gentleman making his will, or declining an invitation to dinner, or paying his bar-bill. Gentlemen, will you join me in a drink?"

"I see some of you noticed that I called for gin. I don't know much about the efficacy of prayer, but I'm well up on alcoholics."

"Gin in the morning before breakfast," continued the colonel, "I know to be the best. Not from books, nor from hearsay, but by personal experience. Then, between breakfast and lunch, whisky, that is the correct thing; then never drink till a half-hour after lunch—after half an hour, one is safe. Then whisky till a half-hour before dinner, when gin again. When I have a case in court, I suffer for my client, and I alternate whisky and gin. I can always hang a jury on gin."

"Gin for the imagination, but whisky for the memory. After dinner, brandy; brandy is essentially a night drink. Whisky and gin. Memory and imagination. Brandy for consultations. Whisky for a judge, gin for a jury. That is my discovery. Great thing in equity cases. Some of my friends can tell when I'm arguing in court whether it's whisky or gin."

And the colonel thumped the bar with his fist and said "Yes" when I asked him to join us.

"But," continued the colonel, after we had taken our drinks, "brandy for consultations. That is the secret of my wonderful success with my corporation clients—banking, manufacturing, or industrial. I always consult on brandy. I tell them to come after dinner, when the noise of the day is over, and to bring a bottle of brandy. I have had as many as four bottles brought of a night by estimable bankers, shoemakers, and hog-raisers. One of my clients once lost a case by bringing a bottle of whisky. My mind was so occupied that I drank without due attention. He lost his case—all his own fault."

"Yes, doctor," the colonel went on, addressing his conversation now to Dr. X., "in your profession of medicine and surgery, you will find my experience to be excellent. Consult on brandy, testify on whisky, but defend yourself on gin, sir—defend yourself on gin. Another drink? All right—then I must say good-day."

After luncheon I met the colonel again. Somehow I spoke about the code duello.

"By the way," said the colonel, "I have an affair on hand to-morrow."

"What!" said I, greatly astonished.

"Yes," he answered, "some fellows insulted me last night, and this morning I sent a challenge to all three, and we fight to-morrow at daybreak. Dr. X. will be our surgeon. Won't you attend as a witness or as an assistant?"

"As an outsider," I replied, still greatly surprised; "but not as an assistant or as a witness. I am due in Washington on the twelfth."

"The habit of this country," continued the colonel, "is the barbarous one of shooting on sight or telling your adversary to go heel himself, and then begin shooting when you see each other. I tell every one that I believe in the code duello, and in that only, for revenging wrongs and insults. I must now go to my office to arrange some papers. If I do not see you again before then, be at the railroad-station, where your Pullman is, a little before daybreak, where my second and I will pick you up and take you to the ground. But wait, let us have another drink before we part."

I must tell here what I did not know till subsequently. For some time the colonel had been a source of much laughter to the frequenters of the saloons on account of his innocent peculiarities, and especially on account of his strong aversion to shooting on sight, and equally strong predilections in favor of duelling. Five of the railroad hands were in the "Star of the West," the night before I arrived, laughing about "Old Clay," when one proposed that they get up a duel with him. One could appear to take his side and could then act as his second; another could be a little apart and be a witness, and could be called upon as their second; and three could insult the colonel. If the colonel took the insult, and did not funk, as they thought he would, then the seconds could fix up the pistols, extracting the bullets and replacing them with painted paper-wads.

They were much surprised when the colonel not only took up the insults, but challenged all three to fight him simultaneously. The meeting was arranged for, and the seconds went away to prepare the cartridges, and, as we have seen, the colonel gave up the afternoon to arranging his papers and writing letters.

Dr. X., of the town, Girardeaux, and I were the only ones not in on this miserable practical joke.

Next morning, about daybreak, they picked me up and took me to the ground, about a mile from the station. The seconds had brought the four pistols under their overcoats. It was quite chilly.

When we reached the place, they put down the pistols and began measuring off the distance—thirty-five paces, I think they made it, long ones, too. While they were so occupied, the colonel went up to where the pistols were and began examining them, not closely—he seemed more to be fondling them. What struck me as strange, at the time, was that his adversaries and the seconds watched him closely.

Suddenly the colonel stood up, and, in a loud and stately voice, said, looking toward his opponents:

"Gentlemen, it seems to me markedly unfair toward two of you that you stand fronting me in a row, as my second tells me has been arranged. Now, when I shoot, I, of course, must choose one of you, and, as I may get killed on the first shot, it is manifestly unfair that two of you should not have the chance of being killed by me. The one I shoot at will be killed certainly. I am an expert. Now, gentlemen, allow me to suggest to Mr. Gillan, who is both taller and broader than either Mr. O'Farrell or Mr. Schrader, that he stand in the rear; that Mr. O'Farrell, who is next in size, stand in front of Mr. Gillan; and that Mr. Schrader, who is diminutive, stand in front of both, and all stand close up. In that way you can all shoot one over the other, and each one may thus have a chance of getting shot, in case my cartridge is heavily loaded with powder."

They all acceded immediately.

There was a pause. The colonel was looking away, thinking. Of a sudden he turned around, and, lifting his hat, said, "With your permission, gentlemen," then took up a pistol, cocked it, and, aiming quickly at an oyster-can about fifty yards off, fired. The can was not hit. I heard him mutter, "This is strange." He cocked the revolver again—again fired. "What, not even dust?" I heard him say.

Again he cocked the revolver, then aimed, and fired. Nothing.

"Gentlemen," he said, turning round, "there is something wrong here, but, fortunately, I have some forty-four cartridges in my coat—enough to load all four guns," and he walked toward his overcoat.

The two seconds and the three principals looked at each other. When they saw the colonel pull out a box of cartridges, they turned around simultaneously and ran—up the road, toward the bend, the curve in the track.

The colonel had his back toward the runners, and was so occupied throwing out the empty shells that he did not hear them going, the doctor and I alone remaining. Suddenly he yelled:

"Blank cartridges! Fraud, by God!" and turning around, he saw them disappearing. He grabbed a few cartridges out of the box and started after them, loading as he ran. Then we saw him stop—aim—fire—then fire again. We saw his second give a lunge, then we heard his yell, then we saw him run faster than before. The colonel sent another shot after them, but they were too far. Then he returned to us.

We examined all the pistols. All were loaded with powder and paper wads.

Girardeaux was white with anger.

"This insult I shall never forgive."

He grabbed his box of cartridges and started after them, loading his pistol as he went. We followed. When we reached the crest of the hill, they saw us and started on again. When they saw us still coming, they continued up the track on a run, one limping badly.

We saw them flag the freight, and as it slowed up, they swung on. We then returned to town.

I left next morning for Washington, having requested Dr. X. to write me the particulars of the outcome.

Here is his letter:

MY DEAR SIR: About three days after you left, overtures were made to Girardeaux to allow the men to return. They thought that his anger by that time would have cooled. But it had not.

Mrs. Gillan finally was obliged to call on the colonel, as her money was all gone and, her husband not being at work, tradesmen refused to trust her. She won her case.

She then began pleading for O'Farrell.

"Madam," said the colonel, "do you need two husbands?"

"Of course not," she answered, turning fiery red.

"I thought not," said he, as he politely opened the door to let her pass out. "Madam, your husband, for your sake, can return with perfect safety so far as I am concerned, but the others return at the risk of their lives or of mine. Good-day."

Gillan has returned. O'Farrell and Schrader have found work at Socorro, and the two seconds have sent for their things and are going up North.

I am glad to say that one practical joke has turned out against the jokers.

As I was coming here to write this letter, I met Girardeaux in the "Star of the West."

"Colonel," I said, "from your experience of the last few days, what is your advice?"

"To you personally or to the world?"

"To the world."

"Then tell the world this: 'Do not monkey with Missouri.' Let's have a drink; I have to defend a horse-thief with an orphan mother, and I'll take gin."

With kindest regards from the colonel and myself, yours sincerely,  
N. M. D.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1892.

FRANK LORINGEN.

## THE LATEST LONDON FAD.

Among the young writers, or literary mustangs, who have been buck-jumping around the ring lately in the Wild London Show, is Mr. Barry Pain. He is now the fad of the day in England, and is looked upon with an unfavorable eye by Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, and Mr. Rider Haggard, fads of yesterday, the day before yesterday, and Monday-was-a-week, respectively. Mr. Pain, in addition to periphrastic prose, produces poetry. His new volume is entitled "Interludes." From it, the New York *Tribune* copies, with warm commendation, this stanza:

"I wanted the sweep of the wild wet weather,  
The wind's long lash and the rain's free fall,  
The toss of the trees as they swayed together,  
The measureless gray that was over them all;

Whose roar speaks more than a language spoken,  
Wordless and wonderful, cry on cry;  
The sob of an earth that is vexed and broken,  
The answering sob of a broken sky."

We are irresistibly reminded, in reading this, of a poem by an elder bard, Mr. Charles S. Calverley, entitled "Lovers and a Reflection." We beg to point out to Mr. Pain that we said an elder, not a better bard. With this explanation, we reproduce Mr. Calverley's poem:

In moss-prankt dells which the sunbeams flatter  
(And heaven it knoweth what that may mean;  
Meaning, however, is no great matter),  
Where woods are a-tremble, with rifts atween;

Through God's own heather we wonned together,  
I and my Willie (O love my love):  
I need hardly remark it was glorious weather,  
And flitter bats wavered aloof, above;

Boats were curtseying, rising, bowing,  
(Boats in that climate are so polite),  
And sands were a ribbon of green endowing  
And O the sun-dazzle on bark and bight!

Through the rare red heather we danced together,  
(O love my Willie!) and smelt for flowers:  
I must mention again it was gorgeous weather,  
Rhymes are so scarce in this world of ours—

By rises that flushed with their purple favors,  
Through becks that batted o'er grasses sheen,  
We walked or waded, we two young shavers,  
Thanking our stars we were both so green.

We journeyed in parallels, I and Willie,  
In fortunate parallels! Butterflies,  
Hid in weltering shadows of daffodilly  
Or marjoram, kept making peacock eyes:

Song-birds darted about, some inky  
As coal, some snowy (I ween) as curds;  
Or rosy as pinks, or as roses pinky—  
They reck of no eerie To-come, those birds!

But they skim over bents which the mill-stream washes,  
Or hang in the lift 'neath a white cloud's hem:  
They need no parasols, no goloshes;  
And good Mrs. Trimmer she feedeth them.

Then we thrif God's cowslips (as erst His heather),  
That endowed the wan grass with their golden blooms;  
And snapt—it was perfectly charming weather!  
Our fingers at Fate and her goddess glooms:

And Willy 'gan sing (oh, his notes were fluty;  
Wafts fluttered them out to the white-winged sea)—  
Something made up of rhymes that have done much duty,  
Rhymes (better to put it) of "ancientry":

Bowers of flowers encountered showers  
In William's carol—(O love my Willie!)  
Then he bade sorrow borrow from blithe to-morrow  
I quite forget what—say a daffodilly:

A nest in a hollow, "with buds to follow,"  
I think occurred next in his nimble strain,  
A clay was "kneaded" of course in Eden—  
A rhyme most novel, I do maintain:

Mists, bones, the singer himself, love-stories,  
And all the least furlable things got "furl'd";  
Not with any design to conceal their glories,  
But simply and solely to rhyme with "world."

Oh, if billows and pillows and hours and flowers,  
And all the brave rhymes of an elder day,  
Could be furl'd together, this genial weather,  
And carted, or carried on wafts away,  
Nor ever again trotted out—ah, me!  
How much fewer volumes of verse there'd be?

It is well known that the late Roscoe Conkling refused to attend his daughter's wedding because he did not approve of the man whom she had selected. His chief characteristic was very clearly revealed by his invariable reference to his daughter's husband as Mrs. Conkling's son-in-law.

Ernest Guireaud, the French composer, according to Aurélien Scholl, his eulogist, added several years to his life by persistently declining to open letters addressed to him.



## THE END OF THE SEASON.

"Parisina" on the Last Urban Days and Nights of "Tout Paris."

Nowadays, at the Grand Prix, the crowd is something terrible, and it increases every year. Three hundred thousand persons entered the inclosure last year—and that was more than ever there has been before; this year, the figures are three hundred and fifty thousand. It is a regular day of national rejoicing, too, both for swell and *petit bourgeois*. The latter picnics in the woods beforehand and afterward jams his way through a dense block of human flesh, rejoicing in the screaming, the jostling, and the dust. The former spends the evening before the Grand Prix at the Cirque d'Été—why, no one knows, but such is the custom. There you may see the kings of the turf in all their glory, vouchsafing a few hints to the anxious inquirers after a "tuyau," as the picturesque French slang has it. The evening of the Grand Prix is also invariably spent in the same place—namely, at the Jardin de Paris—where the "bal du Grand Prix" is held, at which all the gayest of the gay of swell Paris life flock after the heavy work of the Grand Prix.

And now the famous French race—almost a rival to the Epsom Derby—is over, and every one who seeks to preserve his fashionable reputation must fly to the country. Now it is that people talk of Paris as "empty," because the few thousand swells have left. The fact is that it has become more than ever the rule for society to commence the exodus just after the Grand Prix, and it is also more and more becoming the fashion to give all parties after Easter.

Somehow, the latter part of the season is always the most enjoyable. The nicest parties are invariably the last, just as the after-supper dances are the best. It is when the champagne warms our hearts, when the intoxication of a round of pleasures has overcome us, that we taste the full flavor of dissipation. This is the *moment psychologique*; flirtations have grown serious, a certain pallor—the result of late hours—rather adds to than detracts from a woman's beauty. If a girl is to catch a husband at all, now is the time—anyhow, she will have lovers in June; unhappily, she must needs be well dowered for the lover to blossom forth into the more desirable Benedict in this prosaic land of France. Husbands of pretty wives do well to carry them off before this trying after-supper period, for the bachelors, whom match-making mothers find so hard to catch, are now particularly dangerous. The opportunities are many when they can press their suits—in the Bois of a morning, when madame rides or drives her pony-carriage, later on at the garden-party or *matinée*, again in the evening when the same people meet night after night at one house or another.

Parisian hostesses have behaved very generously to society this year. A favorite form of entertainment has been the floral dinner-party, to which only young married people are invited—no stupid, formal gathering, with the places marked by precedence, but a gay meal eaten at small tables, each table decorated with a different sort of flower, and a band somewhere in the background to cover the hum of conversation, and finishing up with a cotillion, or, perhaps, Yvette Guilbert's naughty repertoire. Music-hall ditties have been thoroughly acclimatized in Parisian salons, and are infinitely more appreciated than Gounod or Wagner.

The new institution of the "white ball" meets with general approval. Mothers, with marriageable daughters, are very glad to be able to take them to dances where their charges do not have the dangerous rivalry of married women, as young and often more charming, and where they have the eligible bachelors all to themselves. If only the latter did not prefer the "pink balls," which is hard on the girls. The "pink ball" is, of course, one from which *la jeune fille à marier* is excluded.

This is the month of roses, and roses are the favorite flowers for decorations. Mme. de Ratisbonne transformed her mansion into a perfect bower of roses, the other evening—they entwined the banisters of the staircase, they bloomed on window-sills and mantel-shelf, they formed a screen to conceal from view the perspiring faces of the musicians; electric burners peeped forth from huge bouquets of roses fixed against the wall or pendant from the ceiling, shedding fragrance and light around. The Vicomtesse de Tredern—one of our most elegant mundanes—substituted hydrangeas for the queen of flowers at the party she gave last night. The decoration chosen was the favorite flower of Queen Hortense, and it seemed to me that there were more of those short-waisted empire toilets than I had hitherto seen—soft robes of satin and China crepe falling in gathers from the shoulders, and waistless save for a ribbon belted beneath the bosom—the latest craze of fashion. The viscountess is still young-looking, though the mother of grown-up sons and daughters, and the dance was the introduction into society of the second Mlle. de Tredern, who conducted a cotillion rich in marvelous accessories.

The cotillion is a dance that never seems to pall. One of the chief reasons being, perhaps, that it provides a chance for long talks and flirtations between the dancers, who sit side by side almost beyond ear-shot of the chaperons who compose a phalanx of matronly shoulders—often décolletés, in unmatronly fashion—sparkling with gems outside the youthful circle. It is the vogue to invite to cotillion and supper—a delightful combination, since the elders are told off in a first batch and the young people sup together. A French *jeune fille* may never be left alone with a young man—even if she is engaged to him—but she is often virtually alone in a crowd, and when she has danced the regulation number of cotillions that compose a young girl's season, she certainly knows what love-making means.

Mme. Carnot has done her duty bravely. There have been some very grand dinners at the Elysée, followed by receptions more or less "open," but these are equally the president's affairs; only the *matinées* and garden-parties are Mme. Carnot's special province. It is matter of continual surprise to those who knew the Carnots before they were raised—shall we say, to the purple?—the indefatigable man-

ner in which they perform the social duties of their position. It must go so terribly against the grain, for if ever two people were not formed for gayety in any shape, it is the grandson of Lazare Carnot and the daughter of the political economist Dupont White. You read it in their countenances, which in repose are equally solemn. Smiles sit awkwardly on their faces. A French president is hemmed in with an amount of etiquette and magnificence utterly unknown in the sister republic. There is something very grand and dreary about receptions at the Elysée, and those whose duty it is to attend them do not show much alacrity in the matter and do not shirk being bored—as the ladies do—so that they can hardly be reckoned among the festivities of the season. But with the garden-parties it is different. No one fortunate enough to get an invitation stays away from them. Once you have made your bow to the host and hostess, you have exhausted the ceremonial required of you, and the rest is decidedly pleasurable. The rooms are cool and large and the grounds exquisite—parterres full of lovely flowers, framed in the finest trees the finest gardens in Paris have to show; bevy of pretty women vie with the flower borders; there is delicious music, excellent champagne, and the dancing is kept up with spirit.

Not only in lovely Pompadour's palace of the Elysée but also in the larger, more dignified, and less dissipated Affaires Etrangères there has been a garden-party. Mme. Ribot did the honors, with much grace, and a pretty sight it was: the big dining-room cleared for dancing, the afternoon sun filtering through the curtains of the crowded saloons, and pouring down on the no less crowded gardens. To my thinking, nothing is more becoming than a pretty summer toilet, crowned by that sweet apology for a head-covering, the fashionable capote, and women never look more charming or *désirable* than when so attired. No wonder garden-parties are in favor! Lord and Lady Dufferin capped their popularity by giving two. Politically, the new ambassador has received rather the cold shoulder; socially, however, he and she are successes, and the British Embassy is considered to give the *ton*, dividing diplomatic supremacy with Baron and Baroness Mohrenheim. (We have yet to see how Mr. Jefferson Coolidge supports the mundane honor of America.) At the last garden-party at the British Embassy, it was one of the loveliest days in June—a day when it is just lovely to be and to breathe. The swarms were alive with hundreds of guests.

A day or two later, the British colony—including perreeses and tailors—asssembled in the big salon of the Hôtel Continental, at a ball got up in aid of the British poor. Queen Victoria's representative was received with some attempt at vice-regal state. There was a sort of throne on one side of the room, but I am bound to say Lord Dufferin preferred to trot about from group to group, leaving the ceremonial part of the business to his better half, who looked very queenly in her train-robe of yellow satin and marchioness's tiara of diamonds. How the diamonds glittered, to be sure! I have seldom seen a finer display. As for Lady Caithness, the brilliants on her coronet were as big as sparrows' eggs.

Last night all the bluest blood in France was assembled at the Comtesse F. de la Ferronnay's, in the Cours la Reine, and had a very pleasant time of it, indeed. It may be described as an entertainment in three parts. First of all, there was the dinner, to which some eighty guests were bidden. The table at which the hostess sat was laid in the dining-room, and there were eight more in the gallery, each being presided over by a lady—none of the eight being under the rank of a viscountess. Then came the ball, and finally supper in the early hours, also served at small tables. The best band was in attendance and the most accomplished cotillion conductor—the Comte de Narbonne Lara. This fascinating nobleman, with the Prince de Lucinge, conducted the cotillion which concluded the bachelors' fête, given the other evening on the island in the Bois de Boulogne. Two *fêtes champêtre* have been held there this summer; the first was given by the Marchioness of Anglesey, the second by eighteen bachelors—society magnates of the first water; both commenced with a dinner and concluded with a ball. A huge, temporary canvas-covered room was erected, hung with white and yellow satin, outlined with roses, which served first for the dinner and then for the dance. The guests alighted from their carriages on the mainland and were rowed across the water in flat-bottomed boats, cushioned with satin, and were received at the landing-place by the hosts. Quite a Venetian scene, I assure you. When night came on, hundreds of lanterns were lit among the trees, and the sound of revelry stealing over the water reached through the silent woods. It was a scene not easily to be forgotten. The eighteen bachelors performed their task to perfection, and seemed everywhere at once, now doing duty with the dowagers, now whirling round in the waltz, and ever anon stealing out with one or other of their partners along the paths that skirt the glassy waters of the miniature lake. Among the gay throng I noted many American belles—when was a gathering complete without them? The Duchesse de Morny, *brune* and vivacious; pretty Mrs. George Munroe, a bride the other day; Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Ridgeway, the fashionable and elegant Mrs. Pulitzer and her charming sister-in-law, Mrs. Maxwell-Hiddle, whose beauty and whose toilets are the talk of the town.

PARIS, June 27, 1892.

President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, once received an application from the president of a small Western railroad for a pass over the Pennsylvania system from New York to Chicago. Having asked to be shown the applicant's railroad on the map and having found that it was only three miles in length, he replied: "I can not give you the pass you want. It would be cheaper for us to buy your road."

Until men are found to wear trousers that require the entire services of one hand to hold one of the legs up, as nine-tenths of our ladies have to do with their gowns, no comparison of practical common sense can be made between the sexes.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Carl Schurz has resigned his position as resident director of the Hamburg-American Packet Company. He probably will take the stump for Cleveland.

The autopsy on the body of Captain Mayer, the victim of the recent duel in Paris, showed that he had been pierced through the lungs to the backbone by the sword of Morès.

The Marquis de Morès has won a suit against his father, the Duc de Vallombrosa, who had agreed at the time of the son's marriage to pay his debts and who proposed to reimburse himself out of the marquis's allowance.

Joseph Jefferson, the distinguished comedian, and Laurence Hutton, one of the best-known of New York's men of letters, were among those whom Yale University honored with the degree of M. A. at its late commencement.

The late Charles Stewart Parnell left two brothers, John Howard Parnell, a man of nearly fifty, who lives in Georgia, and Henry Tudor Parnell, a barrister-at-law, who is a few years younger, and who lives on an estate in Ireland. Each of these brothers is college-bred, and each, like the late Mr. Parnell, is a man of fine physique.

Bismarck, on being questioned why he kissed his new daughter-in-law's hand, replied: "My old master used to say that when a lady kisses one's hand it is an official intimation that you are an old man. As long, however, as you are permitted to carry their tiny hands to your lips, depend upon it there is a drop of young blood somewhere in your veins."

Mark Twain was born in Missouri, Howells in Ohio, Bret Harte in Albany, N. Y., Aldrich in New Hampshire, Richard Watson Gilder in New Jersey, Richard Henry Stoddard in Massachusetts, Julian Hawthorne in Boston, and Henry James "in New England." Amélie Rives and Thomas Nelson Page are Virginians, and Joel Chandler Harris is a Georgian.

Credit is given to the Czar for a most kindly minded feat—almost heroic. His majesty was early one morning, when at Amalienborg, seen flying down the garden in night-chemise and no socks, uttering a loud Russian hunting-cry. The object of the Czar, it was discovered, was to rescue the life of a black tom-cat, a favorite of the King of Denmark, which was being worried by two of the Czar's hounds.

These Californians hold diplomatic positions: Romualdo Pacheco is Minister to Guatemala and Honduras; Frank L. Coombs, to Japan; Truxtun Beale, to Persia; John B. Hawes, Consul to Richenburg, Bohemia; Felix A. Mathews, Consul to Tangier; Charles T. Grellet, to Algiers; Louis Gottschalk, to Stuttgart; John Darcey Connelly, to Auckland; L. A. Lathrop, to Bristol; Henry W. Severance, Consul-General to Honolulu; Alexander Willard (died last month), Consul to Guaymas; James Viosca, to La Paz; Richard Lambert, to Mazatlan; William Newell, to Managua; and Joseph E. Hayden, to Stockholm.

For the first time since his retirement Prince Bismarck has reappeared, going to Vienna to the marriage of his son. The journey stirred all the great courts of Europe. The German Emperor, the Czar, the Emperor of Austria, all hastened to instruct their ambassadors how to behave. Formal politeness at the most must be observed. The Austrian officers of state were absent, and the Russian ambassador was the only ambassador present at the wedding ceremony. But from the moment Bismarck left his home until his return, he was the central figure of interest, and plainly touched by the ardor of his welcome.

The sale by M. Alexandre Dumas of the rare art treasures in his Paris house was not due to the dictation of economy, for he is, in all probability, the richest of French authors. The income he receives from his successful plays is large, and this is increased by the royalties from his father's novels, and by the handsome marriage-portion brought him by his wife, a Russian lady of rank and fortune. M. Dumas is missed nowadays from the Paris boulevards, where his eccentric figure was once well known. He has retired to his country-seat at Marly, and expects to pass the remaining years of his life there. These years will probably not be many, for though still designated as Dumas *frs*, the author of the "Lady of the Camellias" is seventy. He has almost entirely abandoned literary work.

The Marquis de Morès has been temporarily lodged at Mazas. He will be tried for homicide without premeditation, and, if found guilty by the jury, the court has the power of inflicting upon him a sentence of penal servitude. But it is admitted that the duel was perfectly regular, and, strange as it may appear, a French court, when it has to deal with a case of this kind, becomes a tribunal of honor. A few years ago, soon after the publication of "La France Juive," M. Arthur Meyer, of the *Gaulois*, challenged M. Drumont, and was subsequently tried for wounding his adversary by neglecting to observe the rules of dueling. In 1878, M. Clovis Hugues was tried for having killed M. Daime in a duel, and was acquitted. In 1885, M. Dekeirel killed a young officer, Lieutenant Chapuis, with a sword-thrust; and, although he was accused of having seized his adversary's sword with his left hand, he was also acquitted. In 1888, M. Habert, an artist, killed another artist, named Dupuis, with a pistol-bullet in the Bois de Boulogne. Although public feeling was much against M. Habert, he was acquitted. A more recent duel ending fatally was that of M. Asselin and M. de Saint-Victor. It was fought with sabres, and M. de Saint-Victor was killed. The court sentenced M. Asselin—whose conduct was considered very brutal—to four months' imprisonment, and awarded the widow one hundred thousand francs' damages. As the law now stands with regard to dueling, the punishment that a Frenchman most dreads when he kills another "on the ground" is that of being mulcted in heavy damages in favor of the dead man's family.



## THE LITTLE LION-TAMER.

A Story of Love across the Footlights.

"Walk in, ladies and gentlemen; you're just in time; we're going to begin!" and the man with the pallid face and green eyes cried out his programme in a husky voice, as he walked up and down the platform of one of the finest menagerie tents at the Limoges Fair. The canvas at the right of the entrance represented a tribe of monkeys in more or less grotesque attitudes; at the left, panthers with yellow eyes and enormous manes. In the centre the artist had painted a colossal woman, dressed in dancing-costume.

Upon the platform, in the right corner, four musicians—three cornets and a bass-drum—produced an infernal noise as soon as the crier ceased talking.

It was Sunday, and the peasants had put on their newest caps and cleanest frocks to come to the fair. The working-girls and peasant-girls, handsome brunettes, with large black eyes, wore the white-muslin caps, bordered with lace, which are called *affiquets* in that country. The uniforms of the soldiers added a gay tone to this animated picture. Some young cavalry officers were talking with a group of ladies living in the neighborhood, who had alighted from their carriages to visit the fair, for amusements are rare in the provinces, and every occasion to meet one's friends is gladly seized.

A handsomely dressed brunette, whom frequent applications of golden water had transformed into a blonde, was leaning upon the arm of a middle-aged gentleman, who had a military air and a gray mustache. This coquettish Parisian had come to pass a fortnight in the country, and she examined everything with childish curiosity.

"Colonel," she said, with a sweet smile, pointing to the menagerie, "I want to go in there."

"It must be terribly close in there, madame," said a tall young man, in dragon uniform, who was walking at the pretty widow's right.

"Ob! a little more or less doesn't matter," philosophically replied the young woman, whose name was Mme. Clery. "Will you come?" she asked, turning toward a group of friends who followed her.

After a moment's hesitation, they all entered the tent, which was already well filled. A large man, who seemed to be the owner of the menagerie, was seated at the door and took the money. "Hurry up!" he shouted: "the performance has begun."

The animals were apparently less numerous than the sign outside indicated: the principal cage contained two female lions and an enormous male lion, reclining idly on the floor and looking disdainfully at the crowd through half-closed eyes.

Suddenly a door in the rear of the cage slid back and a young girl entered. Her beauty astonished the men, who were unable to conceal their admiration, while the women bridled at sight of her. She was a blonde, with dark-blue eyes and fresh complexion, and wore an elegant blue and white costume.

"What a beautiful child!" the colonel exclaimed, as she stepped forth.

The lion had heard the cage-door shut, and he got up, stretching himself like a huge dog, and gave a long look at the little lion-tamer. She approached him, holding a circle in one hand and a whip in the other. The lion jumped through the circle, and the crowd applauded. Henri Maurel, the tall young man who had followed Mme. Clery into the menagerie, clapped his hands even more loudly than the others.

The performance continued; the tamer made the animals go through the ordinary exercises. Once, one of the female lions refused to obey; then the young girl knit her pretty brows, darted a glance from her sapphire eyes, and struck the beast with her whip.

Fresh applause followed, and the young man, standing close by the stage, cried out: "Bravo for the pretty girl!"

The lion-tamer raised her blue eyes upon Henri, who devoured her with his glance. She became confused and blushed. In another minute, recovering her self-possession, she cast her eyes upon the animals. It was time, for the female lion had straightened herself up and was looking at the young girl ferociously. The lion-tamer drew a revolver from her belt, fired four shots rapidly, and, before the smoke had died away, disappeared from the cage.

The crowd filed out noiselessly, meeting another lot of spectators who were entering to see the next performance.

"That little girl isn't eighteen years old," said the colonel, "and she's stunningly pretty."

"Her beauty is a little insipid," said Mme. Clery, in a scornful tone.

"She looked at you for a moment, lucky dog," said the colonel, turning to Henri; "that's what it is to be young."

The following day, the light morning mist still hung over the rich Limousin pasture-land when Henri Maurel returned from his horseback ride. After a few seconds' hesitation, he suddenly decided to leave his horse at his quarters and go to the fair. The little booths were already open, but the tents were closed.

When he came near the menagerie, Henri saw the crier seated on the platform, mending his red costume.

"Well," he asked the man, "is business brisk?"

"For the boss," replied the crier; "but I get more kicks than coppers."

The lieutenant put his hand mechanically into his pocket, and the crier's eyes gleamed with covetousness; but Henri, changing his mind, let his hand fall empty. "You doubtless travel a good deal," he continued.

"The whole year. That improves the appetite and is very good for the health, provided you have enough to eat."

"Jean!" called a gentle, feminine voice from the interior of the tent.

"I'm coming, Mam'zelle Paula," replied the man, rising.

"One moment," said Henri, this time placing a silver piece in Jean's rough hand. "If you should not reënter the tent, what would happen?"

"Well, Mam'zelle Paula would come after me."

"Who is Mam'zelle Paula?"

"She is the niece of Old William, our boss. In short, she's the lion-tamer."

"Ah! yes; I saw her last evening. She is a very pretty girl."

"She has lots of admirers," said the crier, "but she doesn't listen to any of them."

The curtain that concealed the entrance to the tent was drawn aside and "Mam'zelle Paula" appeared. It was no longer the bold lion-tamer in theatrical dress; she looked like a simple country girl. She had put a scarlet kerchief around her beautiful blonde hair; a white calico dress, with blue stripes, molded her delicate form; she was as fresh as the morning, and blushed at sight of the officer.

But Henri soon found means to reassure her, and she had already replied to some of his questions, when a coarse voice in the tent cried out: "Are we not going to have dinner to-day?"

The crier rushed into the tent, and Paula, after a parting glance, also disappeared.

After that morning, whenever Henri was not detained by his military duties, he came every day at the same hour to exchange a few words with the pretty girl, who, for her part, began to think often of him, and welcomed his arrival with a radiant smile and throbbing heart.

Every evening, unless the officer was invited out to dinner, he managed to be present at the performance. Certainly the monotony of garrison life increased the pleasure Henri felt in being near Paula. Mme. Clery had returned to Paris, so nothing prevented him from following the attraction that drew him toward the young girl.

He was charmed by the contrast between the bold courage of the lion-tamer, who risked her life every day, and the timidity of the pretty child who blushed under his glances; it amused and delighted him.

One day the young girl burst into tears as she told the officer of the near departure of the menagerie for a neighboring village. They would see each other, perhaps, but less frequently. Then Henri obtained a promise that Paula would meet him after the performance.

It was midnight, the crowd had departed, the lights were extinguished one by one, and silence reigned. Henri, in citizen's dress, walked impatiently to and fro behind the tent.

All at once he saw the young girl coming toward him, and he hastened forward to meet her.

"Dear little Paula," he cried, taking her hand in his.

The colloquy of the two friends was not to be of long duration; a heavy step was heard, and Old William appeared. At his approach, Paula uttered a cry of fright and slipped away. Old William came forward and placed his hand upon the officer's shoulder.

"Monsieur," said he, gravely, "let me have two words with you. I shall not detain you a great while," he added, seeing that Henri wished to get away; "but I must tell you that I have seen your game from the beginning. On the first day of the fair, you stared at the girl in a way that did not suit me; but, as every one is free to enter my tent, I could say nothing. Yesterday I noticed that Paula, while in the cage, trembled as soon as she saw you. I said to myself: 'I must keep my eyes open; something is wrong.' And to-night, as soon as she thought I was asleep, she went out to meet you."

"Well, and what of it?" demanded Henri, bluntly, although he was touched by the simplicity and dignity of the man's language.

"Well, sir, you must cease to see her. Paula is a good girl, although she is obliged to gain her living in a menagerie. You know that because of the difference in your stations no good can come of your acquaintance. We have only a few days more to remain here; be kind enough not to come to the performance again. The girl will be sorry at first, but she will soon get over it, and you will not have the remorse of having made her unhappy."

The tone in which the words were said affected Henri strangely. He was silent for some minutes; then, holding out his hand to the man, he said: "Well, Père William, I promise you to think no more about Paula."

And he kept his word, though not without difficulty. During the weeks that followed, he was more than once on the point of returning to see the little lion-tamer; but the last days of the fair passed without his giving way to his desire. In the evening, on returning to his quarters, he found a letter written on colored paper and surrounded with lace, such as children send their sweethearts on St. Valentine's Day.

These words were written in a trembling hand:

"I am very sad at not seeing you any more. I thought that you would come, all the same. It is finished, I know. Adieu. I will never forget you."

A tear had fallen upon the word "never."

The poor girl had told the truth: Henri had produced an ineffaceable impression upon her, and neither old William's remonstrances nor her wandering existence made her forget the fortnight at Limoges, during which the sweetest dreams had taken possession of her soul. She often wept, her fresh face had grown pale, and her beauty had become more touching.

But it was otherwise with Henri Maurel. At the end of six months, he had completely forgotten what had been for him only a passing pleasure. He had married Mme. Clery, resigned his commission, and had gone to Paris to live with his wife.

One summer evening, after a jolly dinner, Henri and his wife went with some friends to the Neuilly Fair. All at once, as they were being pushed hither and thither by the crowd, he raised his eyes and saw by the sign that he was before old William's menagerie.

"Let us go in," he said; "there is a very pretty little lion-tamer inside."

For an instant, Paula's image and the memory of his

romance of the previous year at Limoges returned to Henri's mind.

"Yes, let us go in," said Mme. Maurel.

Henri was suddenly curious to see if the little lion-tamer would recognize him, and what impression his unexpected presence would produce upon her.

It was in the middle of the performance. Cæsar, the big lion, refused to jump through the circle that Paula held out.

Some seats were vacant in the front row. Henri, two of his friends, and his wife took them. Paula raised her eyes upon the new-comers, and instantly recognized Henri. Her knees trembled, a haze obscured her sight, and she let fall the whip with which she had just struck Cæsar. The animal uttered a terrible roar and sprang upon the little lion-tamer.

There was a frightful tumult in the tent: the men rushed at the cage, the women screamed and fainted away. The strong voice of old William was heard above the noise: "Bring the red-hot iron bar!"

Henri, carried up to the cage by the crowd, saw the little blue and white costume all covered with blood and the enraged beast's fangs tearing the breast of poor Paula.

When the red-hot bar was brought, it was too late. The poor little lion-tamer died of her wounds during the night.—*From the French of Maurice Reynold.*

## CHARLES A. DANA.

Experiences and Opinions of the "Sun's" Famous Editor.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun*, has had over fifty years' experience as a manager, writer, correspondent, and editor. Although he is to-day in his seventy-third year, he is as active in the pursuit of his profession as if he had just entered it. Mr. Dana is very tall, very straight, and while his figure is well rounded, it is spare for his height. He is fully six feet, and is as straight, notwithstanding his daily hours of desk-work for fifty years, as a West Point cadet. He works with a quickness and an energy difficult to describe. As he talks with a visitor, he reads proofs almost as if by magic. He is the only one of the prominent editors of the New York newspapers who gives his daily personal attention to the newspaper controlled by him.

In the course of a recent *Recorder* interview by T. C. Crawford, Mr. Dana said:

"I never work at home, either at night or morning; never study at home. It is all done here and in the railroad trains. I get down here, take the year through, about ten or eleven o'clock. The first thing I do is to read my letters; then read the newspapers; cut out anything I want; then I read the proofs, read them all every day of the entire *Sun*—not all with attention, but go through them all. I do not bother about work after I get away in the afternoon. I stop usually from four to half-past five. I always had a separate office for outside work. At home, I do nothing but get my dinner, amuse myself, go to the theatre, or to visit friends."

"I have a small place down on Long Island called 'West Island,' and there I cultivate every tree and plant of the temperate zone, but all that is attended to on Sundays and afternoons after I get home. I travel sixty miles every day. It takes about an hour and three-quarters, and I see a good many people. In the morning I read the papers, and after that sleep and take a nap. Time is not wasted when you are not doing anything. To-day, I came here at half-past ten, rather later than usual, and I shall go away at a quarter of four. That is about four, five, or six hours, but generally, I should say taking the year through, I work daily five or six hours. I do not write a great deal, but I always have a stenographer. I give my attention to every sort of topic—everything."

"I take an excursion every year of one, two, or three months; generally go to Europe. I regard it as very important to go where nobody can reach you with any questions, telegrams; avoid the necessity of writing letters of recommendation—anything. I do not see anybody I do not know who does not bring me a letter. I let them state the case in writing. The number of people who come to make valuable suggestions is small. Most people come for some purpose of their own."

"I do not observe any special rules to keep myself in good physical condition, except not to eat too much. I sleep at least eight hours. I drink a little whisky and water. When I was a young fellow, I drank wine, but now the doctors say I must let it alone, or I shall have the gout. When I was about thirteen, I smoked a cigar that was too much for me; I have never smoked since. Yet I am very fond of the odor and flavor. My nerves are good, and I don't easily get excited. I take a great deal of exercise. A man who travels thirty miles a day on the railroad, and by carriage—drives himself—then walks around his place for half an hour or so, gets up at half-past six or seven o'clock in the morning, takes a great deal of exercise. I don't take any regular exercise."

"I almost always dictate. If you have the thing in your mind you can express it yourself, or dictate it to any one. If your articles have the ideas and thoughts, the principal thing, they will produce their own effect. Take the *Herald*, for instance. In the day of Bennett—he was a great genius—it was not necessary any article should be signed. He wrote most of them himself, and the others got his knack. If they had been signed, they would not have had any more effect, or any less, as I can see."

"The requirements for a young man who wishes to enter journalism are good health, good temper, upright principles, the best education he can possibly get, and the most varied knowledge, provided it is accurate. Inaccurate knowledge is a nuisance. The best outfit for a journalist is to know the Bible thoroughly, to know Shakespeare, and the Constitution of the United States. He should also have convictions—especially political convictions. If he belongs to some one of the great parties, that is better, because those are the



## BERNHARDT IN LONDON.

"Piccadilly" describes her at her Villa in St. John's Wood.

The present season, dull and despairing in other respects, has brought back to us Sarah Bernhardt—not only unchanged, but positively improved by time. Nearly two years have elapsed since her last appearance in London, and then her voice seemed worn and wearied; but that was only temporary, for now it is as wonderful as ever, and if she has lost in some degree the elasticity of youth, she is even a more powerful actress than before. For the very limited period she is to be with us, she has been fortunate enough to secure the Royal English Opera House, which, originally designed by Mr. D'Oyly Carte as a permanent resting-place for English national opera, has been without a tenant since the unfortunate failure of his patriotic scheme last winter; and although the majority of our play-houses have been for some time past more or less deserted, for whatever she plays, apparently, the Cambridge circus-house is always crowded. Such emphatic success is exceptional even for her, since there have been occasions at other London theatres—for example, at Her Majesty's—when the great French tragedienne seemed to be losing her hold over the general, as distinguished from the more critical, public; but this year the edict of the fashionable world has apparently gone forth entirely in her favor, and the receipts at the eight performances a week she contrives to give must delight Messrs. Abbey and Grau, almost as much as they depress the London managers, who are loudly deploring the poverty-stricken results of the worst theatrical season for years.

In all matters of fashion, the fair sex, of course, take the lead; and it is only to be expected, therefore, that there should be an enormous attendance of ladies in the audiences. It is not sufficient for them, however, to go to Mr. Carte's handsome theatre, as they would go to any other, in their every-day looks; but nine out of every ten women one passes in the vestibule are evidently made up—in most cases with very doubtful success—after the portraits of the eminent actress, the arrangement of the hair noticeably.

For her home, during her brief stay in town, Mme. Bernhardt has chosen a truly sylvan retreat. The pretty villa in which she spends her leisure hours is situated in the pleasant, leafy neighborhood of St. John's Wood, within a stone's throw of The Priory, where George Eliot lived for thirty years a life of quiet and hard work, and close to The Elms, Sir Augustus Harris's present beautiful residence, once the dwelling of Mme. Grisi. "Mme. Sarah"—as the actress has elected to be called by those immediately about her—has managed to give to each of the spacious, cool apartments of Alpha House a thoroughly French air and atmosphere. The pretty drawing-room, overlooking a large garden whose shady greenness appears most refreshing on a hot day, is filled with the scent of the numerous bouquets presented to her the evening before, and large mirrors, faded Beauvais tapestry, Louis Quinze brocade, Watteau chairs, and spindle-legged settees seem as though they had been transported from palaces at Versailles and Fontainebleau to form a fitting background to the modern queen of tragedy. The superb and well-known portrait of the lady of the house, by Clain, hangs high above the mantel-shelf, which is covered with curious bric-à-brac, while the room is full of effective things of all times and places, with a perfect luxury of skins brought together during her recent tour round the world. On a table close to the window lies one of the latest additions to her collection of curios. This addition is a scrap-book, compiled under her own eye, which, in point of fact, offers a complete record of her experiences during the past eighteen months. By way of frontispiece, Sarah Bernhardt has inserted a portrait of herself, flanked on either side by one of her pet dogs, who, with the little girl "Madeline," whom she adopted in New York, were her constant companions. In a further room off the reception-room stand the famous, much-traveled trunks—some dozen or more immense boxes filled with the divine Sarah's wardrobe, and if any chance to be open, glimpses may be caught of the valuable laces and sumptuous gowns, for which the great actress is noted. Her costumes, it may not be generally known, she designs to a great extent herself.

When the weather is propitious, the greater part of the forenoon Sarah Bernhardt spends out of doors in the garden, in a morning-wrap of silk, caught in only at the hips by a girdle, and with the lace scarf, one knows so well, twisted round her head. She is never so happy as when with little children, and a number of them, chattering baby French at the top of their shrill voices, are always round her. Neither here nor elsewhere does she visit much, as, naturally, people are only too anxious to know her, and she has a decided disinclination to be made a show of in her private life. Few artists there have been, however, whose sayings and doings have attracted more attention and aroused more curiosity than those of Sarah Bernhardt, for her striking personality, her whims, fancies and vagaries, her comings and goings, and her incontestable genius have all furnished copious matter for debate and criticism, while every-day gossip is largely supplemented by innumerable scandals, invented by the boulevard journals when they have nothing else to do.

Although she considers her reception everywhere throughout her tour in America and the Colonies most cordial, she was very glad to get home again to her children and her grandchildren, and if Paris could pay her the same as America, she would never leave the French capital, for of all her audiences she likes a Parisian one the best. "Cleopatra," she thinks, was the leading favorite among her rôles. As to herself, she has no special favorite, for she says she becomes hypnotized, as it were, for the time being in the character she may be playing, and it becomes everything to her. At present her latest creation of Anthony's charmer engrosses all her attention, just as two years ago, "Joan of Arc" was her favorite heroine. "Royal Egypt," however, has always appeared to her an impersonation of great possibilities, and the rôle has had a special fascination for her ever since, in her

early girlhood, she was given the ancient ring she still wears on her left hand, which was found on the banks of the Nile.

In the preparation of a new rôle, Sarah Bernhardt studies intensely, often even continuing to wear her costume, or a modification of it, when she is off "the boards," so as not to lose touch with the character, but she very seldom finds it necessary to vary in the smallest degree from her first conception. To be absolutely natural she regards as the great secret of stage success, but she most decidedly approves of the French system of preliminary training, and believes there is no better dramatic school than the Paris Conservatoire—indeed, she thinks it would be a great thing for dramatic art if England and America could boast of similar institutions placed on a natural basis, as it were, and in connection with state-subsidized theatres. She is loud in denunciation of the "star" system, being of opinion that all should play as well as possible, and unhesitatingly allows that in the amount of trouble taken over stage-scenery and the other dumb etcetera of a play, her country lags far behind English or transatlantic managers.

Her opinions, as regards her fellow-artists in this country, are also interesting. Mary Anderson she "considers very beautiful and graceful, a good actress, but not great." Mrs. Langtry is "beautiful—beautiful," and Mrs. Bernard Beere is "most admirable," but "Ellen Terry is the artist I love," while Henry Irving she thinks even more of as "an artist than as an actor."

Notwithstanding endless flying rumors to the contrary, "Mme. Sarah" has no new rôles in prospect.

Her eccentricities in the number and choice of pets are well known, but at present their number is reduced to a very great extent. Only one dog accompanies this visit, and he is a beauty—a great St. Bernard—but of late the objects of her most tender solicitude have been the snakes which figure in "Cleopatra," and she has become very fond of them, "they are so cold and clammy," she says. Singular to say, Sarah Bernhardt, though she professes not to believe in a God, is like many other Parisian actresses, exceedingly superstitious. The reading of "La Tosca," which was fixed for a Friday, had to be put off, as the tragedy queen dreads that day above all others, and the production of the same piece was delayed for weeks because she peremptorily refused to act with M. Volney, for whom Sardou had written a part. She objected to him, not on account of the actor's youthful appearance, as she alleged, but because she was convinced he had an "evil eye." Again, when "Macbeth" was brought out some time ago, on the same stage at the Porte St. Martin, the divine Sarah had a notion that the playing and singing of the witches' music would certainly entail some misfortune on her, and consequently some other composition had to take its place.

LONDON, July 6, 1892.

In view of the battles which have lately been waged between the owners of property and mobs of workmen who are trying to dispossess them, the following remarks by a European diplomatist are of interest. They are from a Washington letter to the New York Independent, printed some weeks ago:

"An old diplomat called attention, the other evening, to something in our own affairs which few people have noticed. 'You have not observed,' said he; 'but since your anarchy troubles in Chicago, there have been more soldiers there than ever before. Yes, you had a general stationed there, General Sheridan, then General Terry; but they had not many soldiers. A few were sent there first for some encampments; they were in tents, but they stayed into your cold weather. Those winds from the lakes—ah! they are cold. Somebody said it is brutal to keep men in such shelterless things. Houses were built for them—still temporary—always temporary. Then more soldiers were sent and more houses, but less temporary. And there is a full regiment there now, and more will be sent when you have your great exposition next summer, you will see—I see. You have managed it well, with much diplomacy. Ah! you can not say that you are without diplomacy, you Americans. You think you are bluff and rough and on the surface; but I—I am an old diplomat; I know the diplomacy when I see it. And my foreign friend laughed and shrugged his shoulders, acting so much like the diplomatists I have read about that I half expected to see him take a pinch of snuff. As he moved off, he turned his head and said: 'But you need something yet. Why does not your Pittsburg have a regiment, also? She has trouble, too, with her—what call you them? Wage-workers? That is what you need,' and away he went, smiling and contented with having given me a sting."

It is true that the physicians who made the over-hasty autopsy on Mind-Reader Bishop have not yet been convicted of an unlawful act; but (says *Life*) they have no particular reason to be proud of such vindication as the jury's disagreement gave them. Previousness in autopsies is something the laity have very little patience with, and previous Mr. Bishop's friends very obviously were, whether any jury finds them unlawfully so or not. A practice analogous to theirs in this case is that of undertakers, who are too apt to rush a gallon or two of embalming fluid into bodies from which the breath of life has barely escaped. It is better, to be sure, to be loaded with undertakers' stuff than to be buried alive; but every citizen is entitled to be permanently dead before the autopsicians, the embalmers, or the grave-diggers have their way with him. We die so seldom that we are in danger of missing some of our mortuary privileges for lack of practice in asserting them.

In the strange little country of Holland, the three principal cities are Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and The Hague. These cities are a peculiar medley of canals and streets, trees and masts, bridges and boats. Amid their apparent disorder, there is more or less of symmetry. Amsterdam is a semi-circle, Rotterdam an equilateral triangle, and The Hague a square. The difference between the three cities socially has been aptly put: "At Rotterdam, fortunes are made; at Amsterdam, they are consolidated; at The Hague, they are spent."

The French papers say that the rapid increase in the family of the German Emperor has compelled him to economize, and he has notified the municipalities of Wiesbaden, Cassel, and Hanover that he is obliged to stop his usual subsidies to the theatres of those cities.

great agencies of political and social life. The little parties are always skirmishing on a side of the field.

"The college graduate is better qualified to win the race. A college education, which has been acquired with zeal and accuracy, places a man in the same position as a horse brought forward to run, well-fed and well-trained. He can usually beat one not well-fed or well-fitted. I do not believe in a school of journalism, because the education the journalist wants is general education—the more general, the better. He should have every knowledge and every experience. A school for journalism may be very useful; but I think that the boy who comes in here to my room thirty or forty times a day to execute the orders he receives, will have more professional knowledge after a while than any one could get in a school of journalism.

"To succeed, a man must have a sense of honor, and make up his mind to get what he is after, and go for it with energy. A man may be frivolous, all the same, on the outside. The knowledge of languages is a great convenience, especially in traveling abroad, and the knowledge of languages involves a knowledge of literature; gives a larger range of information. One wants to know French in traveling. I learned Italian because I wanted to read Dante. I have meant not to read any great things except in the original—except the Bible and the Arabian Nights. The other literatures I have gone for in the original. I have been in journalism fifty years or so.

"The prime object in the publication of a newspaper, of course, is business. A newspaper is published for the sake of profit, like any other business; then, after that, come the intellectual motive, the success of a cause, the supremacy of one party over another, all those things which intellectual men contend about; but no newspaper could be published unless it paid. And when you take a modern newspaper, with the capital that is required to carry it on—where, for instance, it has to have a half-dozen presses that cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars or so—it is plain there must be a considerable profit, or the enterprise would not live. The expense of producing the *Sun*, take the whole thing, all round, month by month, is about four thousand dollars a day. The intellectual character of a newspaper requires it to discuss political moral questions, and this fact makes morality and public well-being of more consequence to it than to any other business. Moreover, there is a certain responsibility enforced upon a newspaper. If it shocks the moral sentiment of the community, it is punished for it by losing business.

"A natural disposition to write first directed my attention to journalism. I don't know of anything else. When I was a boy of fourteen, I used to write letters to the papers, put them in the box, and wait and see if they would be published. Then, when I got to a place where I could write with some effect, it was natural I should do it, and I did it. We had at Brook Farm a weekly paper called the *Harbinger*, very handsomely printed, and certain things had to be written for it. As it was convenient for me to write, I wrote, and naturally became a regular writer; then afterward, all the people who read those papers knew me. I first went into the *Chronotype*, in Boston, established by Elizer Wright, and I became Wright's principal assistant. He had no money, but he was witty and capable. I got five dollars a week. Then I came to the *Tribune* as city-editor, in 1847, at the age of twenty-eight.

"I began as city-editor at fourteen dollars a week, and I had fourteen dollars a week until I went to Europe to report the revolution in 1848 for the *Tribune* and other papers. I wrote five long letters every week in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Then there was no telegraph; the mail was the only thing. I was in Paris during the bloody days of June, 1848. In Berlin I saw the assembly of delegates from all Germany. I stayed there once two months reporting it, then I went to Vienna. A revolution had occurred there, and the Austrian Government was driven out. I saw Louis Napoleon, Thiers, Montalembert, and many of the great men of the day. Bismarck must have been an important man then, but he did not appear; he was not one of the conspicuous figures at all. The French Empire started after I got home. I saw Louis Napoleon elected president. I had no impression that it would last as a republic, but I hoped so."

Among the bills introduced before the Louisiana legislature this session, which seemed certain of passage, was one prohibiting the intermarriage of negroes and whites. But the law, like so many on this subject, has died a natural death, and negroes and whites can intermarry. The *Crusader*, the negro paper, gives a strange but plausible explanation of the opposition raised to this Anti-Miscegenation Bill among the whites. According to it: "We are so intermixed in Louisiana that it would be hazardous to make a law that might, in time, be the cause of testing the secrets of filiation." This is the first time that the colored people (the mixed race) has threatened that if any race legislation is directed against them, they will revenge themselves by betraying secrets handed down to them by their mothers, and pointing out that there are many so-called white persons in Louisiana who have "the African taint" in their blood.

About a year ago, some Arabs started out with a few camel loads of merchandise, crossing the Sahara and traveling to the largest town at the head of navigation on the Benue branch of the Niger River. They were surprised by finding that the Royal Niger Company—a British concern of which they had never heard since their previous visit to Yola—had established a store there, which was full of sugar, calico, tea, and other commodities. Yola now is only twenty-six days from London by steam, but the poor Arabs had traveled for nearly a year to reach the same destination by the overland route from the north. The English were selling sugar at twelve cents a pound, but the Arabs could not afford to sell any of their commodities for less than twice as much money as the English storekeeper charged for his goods.



LITERARY NOTES.

Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

D. Appleton & Co. will supply the American market with W. H. Hudson's remarkable work, "The Naturalist in La Plata"; and have ready also the following works: "Controverted Questions," by Professor Huxley; "The Hope of the Gospel," by George MacDonald; and "Western Canada," by Ernest Ingersoll, uniform with Professor C. G. D. Roberts's guide-book, "Eastern Canada."

It is said that a recent Italian dictionary of authors, in mentioning the works of Mr. Howells, gives the following titles: "The Rose of Lilas Laphone," "The Garreters," and "The Trap."

Copyright has expired in England on eight of Charles Dickens's books—the "Pickwick Papers," "Dombey & Son," "Martin Chuzzlewit," "Barnaby Rudge," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Sketches by Boz," "The Old Curiosity Shop," and "Oliver Twist."

A reprint of Gibbon's "Autobiography," edited by A. Wilson Verity, is in preparation in London.

One of the most delightful of modern novels, and one which decidedly promises to live, is "The Captain of the Fleet," a book remarkable as a study of the manners and character of a former time. Mr. Besant says that when writing the book it was resolved to devote two or three chapters to Tunbridge Wells.

"It seems incredible that one should have forgotten 'The Virginians.' But I went to Tunbridge Wells, stayed there some days, and read all the books about the place, hunted up contemporary essays where the place was mentioned, and made myself master of the subject. We must not try to do over again what has been already done by a master."

One hundred and fifty of the songs and ballads of Burns are soon to be published in Czech by the editor of a Prague newspaper. In every instance the Bohemian translator has preserved the metrical form of the original, a feat of apparently very great skill.

A volume on Carlyle, by Professor John Nichol, will soon be added to the English Men of Letters Series.

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy once asked Carlyle if it was a practical joke or to win a bet that Thackeray named the heroine of "Pendennis" after a famous courtesan then in London. Carlyle said he did not know anything of this, but it could scarcely be an accident with a man about town like Thackeray.

Colonel Cockrill gives this sketch of the career of John Brisben Walker, publisher of the *Cosmopolitan*: "He has had a rather diversified career. After graduating at West Point, he was taken out to China by Minister Burlingame to help the Chinese army on a semi-simplified basis. That experience ended, he married the daughter of General Crother, of Virginia, a well-known signature. 'Porte-Crother' is his Magazine years ago over the signature. He was largely in Kanawha coal-lands, and was largely in flush times and more money. He was an ardent backer. In furtherance of his plans, he started here in New York a weekly Greenback advocate. He was too near to Wall Street for that sort of thing, and the paper was not a success. Afterward he fitted out a little printing establishment in Washington city and resumed the publication of the Greenback organ. In 1877, when Sillson Hutchins and myself launched the *Daily Post* in Washington, we found ourselves in a fair way to postpone the day set for the publication of the initial number, in consequence of the appearance of eight feet of water in our press-room. Mr. Walker's Greenback organ had just expired, and we borrowed his one-cylinder Hoe press, which we found in an obscure shed in the upper part of the city. We carted it hastily down to the old Chronicle Building, and finding a dry floor for it, put it in operation, and for at least a month the *Post* was printed on Mr. Walker's press, which had been clamoring so loudly for more greenbacks. After his Washington experience, Mr. Walker went to Denver, Col., and started a weekly periodical which he called the *Interocan*. He was still adhering to the theory that the country needed a larger circulating medium. By good fortune he landed on a real-estate speculation, and became a millionaire. It was then that he came to New York, gathered up the remains of the *Cosmopolitan*, revived it and started it on the road to success. Mr. Walker is a man of about forty-seven years, with an appearance which enables him to rate below forty."

An Englishman is writing a book on "The International Relations Between England and America." It is reported that he has fished up from the British Record Office "many amusing documents" on the subject.

A writer in the Boston *Herald* says that when Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who knows Thomas Hardy very well, was asked whether Hardy was as cynical about women as his "Group of Noble Dames" would imply, she replied: "But he doesn't think that he is cynical. He thinks that he is photographic. I know no man who likes women better, and there is nothing that a woman could possibly do that would seem to him wrong."

"The Five Talents of Women," by the Rev. E. J. Hardy, who wrote "How to be Happy Though Married," has become a favorite prize book in English schools for girls.

*Godey's Lady's Book*, now that it has moved to New York for a home, takes on the simpler name of *Godey's*. Its new managers declare that it is there "to stay for at least a period equal to its record in Philadelphia, viz., for sixty-two years." On September 15th will appear the first new number, and it will be "the finest magazine ever issued on the American continent." They are "pledged to spend one million of dollars if necessary." The editorship will not be in the hands of A. C. Gunter, as

had been announced, but of William Barnes, Jr., at present on the staff of the *Albany Journal*.

Mr. Sherard, the Paris correspondent of the *Author*, reads his countrymen this much-needed lesson in justice:

"We are constantly reading—and some of us writing—about the misdeeds and dishonesty of American pirates. But what about the reverse of the medal? Is not a fact about American authors are shamefully plundered by English publishers? Do not scores of English journals appear without acknowledgment—and it goes without saying, without compensation in any form—all the best work of the American periodical press? *Soyons justes*."

A "History of Furniture" is coming out in London—a book which, it is predicted, will be a curious one. Its author has explored many venerable palaces, castles, and national museums in search of material.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.'s recent announcements include the following works:

"A Thorny Path; or, Per Aspera," a new romance by George Elbert, which will be uniform with the author's other works published by this house; "Controverted Questions," a new book by Professor Huxley; "The Principles of Ethics," Vol. I., by Herbert Spencer; "The Canadian Guide-Book," Part II., "Western Canada," a handsomely illustrated volume, by Ernest Ingersoll, describing Western Canada, from Ottawa to Vancouver, and uniform with "The Canadian Guide-Book," Part I., "Eastern Canada," by Professor C. G. D. Roberts, of which a new and revised edition is now ready; "La Bella," a volume in the Town and Country Library, by Egerton Castle, author of "Consequences"; "Jean de Kerdren," the authorized translation of a new novel by the author of "The Death of a Hero" from Roman Life and Story, by Professor A. J. Church, illustrated; "Footsteps of Fate," a new novel in the Holland Fiction Series, by Louis Couperus; "Cap'n Davy's Honeymoon," by Hall Caine, author of "The Deemster"; "The Scapgoat," etc.; "The Naturalist in La Plata," illustrated by W. H. Hudson, joint author of "Argentine Ornithology"; "December Roses," by Mrs. Campbell Praed; "The Hope of the Gospel," by George MacDonald; and "Ethan Allen, the Robin Hood of Vermont," by Henry Hall. Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. also announce a Summer Series of light reading which will present books of convenient size in dainty and novel bindings. The first volumes will be: "A Little Norsk," or, Ol' Pap's Flaxen," by Hamlin Garland, author of "Main Traveled Roads," and "A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours," by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. New editions, fully revised, of Appletons' well-known "General Guide to the United States and Canada," and "Appletons' Summer Resorts," are to be published immediately.

Ellen Terry's "Stray Memories" are getting longer and longer, and will make, it is said, a rather large volume. It will be published soon.

A selection from the letters of Geraldine Jewsbury, the novelist, to Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Mrs. Alexander Ireland, who has already published a biography of Mrs. Carlyle, will be published in the autumn. A monograph on Miss Jewsbury will be printed as an introduction to the letters.

An American Abroad.

Mr. F. M. Crawford writes to the *New York Tribune* in this wise, defending himself against the charge of having expatriated himself:

It has been repeatedly said of me, and of late the assertion seems to have found credence, that I am not an American *de facto*, and it is even questioned whether I am a citizen of the United States *de jure*. The doubt upon my nationality seems to have had its origin in the fact that I have lived abroad many years. To this I might answer that my father, Thomas Crawford, the sculptor, came to Italy at the age of twenty-two, and lived almost wholly in Rome until he died, in London, at the age of forty-four. Yet no one seems ever to have taken him for an Italian or an Englishman, because the circumstances of his career and the necessities of his art made it almost indispensable for him to live out of his own country.

My position is almost exactly identical with his. I suppose it will be granted by reasonable people that a man who lives by his work should establish himself wherever he can find an abundance of raw material suitable for the exercise of his craft, and further, that a man may by nature and education be better able to make use of one sort of material than of another. Because my father lived abroad, I was brought up abroad, and foreign subjects are, therefore, much more familiar to me than American ones. I should be the last to deny the existence in my own country, of matter for fiction in as large a measure as may be found anywhere else, but to those who know anything about writing, I would point out that what is needed for a good novel is not only a story, a plot, or a dramatic situation, but a thorough knowledge of the scenery to be employed, and perfect familiarity with the characters, manners, and customs of the *dramatis personae*. Such familiarity and knowledge are only to be acquired by careful study extending over many years, and in my case necessarily involving a cessation of activity in the direction circumstances have chosen for me. Under the tendency of the times to specialize in the brain, the study of science, of letters, of art, and of business, a specialty, like Russian leather, the English navy, and the Neapolitan guitar, to succeed in which a man must be born a mujik, sailor, or good-for-nothing. The competition is great, the competitors are gifted, and even were I able to spare five years for study, in order to match myself with them, I should be unable to do so.

Am I any the less an American for this reason? If, as I have always been taught, I am free, does my freedom permit me to get my living in the best way I can, or does it not? I am aware, indeed, that a Russian subject can neither live in his country nor out of it without a written authorization for his existence, and I believe that this has been called tyranny in our own country, and in all probability, by the very persons who seem inclined to apply a similar law to myself and to others who are more or less obliged to live abroad. So far as I know, however, no such law has as yet been passed in the United States, and it seems to me that an American citizen has a right to live where he likes and to claim his citizenship, until he is foolish enough to forfeit it by accepting a foreign decoration for his coat, by taking foreign money for service rendered to a foreign government, or by hoisting a foreign ensign on his vessel.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

Sorrento, June 30, 1892.

New Publications.

Scott's "Ivanhoe" is the initial volume of a new National Novel Series issued monthly by Frederick Warne & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Dr. S. W. Mosenthal's story of "Leah, the Forsaken" has been issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Among recent text-books for school use are "Six Books of Virgil's Æneid," with notes by President William R. Harper, of Chicago University, and Dr. Frank J. Miller, of the same institution, and "A High School Algebra," by Dr. William J. Milne (a revised and enlarged edition of "Milne's Inductive Algebra"). Published by the American Book Com-

pany, New York; price: \$1.25 and \$1.00, respectively; for sale by the booksellers.

A popular historical statement of "The Discovery of America by Christopher Columbus" has been written by Harry Hakes, M. D., and is published and for sale by the author at Wilkesbarre, Pa.; price, 50 cents.

"The Evolution of the Afro-American," by Samuel J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register*, has been issued, as one of the Man and the State Series of studies in applied sociology, by the Brooklyn Ethical Association. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 10 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Hope of the Gospel" contains a dozen sermons by George MacDonald, the author of "Robert Falconer," "The Flight of the Shadow," etc. The fourth, "Jesus and His Fellow-Townsmen," is a striking picture of the state of mind of the Nazarenes when Christ came among them as a prophet; the others describe the beauty of Christianity and the Christian virtues. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The coming Columbian Fair seems to have worked into a small fury Mrs. Marie A. Shipley, who has for several years been writing books and printing papers in which she maintains that the honor of discovering America belongs, not to Columbus, but to Leif Erikson. Her latest book in this line is "The English Rediscovery and Colonization of America," in the preparation of which she has had the assistance of her husband, John B. Shipley. Published by Elliot Stock, London; for sale by the booksellers.

"Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" is the title of a novel in which Helen H. Gardener has her say as to the masculine tyranny that keeps women in financial, social, and physical slavery. She rails at that ignorance of sin and vice which some men consider purity in women, and deplores its effects—through lack of active opposition—in the passage of a law lowering the age of consent. This among people of wealth and position; among the poorer classes she shows how such laws bring shame to the men who pass them and misery to the women of the poor. Published by the Arena Publishing Company, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"La Bella" is the title of the new volume of short stories by Egerton Castle. As might be expected, the author's love of fencing crops out now and again in these tales; indeed, it is the especial feature of the first group of tales, called "Clank of Steel" and containing "La Bella," an incident of the Fencing Floor" and "The Renommist." Of "Silhouettes" there are two: "The Baron's Quarry" and "The Son of Chaos"; of "Temptations" there are three: "A New Sensation," "Chaloner's Best Man," and "A Paragraph in the Globe"; and there is one "roccoco" tale, "Master Huldebrand." Published in the Town and Country Library by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The second part of "Appletons' Canadian Guide-Book" treats of Western Canada, including the peninsula and northern regions of Ontario, the Canadian shores of the Great Lakes, the Lake of the Woods region, Manitoba and the "Great North-West," the Canadian Rocky Mountains and National Park, British Columbia, and Vancouver's Island. The text is by Ernest Ingersoll, formerly naturalist with the Hayden survey and author of several such books as this, in which he describes the physical geography, the scenery, the attractions, the accommodations, and the means of travel in the picturesque region that is just being opened up to the tourist. The text is supplemented by numerous illustrations from photographs, and there are three cover-pocket maps, besides many smaller ones. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The American Slang Dictionary," compiled by James Maitland, a Chicago newspaper man, is of doubtful value. It is "popular" rather than scientific: derivations are but faintly indicated; many words and phrases are excluded as objectionable on account of their obscenity; and the definitions are frequently inadequate, not to mention their inelegance. Such a definition, for example, as "Roof, hog, or die (Am.), signifies that one must hustle for a living" is eminently "popular." "Shoes, 'to die in one's,' to be hanged" is insufficient definition, for the phrase is applied to one in the Western States who dies any sudden death through human agency. "To die with his boots on," a more common form of the same phrase, is not given. Still, the book contains some four thousand entries, taken from the slang of English-speaking races in England, America, and the Colonies, and the definitions are generally comprehensible, so that it will doubtless be of service to future laborers in the same field. Published and for sale by the author at Chicago.

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By EGERTON CASTLE, author of "Consequences," No. 95, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"The stories will be welcomed with a sense of refreshing pungency by readers who have been cloyed by a too long succession of insipid sweetness and familiar incident."—*London Athenæum*.

"The author is gifted with a lively fancy, and the clever plots he has devised gain greatly in interest, thanks to the unfamiliar surroundings in which the action for the most part takes place."—*London Literary World*.

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## SOCIETY.

## Amateur Theatricals at Monterey.

A private theatrical performance will soon be given at Monterey by a number of amateurs who aspire to Thespian honors. The exact time has not been definitely decided, but it will be at an early date. The play to be produced will be a farce-comedy in two acts entitled "A Box of Monkeys," by Grace Livingston Furniss. The cast of characters is as follows:

Edward Ralston . . . A promising young man, half-owner of the Sierra Gold-Mine  
Chauncey Ogilthorpe . . . His partner, second Earl of Doncaster  
Mrs. Ondego Jones . . . An admirer of rank  
Sierra Bengaline . . . Her niece, a prairie rose  
Lady Guinevere . . . An English primrose, daughter of the Earl of Paynauht

All of the cast has not, as yet, been made up, but it is almost a certainty that Miss Emebe Hager will assume the part of Sierra Bengaline. The farce is an amusing one illustrating the endeavor of an American matron, who has a penchant for British nobility, to entertain the daughter of an English earl, who is visiting her at her home in New York city. Many comical situations arise that carry the interest of the comedy along, and, of course, everything ends satisfactorily. Rehearsals are now in progress at the hotel, and the affair will certainly tend to make one of the evenings there more than usually enjoyable.

## The Deering-Perkins Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Margaret H. Perkins and Mr. J. H. Deering, Jr., of this city, took place on July 14th at the home of the bride in Santa Cruz. Mr. Deering is librarian of the San Francisco Law Library. The bride is the daughter of the late Mr. Perkins, formerly a prominent wool merchant here. For several years she has resided in Santa Cruz with her mother, who, however, died there recently. It was this fact that caused the wedding to be very quietly celebrated, and only relatives were present. Judge Heacock, uncle of the bride, gave her into the keeping of the groom. Miss Mary Perkins, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and Mr. F. P. Deering, brother of the groom, acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Deering are now enjoying a tour of the interior of the State, and when they return will reside at 423 Baker Street.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan, Miss Elizabeth Curtis, and Miss Laura Voorman left New York last Saturday for Europe.  
Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington will arrive here early in August, and will occupy their residence on California Street, formerly the Colton mansion.  
Mr. Robert Sherwood left last Tuesday for the East en route to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair are in London.  
Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Haggin have gone to New York city, and will remain there several months.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is at the Hotel Vendome, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will arrive here from England in October and will reside here permanently.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan are in Paris.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker has returned from Europe, and is in New York city.

Mr. Truxton Beale, now United States Minister to Persia, has been promoted to be minister to Greece.

Mrs. John W. Gashwiller and the Misses Lottie and Laura Gashwiller will leave for Europe early in August, and, after traveling for several months, will return to New York to reside there permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Eells are occupying their new cottage in Ross Valley.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe has been at Napa Soda Springs during the week on a visit to Mrs. F. L. Wooster.

Miss Maud Nickerson has returned to Montecito, her home in Santa Barbara County, after a pleasant visit of a month to Miss Mamie Holbrook.

Mr. E. G. Schmiedell is enjoying a visit to Lake Tahoe. Miss Clara Taylor has been passing the week at Monterey, as the guest of Mrs. A. C. Tubbs.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mr. Milton Jones have returned from the Napa Soda Springs, and are visiting in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius O'Connor and the Misses O'Connor have returned from Utah.

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac Trumbo have returned from their prolonged Eastern trip.

Mr. James de Fremery, of Oakland, left for New York last Saturday, and will soon proceed to Europe. He will be away a year.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lake, formerly Mrs. C. G. Toland, are en route to New York, via Panama. They will go to Europe in August.

Mrs. William Everson and Miss Everson, of Oakland, are making a tour of Europe.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall is visiting friends in Portland, Or.

Mr. Elwood Crocker and Mr. Frank L. Unger arrived in New York city a week ago.

Mrs. Eugene Casserly and Miss Daisy Casserly are passing a month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Henri Martin left Tacoma last Thursday for Alaska.

Mr. George Crocker has returned to the city after visiting his ranch at Promontory.

Mrs. Channing H. Cook and her sister, Miss Lucille Edwards, have returned from a visit to friends in Mayfield.

Miss Lily Winans returned to the city last Tuesday after passing the winter very pleasantly in New York city.

Miss Lillian Thurston returned to Stockton last Tuesday after a week's visit to her sisters in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. W. M. Gwin, and Miss Gwin are passing the season at Monterey.

Miss Agnes Burgin is passing the season at Litton's, in Sonoma County.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Garratt are in Geneva, Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding are passing a month at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan and Miss Phelan are at Phelan Park, their summer residence in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie came up from San Mateo last Monday and passed several days here.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs, of Los Angeles, will remain at Monterey until late in August.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs came down from Calistoga last Monday and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Robert Douglas Vry will remain at her villa in Napa Valley until September 1st.

Mr. Luis Loazia has returned from a prolonged visit to Mexico.

Mrs. A. J. Pope and Mrs. F. A. Frank are passing several weeks at Monterey.

Miss Emily Kirketerp has returned from a pleasant visit to Mr. Robert Oxnard in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Hecht have

returned from an enjoyable trip to Alaska and Yellowstone Park, and are ending the season at Lake Tahoe.

Colonel and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourne have been enjoying a visit at Santa Monica.

Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Miss Mary Scott, and Miss Cunningham are at Monterey, where they will remain until the end of the season.

Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Hanlon will remain in San Rafael for another month.

Mr. William C. Ralston has returned from a visit to Washington, D. C., and other Eastern points.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are at the Grand Hotel in New York city.

Mr. W. W. Foote, Miss Foote, and Miss Hattie English, of Oakland, left for the Yosemite Valley last Tuesday.

Mrs. George C. Perkins and family are visiting friends in San José.

Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan are enjoying a two weeks' outing near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker and the Misses Jennie and Bessie Hooker have returned from their northern trip.

Miss Ethel Lincoln is passing the season at Monterey.

Dr. William J. Younger will return from the East on July 31st.

Mrs. A. H. Voorhies and family have returned to the city after passing a month at Monterey.

Mr. Edward C. Hughes has returned to Denver after a two weeks' visit to relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. James Rucker, of San José, are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Major and Mrs. B. R. Woodworth, of Fresno, are in the city on a visit.

Professor de Filippis has returned from his vacation trip. Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Shepard are passing the summer at New Park.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis and family are at Monterey, and will remain there several weeks.

Miss Emily Hughes is enjoying a visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Fred L. Wooster went to the Napa Soda Springs on Friday, to remain until Monday. Mrs. Wooster will return to the city August 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Hamilton, the Misses Hamilton, and Mr. R. M. Hamilton, Jr., have been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Jerome A. Fillmore, Mrs. William Bedell, and Miss Bedell left last Wednesday to visit Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. J. Symmes have returned from a month's visit at Pescadero.

Mr. Harry L. Coleman is visiting the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Ozmun, of St. Paul, Mrs. J. Martin, of Yreka, and Mr. and Mrs. Charles P. Creamer, Mrs. Katharine Booth, and Miss Booth, of this city, are at The Colonial.

Mr. James J. Archibald has been passing a few days at Glen Una, near Los Gatos.

Mr. William P. Greer has returned from a tour of Oregon and Washington.

Mrs. E. E. De North, who has been passing the season at the Napa Soda Springs, has returned to the city.

Dr. and Mrs. Whitney have returned to the Palace Hotel after passing three weeks at Paso Robles.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford, who have been passing the summer near Mount Shasta, have gone to Monterey for the remainder of the season.

Mr. E. Y. Judd has returned from a trip to Portland, Or. Mr. Alexander Hamilton will return from the East in a few days.

Mrs. Volney Spalding is expected back from Honolulu next Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bond are visiting a health resort in Klamath County.

Mrs. S. H. Seymour left on Thursday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. George G. Carr, of Bakersfield, are staying at The Colonial.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will go to Monterey August 1st to remain a month.

Captain J. E. Watson and Mrs. Louis E. Watson sailed from New York for Liverpool a week ago.

Hon. and Mrs. J. F. Sullivan are staying at the Grand Union Hotel, in Saratoga, for a few weeks.

Mrs. C. Crooks and Miss Crooks are at the Hotel Normandie, in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Hill, of Pasadena, are passing the summer at Asbury Park, N. Y., as the guests of Mr. F. L. Ten Broeck.

Mr. W. S. Hilliard, an artist of New York, left last Wednesday to visit the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott, of Baltimore, are at The Colonial.

Mrs. A. D. Sharon and Miss Mary Sharon have returned to the Palace Hotel, after passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter D. Witham and Miss McLane are now residing at The Colonial.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings has been at the Palace Hotel since last Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey R. Winslow have been passing the week in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham, of Oakland, are staying at The Colonial for a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Ricardo Villafranca and Miss Marie Ponton de Arce will leave in September to visit Central America for a few months.

Miss Mamie Burling has returned from a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Meade are visiting Lake Tahoe.

Miss Lillie Lawlor is enjoying a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. W. S. Kittle, who fractured his ankle severely last Wednesday at the country Club, in Bear Valley, is at the residence of his mother, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, in San Rafael, and is rapidly improving.

Miss Belle Smith will leave to-day to visit Castle Crag.

Mr. Lou Swabacker, of Wheeling, W. V., is paying a brief visit to the principal places of interest on the Pacific Coast.

Mr. S. Gump returned last Monday from an extended visit to the art centres of Europe.

Hon. Frederick Cox and Miss Cox, of Sacramento, are at the Grand Hotel.

## La Veuve Clicquot.

A visit to the establishment of the Messrs. Werlé, at Reims, France, where the celebrated Veuve Clicquot champagne is made, is of great interest to all travelers and many avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect it while visiting there. Of special interest are the half hundred cellars, each vast apartments, forming a complete labyrinth of gloomy, underground corridors, excavated in the bed of chalk which underlies the city, and roofed and walled in with solid masonry, more or less blackened with age. Here are hundreds of men busily engaged in filling, shaking, examining, corking, wiring, and stringing the millions of bottles that are sent out to every quarter of the globe. On every side bottles are reposing in various attitudes, the majority in huge, square piles on their sides, others in racks slightly tilted, others, again, almost standing on their heads, while some, which, through inflation have come to grief, litter the floor, and crunch beneath the feet. Tablets are hung against each stack of wine indicating its age. Ventilating shafts pass from one tier of cellars to another enabling the temperature to be perfectly regulated thereby obviating an excess of breakage. M. Werlé estimates that the loss in this respect during the first eighteen months of a *cuvée* amounts to seven per cent., but subsequently is considerably less.

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—NOVELTIES, SUITABLE AS PRESENTS FOR ANY and all occasions, in large variety at Leo. Zander & Co., 116 Sutter Street.

## THE CARES OF THE RICH.

## Defenses of New York's Nervous Plutocrats.

Frederic Remington, the artist, told me one day (writes Julian Ralph in the *Providence Journal*) of the trouble a man out on the plains once had to keep his money out of the reach of the motley crew he had to sleep with in a new railroad town. At first he put the big bills in the lining of his hat, but, one day, when he hung his hat up, so as to comb his hair, another man walked off with it, and he had to ride after him for three days to get it back. Then the unfortunate possessor of wealth put his roll in the leg of his drawers, and kept his stockings on while he slept, to keep the money in place. But this was calculated to attract attention, and the man was at a loss what to do, until the inspiration seized him to put the bills in the sleeves of his undershirt, by turning up the ends of the sleeves and making a natural sort of a pocket for them there. When this idea occurred to him, he knew his money was absolutely safe, for robbers might search his pockets, his shoes, and everything they could find or think of, but they never would suspect him of using his sleeves for a hiding-place, and if they did, they could not ransack that part of his clothing without awakening him.

That was out on the plains in the old, rough days. What of New York, the pivot in the centre of our civilization to-day? Does any one suffer disturbance of mind through the possession of wealth in a highly organized, well-ordered community like this?

The Vanderbilt women, mother and married daughters, live in two carved brown-stone houses joined together and forming a palace—so far as size and pretension go—opposite the Roman Catholic Cathedral, on Fifth Avenue. Around the palace is a low wall, and on that is an ornate bronze railing. It has silver in its composition. The fence is patterned like an arabesque, and to produce this pattern are many little curly-cues of bronze riveted here and there. As each one of these little pieces is worth thirteen dollars, the street boys come over from the east side of town at night and hammer and break them off, so that a special detective is now employed to watch the costly railing at night. But that man is not the only detective employed by the Vanderbilts. They seldom give a musicale, or hold a reception, or enjoy a dance without seeing to it that detectives are present to mingle with the throng and watch the invited guests and guard the open door so that nothing shall be stolen off the mantels or the buffets on the bureaus. The detectives are dressed in evening attire on such occasions, and are supposed to be indistinguishable from the select folks of the sacred Four Hundred.

Our rich people all live in prisons; at least, there is nothing but a prison to which most of their houses can be so well likened. It is true that none of them carries his timidity so far as did old John Anderson, the tobaccoist, whose house was fitted with steel doors at every window and inner sheets of steel in every outer doorway; nor, perhaps, has any one else shown such an ingenuity as a certain rich wine-seller in town, whose stair-steps are connected with bells and pistols, so that whoever tries to ascend the main staircase will set off alarms enough to call out the entire neighborhood. It is really a surprising and a depressing experience to walk through the streets in the district north of Twenty-Third and south of Sixty-Fifth Street, between Fifth and Madison Avenues. The lower windows are all heavily barred with iron and the area doors are built of iron. You see the servants and the children peering out upon you as birds look from out their cages. The front or main doors at the tops of the stoops open with a rattle and clash, like doors in a jail, because they are all fitted with great chains and bolts (and sometimes bars), as well as locks. Queer, warlike, spike-pointed bits of iron fence are made by the thousand to fit in the outer lower corner of each parlor window, so that no burglar can step from your own stoop, or your neighbor's, upon your parlor window-sills to break through and steal. Upon the windows are patent "catches"—there are five hundred kinds for sale in the stores, each warranted to resist outside pressure and tampering—and there are usually inner blinds made to fasten with iron bars to resist burglarious effort. The city police who walk the streets are not enough—indeed, they are distrusted—and, therefore, special watchmen patrol the pavements armed with clubs and pistols and paid by private contributions. Chains of masonry make dangle from the covers of the coal-holes under their feet, and chains keep the area gratings doubly secure, for they are locked as well.

Within the house are the secret wires of burglar-alarms, and the call-boxes of the private-messenger companies are in my lady's and my master's bed-chambers. The skylight on the roof is bolted, and barred, and lined with iron, and in those blocks of fancifully patterned houses, where dormer windows project above the gutters and the roofs, the windows are fitted with iron bars. It is not to protect their inmates, the servants, but to guard the silver plate and the aristocracy below. Then you should see the back-yards of the rich. The walls and fences are picketed with sharp-pointed iron fences—railings of javelins. The lower windows are fortified, and the back-doors are made of iron.

BEECHAM'S PILLS sell well because they cure.

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**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**

PURE  
SWEET  
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RICH  
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**FLORIDA WATER**

STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE  
IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF  
IMITATIONS.

**FRAGRANT**

## Summer Announcement

A. L. BOWHAY,  
LADIES' TAILOR

Will reduce prices during the months of July and August to make room for his new fall goods.

**504 SUTTER ST.**

SAN FRANCISCO.

MRS. HARRISON REMOVES  
Superfluous Hair  
By the Electric Needle.  
GUARANTEED PERMANENT.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary Street, San Francisco.

Next to attractiveness in an advertisement is the performance of some useful feature that will draw readers of the paper to your advertisement for its sake alone. A good illustration of this is the "Amusement To-Night" corner in the advertising space of some large retail houses. The man who first used this shrewd device knew that whoever turned to these announcements day after day could hardly fail to become a regular reader of his advertisements. Another hit in advertising was the "Bargain Directory" of the New York Recorder, "that is revised daily for the convenience of its readers." The double column that it occupies is divided into three divisions, in the first of which a single line is devoted to the different bargains for that day; in the second division is the name of the firm; and in the third, its location. At a glance the reader can discover where the bargains for that day can be obtained and what they are.—*f. C. Moffet in the Dry Goods Economist.*

## COUNTRY HOMES

For Sale, Improved and Unimproved Ranch Property at reasonable rates.

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Aptos, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

LOVE'S CONSERVATORY  
—OF—  
DANCING  
507 SUTTER STREET.

Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.



## SOCIETY.

## The New Opera "His Majesty."

For the benefit of a deserving local charity, a new opera, entitled "His Majesty," will be produced at one of our theatres in February, 1893. The score is by Mr. H. J. Stewart, Mus. Bach. Oxon, and the libretto is by Mr. Peter Robertson, a well-known dramatic writer of this city. The theme is essentially comic, and both the librettist and the composer have done clever work in their lines. The music is light, sparkling, and breezy, with catchy patter songs and airs that will be whistled in the streets as soon as they are heard.

In the libretto Mr. Robertson has laid a plot, if it may be called so, something like the following: The incidents occur at Meringue, which is situated almost anywhere, and the period is just as definite. The inhabitants there have never had a king or ruler, so they advertise for one in the daily papers and meet with a response. They offer the applicant a salary of fifty dollars a week to reign over them and he consents. He has a wife and daughter, the princess. The latter has never been in love, but is desirous of experiencing the tender passion. With whom she cares not. A prince, traveling incognito from a neighboring territory, chances that way, traveling to meet a maiden who will love him for himself alone. The prince and princess meet, Cupid ensnares them and many happy incidents follow. A host of complications, all ludicrous, arise in the course of the play and it ends with a delightful denouement.

The method of treatment throughout is quite original, and there is no doubt of its success. Rehearsals will commence in November. The majority of those who participated in "Bluff King Hal" will be in the cast. So far it is sure that Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. and Mrs. Dickman, and Mr. E. J. de Pue will appear.

## The Tavern of Castle Crag.

At last there is a summer resort in California where one can go to the mountains, and still find a comfortable hotel. Nearly all San Franciscans know and feel that the change they require is a change to the mountain air. Instead of that they almost all go to the seashore—or, rather, they go from one point on the seashore to another—say from San Francisco to Santa Cruz or Monterey. The dwellers in the interior valleys, too, yearn for the mountains, but they at least can get a change by going to the seashore, and the San Franciscans can not. The new resort at Castle Crag fills that "long felt want" of which one hears so much.

Castle Crag is three hundred and twenty miles north of San Francisco, on the Oregon and California Railroad. The nearest station is Dunsuir. Castle Crag has no station—they have not yet had time to build one. There is nothing there but a platform. In fact, the hotel was hardly finished when the guests were clamoring for admission. They were moving in at one end of the house while the workmen were moving out at the other. The result is that Castle Crag looks a little new, and crude, and raw. But the site is one of great natural beauty. The hotel is erected upon a meadow of several acres in extent, which crowns a knoll, on one side of which is Soda Creek, and on the other the Sacramento River. To the west are the jagged crags after which the place is named. They remind one of the lofty granite peaks around the Yosemite. Looking up Soda Creek, Mount Shasta is seen—that magnificent mountain of whose view one never tires.

Going up Soda Creek to the spring is one of the dissipations of the day. There people fill themselves up with alkaline-saline-ferrous waters, and watch that amiable savant, Dr. Harkness, perform experiments with a glass of water and bit of oak bark—the upshot of the experiments being that if you mix alcoholics with the water it will turn black. The males, after drinking large quantities of the water, then pensively return to the club-house, and proceed to turn their insides black.

There is a large pool in the Sacramento River, about twenty feet deep in the centre, which is used for swimming. About four o'clock every afternoon

is the fashionable hour. The pool is a beautiful one, its only drawback—if it be a drawback—that it is as clear as a maiden's eyes. Therefore, the swimmers' every movement can be seen, and their peculiarities of figure and stroke can be observed. Some of them swim like fish, and others—well, others do not swim like fish. As a general thing, it may be said that the slender, girlish figure looks best while swimming in this crystalline pool, and that fat ladies do not appear to advantage.

Roads, foot-paths, and bridle-paths are being constructed in every direction, and a perfect army of workmen engaged. Next year there will be an abundance of trips to make in every direction. At present, they are limited—there are few roads or trails, the country being almost virgin.

Colonel Fred Crocker has built a beautiful cottage not far from the hotel, on a knoll overlooking the river. It is a large and comfortable place, furnished luxuriously, yet simply. The hangings are of light, silky, Japanese fabrics; the rugs were woven in Japan to order; while the furniture is nearly all of bamboo. All of the Japanese furniture and decorations were specially selected by Mrs. Nellie Hopps Howard, now of Yokohama, but formerly a resident of San Francisco. The effect is light, cool, and airy; it is a typical bungalow—an ideal summer home.

Other cottages are soon to be erected. George Crocker is about to build a shooting-box on the banks of Soda Creek, near the hotel. It is said that Henry T. Scott and Joseph G. Eastland also contemplate building there. Other will soon follow.

At the end of last week the hotel was crowded. In fact, it has been full ever since it was opened. Last Saturday, the number of guests was supplemented by the arrival of two private cars. One was Colonel Crocker's car, with a party consisting of himself, Russell J. Wilson, W. F. Goad, and Horace G. Platt. The other came from Fresno, with a party including Mr. and Mrs. Fulton Berry, Miss Maude Berry, Dr. and Mrs. Leach, and some other Fresno notables.

Altogether, the opening of the resort at Castle Crag has been a success. Already work is begun on an addition to the hotel which will double its capacity. Pleasant as the place is now, its possibilities can scarcely be measured. It may become the leading summer resort of the State. No one of its projectors ever dreamed that there was such a strong desire for the mountains.

Annexed is a partial list of those who have been at Castle Crag since its opening, some weeks ago:

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Misses Rutherford, Mr. W. Frank Goad, Misses Goad, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bissell, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mr. M. S. Latham, Mrs. C. V. Sumner, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Castle, Misses Castle, Mrs. J. S. Wall, Miss Ella Wall, Miss Bessie Wall, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Glascock, Mr. Frederick Bates, Mr. George Crocker, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Mrs. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. J. G. Brown, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cone, Miss Josephine Cone, Mr. John Garber, Mr. Eugene Garber, Mr. J. M. Quay, Mr. C. Osgood Hooker, Mr. Joseph Austin, Mr. Alexander Hay, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. I. Lawrence Pool, Mrs. Favre, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Miss Edith McBean, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown, Miss Tuttle, Miss Belle Garber, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mrs. H. S. Cook, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. McCormack, Miss George McCormack, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Van Sicken, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Bowen, Mr. N. K. Masten, the Misses Masten, Mrs. R. H. Swayne, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rodgers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cadwalader, Mr. C. E. Bingham, Mr. T. H. Goodman, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown, Mrs. E. A. Crowell, Miss Jay Crowell, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mrs. C. N. Shaw, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. S. Oyster, U. S. A., Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Beans, Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan, Mr. John N. Featherston, Mr. and Mrs. William Thomas, Misses Thomas, Mrs. A. R. Baldwin, Miss Fanny Baldwin, Mr. J. G. Edwards, Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mr. Milton Jones, Mrs. A. M. Easton, and others.

## A Private Burlesque Circus.

Mr. John F. Harrold provided considerable amusement for about seventy-five of his friends, last Saturday evening, by giving a burlesque circus performance at Camp Arden in Mill Valley. The programme was a marvelous production of its kind, and it was conscientiously carried out, amid peals of laughter from the audience, under the direction of Mr. Willis Polk, who was the ring-master. Mr. James A. Beckett was very funny as the clown; Mr. Fritz Gamble won many plaudits for his bare-back riding and skirt-dancing; Miss Gertrude Hopkins created a favorable impression by her bicycle riding; Miss Ida Miller was billed as the Hawaiian night-ingle in an equestrian act, which was excellent; and the Messrs. Harrold in dances and a trapeze act. The performance closed with the act entitled the "Wedding of the Bear and the Cat." During the evening the audience was also entertained by Mr. Nathan Landsberger in a violin solo; Mr. Daniel Polk in a song and dance and banjo solos; and Mr. Willis Polk in card tricks and mind reading. The affair was a huge burlesque throughout, and was as successful as it was laughable and entertaining.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. William Oothout, who is now in New York, city, will be united in marriage, on August 4th or 6th, to Mrs. Edgar Saltus, who recently obtained a divorce from her husband the novelist. The wedding will take place in Grace Church and the Rev. Dr. Huntington will officiate. Mr. Oothout is quite wealthy and has made many friends during his residence on this coast. He is vice-president of the California Petroleum and Asphalt Company, whose place of business is in Santa Barbara County, and is financially interested with Mr. William H. Crocker

in his investments there. Mrs. Saltus was here in June with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Andrews while completing a tour of the world.

The wedding of Miss Emma McMillan and Mr. Ellis Wooster will take place on Wednesday evening, September 7th, at the home of the bride, 202 Ridley Street.

Miss Jeanne H. Dyer, daughter of the late J. P. Dyer, of Oakland, was married on July 15th, at the residence of her brother, to Mr. Henry M. Herman, a prominent merchant of Spokane. She met her husband, who is a widower, some time ago while visiting in Oregon.

Mrs. George H. Howard gave a delightful lunch-party recently at her residence in San Mateo, at which she entertained Mrs. W. H. Crocker, Mrs. Ansel Easton, Mrs. Beverly McMonagle, Mrs. Frederick S. Moody, Miss Babette Howard, Miss Jessie Bowie, and Miss Beth Sperry.

Among the theatre-parties of the past week was one in which the participants were Miss Irwin and Miss Eugenia Chapin, of this city, and Mrs. Wilbur S. Raymond, Mr. A. L. Roeder, and Mr. O. W. Marshall, of Denver. The ladies were becomingly gowned, and the play, "The School for Scandal," was highly enjoyed. After the performance, a delicious supper was indulged in at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. S. Gump has issued invitations for the wedding of his daughter, Miss Goldina Gump, to Mr. Louis Swabacker, of Wheeling, W. V., which will take place next Wednesday evening.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Samuel M. Mills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., having been appointed by the President to be commandant of cadets at the U. S. Military Academy, to take effect September 1st, will be relieved from duty at Fort Monroe, Va., at the proper time and will then repair to West Point to enter upon his duty.

Mrs. A. D. McCook, of Los Angeles, wife of General McCook, U. S. A., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Byrne, at Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Lieutenant-Colonel Oliver D. Greene, Assistant Adjutant-General, Department of California, has been promoted to the rank of colonel.

Passed Assistant-Engineer E. T. Burdick, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the Mare Island navy-yard.

Assistant-Engineer Victor Blue, U. S. N., will be detached from the *Charleston* on August 8th, and given three months' leave of absence.

Captain John A. Darling, First Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to be major of the Fifth Artillery and will report to General Ruger, U. S. A., for duty.

Major Abram C. Wildrick, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been promoted to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. He is now enjoying a leave of absence which will expire on September 10th.

Lieutenant Warren P. Newcomb, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is on duty at the Military Academy, at West Point, will be relieved on August 13th, and will then be stationed at the Presidio.

Lieutenant William B. Homer, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Artillery School, Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Elbridge R. Hills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Lieutenant Charles C. Gallup, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty at Alcatraz Island, on August 31st.

Captain John J. O'Connell, First Infantry, U. S. A., will return from Europe on October 31st.

Albert Jesse Bowley, and George Howard Studley, (alternate), of this city, have received appointments for admission to the Military Academy, at West Point in 1893.

Ensign H. E. Parmenter, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis*, and granted three months' leave of absence.

Major Marcus P. Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at Fort Monroe, Va.

Major Tully McCrea, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Department of the Columbia.

Lieutenant Samuel Reber, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is absent on duty with the Intercontinental Railway Commission.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., will return to duty at the Presidio on October 22d.

Captain Joshua A. Fessenden, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on temporary duty at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on duty at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Captain Thomas H. Barry, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is absent on duty at Sacramento, will return to Angel Island on October 31st.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on duty at Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Captain James S. Pettit, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on duty at the United States Military School, at Yale College, acting as professor of military science and tactics.

Lieutenant Frederic A. Tripp, First Infantry, U. S. A., is now on duty at the Torpedo School, Willet's Point, N. Y.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is absent on sick leave, will return to Angel Island on August 13th.

Lieutenant Sydney A. Croman, First Infantry, U. S. A., who is absent on leave, will return to Angel Island on September 15th.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on duty at Philadelphia, Penn.

Lieutenant John M. Neall, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been ordered to visit the camp of the Nevada National Guard at Carson City, Nev., during the period of its encampment, commencing August 22d.

Mrs. C. A. Booth has gone to Fort Sheridan, Ill., to join her husband, Captain Booth, U. S. A., who is stationed there.

Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Stokes, U. S. N., *nee* Birmingham, have left Mare Island for Washington, D. C.

Mrs. George W. Woods, wife of Dr. Woods, U. S. N., will soon return to Mare Island after making a European trip with her niece.

Lieutenant David D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

Captain Marion P. Maus, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent from Fort Bidwell, acting as aide-de-camp to Major-General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.

Lieutenant Charles G. Treat, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is acting as aide-de-camp to Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A.

Ensign Guy W. Brown, U. S. N., arrived here July 15th from the East on the steamer *San Juan* in charge of fifty-two naval apprentices. He will leave on the *Belgic* July 26th, to join the *Monocacy* at Yokohama.

Commander and Mrs. Cotton, U. S. N., have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Lyman W. Welch, of this city, in the fourth California district, has been appointed military cadet at West Point, with George W. Ryan, of this city, as alternate.

Captain Gale, U. S. A., and family are staying at The Colonial.

Lieutenant-Commander Swinburne, U. S. N., is at the Palace Hotel.

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## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Burial of Moses.

["And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."—Deut. xxxiv., 6.]

By Nebo's lonely mountain,  
On this side Jordan's wave,  
In a vale in the land of Moab,  
There lies a lonely grave;  
But no man dug that sepulchre,  
And no man saw it e'er,  
For the hand of God upturned the sod  
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth;  
But no man heard the tramping,  
Or saw the train go forth.  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes when the night is done,  
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek  
(Grows into the great sun.

Noislessly as the spring-time,  
Her crown of verdure weaves,  
And all the trees on all the hills  
Open their thousand leaves,  
So without sound of music,  
Or voice of them that wept,  
Silently down from the mountain crown  
The great procession swept.

Lo! when the warrior dieth,  
His comrades in the war,  
With arms reversed and muffled drum,  
Follow the funeral-car.  
They show the banners taken,  
They tell his battles won,  
And after him lead his masterless steed,  
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land  
Men lay the sage to rest,  
And give the bard an honored place,  
With costly marble dressed;  
In the great minster transept,  
Where lights like glories fall,  
And the choir sings and the organ rings  
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the bravest warrior  
That ever buckled sword;  
This the most gifted poet  
That ever breathed a word;  
And never earth's philosopher  
Traced with his golden pen,  
On the deathless page truths half so sage  
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?  
The hillside for his pall;  
To lie in state while angels wait,  
With stars like tapers tall;  
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,  
Over his bier to wave,  
And God's own band, in that lonely land,  
To lay him in the grave—

In that deep grave without a name,  
Whence his unconfined clay  
Shall break again—oh! wondrous thought!  
Before the judgment day;  
And stand, with glory wrapped around,  
On the hills be never trod,  
And speak of the strife that won our life  
With th' incarnate Son of God.

Oh, lonely tomb in Moab's land!  
Oh, dark Beth-peor's hill!  
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,  
And teach them to be still.  
God hath his myrrour in the grave  
Where death is but a grace  
Which they who deep like the secret sleep  
Of him he loved so well.

—C. F. Alexander.

## Jephthah's Daughter.

["And Jephthah vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said, If Thou shalt without fail deliver the children of Ammon into mine hands,

"Then it shall be, that whatsoever cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me, when I return in peace from the children of Ammon, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt offering."—Judges, xi., 30-31.]

She stood before her father's gorgeous tent,  
To listen for his coming. Her loose hair  
Was resting on her shoulders, like a cloud  
Floating around a statue, and the wind,  
Just swaying her light robe, reveal'd a shape  
Praxiteles might worship. She had clasp'd  
Her hands upon her bosom, and had raised  
Her beautiful, dark Jewish eyes to heaven,  
Till the long lashes lay upon her brow.  
Her lip was slightly parted, like the cleft  
Of a pomegranate blossom; and her neck,  
Just where the cheek was melting to its curve  
With the unearthly beauty sometimes there,  
Was shaded, as if light had fallen off.  
Its surface was so polish'd. She was stilling  
Her light, quick breath to hear; and the white rose  
Scarce moved upon her bosom, as it swell'd,  
Like nothing but a lovely wave of light,  
To meet the arching of her queenly neck.  
Her countenance was radiant with love,  
She look'd like one to die for it—a being  
Whose whole existence was the pouring out  
Of rich and deep affections. I have thought  
A brother's and a sister's love were much;  
I know a brother's is—for I have been  
A sister's idol—and I know how full  
The heart may be of tenderness to her!  
But the affection of a delicate child  
For a fond father, gushing, as it does,  
With the sweet springs of life, and pouring on,  
Through all earth's changes, like a river's course—  
Chasten'd with reverence, and more pure  
By the world's discipline of light and shade—  
'Tis deeper—holier.

The wind bore on  
The leaden tramp of thousands. Clarion notes  
Rang sharply on the ear at intervals;  
And the low, mingled din of mighty hosts  
Returning from the battle, pour'd from far,  
Like the deep murmur of a restless sea.  
They came, as earthly conquerors always come,  
With blood and splendor, revelry and woe.  
The stately horse treads proudly—he hath trod  
The brow of death, as well. The chariot-wheels  
Of warriors roll crushingly on—  
Their weight hath crush'd the fallen. Man is there—  
Majestic, lordly man—with his sublime  
And elevated brow, and god-like frame;  
Lifting his crest in triumph—for his heel  
Hath trod the dying like a wine-press down!

The mighty Jephthah led his warriors on  
Through Mizpeh's streets. His helm was proudly set,  
And his stern lip curl'd slightly, as if praise  
Were for the hero's scorn. His step was firm,  
But free as India's leopard; and his mail,  
Whose shekels none in Israel might bear,  
Was like a cedar's tassel on his frame.  
His crest was Judah's kingliest; and the look  
Of his dark, lofty eye, and banded brow,  
Might quell the lion. He led on; but thoughts  
Seem'd gathering round which troubled him. The veins  
Grew visible upon his swarthy brow,  
And his proud lip was press'd as if with pain.  
He trod less firmly; and his restless eye  
Glanced forward frequently, as if some ill  
He dared not meet, were there. His home was near;  
And men were thronging, with strange delight  
They have in human passion, to observe  
The struggle of his feelings with his pride.  
He gazed intensely forward. The tall firs  
Before his tent were motionless. The leaves  
Of the sweet aloë, and the clustering vines

Which balf conceal'd his threshold, met his eye,  
Unchanged and beautiful; and one by one  
The balsam, with its sweet-distilling stems,  
And the Cirsian rose, and all the crowd  
Of silent and familiar things, stole up.  
Like the recover'd passages of dreams.  
He strode on rapidly. A moment more  
And he had reach'd his home; when lo! there sprang  
One with a bounding footstep, and a brow  
Of light, to meet him. Oh, how beautiful!  
Her dark eye flashing like a sun-lit gem—  
And her luxuriant hair—'twas like the sweep  
Of a swift wing in visions. He stood still,  
As if the sight had wither'd him. She threw  
Her arms about his neck—he heeded not.  
She call'd him "Father"—but he answer'd not.  
She stood and gazed upon him. Was he wroth?  
There was no anger in that blood-shot eye.  
Had sickness seized him? She unclasp'd his helm,  
And laid her white hand gently on his brow,  
And the large veins felt stiff and hard, like cords.  
The touch aroused him. He raised up his hands,  
And spoke the name of God, in agony.  
She knew that he was stricken, then; and rush'd  
Again into his arms; and, with a flood  
Of tears she could not bridge, sobb'd a prayer  
That he would breathe his agony in words.  
He told her—and a momentary flush  
Shot o'er her countenance; and then the soul  
Of Jephthah's daughter waken'd; and she stood  
Calmly and nobly up, and said 'twas well—  
And she would die. . . .

The sun had well nigh set.  
The fire was on the altar; and the priest  
Of the High God was there. A pallid man  
Was stretching out his trembling hands to heaven,  
As if he would have pray'd, but had no words—  
And she who was to die, the calmest one  
In Israel at that hour, stood up alone.  
And waited for the sun to set. Her face  
Was pale, but very beautiful—her lip  
Had a more delicate outline, and the tint  
Was deeper; but her countenance was like  
The majesty of angels.

The sun was set—  
And she was dead—but not by violence.  
—N. P. Willis.

## A RELUCTANT HEIRESS.

But She was Won by Augustus Smith.

When Augustus Smith was engaged as a clerk by the great banking firm of Brown & Blue, he did not show any of the ingenious traits of character that subsequently made him famous. He was just an ordinary-appearing young man, and rather pale. He had a pair of shrewd, sharp gray eyes, that might express much or little, just as it happened.

Young Smith worked hard and faithfully at his desk for a long time before he happened to come under the notice of the senior member of the firm. Brown was a man who fully realized his position in the financial and social world, and was never better pleased than when others did the same.

It did not take Smith long to discover his employer's weakness. And when he had discovered it, he resolved to make use of it to his own advantage. Consequently, he managed affairs so that he was obliged to come in direct contact with the senior member of the firm. That gentleman took no particular notice of the young man at the time, but Smith did not despair. He contrived other little schemes whereby it became necessary for him to speak with the old gentleman, and the result was that Brown soon knew and began to notice him. Smith made the most of those encounters, so that in a comparatively short time Brown began to think that Smith was a promising young man. He never made any boasts or took advantage of the senior member's regard, so that it only increased with time. Small wonder was it then that when Brown's private secretary died, he chose Mr. Smith out of all his employees to fill the place. It was in his capacity as private secretary that Smith first called at his employer's home. Smith noted the evidences of wealth, and wondered when he, too, should be able to maintain such an establishment.

One evening Smith accompanied his employer home from the office. A knotty financial problem had come up late in the day which needed to be settled before the next day. Brown did not care to attack the matter by himself. Blue was out of town, and there was no one left for him to call upon but Smith. And had he but acknowledged it to himself, he believed that Smith's brain would work quicker and clearer than that of any one else connected with the place.

That was an eventful evening for Smith. In the first place, he met the banker's daughter, and, having met her, immediately lost his heart. But he did not lose his head, which was one of the strongest points in this young man's composition. Smith had never been known to lose his head under the most trying circumstances. The present instance was no exception to the rule. Smith's heart beat so hard he thought every one in the room could hear it, but Smith's brain was cool, and calm, and calculating as ever.

Just what impression he made on the young woman at that time he never knew. But upon each subsequent call he made at the house, he was careful not to lose any ground.

Matters went on thus until Smith had declared his passion for his employer's daughter. She was a little shocked at first, though she had suspected that he loved her. She told him that she could not tell if she cared for him, and intimated to him that, as matters stood at that time, it was rather presumptuous in him to ask her. But she was so considerate as to promise not to tell her father of what his private secretary had said—at least, not then. Smith's spirits were low, but his brain was active. And his active brain evolved a scheme which brought about the result he wished for.

He knew a pilot on one of the pilot-boats, and proceeded forthwith to call upon him and request a service. He told the pilot what he wanted, and that gentleman readily fell into the scheme. Smith also

called upon the agent of a steamship line and obtained the agent's permission to sail down the bay on one of the big steamships.

The same evening Smith called upon his lady-love. His visits at the house never excited comment, because he generally managed to have some little business to perform in the library. He repeated his declaration of love, and asked the object of his affections to marry him. She refused. Smith uttered a farewell and departed.

The next day he asked the senior member of the firm for a month's vacation. Brown was inquisitive, so the young man told him that he wanted to take a run over to Europe and see some of the sights. Brown was somewhat taken aback, for he always had an idea that his private secretary spent every cent he made about as fast as he could make it. When Smith told him that he had plenty of money with which to bear the expenses of the trip, the old banker was more than pleased. He had been thrifty himself, and liked to see the same trait in his employees. And Smith wondered what his employer would say if he knew his private secretary's financial condition at that moment, for he had nothing more than his week's salary in his pocket.

Two days later, all Smith's companions in the office stood on one of the Hoboken piers and shouted, and screamed, and waved their hats at Smith as he stood on the after-deck of a big ocean-liner. They had come to see him start for Europe. The last they saw of him that morning, Smith was waving his handkerchief to them from the vessel's side. And all the while he smiled in the most happy manner imaginable.

When the steamship had passed down the Narrows and got out near Sandy Hook, a pilot-boat came flying up to her side. The steamship slackened speed, the pilot-boat ran close under the side, and Smith was lowered to the deck of the pilot-boat, where his friend greeted him warmly. An hour later and Smith was ashore at Sandy Hook. From there he made his way to the Atlantic Highlands, where, at a modest little hotel, he engaged a room for a month.

It was a week later that the banker was one night asked, in a casual way, by his daughter as to the whereabouts of Mr. Smith.

"Why, bless me," he replied, "I forgot to tell you, didn't I? Smith has gone to Europe. I wish he had remained at home, because I miss him very much."

When Miss Brown had been informed as to young Smith's whereabouts, she was displeased. She did not really think he would go off in that fashion, with just a calm and formal good-bye, she told herself. The more she thought of it, the less she liked it. When three weeks had gone by, she was quite sure she had never meant to say "no" to Smith, when he asked her to marry him. "If he'd only come back!" she would say to herself; "I never knew how much I cared for him until he went away."

One evening, her father came in and said: "Well, Smith will be back to-morrow, and I'm glad of it. The business hasn't been run so smoothly since he went away."

From her father, Miss Brown learned that the private secretary was expected in on one of the French steamships, and that most of the clerks in the banking-house were going to the dock to meet him.

The French steamship which came up past Sandy Hook that morning was slowed down long enough to take aboard a pilot. And with the pilot came aboard another gentleman who the pilot said was a friend of his. The other was Smith, who had only that morning left the small hotel at which he had been staying, and got aboard the pilot-boat. He was attired in the costume usually affected by tourists. He had grown stouter and become bronzed during his stay at the Highlands.

When Smith had been greeted by his friends in the office, the senior member of the firm invited him to dinner. He marked, and with approval, that Smith seemed more anxious to talk about business than the places he had visited in Europe.

They had reached the house, and Smith was passing toward the library, when he suddenly came face to face with Miss Brown.

"Oh, Gus—Mr. Smith," said she, startled for the moment into betraying herself; "I'm so glad you have come back—because—because papa has missed you so much," she added. But Mr. Smith did not believe it was altogether on her father's account that she was glad he had returned, and later in the evening inquired more particularly into the matter.

A short time afterward, the signs on the banking-house were changed. Thereafter they read: Brown, Blue & Smith, Bankers.—Evening Sun.

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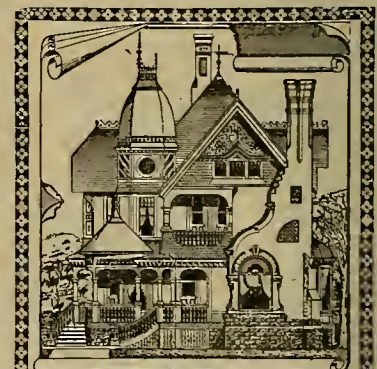
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Lord Braxfield admitted the abilities of a criminal who was undoubtedly an accomplished murderer, for the judge said: "You're a clever chiel, but y'll be nane the waur of a hanging, my man."

This is a characteristic anecdote of Rossini. On the death of Meyerbeer, his nephew, Jacques Beer, composed a funeral march in his honor. In a moment of weakness, he asked Rossini what he thought of it. "Not bad," replied the maestro; "but it would be better if you had died and Meyerbeer had written the march."

When the Portuguese first explored Brazil, they made great fun of the natives of that country, because they had in their alphabet no *f*, *r*, or *l*; a people, the invaders declared, without *fe*, *ley*, or *rey*—without faith, law, or king. The Mobawks, again, have no labials, and vowed it was absurd when the missionaries tried to teach them to pronounce *p* and *b*; "for who," said they, "can speak with his mouth shut?"

In the fighting before Vicksburg the command of General McGinnis was drawn up behind intrenchments in a hollow at the foot of a hill occupied by twenty thousand Confederates. Grant rode up to McGinnis and said: "Will your men go up that hill?" "They will go through hell, if necessary," was the prompt reply. "All right," said Grant; "they will have a chance to do it after a while." And so they had.

Admiral Keppel—"Little Keppel," as every sailor in the fleet fondly dubbed him—when a commodore at twenty-four, was sent to demand an apology from the Dey of Algiers for an insult to the British flag. He took so high a tone that they exclaimed against the insolence of the British king for charging a "beardless boy" with such a message to him. Replied the beardless boy: "Were my master to take length of beard for a test of wisdom, he'd have sent your Deyship a goat."

A well-authenticated story is current to the effect that a young *chroniqueur*, on a Parisian newspaper, was asked one morning, by his then director, to take the London papers and prepare a review of English opinion regarding some event of international interest and importance. "But, sir, I do not understand English," replied the writer. A poser, this, for the good director. A little while he sat and pondered; then, triumphantly: "Oh, well, just pick out the most important passages, and get them translated by somebody who does!"

Mr. J. L. Kipling, in his "Man and Beast in India," tells how the elephant's passion for moving about once near wrecking a ship. A batch of elephants were taken on board at Calcutta, and the steamer went down the Hooghly, and at night anchored off Sangor Point. The sea was as still as oil, but the ship rolled so much that she was in danger of rolling over. The elephants had found that by swaying to and fro altogether, they could produce a pleasant rocking motion. As the ship had no other cargo, and rode light, the captain was much frightened. The mahouts were hurried down into the hold, and each one, seated on his own beast, made him "break step"; but they had to stay there for a long time.

In the "Souvenirs de Mme. Récamier" there is a pleasant description of a scene which took place during her exile at Lyons in 1813. Almost every cultivated or fashionable individual who passed through that city was sure to be attracted to her house. Talma, the tragedian, happened to be giving some representations in the Grand Théâtre, and was dining with Mme. Récamier, when the Bishop of Troyes (better known as the Abbé de Boulogne) was announced. This celebrated preacher, though devoted to literature and familiar with the works of the great playwrights, had never seen a play performed. After dinner, Talma was persuaded to recite, to the intense gratification of the abbé, parts from his principal rôles. In return, Talma begged the ecclesiastic to repeat some passages of his sermons. When he had done so, "It is splendid, monseigneur, so far as this," exclaimed Talma, touching the chest of the preacher, "but the lower part of your body is deplorable. Clearly, you have never bestowed a thought upon your legs."

In her Washington letter to the *Independent*, Kate Foote writes: "Two women, one day, sat side by side in a little two-horse wagon, driven by one of the freed blacks of Virginia on a road near Washington; and he had taken them for the last mile or two along a fringe of woods, between whose tree-stems the women had looked earnestly, one saying: 'There it still is; Beauregard threw up a long line. How strange it is that he should have done that instead of attempting more.' 'It was a mutual retreat,' said the other. 'Neither side realized that it had hung on it could have been the victor.' 'I wish Beauregard had followed them clear into Washington,' said the black eyes; and then noticing that her companion's face was taking a disturbed look, she added:

'It would have been settled then and there, instead of four years after.' The blue eyes began to gleam, and she said: 'It would never have been settled except in the way it was as long as there was a living human being in Northern States!' Then a pair of black eyes looked into a pair of blue eyes, and the first said: 'You Connecticut Yankee!' and the other said: 'You Southern fire-eater!' and then they both laughed. It was a case of Northerner and Southerner who had bridged the bloody chasm."

One day Prince Metternich, the old Austrian statesman, was informed that a stranger desired to see him. The man, being admitted, was recognized by Metternich as one whom he had formerly known at Paris. But the man now appeared under a borrowed name. He had a fragment of the handwriting of Fouché, the French minister of police, as evidence that he was sent by Fouché. His mission, he said, was most secret. The mysterious messenger was dismissed, with an answer to the effect that an Austrian calling himself Werner should be at a certain hotel in the town of Basle, in Switzerland, on such a day, with instructions from the Prince Metternich. The meeting thus appointed took place at the spot and hour fixed. The diplomatic agents saluted each other with fitting courtesy, seated themselves face to face, and each assumed the attitude of a listener. "May I ask you, sir," said the envoy from Paris, at length, "what is the object of our meeting?" "My object, sir," replied the Austrian, "is to listen to whatever you may be disposed to say." "And mine," rejoined the Frenchman, "is solely to hear what you may have to communicate." Neither of the envoys had anything further to add to this interesting interchange of information, and thereupon they separated with perfect mutual civility.

Frederick Remington, the well-known illustrator of South-Western life, gives some amusing examples of cowboy vernacular in a recent article in the *Sun*. In a little town in Dakota, when the Sioux were out and the ranch folks from the surrounding country had gathered for protection (he says), I was talking to a big, blonde ranchman, who was saddling a horse to go back to his lonely ranch-house on the Cheyenne River. "No, we didn't have no trouble," he said; "but I saw some Injun sign in the hills back of the ranch, and my women folks got to jumpin' sideways, so I pulled 'em up to town." To him his wife and pony acted alike—both kindly at times, and at others they pitched. "And when a woman gets to pitchin', I reckon it ain't much use tryin' to handle her." When a cowboy has a contempt for anything or anybody, it is a large, healthy sentiment, and is made to prevail. The boss of the X outfit discharged a man who had hired out to "ride anything that wares hat," with the remark that "you couldn't ride a box-car." And the boss strode off with muttered regrets for the future of a man who "didn't know which end of a horse to tie to a post." In conversation, one topic is seldom allowed to lapse. Other subjects may walk the stage in a desultory way, but the horse question is always in order. You ask the cowboy if he knows a horse, and he will say: "I'd know his hide hanging on a bush"; and when Judge Carroll drives by he will say: "There goes Judge Carroll's sorrels." When he says a pony is not a good one, he says: "He couldn't bead a yearlin' in a box-stall"; and when he says a horse is vicious: "He's the orneryest horse on the range." The Texan will tell Mrs. B. that her little baby is "a smooth yearlin'"; and will say of Judge B. that "the judge knows too much for sure for a man and not enough for a woman." Two cowmen were engaged in a very vital conversation, and while one was shaking his finger and talking in a very earnest manner, the other kept shaking his head and saying, in a low voice: "I don't know about that." The talker at length sat back, glared fiercely, and said: "Well, d—n it, I'm a-tellin' you so that you will know."

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## SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

### TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9:00 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.

(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:55, 5:05, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:14 P. M.

(Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30, 7:45 P. M.

Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:15, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

### EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday.

Tacoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tacoma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tomales, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)

Sundays. Week Days.

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

9:00 8:00 5:00 9:00 San Francisco

9:40 8:35 5:35 9:35 Sausalito

10:10 9:05 6:05 10:05 Fairfax

10:40 9:40 6:30 10:30 San Geronimo

10:52 9:52 6:42 10:42 Camp Taylor

11:03 10:03 6:53 10:53 Tomales

11:16 10:16 7:06 11:06 Point Reyes

11:29 10:29 7:19 11:19 Tomales

11:47 10:47 7:37 11:37 Howards

12:05 11:05 7:55 11:55 Duncan Mills

12:25 11:25 8:15 12:15 Cazadero

1:25 9:34 1:30 Cazadero and Way Stations

A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—July 25th, SS. San Juan; August 5th, SS. City of New York; August 15th, SS. San Blas.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José, Acapulco, Acapulco, La Unión, Amapala, Cortina, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 18th, SS. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

Peru (new) ... Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M.

City of Rio de Janeiro ... Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

China ... (via Honolulu) ... Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

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FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

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Belgic ... Tuesday, July 26

Oceanic ... Tuesday, August 16

Gaelic ... Tuesday, September 6

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. COOKMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

### PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska.

9 A. M., July 3, 18, 23.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., July 3, 8, 13, 18, 23, 28.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and San Diego, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José ...	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa ...	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis ...	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	First and second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally ...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff ...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East ...	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton ...	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore ...	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers ...	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez ...	12:45 P.
1:30 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa ...	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento ...	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland, Oroville ...	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore ...	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles ...	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East ...	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José ...	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Niles and San José ...	* 6:15 P.
* 6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore ...	* 6:15 P.
6:00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East ...	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo ...	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East ...	8:15 A.

### SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz	9:50 A.

### COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	Menlo Park, San José, and principal Way Stations	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations	1:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

### SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:00 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma

3:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. Santa Rosa.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Ukiah.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Sonoma

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Glen Ellen.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Sebastopol.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.





The play of "The Lost Paradise," in which Charles Frohman's stock company is now appearing, is not related to John Milton's poem. That is an honest work; this is a fraud from beginning to end, in matter, manner, and tone. The grand old man, who, blinded by excess of light, closed his eyes in endless night, would have died rather than teach his people the thing which is not; but the cozening dealers in second-hand dramatic clothes, who are responsible for this piece, cheat by instinct. Their aim in life is to be smart; their idea of smartness is to lie and deceive, to palm off on innocent purchasers a crystal of quartz for a diamond, a ten-dollar watch for a Jurgensen.

The play-bill describes the piece now on the stage as "the distinguished American success," by Henry C. de Mille. It is not a "distinguished American success," but is a German socialist melodrama; it is not by Henry C. de Mille, but by Ludwig Fulda. It is a piece designed to show that employers of labor are sordid, knavish, avaricious oppressors, and that operatives are honest, large-hearted, unselfish victims of a vicious system. Both classes are willfully and intentionally misrepresented. The average employer is not a knave and the average workman is not an angel. There are knaves among manufacturers, as there are virtuous operatives; but to paint these as types of their class is as unfair as it would be to draw Mr. de Mille as the type of the American playwright. De Mille thought there was money in pandering to the proletarian instinct of the working class, and he produced "The Lost Paradise" accordingly.

Fulda, whom De Mille found asleep in a wood, and robbed of his valuables, is apparently a cheap German socialist. He saw money in playing the demagogue, as Denis Kearney sees money in proclaiming that the Japs must go, and, accordingly, he drew a picture of the struggles of the virtuous workman to live, and contrasted them with the gorgeous magnificence of the heartless capitalist. The situation had been staged before, and better staged than Fulda could do it. But the latter had cunning enough to make the contrast sharp. He allows his employer no virtue, and admits no weakness in his workman. Knowlton, the owner of the iron works, is a thief and a bankrupt, and he is presented to the audience as a type of the employer class; while Barrett, Schwartz, and Hyatt, the operatives, are men without a fault, except that they are too long-suffering and forbearing with their rapacious task-master.

When an apprentice at play-writing draws an impossible character, his proper punishment is ridicule; but when a veteran playwright draws a false picture, with the obvious purpose to array class against class, to delude the ignorant into a false conception of their station in life, and to goad them into violence of which they will presently be the victims, he is a malefactor engaged in mischievous and nefarious work. Such a person deserves the censure and contempt of society. He is a moral dynamite. He is even worse than the poor, unlettered, besotted Pole or Slav who throws a bomb into an inhabited building; for his objective is a conflagration which shall embrace whole communities. He is a pest, for whose suppression decent people of all classes cry aloud.

That Mr. Fulda and his appropriator, Mr. de Mille, really intended to show that, in the pending contest between capital and labor, all the right is with the workmen and all the wrong with the employers, is evident from the scene when Standish receives the delegation of the iron-workers. He is truculent, overbearing, illogical, intolerant; they are respectful, clear on the question at issue, modest in the presentation of their claims. The object of the dramatist was to make the former odious, and to attract sympathy for the latter. The gallery sees this, applauds the workmen, and boys go home resolved to join a union. Again, when Knowlton is faced by the workmen's demand for higher wages, the best argument that Fulda can put in his mouth is that he must keep up the splendor in which his daughter has been reared. The design was to make him appear a monster of indifference to the sufferings of his men. It was to fan the passion of the poor against the rich. Is not that a creditable business for a respectable writer to engage in?

This piece is produced just at a time when the public mind is divided between indignation at the savage folly of the strikers at Homestead and Cour d'Alene, and pity for the straits to which that folly has led. The doctrines of "The Lost Paradise" are precisely those which led the iron-workers at Homestead to murder the Carnegie guards and the union miners of Idaho to shoot down non-union men who were trying to escape. But the play carefully refrains from working out his drama

to its denouement; he does not show us the rioters in jail, under charges of murder, with the prospect, in case of their acquittal, of finding no employment anywhere, and their wives and children starving in their sight. His business is done when he has inflamed their passions; when he has got them into the scrape, he leaves them to get out of it as best they may. There is nothing dramatic in the spectacle of punished guilt; but the oppression of the poor by the rich is always fetching. And writers who are not hampered in their journey through life by baggage in the shape of principle, will limn the latter and conveniently ignore the former.

"The Lost Paradise" is a bad play. It is bad all through, without a redeeming feature. Its purpose is mischievous; its effect will be injurious; its construction is feeble. There is not a character which stands out with anything like individuality, and the whole action impresses the spectator with the notion that the personages are bereft of their senses. At the very theatre where "The Lost Paradise" is running, a play was produced, not long since, which turned on the same motive—the robbery of a poor workman's invention by an unprincipled employer. But, in that piece, the workman stood out as a noble dramatic figure, with whom the audience could conscientiously sympathize. Here there is no one whom a reasonable being can sympathize with or admire. They are all bores, playing unnatural parts in a stiff, forced way. Knowlton, who buys diamond necklaces, though he can not meet his maturing paper; the foreman, who is in love with his employer's daughter, and merely pulls up his shirt-sleeves when she engages herself to another; the captain, who has learned among the *petits cretins* of Paris how to handle a gang of English workmen; the superintendent, who is so inert that he looks as if he was not awake—they are all dull and impossible. Even the heroine, Marguerite Knowlton, flirts in a ponderous way, as the youthful she-seal is said to coquette with the old bulls in the rookery. They none of them are sprightly or funny; they betray their German origin; in German, as every one knows, it is impossible to perpetrate a good joke in consequence of the involutions of the language; Bismarck always said his bright things in French.

Among the performers, Oberle, Corrigan, and Hayden appeared to understand what they were on the stage for; the others were niles away from their business. Miss Odette Tyler, who has been here before, is pretty, graceful, and not without promise. But she will never come to anything until she has a year or two of severe drilling by a stage-manager who is inexorable on discipline, and until she learns to speak more slowly and distinctly.

Mr. Charles Frohman's arrangements for the production of this play at San Francisco were probably completed before the Homestead riot. It is hardly to be supposed that any manager would wantonly administer a slap in the face to decent society to gratify a few members of labor unions in the gallery. But his repertory ought to be large enough, and the versatility of his company such that he could afford to withdraw this piece and substitute a play which did not grate so harshly on the feelings of the mass of theatre-goers.

At the theatres during the week commencing July 25th: The Frohman Company in "The Lost Paradise"; the Daly Company in comedy and farce-comedy; the Tivoli Company in "Nell Gwynne"; Redmond and Barry in "Drink"; and repetitions of "The Witch" and "Gloriana."

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

Francis Wilson went to the Yosemite Valley last Sunday.

Jeffrey Lewis will open her engagement in town in a society drama, "Clotilde."

"Beauty and the Beast" is announced for production at the Tivoli on Monday evening, August 1st.

Osmond Tearle, once a handsome hero of English melodramas like "The Silver King," is now a country landlord in Cumberland, England.

Henry E. Dixey is to revive "The Mascotte" in New York, he being the Lorenzo and Camille d'Arville the Bettina, and Eugene Cowles and Charlie Dungan will also be in the cast.

Edna Wallace, the pretty San Francisco girl who was in Roland Reed's company when they gave "The Club Friend" here, a few months ago, has been engaged by Charles Frohman for one of his stock companies.

Duncan B. Harrison has broken away from the pugilistic drama and is to manage a company which will begin its tour in "Little Tuppitt" in San Francisco in a fortnight. Edward Bell, formerly of the Palmer Company, Charles Bowser, and Mabel Burt will be members of his company.

The Daly Company will play "School for Scandal" on Monday evening; "Love in Tandem" on Tuesday evening and Wednesday afternoon; "Lottery of Love" on Wednesday evening; "Taming of the Shrew" on Thursday and Friday evenings and Saturday afternoon; and "A Night Off" on Saturday night.

The "electric dance" is the latest novelty in skirt-dancing. It was shown recently in New York

by Nada Reyval, who had some forty little incandescent globes scattered through her draperies. The stage was darkened and on the boards were laid a series of electric wires so that the current was closed and broken as she danced about on them. The result was a marvelous dance, now in darkness, now dazzling in electric lights.

Planquette's opera of "Nell Gwynne" is to be given by the Tivoli Company next week, with the following cast:

Charles H. Emma Vorce; Buckingham, Geo. Olmi; Rochester, Phil. Branson; Falcon, Arthur Messner; Talbot, Ed. Torpi; Weasel, Ed. N. Knight; The Beadle, Ferris Hartman; Hodge, J. P. Wilson; Podge, Geo. Harris; Peregrine, Aggie Millard; Nell Gwynne, Gracie Plaisted; Clare, Irene Mull; Jessamine, Tillie Salinger; Marjorie, Grace Vernon; Prue, Emma Merriman; Sue, Gretchen Hirsch.

Like Dolly Tester and Belle Bliton, Connie Gilchrist, late of the music-halls and, before that, of nowhere in particular, is now the wife of a British peer. She was married to the Earl of Orkney, last Tuesday in All Souls' Church. Her bridesmaid was Miss Doe, presumably daughter of John Doe, Esq., and niece of the Hon. Richard Roe. The bride was given away, however, by a person of more illustrious, if less wide, fame, the Duke of Beaufort, who recently announced that he is the father of the present Countess of Orkney. She is said to be twenty-eight years of age, and began life as a painter's model.

#### Recent Wills.

By the will of the late L. L. Bradbury, of Los Angeles, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at over \$3,000,000, and consists of land in the cities of Stockton, San Francisco, Oakland, and Los Angeles, valued at \$1,000,000, and land in the States of Kansas and Texas, valued at \$8,000. The personal property consists of 60,490 shares of stock in the Tojo Mine, Mexico, estimated at \$1,000,000 cash, \$500,000 in promissory notes, and \$95,000 in stocks and bonds. The devisees are Mrs. Simon M. Bradbury, aged 43; John Bradbury, 20; Miss Simon Bradbury, 24; Mrs. Rosario Winston, 22; Minerva Bradbury, 17; Louisa Bradbury, 15; and Lewis Bradbury, 11. The executors are John D. Ricknell, Mrs. Simon M. Bradbury, and John Bradbury.

By the will of the late Newton Booth, of Sacramento, the following testamentary provisions were made:

By the terms of the instrument, Timothy L. Barker, of Alameda, Mrs. Octavine C. Booth (widow of the deceased), and William W. Marvin are to be the executors of the estate and to serve without bonds. The estimated value of the estate is about \$500,000. The deceased leaves two-thirds of his interest in the business in which he was engaged to his widow, Mrs. O. C. Booth, and the other third to Julia E. Dunn, John A. McIntire, L. B. Richardson, William W. Marvin, William H. Payne, William Roush, and Emma Sterrett. Of the 1,750 shares of the corporate stock held by the deceased, Mrs. Booth is to receive 1,300 shares, Mrs. Dunn 300, and the remainder goes to the other persons named. The remainder of the estate is left to his sisters and their children, the widows of two deceased brothers and their children; all of whom reside in the State of Indiana. He leaves to his wife a choice of 500 volumes from his private library, the books remaining after that selection to be given to the Sacramento Free Library. To the Protestant Orphan Asylum of Sacramento, there is left the sum of \$3,000; and the sum of \$3,000 to be divided among those free kindergarten schools that shall be actually engaged in the education of children at the date of his death. To each person shown by the books of Booth & Co. to have been in their employ, either as firm or corporation, for twelve months preceding his death, there is bequeathed the sum of \$100. From this bequest are omitted those persons named above as legatees of stock in Booth & Co. To his Chinese house-servants is left \$100 each.

#### A Maxim for Moderns.

The old adage that "you can not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," no longer holds; or, at any rate, it is possible to make a very handsome purse out of the most unexpected materials, as one can see by a glance at the pretty leather goods in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s show-cases in their store on Market Street opposite the end of Grant Avenue. Their stock of purses includes all the fashionable novelties, such as seal, grained leather, lizard skin, etc., and they are mounted with silver in a way that defies detection from the artistic work of the famous silversmiths of the sixteenth century. The corners of these purses are tipped with silver in filigree and scroll work—lacquered to prevent tarnishing—that would delight the eye of an artist, and the variety of styles is infinite. No finer present to wife or fiancée could be devised, for they are both beautiful, with a beauty that lasts for all time, and fashionable.

That they are the "proper caper" is to be expected, for Sanborn, Vail & Co. keep nothing else. They have become the leading stationers in San Francisco, because they determined to cater to the leaders of society, and have, therefore, had in their stores all the latest styles of fashionable note and letter papers as soon as they were devised by the manufacturers and accepted by Eastern society; and they have made the same rule obtain in all their departments, so that one may be sure that anything bought of Sanborn, Vail & Co. is the best and most modern of its kind.

#### False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—PERALTA HALL SEMINARY, FOR YOUNG ladies, makes strong claims of superiority in important respects. It is delightfully situated. See in another column the advertisement of this elegant institution under the management of Colonel Homer B. Sprague.

DCLXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 24, 1892.

Okra Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
1 fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce. Cucumbers.  
Broiled Chickens. Potato Puffs.  
Stuffed Tomatoes. Egg Plant.  
Roast Beef.  
French Artichoke Salad.  
Whipped Syllabub. Raspberries.  
Fruits.

WHIPPED SYLLABUB.—Stir into a pint of cream half a pound of crushed sugar and three gills of good sherry wine; put these into a deep dish; squeeze in the juice of two small lemons; whip all half an hour, and as they froth lay the froth in a sieve until it is all whipped; serve in lemonade or punch-glasses.

—KNOW'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

The letters of Victor Hugo written to his wife, in 1834, during tours of the provinces, and freshly published, record, in an interesting way, his earliest impressions of a railway. He remarks, writing of his first journey by rail, that it would not be difficult to imagine the "iron horse" a real animal. It trembled, it neighed, it slackened its pace, it bolted; but a near view dispelled the illusion. Had the locomotive been invented four centuries ago, he remarks, in a less utilitarian age, "what a chimera they would have created with what was called the 'boiler,' and the wheels would have been hidden under large drooping wings. The carriages would have assumed a hundred fantastic shapes, and in the evening a dragon or an elephant would have been seen passing near towns, drawing after them a hundred other monsters, and crossing the plains with the speed of lightning. 'C'eût été grand!'"

Ignace I. Paderewski, the renowned pianist, will visit this coast next November, to give a series of recitals. He is now regarded as one of the best exponents of pianoforte music in the world, and there is no doubt that he will create a furore here as he has in the East. The following financial statement will ably illustrate the artist's power of attracting audiences: The last recital in Boston brought \$5,413; the last one in New York brought \$7,417; and his final concert in London, on June 14th, brought \$5,000.

Some one has been to the pains to ascertain that the necessary expenses which the society girl's income must cover are \$15,000 a year. Among interesting items of the list is one of \$200 for hair-pins and toilet articles, another of \$100 for gloves, and one of \$100 more for so-called "odds and ends," and the generous amount of \$25 for charity. And still people wonder why young men do not marry.

"Dredging on the Pacific Coast" is the title of a pamphlet by J. H. Miller, attorney for a dredge inventor who is suing several other inventors for infringement of his patents, in which the varieties of dredges are compared. Published for the author in San Francisco.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

—WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourn Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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Dentist. Painless filling.  
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WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY  
\$12 Sewing Machine; perfect working machine, fully finished, adapted to light and easy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents' profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. OXFORD BROS. CO., 237 N. 3rd St., CHICAGO, ILL.

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# LINCOLN'S CABINET



# THE ARGONAUT

## DURING THE NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Up to the close of the campaign, ending November 15th, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar, and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. - Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"I know it's awfully impertinent, but tell me, are you engaged?" She—"I could tell better if you were to ask me another question first."—*Truth*.

"What I don't like about our schools," said the boy who had been chastised, "is that they run too much to physical culture."—*Washington Star*.

Young authoress (reading manuscript aloud)—"But perhaps I weary you?" *Enthusiastic friend*—"Oh, no; I long to hear the end of your story."—*Kate Field's Washington*.

Judge Duffy—"I hope I shall not see you here again." *Regular customer*—"Not see me here again! Why, you ain't going to resign your posish, are you?"—*Texas Siftings*.

Mrs. Cilly—"You are a terrible man, doctor. I believe you think women have no brains at all." *Dr. Sharpen*—"You are mistaken, madam; I have seen them at autopsies."—*Life*.

Mudge—"You don't find me wasting my time trying to get even with my enemies." *Fabsley*—"No, indeed; you are too busy trying to get ahead of your friends."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Ethel—"I thought at one time he was going to kiss me, but fortunately some one came in and he didn't." *Estelle*—"You had a narrow escape." *Ethel*—"It was a tight squeeze!"—*Life*.

Miss Calumet (of Chicago)—"How fortunate Mrs. Hymen is!" *Miss Lakeside*—"In what way?" *Miss Calumet*—"She has had a new trousseau every time she's been married."—*Cloak Review*.

"Keen scheme that of Harlow's," said Hicks; "took his boy to church last Sunday—pinched him just before the collection, and boy cried, so Harlow had to take him out. Saved his money."—*Life*.

"George Washington must have been a mere boy when he was inaugurated President," said Mrs. Wilkins; "I saw an engraving of the scene the other day, and Washington was in short trousers."—*Bazar*.

"Why on earth do you have a melodeon instead of a piano, Mawson?" "Because my daughter was so fond of music I couldn't get her to take any exercise. Now she gets the walk and music all at once."—*Bazar*.

Friend—"Why do you spend your time writing trash? Your name will never go down to posterity." *Scribbler* (author of ten-thousand-dollar prize-story, "Bloody Mike's Gory Vengeance")—"No; but my money will."—*Puck*.

Mrs. Watts—"Mary Ann, these halusters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's to-day, and her stair-rails are clean and as smooth as glass." *Mary Ann*—"Yis, mum. She has t'ree small boys."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

Miss Pinkerly—"You act as if you were uncomfortable, Mr. Tutter." *Tutter*—"Yes, Miss Pinkerly; the fact is, I have never been able to get a dress-suit to fit me." *Miss Pinkerly*—"Perhaps you don't get there early enough."—*Clothier and Furnisher*.

"Literature certainly runs in the Greensmith family. The two daughters write poetry that nobody will print, the sons write plays that nobody will act, and the mother writes novels that nobody will read." "And what does the father write?" "Oh, he writes checks that nobody will cash."—*Ex*.

Servant (delivering message)—"Mr. Triplett sends his compliments to Mr. Gazzam, with the request that he shoot his dog, which is a nuisance in the neighborhood." *Gazzam*—"Give Mr. Gazzam's compliments to Mr. Triplett, and ask him to kindly poison his daughter or burn up her piano."—*Bazar*.

"I want to get off this afternoon," said Jack Horner to his employer; "my grandmother is dead." "Look here," said the employer, severely, "didn't I give you an afternoon off a month ago because your grandmother was dead?" "Yes, sir," replied the unabashed youth; "she is still dead, sir."—*Ex*.

How he took it: *Bagley*—"I say, Downey, did it ever strike you that pretty Miss Yerkes was way off in her grammar?" *Downey*—"No; I have never noticed it." *Bagley*—"Well, I have. Confidentially, I asked her to marry me the other night, and she said: 'Mr. Downey, I'm not going to marry nobody.'"—*Judge*.

Farmer Roots—"I am sorry we let our daughter go to boarding-school." *Mrs. Roots*—"Why, Theobald?" *Farmer Roots*—"Wal, because it made her altogether too smart. You know I gave her ten dollars last week and particularly cautioned her to take care of it so she'd have something to show for a rainy day. What do you suppose she went and done?" *Mrs. Roots*—"I don't know." *Farmer Roots*—"Bought four pairs of silk stockin's."—*Ex*.

Stingray Pete (a guide)—"You have reached the highest point of the mountain, and the view is supposed to be the finest in the world. (After a pause.) I seen a five-hundred-dollar bill in your pocket-book, didn't I?" *Traveler*—"Don't mention it, my dear fellow, I didn't intend to give you so much when I started, but I suppose it's all right; you know your business best. I'm only four hundred and ninety-

eight dollars and seventy-five cents out, anyhow!"—*Life*.

"Yes, dear wife," and he closed his eyes, "the end is near. The world grows dark about me. There is a mist around me gathering thicker and thicker, as through a cloud; I hear the music of angels—sweet and sad." "No, no, John dear; that's the brass band on the corner." "What!" said the dying man, jumping from his bed and flinging the boot-jack at the leader; "have those scoundrels dared to come round here when I am dying!" And he recovered.—*Life*.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Graduate.  
He perseveres, there's no mistake,  
Though his deserts are small;  
He always tries his best to make,  
You think he knows it all.  
—*Evening Sun*.

### The Summer Girl.

She laid her head upon his vest,  
And next day he was seen  
Inquiring for some liquids rare  
To take off bandoline.  
—*New York Herald*.

### Summer Sadnesses.

The hot, perspiring days are here  
Distressing old and young,  
And pompadours now lose their pomp,  
And hangs will not stay hung.—*Truth*.

### A Plea to Woman.

O woman, woman, woman,  
Your ways are very strange!  
Week in, week out, your whims increase,  
Your fancies ever change.  
Now you've a fad for wearing things  
That don't belong to you,  
Usurping raiment of us men  
As you should never do.

O woman, woman, woman!  
Our collars and cravats  
You place around your pretty throats,  
And on your heads our hats;  
Our shirts you've confiscated, too,  
All polished and all starched,  
And to the drawer where are ensconced  
Our cuffs you've even marched.

O woman, woman, woman!  
O femininity!  
When will you call a needed halt?  
Where will the sad end be?  
Steal collar, cuff, cravat, and shirt,  
Coat, hat, or even vest,  
But leave, oh, leave our trousers,  
And we may forgive the rest.  
—*Boston News*.

### On the Yacht.

Said Jack: "This sea-breeze has one fault,  
It makes my whiskers taste of salt."  
Said pretty Lil, who near him sat,  
"Yes—doesn't it? I noticed that!"—*Puck*.

### A Dilemma.

She was a beauty of renown,  
A queen alike of wealth and fashion,  
Who walked the beach with angry frown,  
And stamped upon the sand in passion.

There glistened in her eye a tear,  
Which pique in womankind engenders;  
"What shall I do?" she cried. "Oh, dear!  
I came away without suspenders!"  
—*Cloak Review*.

### A Bachelor's Growl at Women.

Oh, the beautiful woman, the woman of ancient days,  
The ripe and the red, who are done and dead,  
With never a word of praise;  
The rich, round Sallicies and Susans, the Pollies, and  
Joans, and Prues.  
Who guarded their fame and saw no shame  
In walking in low-heeled shoes.

They never shrieked on a platform; they never desired a  
vote;  
They sat in a row and liked things slow,  
While they knitted, or patched a coat.  
They lived with nothing of Latin, and a jolly sight less of  
Greek.

And made up their books and changed their cooks  
On an average once a week.

They never ventured in hansom, nor climbed to the top-  
most 'bus.  
Nor talked with a twang in the latest slang;  
They left these fashions to us.  
But, ah! she was sweet and pleasant, though possibly not  
well read,  
The excellent wife who cheered your life,  
And vanished at ten to bed.

And it's oh, the pity, the pity that time should ever annul,  
The wearers of skirts who mended shirts  
And never thought nurseries dull.  
For everything's topsy-turvy now; the men are hedged  
at ten.

While the women sit up, and smoke and sup,  
In the Club of the Chickless Hen.—*Punch*.

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From the malicious sprite, dyspepsia, the stomach  
may still regain its accustomed order and equilibrium  
by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Heart-  
burn, wind on the stomach, acidity, nervous annoy-  
ance, and disturbed rest all indicative of chronic in-  
digestion, are obviated by it. It is unparalleled for  
malaria, constipation, biliousness, and rheumatism.

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our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, rib-  
bons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

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and teeth without plates a specialty.  
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Sixteenth Year.

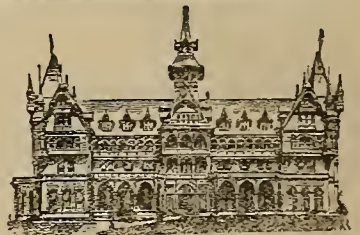
Christmas Term will open Monday, August 1st, 1892.  
Prepares for University and business.  
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MISS M. LAKE, Principal.



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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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## TO ARGONAUT READERS.

Those among our readers who would like to bring this journal to the attention of their friends may do so by sending a postal card to this office, with the address of the person or persons to whom they desire it sent. On receipt of the postal, a sample copy will be immediately forwarded.

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## THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

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Of London. Established 1836.

**GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,**  
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

In advertising, cut short long titles. Let the article you advertise have a short name. In the paper I read this evening is an advertisement of the Richmond and West Point Terminal Railway and Warehouse Company. This is altogether too long. There is a printing concern in New York entitled "Trow's Printing and Bookbinding Company." Every official of that company evades writing the title at full length. Life is too short. We know what they do in the religious bodies. They ruthlessly abbreviate them, like the old lady who prayed for the "Y. M. C. A., the A. B. C. F. M., the W. T. U., the M. E. Church, and especially for the S. P. C. A." This is ridiculous, but it is not only ridiculous but foolish, when advertisers chop off half the name of their commodity, so that it can be printed in a line. Good names may be difficult to find, but they increase the chance of success in advertising, and every advertiser does not strike the target full in the centre. I have no doubt that Perry Davis's Pain-Killer has sold a quarter more of that medicine than if it had had another name, and twice as much as if it had been called Davis's Universal Pain Alleviator and Destroyer. Much depends upon a happy name. It must be short, so that the average man can remember it, and that the printer can properly display it.—P. in Printers' Ink.

It is safe to assume that no one addresses the public through the medium of an advertisement without having to offer some article of special value, or some opportunity for employment or investment. These matters are such as almost every one frequently needs to consider. Hence the advertising columns of a paper should not be treated as of little interest and cast aside because they do not embody the general news of the day in the sense of reporting startling occurrences of political or social life. The chances are that the reader of advertisement columns will find in them something showing how to satisfy a want to greater advantage or at less expense than had been expected. Thus the advertisement is news of special value to the individual, as telegrams and local reports are news of general interest.—New York Recorder.

**GERMEA**  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO., SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 5.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 1, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at the American Newspaper Agency, 45 King William Street, Strand, W. C. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, Union Square. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The lesson of the Homestead riots and of the attempted murder of H. C. Frick, which followed them, is clear. The questions involved are simply these: Has a workingman the right to sell his labor to whom he pleases, on the terms he

pleases, or has he not? Has an employer of labor the right to employ whom he pleases, on the terms he pleases, or has he not? The labor unions—especially in this State—answer both these questions in the negative; and yet if the laboring man is not free to choose his employer, and the employer is not free to choose his workman, both of them are 'slaves to the power which abridges their natural liberty—that is, the labor unions. The issue which is being fought out to a finish in Pennsylvania and Idaho is simply whether it is best that the mass of workingmen and employers should be subjected to the domination of a self-constituted oligarchy of laboring men, or whether each man—employer or employee—should be left free to enjoy his natural rights.

Democratic newspapers are falsely representing the contest at Homestead as a struggle between capital and labor. It is nothing of the kind. It is a fight between one set of laborers, banded together in a union, and another, and much larger set of laborers, who are not members of any union. The former deny the right of the latter to work and to live; and when the denial is contested, they resort to violence, kill guards, and try to murder the employer who rebels against the despotism they are trying to establish. Such a contention not only can not be reconciled with the principles on which this nation rests, but it is amazing that it should be seriously put forth.

The Homestead strikers assert by word and deed their right to designate who shall and who shall not be employed at the Carnegie works. That is not only usurping control of another man's property, but it is undertaking to declare that no man shall live in this country unless he belongs to a labor union. It is setting irresponsible bodies of workmen, gathered from no one knows where, and led by ignorant day-laborers, above the law and the authorities. It is the assertion of a power which no monarch ever assumed to wield. It is overturning American institutions to substitute for them the rule of a mob.

And yet this preposterous pretension of the Homestead strikers has received the approval of a number of Democratic newspapers, under the lead of the New York World, and has been tacitly sanctioned by other sheets, which, without applauding the strikers, have seen nothing in their conduct which called for rebuke. The journal which, in the face of such occurrences as the Homestead strike, has no word of censure for the strikers, is their accomplice. It aids and abets them by its silence. These two classes of newspapers—the open and the secret allies of the strikers—are doing a mischief for which it is difficult to find adequate terms of reprobation. The Tory who made signals to the English fleet in the War of 1812, the Copperhead who transmitted to the rebels early intelligence of the movements of the Union armies, was not such a public enemy as the publicist who encourages by speech or by silence the attempts of the labor unions to subvert the freedom which is the basis of our national life. For the union strikers can, at any rate, plead ignorance and passion; but the editor who abets them, either by the words he speaks or by the words he withholds, acts in cold blood and with full knowledge of the iniquity of his course. If a gibbet is raised to execute the rebels against the liberty of the wage-earner, he should be the first to hang on it.

The end of this contest is as certain as was the end of the war for slavery. The American people planted a commonwealth on the principle that every man was entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, which included the right of working for whom he chose, and on the terms he chose. They are not going to let a parcel of ignorant foreigners, or equally ignorant natives, overthrow that principle. Attempts to violate it will be resisted, and the resistance will continue till they cease. Violence will be met by force, and folly will be cured in blood. The pistol and knife and dynamite bomb of the anarchist will be confronted with the Gatling gun, and with serried lines of rifles in resolute hands. The American people have not spent a century in giving the world an example of a government of freemen to have their enterprise wrecked at this stage by the crass stupidity of mobs. It is quite likely that the education which the working-class

appears to require will involve severe lessons. The class from which the strikers at Homestead and Cœur d'Alene seem to have been recruited is not amenable to reasoning. Blows—heavy and repeated blows—are necessary to carry conviction to their minds. The mob which hunted the fleeing non-union miners through the bushes at Cœur d'Alene, and shot them as they tried to escape; the mob which beat and half-murdered the Carnegie guards after they had surrendered; the class which furnished the woman who poked a prisoner's eye out when his hands were tied; the breed which supplied the wretches who applauded the attempt to murder Frick—these creatures must be dealt with in the only way which they can be made to feel. And if these wretches are to be taught, the only lessons they can appreciate, that this is a law of law and order, and that no man can deny to another the right of earning his bread, what shall be done with the public teachers who, knowing better, aided and abetted them by their speech and their silence? Is there any lower depth for a journalist to sink to than to encourage a mob in violence to its own undoing? Can there be a baser part for a public writer to play? Is it possible that there is a viler form of demagoguery than that?

The labor-union mania has probably run its course in this country. The great bulk of workingmen are orderly and intelligent; they must have enough by this time of the leadership of ignorant blatherskites who run unions for the money that is to be made by managing strikes and settlements. Their sense of right and wrong must revolt at recent events. It would not be surprising if most of the leading unions went to pieces of their own accord, and their officers had to go to work. But whether this is so or not the working-class may make up its mind that the attempt to establish a labor despotism on the ruins of industry is going to fail, and when the failure is pronounced, the people who aided and abetted the rebellion against freedom are not likely to be forgotten.

The Argonaut demands miracles at the Church of St. James, corner of Guerrero and Twenty-Third Streets. Are we to be told that the Hair of St. James in San Francisco is in anywise inferior in power to the Wrist of St. Anne in New York? Can there be any tenable ground for a conclusion so repugnant to local pride?—a conclusion that is no better than blasphemous, since to accept it would be to accept the impious notion that the Almighty (if it be His pleasure to manifest Himself through locks of hair and fragments of skin and bone) is a respecter of persons and localities. Let Archbishop Riordan do his plain duty, and the Argonaut will engage to herald to the world every genuine miracle performed, to the confusion of the heretic, the confounding of the skeptic, and the upbuilding of the Holy Roman Catholic Church in California.

Blessed and authenticated by the Pope, and the authentication clinched by the certificate of Abbot Leopold Zelli Jacobuzzi, another fragment of the wrist of St. Anne, Grandmother of God, has arrived in New York, and is now numbered among the most precious possessions of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, East Seventy-Sixth Street. It is warranted to be off the same piece of St. Anne as the holy relic which is enshrined at the Church of St. Anne de Beaupré, in the Archdiocese of Quebec, which some weeks ago filled with fervor the Irish-Catholic foreign city of New York, sometimes known as the American metropolis. That fragment was placed on view, as will be remembered, at this same church of St. Jean Baptiste, which has now set up in business for itself. No less than forty thousand people went to see it, and it was adored by Archbishop Corrigan, Contractor Crimmins, and others of the aristocracy of New York, clerical and lay. Many miracles were worked, and as much as fifteen thousand dollars taken in, to the great glory of God and the strengthening of the one true church, which is the lamp of faith and leader of science in this nineteenth century. There is no reason why this second section of the Wrist should not prove as potent as the other for the cure of the sick, the healing of the lame and blind, and the interests of the box-office. Mgr. M. who



brought it from Rome—where for many years it had lain in the Basilica of St. Paul's-Without-the-Walls in charge of the pious and truth-telling Benedictine monks—delivered it into the hands of Mgr. O'Reilly at New York, who packed it to the residence of Father Tetreau, pastor of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, who conferred upon a reporter of the devout and reverent *Herald* the singular honor of a private view. The favored journalist says in his account:

"He led the way into the house, and, unlocking a small, fire-proof safe, brought out a rounded casket of pure silver, framed in cut-crystal, in which, through a crystal cover, perfectly air-tight, of course, could be seen a piece of bone about two inches in length and half an inch wide, with rough, broken ends, and attached to the under side a few shreds of desiccated skin and flesh. It was fastened in place by a piece of ancient parchment, on which was written the following inscription:

EX OSSIBUS SANCTE ANNE,  
MATRIS BEATISSIME MARIE VIRGINIS.

"There it is," said Father Tetreau, his vivacious eyes glowing with pleasure, "and I am happy in being the custodian of this treasure. The doctor who has examined the bone says it is a piece of the forearm just above the wrist, so it must have been a near neighbor of the part I had here in June."

An enlarged force of priests has been laid on to handle the great increase in the business of the Church of St. Jean Baptiste, which the presence of the relic inspires. Miracles will begin as soon as His Grace Archbishop Corrigan passes the word to Mgr. O'Reilly, and tickets of admission (price, fifty cents each) have been printed and received the arch-episcopal rubber-stamp on the back.

Now, why should New York be allowed a monopoly of this godly and highly profitable business? There is no absence of faith here in San Francisco, and the faithful have plenty of loose change. We have the churches, we have the relics, and we have the priests. We also have our full share of the lame, the halt, and the blind. All the conditions for the performance of miracles, therefore, are supplied. To us it seems that our friend Archbishop Riordan is remiss in his duty—as a Catholic prelate and a man of business—in not setting the mill going. Why, for instance, should we not have miracles in the new Church of St. James, at the corner of Guerrero and Twenty-Third Streets? On Sunday last, there were exhibited in that temple relics of St. James the Apostle, which were seen and venerated by hundreds of the believing members of Brother Riordan's flock. The pious *Examiner* tells us:

"A little altar specially arranged was stationed just within the railing at the left side of the sanctuary, and thereon the golden reliquary reposed. Close inspection revealed two very small dark objects within the glass. One of these was said to be a bit of cloth from a garment worn by St. James, and the other a minute lock of the apostle's hair. Father Lynch, the pastor, declared that these relics had been obtained by him from the church authorities at Rome, that they were fully authenticated, and that there could be no doubt of their genuineness."

To remove any doubt as to their genuineness that might still linger in the mind cursed with modern skepticism, Father Lynch further said to the reporter of the solemn and saintly *Examiner*: "I have not made extended inquiries about them, for I have not felt that there was any reason to do so." It is because of this noble reliance on sacred authority that the clerical has an immense advantage over the secular intellect in the pursuit of truth.

The recent labor troubles at Homestead and the tragic occurrences which have accompanied them, have tended in a great measure to divert public attention for the time being from the Presidential contest. But it is well to say, here and now, that the claims of the Democratic organs—to wit, that the Homestead riots will cause a Republican defeat—are utterly unfounded. If they were well-founded, and Democratic success were to rest on such a foundation, it would be time for all decent men to leave a country where constitutional government was at an end.

If there be any political aftermath to this harvest of riot, murder, and attempted assassination, it will probably be found in an increased Republican majority in Pennsylvania. The conservative element in that State is largely the preponderant one, and the property-owners of Pennsylvania will not rally to the support of a party which numbers Palmer, of Illinois, among its spokesmen, and which, through its press, preaches the doctrines of anarchy.

Every reasoning and intelligent person knows that the tariff had no connection with the proposed change in the schedule of wages at Homestead. The chief factor in the lowered price of the Pennsylvania product was the competition of Alabama and Tennessee iron and steel with the Pennsylvania mills. Iron ore in both those States can be mined and milled more cheaply than in Pennsylvania, both because of natural advantages and because negro labor is cheaper than white labor in the latter State. In some stages of iron-making in the South, convict labor is used. It is on this account that the Carnegie Company found itself com-

pelled to lower its prices, to meet the competition of the South.

Let us eliminate the labor troubles from a consideration of the Presidential situation. As for the "side-shows," neither Candidate Weaver, of the People's party, nor Candidate Bidwell, of the Prohibition party, will have a single vote in the electoral college. The question then is, will Benjamin Harrison or Grover Cleveland receive the two hundred and twenty-three electoral votes necessary to a choice?

In 1888, the loss of New York defeated Cleveland. New York was absolutely indispensable to Democratic success in 1888. It is as necessary to-day. The new apportionment gives:

REPUBLICAN GAINS.	
Old States.	New States.
California .....	Idaho .....
Colorado .....	Montana .....
Illinois .....	North Dakota .....
Kansas .....	South Dakota .....
Massachusetts .....	Washington .....
Minnesota .....	Wyoming .....
Nebraska .....	
Oregon .....	
Pennsylvania .....	
Wisconsin .....	
Total .....	35

Republican loss, Michigan .....

Republican gain by new apportionment .....

DEMOCRATIC GAINS.	
Alabama .....	Texas .....
Arkansas .....	Michigan .....
Georgia .....	
Missouri .....	Total .....
New Jersey .....	
Gain in Democratic electors by new apportionment .....	14

The new apportionment enables the Republicans to elect without Indiana. It does not enable the Democrats to elect without New York. They must have its thirty-six votes. As Harrison beat Cleveland in New York by 14,373 votes in 1888, there is no reason why he should not do so again by an even larger vote in 1892.

Here is another arrangement of figures which will interest those who like to study permutations and combinations. Starting with Harrison's 233 and Cleveland's 168, in 1888, and adding the new votes to them, Harrison should have 233 and 16 and 17, or 266, while Cleveland should have 168 and 7 and 3, or 178. If we concede New York to Cleveland the result will be: Harrison, 266 less 36, or 230; Cleveland, 178 and 36, or 214; which, of course, elects Harrison. Or, to put it in a different light, if Cleveland carries New York and Indiana, but loses Connecticut and West Virginia, the figures will stand: Harrison, 266 and 12, equals 278, less 51, equals 227; Cleveland, 178 less 12, equals 166, add 51, equals 217, which combination is equally adverse to Cleveland and favorable to Harrison.

After all, though, it is not a question of candidates but of policy and principles. When the Democrats can explain away the fact that during the past fiscal year, under the operations of the McKinley Bill, our exports have exceeded our imports by \$202,900,000, most of the excess being in the staple products of which we always have a surplus, it will be time to talk about discarding our present fiscal system.

"Judge" H. Clay King, of Tennessee, is about to be hanged, for shooting another "judge." This is most unusual in the South, for when judges and colonels in that favored region shoot and stab each other, juries acquit, newspapers "regret," and widows mourn. In this case, an element which is additionally bitter (to Judge King) is the fact that he was himself the author of the law under which he has been convicted.

In this country, a "prominent citizen" who has received provocation from an acquaintance, runs little risk of being hanged if he kills his man. His lawyer will plead emotional insanity, and it is odds that the jury will be carried away by his argument. Juries do not like to sentence a man to death in cold blood for a deed committed in hot blood. It is no wonder that homicide becomes more prevalent from year to year.

In 1880, the number of prisoners charged with homicide and confined in jail was 4,608. In 1890, it had increased to 7,351, an increase of 59.53 per cent., while the increase in the total population was only 24.86 per cent. Murder had increased more than twice as rapidly as population. The increase is inexplicable, except on the theory that the impunity which homicide enjoys encourages evil-minded men to give the rein to their passions, and it is difficult to resist the inference that, if the laws were more rigorously enforced, there would be fewer murders. The mawkish sentimentality which screens the murderer from his proper doom—which has actually abolished the death penalty directly in Rhode Island, Michigan, and Wisconsin, and has abolished it indirectly in Kansas, by leaving to the discretion of the governor the selection of a day for the execution—must be regarded as the chief cause of the growth of homicide.

In France, the law authorizes a court not only to sentence a murderer to death, or some lighter penalty, but likewise to condemn him to pay damages to the family of his victim. Thus when one Asselin lately killed M. de Saint Victor in a duel, the court sentenced him to four months' imprisonment

and to pay 100,000 francs to the widow of the murdered man. It must be presumed that Asselin was a man of means and was able to pay the sum awarded. The prospect of a sentence for damages would have no terrors for the common assassin, who belongs to the lowest stratum of society. But it is possible that the risk of being compelled to support the family of the murdered man might have a more restraining effect on the well-to-do ruffian than the danger of a death sentence, which he knows he can generally escape. A jury which hesitated to sentence a homicide to the gallows would have no compunction in ordering him to pay damages for his crime. In France, if the murderer belonged to a society, and was carrying out the purposes of the society when he killed his man, the society would be held responsible in damages as well as himself. It is a question of law whether the Amalgamated Iron and Steel Workers' Association, which has or had a plethora of treasure, is not similarly liable in damages to the families of the guards whom its members assassinated. A jury might acquit Hugh O'Donnell from fellow-feeling on the part of a few of its members, but it might make O'Donnell's association support the families of his victims.

Among the prisoners now in jail in the United States under charges of homicide, there are quite a number who may be presumed to be able to pay damages to the families of their victims. There are among them 10 clergymen, 15 physicians, 8 dentists, 7 lawyers, 20 teachers, 2 planters, 15 stock-raisers, 10 cattle-traders, 31 merchants, 3 contractors, 13 druggists, 4 grocers, 4 real-estate brokers, 5 livery-stable-keepers, 12 millers, 6 brewers, 10 hotel-keepers, 28 saloon-keepers. Several of these should be able to pay a weekly allowance to the women they made widows and the children they made orphans. The sentence would be in the nature of a sentence for contempt, and, in the case of neglect to pay, would be alternative with imprisonment at the rate of one day for every dollar of the damages.

But the true cure for murder is to make the death penalty absolutely certain. And events point that way. The plea of emotional insanity is becoming farcical. It will presently be equivalent to a plea of guilty, with an appeal to the mercy of the jury. Where a man takes life in protecting himself, his family, or his property, or in vindication of outrage upon a female member of his household, law and practice declare that he is guiltless of crime. But the line is drawn there. Under any other circumstances, "the unlawful killing of a human being with malice aforethought"—to borrow the terse language of our code—ought to be punished with death, and can only be so repressed. It may be well to note that of the 7,386 prisoners held on charges of homicide, 2,188, or nearly one-third, are either foreign-born or of foreign parentage. The only restraint that murderers can feel is that which springs from the rope tightening round the throat, and when the danger of that diminishes, murder increases by an inexorable law.

The Presbyterian ministers of San Francisco, at their weekly meeting on Monday morning last, discussed the Sunday newspaper and the propriety of the reading thereof by godly men upon the Sabbath-day. That stalwart and aggressive sentinel in the watch-towers of Zion, Elder Roberts, led off in the debate by reading from the *Argonaut* of May 2d an article which gave a truthful description of the average Sunday newspaper as being "vapid, dense, salacious, scandal-mongering, crude, and as commercial as sanded sugar," and declaring it to be "but the legitimate successor of the village gossip and coffee-room *raconteur*." Our friend, the elder, did his taste credit by announcing that, although he himself never committed the sin of reading Sunday newspapers, he agreed entirely with the *Argonaut's* view of them. It is true that Elder Roberts did not explain how, having no personal knowledge of his subject, he became entitled to hold an opinion concerning it, but that oversight attracted no attention from the intellectual giants with whom he crossed swords. For not a few of the brethren boldly confessed that they did read the Sunday newspaper, and some even went the disgraceful length of avowing that they liked it. One extraordinary being asserted that in the Sunday newspaper he "had found the ablest articles—morally and intellectually—he had ever read," that "some of the editorials excelled in thought and in the teaching of moral truths—in fact, they were grand, brilliant." It is sufficient to say that a man whose mental and spiritual wants can be satisfied by browsing in the weedy pasture of Sunday journalism is incapable of comprehending why the Prodigal Son should have deserted the swine and returned to his father, so long as the supply of husks held out.

The daily press, with a good-nature for which we give it credit, has furnished a pretty full synopsis of the Presbyterian preachers' debate. It is easy to perceive, by the aid of these reports, that the clerical mind is suffering either from an honest confusion of thought or a dishonest disinclination to be frank. The only reason why a clergyman has special



cause to object to the Sunday newspaper is that, if he be committed to the belief in the continuing force of the divine command to "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," it is his clear duty to reprobate its publication or perusal on that day. Otherwise he is on precisely the same footing as the laity, who in this year of grace are prone to take it for granted that, although no special revelation has been vouchsafed, the Lord's ancient command has fallen into partial desuetude. The eye unspectacled with the lense of regeneration can detect no greater turpitude in the printing or reading of a newspaper on the Sabbath than in the running of a street-car or riding in that strictly secular conveyance; or in the employment of carriages and drivers by the opulent righteous; or the use of sextons to ring bells, open and shut and air sanctuaries—work which, however laborious, might still be performed by the preachers, were they strict in saving others from the doing of all but absolutely necessary toil. A doctor of divinity might not like to sweep off the steps and lock up the portals of the sanctuary after the congregation which had listened to his eloquent sermon had departed, yet, if true to his convictions as a Sabbatarian, he would much rather do these things himself than impose them upon the hired man. There can be no dispute at all about the publisher of a Sunday newspaper being a Sabbath-breaker. So, also, is the publisher of a morning paper on Monday, as the reverend wayfaring man, though a fool, must know, since far more of the work required by a Monday paper is done on the Sabbath than is the case with the Sunday journal.

This being admitted—and it can not be denied—we get the Sunday newspaper in the prisoner's dock of the court of secular opinion. It is only by keeping it there, and trying it there for its crimes, that the clergy can make headway against it. For surely not even our esteemed contemporary, Elder Roberts, can be so sanguine, or so impervious to the spirit of the age, as to suppose that a Puritan Colonial Sabbath can be imposed upon the people of the United States. The hands of the clock of enlightenment are not to be turned backward at this stage of the game, if we may be permitted to employ the language of the worldly. Elder Roberts is right in inveighing against the preachers who read Sunday newspapers; but he is wrong in his notion of why they are to blame. The iniquity is not in reading them on Sunday, but in reading them at all. Why should any man, cleric or lay, offend his eyes and affront his mind by gazing on pictures of the females of our aristocracy as they appear in their bathing-suits on the beach at Santa Cruz? Why should he inform himself that Needham, with a swinging right-hander, mashed Dawson's nose even with his face, and got a punch over the heart in return that made him roll up his eyes and look sea-sick? Why should he gorge himself on the particulars of the latest divorce scandal, the newest lynching, the most recent stabbing, or the proceedings of the Democratic State Central Committee? Why should he batten on descriptions of the "dives," written not with a view to reforming them, but to gratify a prurient curiosity as to the behavior of the lewd women who infest them?

It is true that the daily as well as the Sunday paper gives much space to matter of this cheerful sort; but that is only a further reason why the preachers, and every other person having an interest in the spiritual part of the masses, should make common cause for the cleansing of the press. If our co-worker, Elder Roberts, and all who think with him, should broaden the scope of their condemnation so as to include the newspapers of every day in the week, the abstention of such from patronizing the press, either as subscribers or advertisers, would necessarily result either in the creation of a class of newspapers which would not offend decency and would be fit for home reading; or else the newspapers that we now have would find it to their interest to cater to the requirements of the better classes instead of to the bar-rooms and bawdy-houses, as they do at present. As the *Argonaut* observed in the article read to the preachers by Elder Roberts: "The sword of righteousness ought to be drawn on the Sunday newspaper, because it helps to degrade the minds and morals of the populace. A good Sunday newspaper—one, that is, in which a reasonable amount of attention should be shown for the wants and tastes of the civilized element in the community, instead of nine-tenths of its space being devoted to satisfying the strong appetites of the slums—would be a blessing, and one to which the now harassed and alarmed pulpit could well afford to give its sacred approval."

The *Examiner*, which assumes to represent the Democratic party of California, and probably is a fair representative of that party, has taken up a position on the attempted assassination of Henry C. Frick which must merit the severest reprobation of every intelligent, law-abiding citizen of the United States, no matter what his political sentiments or affiliations may be. In an editorial article, published the day after the attack on Mr. Frick, that paper began by de-

ploring the attempt upon his life; but in a very short time betrayed its real sentiments, which are those of tacit approval and sympathy with anarchy and misrule. Speaking of the situation at Homestead as being in a measure responsible for the attempt on Mr. Frick's life, that journal said:

"The laws as they stand offer no adequate remedy for the situation. They grant the workman in his contests with the employer no right but one—the right to refuse to work—which right he would possess without the grant of the laws. To maintain public order the army of the State of Pennsylvania has taken possession of Homestead. But, under shelter of that necessary army, Mr. Frick has been enabled—and lawfully enabled—to gain as complete a victory over the locked-out men as if every one of them had signed his submission. That the workmen of the United States should revere the laws under which some of their number have been thus defeated and made helpless as the best that human wisdom could possibly contrive, is hardly to be expected. They do not feel that they are getting fair play."

If this be not a plea for anarchy, sought to be concealed under sympathy for men out of employment, then words have no meaning. Why do not the laws offer an adequate remedy for the situation? It is true that no law with which we are familiar, State or national, gives to employees the right to take forcible possession of the property of the employer, in order to compel him to agree to the terms which they offer as to wages and hours of labor; but, with this exception, the laws, when properly administered, protect the rights of the workingman just as fully and fairly as those of the employer.

The corollary of the *Examiner's* argument is, of course, a plea for the gospel of murder. Because the workmen of the United States do not revere the laws under which some of their number have been defeated and made helpless, the reader is permitted, if not expected, to draw the conclusion that every one may take the law into his own hands, and if an employer or capitalist stand in the way or be obnoxious to the individual, he may remove him by the pistol or knife and still be within his legal rights, or, at least, not be amenable to punishment for the deed. In other words, it is the commendation and approval of anarchy, pure and simple, and there is no escape from it.

The Democratic party will soon ask the people of the United States to commit the government of the nation to its hands for the next four years. Yet the leaders and the organs of the Democratic party are not only apologists for but advocates of assassination and anarchy, on the ground that workmen can not revere the laws of the country? From the East to the West, Democratic newspapers are upholding the riotous strikers at Homestead. The *World* in New York has been their champion, and the *Examiner* has played the same rôle in San Francisco. In Congress, Senators Voorhees and Palmer, acknowledged Democratic leaders, have encouraged attacks upon property, and have uttered words upon the floor of the Senate of the United States which sounded like the frenzied speeches of Herr Most or the ravings of Ravachol. The Democratic party, through its leaders and its organs, stands committed in favor of the abolition of property rights, the advocacy of riots and mob law, the spreading of anarchy, and now to the encouragement of murder.

Amsterdam is a seaport in which man has battled against the forces of nature, and overcome them. It was originally a salt marsh, formed by the discharge of the Rivers Y and Amstel into the Zuyder Zee; every house in it is built on piles, and the city itself is divided into ninety islands, consisting of land which has been reclaimed from the ocean. In the early days of its commercial growth, the sea, driven by a north-east wind, often overflowed the city, and drove vessels lying in the Y and in the mouth of the Amstel aground on the flats. To obviate this, vast dams and breakwaters were constructed to keep the channel open. But it became apparent half a century ago that, notwithstanding all engineering devices, Amsterdam could no longer hold her position as a port for great sea-going ships unless the channel in the harbor could be deepened. A canal was dug accordingly—the Dutchman is nothing if not a canaller—across the peninsula of North Holland to Helder on the North Sea, a distance of some twelve miles. This obviated the difficulty for the time; but it involved a transshipment of goods at the canal mouth, and another canal was undertaken, large enough to accommodate the heaviest sea-going steamers, so that they could sail into Amsterdam. The reader will observe the enormous expenditure and the outlay of energy and skill which were required to maintain Amsterdam's position as a seaport; he can hardly help comparing it with another seaport, with a slightly smaller population than that of the great city of Holland, where nature has done so much that man is unwilling to do anything. With a title of the enterprise which the Dutch have displayed at Amsterdam, San Francisco might have made itself one of the greatest seaports of the world.

It may be said of Amsterdam, and North Holland generally, that it yields few raw products for export except

butter and cheese. At Amsterdam and Harlem there are factories of silk, linen, wool, leather, paper, and carpets, and several sugar refineries. But the raw material used in these works is imported. The Dutch colonies in the East Indies ship quantities of coffee and tobacco to the Dutch ports, and from the Straits Settlements considerable amounts of tin are received. Holland is a large buyer of raw beet-root sugar, which it refines and exports. The merchants are men of wealth, and always stand ready to buy foreign produce at the market rate; thus it has become an *entrepôt* not only for coffee and tobacco, but also for tin, grain, provisions, rice, petroleum, cotton, and oleomargarine. The Dutch way of dealing with the latter article is in marked contrast to the American way. When the first oleomargarine factories were started in this country, the dairymen took the alarm, and, claiming that they were as justly entitled to protection as the woolen manufacturers, insisted upon a revenue tax on the new commodity, which was calculated to prohibit its manufacture. The Dutch, on the contrary, though they are the largest butter-makers in the world, in proportion to population, welcomed the new product, excelled their neighbors in its manufacture, and now supply Europe with it.

With the money derived from the exportation of finished products—made out of foreign raw material—Amsterdam is able to supply herself with a number of American manufactures which she needs. Thus she is a large importer of American wooden furniture, wheel-spokes, wooden handles for steel tools, railroad material, steam engines, and electric-power machinery, leather belting and shafting, agricultural tools, pumps, shovels, hoes, rakes, forks, and spades.

Late returns of the shipping of the port are not to hand. A few years ago, the movement out and in was about three thousand steamers, with an aggregate tonnage of two million tons, and some twelve hundred sailing ships, with an aggregate tonnage of about six hundred thousand tons. It must be much larger now.

The ships of Amsterdam have found their way into every sea on the globe. And every producer throughout the world has known that whatever wars raged, and however tight money markets were, he could always get cash for his merchandise at Amsterdam. A needy monarch can always borrow a dozen millions at Amsterdam, if his credit is good and he will pay enough for the loan.

San Francisco is unlike Amsterdam in many ways. She has not, like Amsterdam, been obliged to dig canals to make herself a seaport. But where she is most unlike Amsterdam is in this—that she does not freely use the great ocean highway upon whose shore she is seated.

It is a grievous thing to say, but it is the belief of a majority of the people of this State that the Ruggles brothers, who were lynched at Redding, met only their deserts. Their crime was a most cowardly one. They lay in wait for a stage on which they knew was treasure. They fired upon the stage from ambush. They killed the brave express messenger, Montgomery. They grievously wounded with buck-shot several of the passengers, and crippled for life the driver, who, despite his desperate wounds, drove to the nearest town his load of dead and dying men. The elder of the two bandits then abandoned his bleeding brother, and fled to hide the booty. When caught, the elder Ruggles would have shot the officer of the law, had he not himself been wounded. After his arrest, he posed as a dime-novel hero, and won the admiration of the usual gang of feeble-minded women, who visited him at his cell with books, and flowers, and flattery. He boasted that with his hidden booty he could clear himself with cunning attorneys and the chicanery of the law. He even went so far as to attempt to stain with the charge of collusion the brave express messenger Montgomery, who had met his death in the discharge of his duty. It was more than suspected that he was concerned in two other stage robberies, in one of which a young girl was shot dead. For a quarter of a century the wild and mountainous County of Shasta has been infested with kindred scoundrels. The last trial of a murderer there cost the county thirty thousand dollars, and, through the efforts of slippery attorneys, the murderer's neck was saved. Under the circumstances the citizens can scarcely be blamed for taking the law into their own hands. It is always a bad thing to break the law, but it is not a bad thing that two such infamous and cowardly scoundrels as these Ruggles brothers should have ended their evil lives.

At the Republican convention in Sacramento last week, the following gentlemen were nominated: For Congress: first district, E. W. Davis, of Sonoma; second district, John F. Davis, of Calaveras; third district, S. G. Hilborn (also nominated to fill the unexpired term of ex-Congressman McKenna, resigned); fourth district, C. O. Alexander, of San Francisco; fifth district, Eugene H. Smith, of San Francisco.



## THE AUDITOR'S WIFE.

How Little Mrs. Burton Beat the Opposition Candidate.

It was September, and "Sile" Burton was "in the hands of his friends" for the fourth time, after the ancient and honorable custom of candidates for political preferment. Odd, is it not, that men who are otherwise very bright will delude themselves with the idea that they are deluding other people with that venerable lie? I never knew a man to rise to any remarkable altitude in the world political who left his candidacy to "his friends." Once in a while, a man of that sort comes to the surface and is pushed into the city council, or on to the board of education, by "friends" who are too lazy to want those thankless, bootless jobs themselves. This trustful individual always shines in the position thus thrust upon him. Having nothing to fear, he inaugurates reforms, says what his innocent, guileless mind prompts him to say, and does divers other impractical and impolitic things, thereby making himself a record, but making it uncomfortable for "the boys," who tremble all the time for fear he will succeed, by the help of the only-too-willing opposition, in doing some supremely idiotic thing that will cost the party a lot of votes at the next election. So his first term is generally his last, and "the boys" gently, but firmly, consign him to the oblivion of his own private affairs and a clear conscience, which latter is considered by most people to be a very comfortable thing to possess.

As I said, however, Sile Burton, auditor of Apache County, was in the hands of his friends. That was literally true, however, on this particular occasion, for Sile was a very sick man. It was his own fault; that is, he had no business to go, as he did, with Sheriff Tom Owens, to suppress that riot over in the Bloomer District, last month. It was not in the line of his duties. But, then, the call had been a basty and imperative one, and poor Tom was short on deputies as well as being pressed for time, and Sile could hardly have refused to go even if he had wanted to, which he did not. He enjoyed a little row as well as the sheriff himself did, and, besides, he was one of the most obliging men in the world. So he went, and not only got hit with a club or something, but received a 44-bullet in his interior department, while Tom and the rest of the posse escaped without a scratch. Sile was better now, and could think with considerable facility; which was unfortunate, perhaps, because his thoughts were mostly of his expiring term of office and his helpless condition.

It was pretty tough, everybody agreed, because it was going to be a "close" year, and Sile was a great worker. His friends, too, unfortunately were kept pretty busy looking out for their own scalps, and could not give his affairs the attention they needed.

There was the last payment still due on the house; there was "paper" in the bank to be taken up; Sile Burton was in a bad financial way, because, in addition to being what is known as a "good fellow," he had made some unfortunate investments lately, and now, to complete his misery and overflow the cup, Brad Boutwell, of Chloride District, had come out, in his sneaking but effective way, for Jere Hobart for county auditor, and was working night and day for his man, who had been Sile's strongest opponent in the last convention. Oh, it was tough, and here was Sile, lying helpless, with the nominating convention only two weeks away!

All this, and much more, Sile poured into the ears of his pretty little wife, as she hovered over him attending to his many wants, in the way that nobody but a woman, and a womanly woman, ever will learn. She did not say so, but she had had a talk with Tom Owens that day, and he had agreed with her that the outlook was pretty blue; for Brad Boutwell, boss of the Mountain Girl and two lesser mines, employer of three hundred men and an entirely unscrupulous politician, was about the worst man in the county to have on the other side, and he had assured Owens that he certainly intended to defeat Burton's renomination, and "that's all there is to it." It goes too, what Brad Boutwell says, and you know it, Tom Owens.

Yes, Tom did know it, and he knew that without Boutwell his own name was "Dennis," for he had not the strength in the precincts near town that Burton had. So his hands were tied, and he could do nothing for Sile in the Chloride District.

Mrs. Burton said nothing to Sile of Tom's visit to the boss of Chloride. She closed his complaining lips with a kiss every now and then, and chirped away as cheerfully as though mortgages, and unpaid notes, and big surgeon's bills, and conventions had never a part in her life. And all this time she kept up a "blame sight o' thinkin'," as Tom Owens used to say to his wife, who was also an ardent admirer of the little "tenderfoot" bride Sile Burton had brought from the States a few months before.

Sile Burton was sleeping soundly next morning, when his wife, the usual smile gone from her face, stole up to his bedside, kissed him softly two or three times, and ran over to the Owens's. It was not until ten o'clock that he awoke and noticed that the woman by the window was not Mary, but Mrs. Owens. And he did not know that this kindly, big-hearted woman lied when she told him that Mary had "just gone down to the Springs to get a prescription filled that they couldn't put up here, and would be back on the two-thirty train."

Tom Owens, with the buckboard and fidgeting Bay Nell, was waiting, just off the trail, a short distance from Chloride Camp. A pretty little woman, stared at respectfully by the numerous men loafing about—for women were scarce in Chloride, especially pretty and respectable ones—tripped down the street, trying to look unconscious, and entered the door of Brad Boutwell's office. It was the noon hour, and he was alone, engaged in the pleasurable occupation of disposing of an excellent lunch and a bottle of beer. He heard the hesitating step in the outer office, and stepped to the door of his sanctum, where he stood, somewhat taken aback at the sight of his visitor. It was several seconds

after her sweet voice had asked "Is this Mr. Boutwell?" that he recovered his equanimity and gracefully acknowledged the fact.

"I am Mrs. Burton—Mrs. Silas Burton. I came to see you—to—to—"

But here her courage gave out for the moment, and she did the very best thing she could have done—just wept a few relieving tears, while the sympathetic Boutwell, who had been a bachelor "ever since he could remember," as he himself said, "My dear madam-ed" her, stammered, grew red in the face, vaguely felt himself a triumphant ass, and finally led her gently to a chair, where she finished her weep.

Then she pulled herself together and told him the whole pitiful tale. It was, indeed—thought Boutwell, who had always had more money than he had known what to do with—a harrowing state of affairs; and so, his bachelor heart overflowing with sympathy for the poor, frightened little emissary who sat before him, and being, it must be said, rather unsettled by this extraordinary visit, he agreed, almost before he knew it, to let the affair alone, and switch the ambitious Hobart off the track. Then, with her heartiest handshake, a world of thankfulness shining in her big, brown eyes, and fervent words of gratitude on her sweet lips, the little missionary was gone, and Boutwell, his brain in a whirl, sat down to think.

Well, by Jove! Now he *had* done it! Why, great sacrificed Cæsar! The thing was impossible, utterly! He rushed to the door. His late visitor was not in sight. He sat down to think more calmly this time.

In politics there are complications no man can overlook or ignore. There are multifarious considerations and obligations that must be attended to and whose existence is due, more often than not, to circumstances whose discovery by the unsympathetic world would be a calamity to the individual or individuals most interested. This case was such an one. Hobart had a "cinch" on the boss of Chloride, and was master of the situation, and no one knew it so well as did Jere himself, who was never slow about gratifying opportunities.

Thus Boutwell communed with himself, and the result was much perspiration and an uncomfortable conscience.

"Well, no use shedding any tears," he said, aloud; "but, by Jove! I wish I could keep my word with the little woman. What a little duck she is, and how Burton ought to congratulate himself! Hum—hum—hum! Poor thing! How rocky she'll feel when she finds I played such a dirty trick on her. Ye-es, and what'll I say to myself?"

Teddy O'Hara, whose family had been kept from starving during the strike a few months before by the charity of the "little duck" and her husband, and who had awakened from his noonday nap under the office window about ten minutes previously, chuckled softly to himself and sneaked away, remarking, as he reached the street.

"O-ho! That's it, is it! A-ha! Teddy, me bye. Oi tink yees had better tek a bit thrip over t' Apache the day. Ye-es don't feel loike workin', do ye-es, now?" And he bid his dinner-pail and started down the trail for the county-seat, whistling gleefully.

Of Mrs. Burton's second interview with the smooth Mr. Boutwell, it is unnecessary to speak at length. It was uncomfortable for him, but he kept his wits about him and did not lower his flag, and Mrs. Burton went away with a white, drawn face—and with the set lips of a brave little woman who has made up her mind to something.

The day for the convention dawned. The visitors from the outside precincts, including those from Chloride, were all on hand to see the fun. It was almost time to call the convention to order, but two or three delegations had not arrived. The Chloride delegation was one of these. The visitors from that camp reported that the delegation had only stopped to hold a brief pow-wow in Chairman Boutwell's office, and would be along soon. Jere Hobart, as luck would have it, had gotten a glorious "jag" on the night before, and was in bed at his quarters in Chloride, as the result of a fall into the cellar of the Nugget saloon. He might have pulled himself together and gone over to Apache, but everything was "fixed" and there was no need, he concluded. So he grunted and turned slowly over toward the cocktail on the table, with that action consigning his fate to Brad Boutwell and a supposedly "packed" convention.

The chairman of the county central committee called the convention to order, and read the call. The convention effected a temporary organization and the usual committees were appointed, during whose deliberations a recess was taken.

Tom Owens came to Mrs. Burton, who, with a number of other women whose husbands or brothers were interested, directly or otherwise, in the proceedings, was sitting in the gallery. Owens spoke quickly and earnestly:

"The Chloride crowd isn't here yet. Hobart's too sick to come. If Boutwell could only be kept away, it'd be O. K. for Sile. He's the only man that can put Hobart in nomination, and there's a whole mess of his fellows ready to backslide. If only they wouldn't come! I—"

But here he was sent for in great haste by an anxious constituent, and hurried away. When, ten minutes later, he looked up at the gallery, Mrs. Burton was missing.

The six men composing the Chloride delegation were in a hurry, and, in Boutwell's three-seated spring-wagon, behind his big grays, were making good time for Apache.

There is a deep ravine, nearly always dry, on the trail between Apache and Chloride, that has to be crossed carefully. It is an abrupt descent and a yet more abrupt ascent, and the trail on the Apache side of the gully is flanked by big rocks, which sheltered many a highwayman in the old days. The delegation from Chloride had just reached this spot, and Boutwell was urging the horses up the steep incline, when short, and sharp, and firm, in a woman's voice, came the command:

"Halt!"

The six men in the wagon could hardly believe their senses. Sitting beside the big rock on the left, very pale, but with compressed lips, and eyes that flashed fire and determination, sat a small woman, with a big Winchester, and the weapon was cocked and aimed at Brad Boutwell.

The six men in the wagon raved and stormed; they pleaded, begged, and threatened; but the little woman on the rock spoke only once, and then said:

"Bradford Boutwell, you gave me your sacred word that you would not oppose my husband's renomination. If he is defeated to-day it will probably kill him, and that is what you intended—to defeat him, after your promise to me. Now, sir, if you so much as attempt to move from here, you or any of the others, I will kill you!"

That was all; but Brad Boutwell, looking at the set face, knew that she would keep her word, and his seat-mate's suggestion that such was the case, was met by an emphatic "You bet she would!"

The committees reported; the temporary organization was made permanent, and the Apache County Convention was in full swing.

"Nominations for county auditor are now in order," announced the chairman, and, a moment later, "Mr. Randall has the floor."

Hollis Randall, the brilliant young district-attorney, rose and made one of the best speeches of his life, setting forth clearly, convincingly, the merits, the claims, the worth of the present incumbent, and when he told of the unfortunate man, lying so ill as the result of a wound incurred in the discharge of unrewarded duties not his own—fighting in defense of the law—there was a rousing, prolonged cheer.

Randall finished amid uproarious applause, and sat down, mopping his forehead with his handkerchief. There was a moment's "vociferous silence," during which there were some rapid changes of sentiment on the part of Hobart delegates. Then "Pop" Gordon rose.

"Mr. Chairman, I move that the nomination of Mr. Burton be made by acclamation, thar seemin' t' be no more nominations."

"Second the motion! Second the motion!" came from a dozen throats.

"Mr. Chairman!" screamed a Hobart "faithful" "I call the gentleman to—"

Here Bill Dover, chairman of the dissenter's delegation, grabbed him by the coat-tails and pulled him down. Bill was an astute politician, and he knew the day was lost. But the enthusiast would not "down." When the ayes and noes were called for, he and a half-score of others came out strongly in the negative, and when further nominations were declared in order, he rose and nominated Jere Hobart.

The ballot stood sixty-three to thirty-seven in Burton's favor, and Tom Owens, forgetting that in a few minutes the nominations for sheriff would be made, dashed over to Sile's house with the news, and was surprised to learn that anxious little Mrs. Burton was not there.

But the Chloride visitors who left to convey the news of Hobart's defeat home were more surprised than Owens, when they suddenly found, on the way home, where the missing delegation was, and why it was missing, and it almost took their breath, and the delegation's, away, to see that fire-eating Amazon on the rock collapse into very weak tears when she heard the glad news.

Hobart and his friends were mad, of course; but one can not make war on a woman, you know, and, besides, most of them came to look on the matter, after awhile, as a huge joke.

Boutwell? I am inclined to think, after it was over, that he was rather glad than otherwise.

R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, July, 1892.

The following article from *Harper's Weekly*, just to hand, carries out the same idea that the *Argonaut* expressed last week on the extension of the Federal jurisdiction:

"A very interesting question is before Congress and the American Bar Association, arising out of the unfortunate massacre of the Italians in New Orleans. The relations between this country and Italy were strained nearly to the point of war. Diplomatic intercourse was not discontinued, but Baron Fava, the Italian Minister, was recalled.

"The issue in the controversy arose from the conduct of the mob that broke into the New Orleans jail and killed the Italians who had been arrested for the murder of the chief of police. For everything done by the people of the city, and for everything done or left undone by the government and courts of the State of Louisiana, the Federal Government was responsible to Italy. The men engaged in the outrage were acquitted, and this government recognized its moral responsibility, at least, by paying a small sum of money to surviving sufferers.

"The question before Congress and the Bar Association's International Law Committee is clear. What remedy is there for a condition of law, international and domestic, under which the United States is responsible to a foreign government, even to the point of war, for the acts of the people and courts of a single State? It is an interesting and important question, and one in which the whole country is concerned.

"The refusal of Virginia to pay its foreign bond-holders in accordance with the terms of the original agreement, or the inability of the Louisiana courts to convict the persons guilty of the murder of the Italians, might have occasioned war. The United States would have been obliged to maintain the war, to pay its cost in money, and in destruction of life and property. Assuming for the purposes of the argument that Virginia and Louisiana were wrong, nevertheless they would have borne only their proportion of the losses and afflictions of battle. They would have caused the trouble, but the United States must have borne the burden of defending all the States for the wrong of one State.

"It is proposed in such a case as that of Louisiana that the Federal Courts shall try citizens for certain crimes against aliens. The argument is that if the Federal Government is to be held to answer by a foreign power for a failure of justice, it should be its justice, and not a State's, upon which the failure is chargeable; that the general rule that responsibility must be accompanied by power should apply here as elsewhere; that causes on which depends so much of moment to the nation should be tried in the nation's tribunals; and that the danger to the common interests of local prejudice and passion should be avoided.

"On the other hand, it is contended that in the Louisiana and like cases the breach of the law is a breach of the State's law.

"Aside from the constitutional objection to the bill, its advocates must rest their case on the unwillingness of the country to permit the courts or government of any State to be sole arbiters in matters for whose results the whole country may be held responsible in war."



## FRANCO-AMERICAN WIVES.

The Status of Our Fair Compatriots in Parisian Society.

In old times, that are not older than a quarter of a century, the names of American women known to the fashionable world in Paris were very few. To-day, their number is legion. And such is the vitality imparted to the American race by their transplantation from one continent to another that we are now assisting at a curiously backward emigration movement. The daughters of the pioneers who swept away the red Indian from his palatial forests on the plea of liberty, are now returning to the Old World in ever-increasing armies, and, though appearing to take lessons from Parisians and courtesying low to ladies of high degree, are, in reality, uprooting in a day abuses and conventionalities out of a society that has taken centuries to compile its code of etiquette.

Indeed, not so very long ago, the American lady who wished to "open her salons" to French society was obliged to conform most strictly to French customs in their minutest details. Now, on the contrary, she follows her own spontaneous instincts, which make her extremely popular among modern aristocrats, who show a marked relish for free notions in social matters, if not in political ones.

Before the war, an American was obliged to seek the friendship of some high-born lady of rank to pilot her through the intricate labyrinth of French etiquette. When Mrs. Moulton gave her first ball under the Empire, it was the Marquise de N., if I am not mistaken, who "lanced" the invitations in her own name, placing under it simply Mrs. Moulton's address.

On this occasion, both ladies stood together at the entrance of the ball, the marquise receiving her friends and introducing them to Mrs. Moulton, who, in her turn, offered them the most generous hospitality.

Some were indignant at this little act of social strategy, and vowed irreconcilable vendetta to the marquise; others found it a good joke—a pleasant escapade—which could have no serious consequences; but the many went home dreaming of the delicate beauty distinguishing the hostess, and admiring the luxury displayed in the beautiful *hôtel* of the Rue de Courcelles, to say nothing of the excellent music they had heard and the splendid supper they had done ample justice to.

The French themselves give dinners and balls only because they want to keep up their connections during the short weeks they spend in the city; or because they feel it their duty to return certain civilities; or, finally, because their families have from time immemorial given a certain number of dinners and balls every year. Thus, on each recurring season, we invariably assist at the same stiff receptions and see the same people, or their children's children, come to dine or dance as regularly and demurely as their families have done through several succeeding generations.

When the whole thing is over, the old dowager gives a sigh of relief, because she has done her duty by her friends and has kept true to family traditions, and now feels that she may take a twelvemonth's rest.

Is it strange, then, that the Frenchman enjoys going to American parties?—where he knows, in the first place, that something unexpectedly pleasant will be sure to turn up before the evening is over, since the bright mistress of the house, who does not owe him the dinner his grandmother ate at her grandfather's, has but one object in view, that of amusing both herself and her guests.

Our Frenchman naturally goes home elated and bewildered, wondering whether pretty Mrs. N. *can* be good and say such queer things, and thereupon determines to try next time just one step farther. . . .

A few years ago most certainly he did not believe in any American woman's virtue. He actually could not conceive its existence under an exterior of such light, free and easy manners. But he has since received a few rebuffs, and has discovered, perhaps, to his own discomfiture, that the most heedless among these gay, thoughtless creatures are usually as virtuous as their old Puritan grandmothers. On the whole, American wives are less prone to coquetry than French wives, who have ignored its secret charms till they were already chained down by French marriage ties, which, unfortunately, being based on contracts rather than love, leave these young married women "fancy free."

Nevertheless our Frenchman continues to be sorely perplexed on the subject. Though no longer daring to condemn the American woman as of yore, he still looks upon her as an unsolved problem which he enjoys studying with a sentiment somewhat akin to admiration.

He is quite willing now to allow his son to marry an American and bring her into his home with a good dowry and few relatives, but he does not seem to have got so far as to give up his daughters to American husbands, who, by the way, may not yet have sought this honor.

At first, Frenchmen would not take their wives to American houses; they struck their daughters only with the fatal veto, lest they should be spoiled by the sight of such unpardonable liberties as promenades to the supper-table *alone* with young men. Indeed, until within the last five or six years, French people used to make excuses to their own compatriots when they admitted an American family into their intimacy, on the ground that their especial friends were *exceptions*!

Nowadays things have changed. The American woman holds her own and receives, because she knows French society is only too glad to come to her.

There are two distinct sets of American women who are now admitted in Parisian high-life: the American girl who has married a French nobleman, and who, as a rule, so identifies herself with her new family as almost to cease being an American; and secondly, the American married lady who takes up her residence in this intoxicatingly delightful Old World, leaving her husband on the other side of the "pool" to look after her money and keep her in plentiful supply thereof; or, if he be too old or too stupid for this, keeps him

hidden away in unknown corners of her "ravisbing *hôtel*" until some unexpected event, such as the Cannes tragedy, brings him to light, and one then hears people saying, with a smile: "*Comment! il y avait donc un mari!*" (Why! did she have a husband?)

But of these last we shall speak another day, limiting our present sketch to the study of the first named American lady—the new countesses and duchesses who give such brilliant lustre to their twofold nationality.

Let us hasten to declare that the American woman of rank holds her position with great tact and dignity; and, though following the traditions of her new family, is unconsciously sowing the seeds of many healthful innovations that are widening the horizon of forthcoming generations.

Among these ladies we count many converts, or Roman Catholic girls, who have found it easier to choose husbands of their own standing and religion in France than in America, and have been willing to place their fortunes in the balance against a crusader's coronet at the marriage contract.

The Vicomtesse Jacques d'Aramon, a Miss Fisher, of New York; the Countess de Kergorlay, a Miss Carroll, of Baltimore; the Countess Narbonne de Lara, the Countess de Coëtogan, *née* Blake, of Boston, are among the number.

In the great lottery of married life we find certainly as many unhappy unions among these mixed alliances as in ordinary cases. A French husband, however, is not so easily disposed of as an American one, especially if he need his wife's money. Besides, a foreigner is made much of so long as her name remains unblemished: but let her attempt a scandal—a separation or a divorce; whatever may be her grievances, her new kinsmen will be likely to turn their backs on her under such circumstances.

But our American countess endures a good deal before resorting to violent measures, and enjoys many compensations to her domestic sorrows.

She has assumed, with dignity, a rightful position in the heart of French aristocracy. She spends the greater part of her life in Paris—"the paradise of good Americans"—where she gives herself up to toilet and society, the Bois de Boulogne and the theatre, Trouville and Biarritz, Nice or Cannes.

She may have a crowd of admirers, if she care for them, and give six times as many entertainments as at home, with far less expense and trouble.

Art, in all its choicest manifestations, is at her bidding. Even religion presents itself to her under the most inviting colors. Holy men of aristocratic manners, world-famed preachers, ideal chapels, soft chantings, angelic nuns—all help to make easy the road, so bare elsewhere, when one would "renounce one's self and take up the daily cross."

Yes, life in Paris has endless attractions for all tastes, if only in the almost material enjoyment of elegance and comfort which are found combined and adapted to small as well as to large fortunes.

Besides, a society where men and women have had nothing to do but live for pleasure during various generations, is peculiarly agreeable. There are no new-made people jarring against one with unprecedented acts of rudeness, that mean nothing in reality but ignorance, yet can not help being excessively irritating to sensitive natures.

Should the American countess still wish to imitate many of her Parisian friends by having an *admirateur attitré*, she easily blinds her husband with her revenues, of which he is sure to be in need to meet the ever-increasing caprices of some gay actress or *dansuse à la mode*.

And, finally, our pretty little Miss Anybody, of Yankee-land, thoroughly enjoys her title to the very last. A menial never opens his stupid mouth with a "*Madame la Comtesse est servie*," but young America sips a taste of unalloyed pleasure. What matters it, after this, if she does catch the silly count embracing her maid?

But if American countesses want to keep up their standing in the French world themselves, they must never pass the limits of propriety, and must, as a rule, give up much of American society.

The Baronne de Courval, for instance, whose daughter has lately married the Prince de Poix and future Duke de Mouchy, used to inhabit the same house as her mother; but with reception-rooms as far apart from one another as though both lived in separate houses. And when they moved into their grand *hôtel*, in order to avoid the slightest clash, Mrs. Ray took a box at the opera, and used to invite her special friends there. Boxes on the first tier, having snug little sitting-rooms behind the curtains, this dear, kind, beautiful old lady used to hold therein the most charming little *levées* between the acts.

Although American wives show much tact in adopting the customs of their husband's families, still, I should think that during the many years required to bring up a daughter, they might find time to convert their husbands to a few fundamental laws of personal freedom. Why, when "they marry their children," as the French say, do they not act as their mothers did, and let the girls choose their husbands with a free heart and open hand? Why must they blindly follow the examples of their mothers-in-law and couple them off to titles or fortunes?

That a poor girl should marry for money is hard enough; but that a girl with a face and a fortune for a dowry should make a *mariage de convenance*, there seems no excuse. Nowadays, however, love, such as one courted it of old, has passed out of modern Parisian society. Girls want horses, and toilets, and balls, and marry to have more money, more amusement, and, above all, more freedom.

The higher the circle one moves in, the less share is left to domestic life. Husbands and wives lead such totally different existences that they sometimes do not meet for several days running, though living under the same roof. Each follows his or her tastes irrespective of their companion's, and both seek constant excitement.

Let us hope that American wives and mothers will gradually inculcate a new era of love and of freedom into the blue blood of an Old World's aristocracy. SIBYLLA.

PARIS, July 7, 1892.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Among the new cadets at West Point are a son of General John Pope and grandsons of General Sherman and General C. F. Smith.

George William Curtis, who is seriously ill, lost his fortune and incurred a debt of sixty thousand dollars in trying to establish *Punch's Magazine*, and spent the best years of his life in paying off the debt, which he discharged to the last dollar.

Tenniel, the cartoonist of *Punch*, is seventy-two years old, elastic of foot, supple of fingers, and bright-eyed as in his youth. He has but one eye since a friend's foil maimed him in a fencing bout fifty years ago. But what "an eye for effect" it is!

Charles A. Dana Frick is the name of a bright, healthy Pittsburg boy, who was one week old last Friday night. He is the son of Henry C. Frick, general manager of the Carnegie Iron and Steel Mills. The name was bestowed because Mr. Dana befriended Mr. Frick at a time when other Democratic editors thought he ought to be assassinated.

When Mr. Gladstone takes up his quarters again at the official residence of the British Prime Minister in Downing Street, he will find many articles of his own, left behind when he gave way to Lord Salisbury, to remind him of his former tenancy of the house. Among them is a clock which has never been allowed to run down, and still keeps accurate time, without having been cleaned in the six years that have elapsed since the "Grand Old Man's" retirement.

Count Arthur Dillon, projector of the Commercial Cable and one of the largest stockholders, has begun suit against John W. Mackay, the president, and James Gordon Bennett, one of the directors of the company. The suit involves nearly two millions of dollars, and is instituted against Messrs. Mackay and Bennett as the only other shareholders in the property, which is better known as the Mackay-Bennett Cable. Count Dillon lives in the Duchy of Luxemburg.

Bismarck has been well paid—no statesman ever better: he has been raised from the obscurity of a Pomeranian "Krautjunker," with an incumbered estate and only enough worldly possessions to eke out a bare living, to the dignity of a prince of the empire and Duke of Lauenburg, endowed with a magnificent estate in the Sachsenwald, the ancestral estate of Schönhausen, purchased for him by the nation, and the estate of Varzin, clear of mortgages. To put it in plain figures, Prince Bismarck enjoys now a competency closely estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who is now in the very focus of the world's eye, was, forty-five years ago, a ragamuffin, it might almost be said, in the streets of Alleghany City, Pa. His father was a poor Scotch weaver, who came to America in 1845 to better his fortunes, and his son began his own career, a few years later, as a messenger-boy in a Pennsylvania railroad telegraph-office. After learning telegraphy, he attracted the notice of "Jim" Scott, the president of the road, and his rise in life dates from that moment. Subsequently, when he had accumulated a little capital, he joined with his brother in purchasing a small iron mill, and, a few years thereafter, began in a modest way the manufacture of steel rails, the industry that has been the source of his vast fortune.

The announcement of Mr. Oscar Wilde's heroic resolve to cut all connection with perfidious and prudish Albion, and to make himself a Frenchman, was not received with joy by the French. The following were the remarks of a Paris paper: "The Britannic patriotism of the unfortunate writer could not survive this dread event (the interdict placed on 'Salomé'), and the next morning, when his valet entered his room, Oscar Wilde had ceased to belong to the English nation. A letter found in the corolla of a lily was addressed to Queen Victoria. In this the poor boy asked pardon for having saddened the queen's declining years with so cruel a blow; and it was with the greatest caution that the dreadful news was broken to her majesty, whose distress is painful to witness."

Mrs. J. Hooker Hamersley became the mother, a few days ago, of a son, who, if he lives long enough, will become the possessor of the millions whose income the Duchess of Marlborough is now enjoying. By his will, made on May 18, 1883, Louis C. Hamersley, the duchess's first husband, left his entire estate in trust, the income to be paid to his widow during her life, and the principal to go, at her death, to the male children of his cousin, J. Hooker Hamersley. Should Mr. J. Hooker Hamersley continue a bachelor, as he was then, or should he marry and die without male children, then the whole was to be apportioned among charities, to be selected by the testator's widow, the present Duchess of Marlborough. Under this clause of Louis C. Hamersley's will, his estate, estimated at seven millions of dollars, will manifestly belong to the new baby.

Mr. George Shiras, Jr., of Pittsburg, Associate-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in the place of the late Joseph P. Bradley, of New Jersey, is one of the most distinguished lawyers in Pennsylvania. He will be the fifth Pennsylvanian to occupy a seat upon the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States. Mr. Shiras graduated at Yale College in 1853, in the same class with Andrew D. White, Wayne MacVeagh, Judge Edward C. Billings, of the United States District Court for the Eastern District of Louisiana, and the late Benjamin R. Phelps, who was so many years district-attorney of New York County. Yale College conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon him in 1883. With him on the bench, Yale will have three representatives in the supreme court at Washington—Henry B. Brown, David J. Brewer, and George Shiras, Jr.



## THE RIBBONED GIRL.

"Van Gryse" writes of Pretty Women and Titled Swells.

The term "Summer Girl" was an inspiration. It brought its creator fame. He is dead now; but while he lived he was known as the author of the most successful appellation of the age. But "Summer Girl," as a swagger expression, is falling into disuse. It is not now considered polite to call a sweet, flirtatious, foolish maiden, with a trunk full of gauzy frocks, half a dozen big hats, fourteen parasols, and twenty-five admirers—not one of whom "means biz"—a Summer Girl. It would be as cruel as alluding to a smooth-faced, high-collared, vacuous lad as a dude. To call a person by either of these two names is now looked upon as an insult to be wiped out with the cut direct.

The Summer Girl has no name this season. She is "The Watering-Place Belle" of the daily press. She is "that girl with the dyed hair and the squeezed-up waist" of the matron who sits on the beach under a blue parasol, and, like the parrot, does not say much but does "a devil of a lot of thinking." She is the girl of whom Edith says to Maud: "Common looking; but she wears good clothes." She is the harmless siren of whom Tom says to Dick: "I want to introduce you to Miss Blank; she's good fun." She is the flighty daughter to whom her mother groans: "Dearest, you are wearing out all your clothes, that cost your poor father such an awful lot of money." She is the *cigale* of the summer, and, like that merry songster, feels chill and lonely when the days grow short, the sea grows leaden, and in the first frosty breezes the leaves come whirling sadly down.

The nearest approach to the old Summer Girl, of the banjo and the red parasol, is the Ribbioned Girl. The papers speak a great deal of the girl with suspenders. She may have taken herself and her suspenders to the mountains or to Europe. She is not at Narragansett. In fact, after a moment's pause for thought, one can safely say that there are not half a dozen suspended girls at the pier. Now and then you see one, tripping along manfully on the promenade between the bath-houses and the balconies, where the world sits and stares. But they are not numerous nor brilliant. Their suspenders are small, amateur affairs. They never could be trusted where a real serious weight was concerned. They are attached to a small, pointed bodice, which they pretend to hold up, while everybody knows the bodice is so tight that the office of the suspenders is a mere sinecure.

But the Ribbioned Girl is omnipresent, gay, and lovely. Every female wears ribbons this summer; but every female does not wear them in the same way. Decorous maiden ladies wear small, quiet, retiring ribbons, narrow and not to be noticed. Matrons wear dark ribbons, but no flying ends. Little girls wear ribbons, threaded through open-work stuff, round the edges of their frocks. But the Ribbioned Girl appears to be done up in ribbons, like a box of wedding-cake. If you untied the ribbons she might fall into pieces, like the lady in Washington Irving's story whose head rolled off when her lover untied the black velvet fastened round her throat.

The Ribbioned Girl wears her ribbons, too, with a large disregard of form and color. She wears pale-green ribbons on a pale-lilac dress; she wears bright-yellow ribbons, that go up between her shoulders in a point, and there appear to be nailed firmly in place with a long pin, stuck through a perky little bow, like an impaled butterfly; another ribbon round her waist, another round her neck—all bright yellow, and her dress as bright a blue. Then, sometimes, she varies the style by having yards and yards of the ribbon going round her waist up to the middle of her back, when it comes to a stoppage with the ever-present bow. Again she takes her ribbon and has it going in stripes round her fairy form—stripes at even distances apart, that make her look like a new kind of zebra. And, lastly, there is the unattached, isolated ribbon.

This is one of the most popular forms that the ribbon craze has taken. The garniture consists of a very small bow and very long ends. That is all. There is nothing else on the dress to suggest that that particular ribbon belongs there. It has the appearance of an interloper, an uninvited ribbon. It is clapped on exactly between the shoulder-blades, and the long ends lash out on the breeze. The wearer, as she drifts smilingly by, suggests to the meditative spectator that she has been rushing out of her apartments in her hotel to fly to the beach, when her mamma, the ribbon impaled on a pin in her hand, has swiftly followed her, crying: "You've forgotten your bow, darling." "Stick it on anywhere, mamma," cries the darling: "I've an appointment to swim with Mr. Jones, and I'm already late." Mamma obediently sticks it on, and off goes the decorated darling.

The ribbon still clings to the darling when she appears in the evening, elaborated for the hop. Every Saturday evening all Narragansett hops in the Casino ball-room, or rather one-quarter of Narragansett hops and the other three-quarters look on at the hopping. The hoppers wear all sorts of charming frocks, from ball-dresses to summer afternoon-gowns. In only one particular are they all united, that is in their faithfulness to ribbons. Ribbons lash the air of the hall-rooms as the slim and stately Baltimore beauties, the somewhat ponderous Kentucky belles, the lithe and piquant lassies from the Middle West, the chic and dainty New York girls, go skimming over the polished floor. Even in their hair the unhatted charmers have each a ribbon going over, and under, and in and out through the coils of their burnished locks.

One of them, who wore a yellow ribbon in her reddish hair, was pointed out as the daughter of Joe Howard, the journalist. She was all yellow, from her slippers to the bow that surmounted the ribbon wound in her hair. Her dress was bright-yellow satin and gauze, with big, puffed sleeves that came down over her fingers, and a low neck with a frill of lace round it. She had yards of yellow ribbon wound round her very small waist, and yellow slippers, and yellow

stockings, and a long strip of thin yellow gauze resting lightly round her neck, for the Casino ball-room is draughty. She had the beautiful auburn coloring—red-bronze hair and red-bronze eyes—that the French call *châtain*. And she had a pretty, mild face—a mild face is an unusual thing—with a gently deprecating expression in her large, childish eyes.

There are lots of pretty girls here—pretty girls from all over. Baltimore appears to empty itself annually into Narragansett Pier, and for good looks, pure and simple, the Baltimore women take the palm. They have not the style or the air of the New Yorkers, but they have a dignified and stately beauty, just softened with Southern charm, that is simply delightful. They have fine skins, and clear, unintelligent, cow-like eyes, and soft voices, and sweet, simple, reserved manners. The charm that they possess above the more stunning New Yorkers is that they are less like dolls made up at a good shop, and more like women. At least, that is the impression they leave upon the beholder.

New York, as if anxious to hold up its end of the line, has sent one of its prize beauties up to the pier to show Baltimore that Gotham still leads the van. The lady is Miss Hope Goddard, and is really from Providence, but New York approves her and has taken her to its bosom, and baptized her as one of the elect. She is an heiress, and a beauty, and a New Englander—three good things to be. More than that, she is a perfect type of the New York beauty. One might search for months and not fall on a girl who so exactly represents all that the Gothamite considers most charming in woman. In the first place, she is not in the least a beauty, but a very dainty, petite, refined, exquisite young girl. She is small, neat, *chic*, and lady-like. And then she dresses to perfection.

On Sunday evening one caught a glimpse of her sitting in the Casino, in a white-silk dress, with a broad, pale-blue ribbon round her waist and another round her neck, from which a deep lace frill fell. She wore a small white turban hat, and fastening the blue ribbon at her throat, a superb pin of a great turquoise, set in a multitude of small diamonds. In the morning, on the beach, she is arrayed as simply as Lady Clare, in her russet gown; but it is an elegant simplicity—a simplicity that costs as much as other women's magnificence. A striped blue and white cotton frock, with a wide piece of coarse yellowish lace falling in a deep *berthe* from the collar, and a black hat trimmed with black feathers, may not sound or look particularly expensive—but there are cotton frocks and cotton frocks, as every father knows whose daughters aspire to be watering-place belles.

But not only has beauty lent its charm to the pier, aristocracy is also here. The effete monarchies have contributed some of their most distinguished patricians to the crowd in the Casino and on the beach. England and France have had titled representatives capering at the hops. Capering is a good word here. At the last Wednesday night hop, a young man appeared, and, leading a lady into the mazy whirl, proceeded to execute the most singular *pas* ever seen on sea or land. One of the principal features of the dance was to kick backwards every now and then with one restless and rebellious leg. The crowd looked on in smiling amaze, not knowing that the high kicker was a live lord.

Now it has found this out and laughs no more. Probably if the lord continues to stay here and kick, we will have all Narragansett kicking, too. A lord's example is not given us to follow every day. The kicking lord is Lord Strickland, and looks a pale, studious young man. On Saturday night he again entered the ball-room arena, and, choosing a flattered partner, led her forward to trip a measure with him, or, perhaps, one should say kick a measure. They started, but soon came to a halt. The proud beauty, lord or no lord, could not quite make up her mind to foot it fealty round the room with a high-kicking aristocrat. The lord retired and kicked no more that evening, greatly to the disappointment of the on-lookers, who wanted to study the mysterious evolutions of the Briton's waltz.

The Frenchmen do not kick when they dance. They merely spin, or, as the Irish call it, "pivot." They lead out a lovely partner, place their arm about her waist, and proceed to take a plain, ordinary spin, like a large-sized top. Englishmen occasionally feel it incumbent upon them to make an attempt at a reverse. It may not be a successful attempt; but still the Englishman has the proud consciousness of having tried his best. But Frenchmen never even try. They only spin. The French count at the pier only dances now and then, and always with his wife. She alone understands the esoteric mysteries of the French waltz. She, by the way, is an American girl brought up in Paris, and now revisiting her native land on her honeymoon.

She is a very pretty, very French little creature, who wears the most amazing frocks. Her latest gown was designed by the count, and made quite a sensation. It was bright pink, with a black-velvet bodice, such as Patti wears in "Linda di Chamounix," and a huge black-net frill, like the one a Pierrette sports, fastened tight round her neck. But she really looks prettiest in her bathing-suit—a real French bathing-suit, with an extremely short skirt, quite long trousers, the neck cut out in a square like a young girl's evening-dress, and a broad canvas belt. On her head she wears an oil-silk cap, under which all her hair is tucked, not one blonde curl allowed to escape. And in this guise, trying to Venus, she is as pretty as a picture, and looks like an extremely fair-skinned, handsome little boy of ten or twelve.

But the climax of excitement over the aristocrats was reached yesterday, when a steam-yacht came over from Newport, hove to, ran out a naphtha-launch, and landed two gentlemen and two ladies at the pier. The gentlemen came first on purpose, because they were more than lords. Nobody knew who the ladies were at all. They were well dressed, somewhat *passé* women, such as one may see by the dozens at swell summer resorts. But the men were something quite out of the common. They were in what we should call hunting-dress—deer-stalker caps, knickerbockers, and leather leggings. Maybe they thus proclaimed the fact that they had come to hunt the beauties of Narragansett, like Miss Ethel Newcome, who, when Lord Farintosh went to the Highlands

to stalk deer, went also to the Highlands to stalk Lord Farintosh.

The hunters went down to the beach and stood around, staring at the women going into the water in spruce daintiness and coming out of the water in moist ugliness. Then they went to the Casino, retired into the café, and ordered dinner. By this time the agitating news had spread abroad that one of the deer-stalking men was the Duc de Morny, an erratic but princely personage, just over from France, and one of the seconds in the Drayton-Borrowe duel, that famous encounter which, like the letter that was looked for, never came. When the Narragansett mind had grasped this fact, the entire population of the pier poured into the Casino, and took turns standing at a window and staring at the great man eat. The great man, who was a mild-enough-looking young gentleman, with a fair mustache and a weary air, bore the scrutiny like one brought up in "the fierce, bright light that beats upon a throne." It was even said that he ate his dinner with a good appetite.

When the meal was nearly over, two o'clock struck, and the crowd tore themselves away. Two o'clock is dinner-time at Narragansett. It is heathenish; but in New England one can only thank Providence that one does not have to eat Boston baked beans three times a day, or have squash-pie for breakfast. The cottager, even, who has his own cook and sometimes his own *chef*, falls into the pernicious habit, and at two o'clock may be known to be feasting beneath his own vine and fig-tree, with an appetite on which bathing at twelve and Manhattan cocktails at half-after one have put the edge of a razor.

VAN GRYSSE.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, July 20, 1892.

## A SEA CHANGE.

By Edmund Clarence Stedman.

Just at this full moon of summer  
There's a touch unfelt before,  
Charms our Coastland, smoothing from her  
The last crease her forehead wore:  
She, too, drains the sun-god's potion,  
Quits her part of anchorite,  
Smiles to see her leaden ocean  
Sparkle in the austral light:

With the tidal depths beneath her  
Palpitate with warmth and love,  
And the infinite pure ether  
Floods the yearning creek and cove,  
Harbor, woodland, promontory,  
Swarded fields that slope between—  
And our gray tower, tinged with glory,  
Midway flames above the scene.

On this day of all most luring,  
This one morn of all the year,  
Read I—soul and body curing  
In the seaward loggia here—  
Once, twice, thrice, that chorus sweetest  
(Fortune's darling, Sophokles!)  
Of the grove whose steeds are fleetest,  
Nurtured by the sacred breeze;

Of Kolonos, where in clusters  
Blooms narcissus—where unfold  
Ivied trees their leafy lustres  
And the crocus spreads its gold;  
Where the nightingales keep singing  
And the streamlets never cease,  
To the son of Laus bringing  
Rest at last, forgiveness, peace.

Drops the book—but from his prison  
Tell me now what antique spell,  
Through the unclasp'd cover risen,  
Moves the waves I know so well:  
Bids me find in them hereafter,  
Dimpled to their utmost zone,  
With the old innumerable laughter,  
An Ægean of my own?

Even so: the blue Ægean  
Through our tendriled arches smiles,  
And the distant empyrean  
Curves to kiss enchanted isles:  
Isles of Shoals, I know—yet fancy  
This one day shall find free range,  
And you isles her necromancy  
Shall to those of Hellas change.

Look! beyond the lanterned pharos  
Girt with reefs that evermore,  
Lashed and foaming, cry: "Beware us!"  
Cloud-white sails draw nigh the shore:  
Sails, methinks, of burnished galleys  
Waiting dark-browed maids within,  
From those island hills and valleys,  
Dread Athene's grace to win.

Sandaled, coiffed, and white-robed maidens,  
Chanting in their carved boats;  
List! and hear anon the cadence  
Of their virginal fresh notes.  
You shall hear the choric hymnos,  
Or some clear prosodion  
Known to Delos, Naxos, Lemnos,  
Isles beneath the eastern sun.

'Tis the famed Æolian quire  
Bearing Pallas flowers and fruit—  
Some with white hands touch the lyre,  
Some with red lips kiss the flute;  
You shall see the vested priestess,  
Violet-crowned, her chalice swing,  
Ere you cerylus has ceased his  
Swirl upon "the sea's blue wing."

In the great Panatheneæ  
Climbing marble porch and stair,  
Soon before the statue Dea  
Votive baskets they shall bear,  
Sacred palm, and fragrant censer,  
Wine-cups—  
But what vapor hoar  
What cloud-curtain dense, and denser,  
Looms between them and the shore?

Off, thou Norseland Terror, clouding  
Hellas with the jealous wrath  
Which, the gods of old enshrining  
Froze their hearts, the poet saith!  
Vain the cry: from you abyss  
Now the fog-horn's woeful blast—  
Stern New England's exorcism!—  
Ends my vision of the past.—August Century.



## THE BARON'S OPERA-STALL.

And How it made a Poor Artist's Fortune.

When I first met Arnold Raymond, he was a poor devil of an artist, living from hand to mouth and lodging in a miserable attic in the Rue Nueve Coquenard. After a few months, this same Arnold Raymond found himself installed in a pretty little mansion in the Avenue d'Eylau, married to a charming little woman, possessed of a comfortable fortune, and leading a placid existence free from all moral tribulations and protested notes. And yet he had fallen heir to no estate and won no prize in a lottery.

One evening he had returned home more morose and despairing than usual. Seating himself dejectedly at his little rickety table, with the aid of a single candle's wavering light, Arnold wrote the following letter:

Oh, Philippe, each day increases the admiration I have for you. You are truly wise and truly strong. Having come to Paris, like so many others, with foolish ideas of fortune and glory, you had the courage to wake up suddenly in the midst of your dreams, you renounced your youthful ambitions, and, without a single glance behind you, bravely returned to our native village. I remained in this vortex. I am twenty-eight; I am no longer young enough to indulge in self-delusions about my future prospects, and I am not yet silly enough to hold the entire human race responsible for my want of success. There was, perhaps, in me the stuff for an excellent upholsterer, and I make but a mediocre painter. What a lesson you gave me when you abandoned poetry to throw yourself into the arms of agriculture!

The slender inheritance that I received from my father I have consumed in the pursuit of success. Success has not come and the money is gone. And yet God knows what an anchorite's life I lead here; it is nearly fifteen months that I have been nibbling at the thousand-franc bill you sent me as the proceeds of the last harvest.

What can I do? What am I fit for? What labor could I accomplish with any profit? I have accustomed myself to an idleness that nothing henceforth can overcome. And then—I must needs tell you—I am in love, mad with love—mad enough for a strait-jacket! Is it necessary to add that the dear adored one will never be my wife? Quite unnecessary, I think; for it is always such that we love and adore the most.

Mine is a very simple story—the everlasting story of Heloise and Abelard, of Saint Preux and Julie. My Julie (her real name is Francine) is the daughter of a rich manufacturer retired from business on several millions of francs, who will never choose a poor artist for his son-in-law—a barbarous but paternal course of reasoning that I can not help from thinking very logical. Mlle. Francine Joubert is eighteen years of age. I will not say she has the beauty of all the loves of allegory, because each lover has a way of picturing to himself those mythical beings which does not at all correspond to anybody else's. If I had to draw up an official description of her, I should write in the margin of her passport: "Peculiar mark, a true enchantress!"

Such is the woman, my dear Philippe, that I have fallen in love with. Selected by her worthy father to instruct her in drawing (I never knew much about that myself), I gradually allowed myself to be charmed by the spell of my girl pupil. I began by thinking her beautiful in an artist's sense; she was to me an exquisite model, and nothing more. Perfidious admiration, that gently led me through flowery paths to a fathomless abyss! To-day I love her with real love, as Pygmalion loved his Galatea—with this difference, alas! that the Greek sculptor could soften the gods of Olympus, while I can soften no one!

This love became to me the source of a thousand pleasures, and, at the same time, of a thousand pangs. To see her, to speak to her, to sharpen her pencil, which I offered her with a trembling hand, were so many sweet joys that filled my heart with delight. Behold, now, the reverse of the medal: You know my wardrobe; you know how modest it always was and with what religious cares I surround it. Well, in spite of an assiduous tenderness for certain fawn-colored trousers which were not made yesterday, in spite of my veneration for my only black coat, of equally respectable age, both are growing white at the seams and showing a cruel disposition to fray out. I shall not attempt to describe to you with what anguish of heart I watch this process of decomposition. Let it suffice you to know that since your departure it has become extremely difficult to get one's self dressed in Paris. Tailors have grown weary of playing the part of benefactors to humanity. There are some who, before delivering a coat, require a first-class mortgage on your property; others, more reasonable, are satisfied if you pay them a month in advance. Not one would give his own father credit for a thirty-franc waistcoat. Hence you can understand my mortal anguish. Although no longer even in its second freshness, my attire is still, in a strict sense, presentable; but when that is worn out, to what tailor shall I have recourse?

These mournful reflections were mine yesterday, were mine this very morning; but at this present hour they are out of date. When I presented myself at M. Joubert's residence, to give the usual lesson to his daughter, the man-servant accosted me thus:

"My master, sir, desires to speak with you; will you please to walk into his private room?"

Glancing at a mirror, I smiled at myself complacently. My fawn-colored trousers and black coat, recently from the hands of a skillful scourer of male habiliments, shone with unaccustomed lustre. But in vain did I search—not a single glove could I find in any one of my pockets. There is no complete happiness here below.

M. Joubert had assumed, for the occasion, a grave deportment and severe aspect, joined with a most confoundingly solemn air that I did not know was in him.

"M. Raymond," he said, looking at me very straight in the eyes, "I am no stage father; I have eyes, and I see; ears, and I hear. You will understand that I am aware of your sentiments in regard to my daughter."

I stood confounded. M. Joubert resumed, with an outburst of freezing irony:

"You are a charming young fellow, I admit; and I try to believe you have great talent. But I am the author of my daughter's days. She shall not marry without my consent, and I give you warning that you will never be my son-in-law. What reply have you to make?"

As you may well imagine, I made no reply at all; but, taking up my hat, made my way out with two big tears standing in my eyes. Dear little Francine, I shall see her no more! It was my only vulnerable spot—and ye fates, ye have not spared it!

'Tis, then, is how I am situated, my dear Philippe. Having so frankly exposed to you my balance sheet, I ought, after telling you of my liabilities, to enumerate now the wealth of my assets. Do not be uneasy, this addition will scarcely lengthen out my letter. This, then, is the amount of my assets—I enjoy a free admission nightly to the opera. In exchange for a water-color painting, which I presented to him, the manager has granted me this much-envied favor. I shall baste to make use of it; for I foresee that in the very near future the condition of my wardrobe will impose upon me certain quarantines of unlimited duration.

Arnold Raymond said that he should use his right of admission to the opera. Whether it was the chief tenor who sang, or whether the stage was given up to fourth-class artists, made little difference to him. The first evenings spent at the opera came very near being fatal to him. Lost in that vast auditorium that shone resplendent with light and gilding, side by side with the most distinguished men and the prettiest women of Paris, he often felt compelled to leave his place and wander through the streets like one beside himself, his brain bewildered with insatiable desires of glory, wealth, and love.

It required some weeks of constant attendance before he was able tranquilly to sit out the performances at the opera.

But, his feelings having calmed down, this temple of music was transformed for him into a veritable place of refuge, a safe and commodious harbor, where, when evening arrived, he esteemed himself happy to be able to rest from the storms of the day.

Arnold had chosen the left side of the orchestra, and it was there that he invariably took his place. Among the stalls at that time existing there, was one whose shape and quality distinguished it over the uniform appearance of the rest. It was, indeed, more of an easy-chair than a stall, but wide, commodious, and softly padded. "William Tell" itself would have gained by being listened to from that charming stall. It belonged to the Baron James de Rothschild; and as the illustrious banker had not quite the same reasons as our artist for a constant attendance at the opera, seeing that he was, also, the renter of a front box, it followed therefrom that his easy-chair was often empty. In that case it belonged to the first-come, by virtue of which rule no one enjoyed a more substantial title to it than Arnold Raymond, who arrived at his post in company with the gas-men and only left with the doorkeepers.

One night, after the play was over, he had the misfortune to slip on the sidewalk of the Rue Rossini, and stretch his full length on the pavement. On his return home, he perceived, with sorrow, that this awkward fall had dealt a mortal blow to the black coat and the fawn-colored trousers, whereof mention has been previously made. It must have been a horrible night for him.

Early next morning a vigorous pull at the bell awoke the echoes of his attic. Opening his door, he stood petrified as he recognized in this early visitor the maker of the identical coat and trousers whose remains lay prostrate in a corner of the studio. Sadly regaining his bed, he stretched himself at length and sighed. One would have thought him an early Christian preparing for martyrdom. Meanwhile the tailor held his hat in his hand, with all kinds of little obsequious looks and smiles irradiating his features.

"Really," he said, after a moment's silence; "I beg your pardon. Very sorry indeed to have disturbed your rest; but then, you see, you are partly to blame. You are never seen at my place now. Would you do me the wrong to take away your custom and withdraw your confidence from me?"

Arnold heard without understanding. The tailor resumed, with increased gesticulations of obsequy.

"I saw you at the opera last night, and I was astonished at the little care you gave to your appearance. Why, my good sir, *noblesse oblige*, as the saying is; and talent, too, is *noblesse*. See, I have here a card of patterns—make your choice; I intend that before a week passes you shall be one of the leaders of fashion."

While debating within himself whether he was not being made the sport of a dream, Arnold ordered six pairs of trousers, three top-coats, two coats, and of waistcoats a formidable quantity.

"You are a constant attendant at the opera?" ventured the tailor, as he withdrew.

"I never miss a performance."

"And you often occupy the stall where I saw you yesterday?"

"I never occupy any other."

A week after the tailor's visit, our artist displayed at the opera a costume that would not have disparaged the actor playing the lover at the Vaudeville.

On the following Friday his landlord, meeting him in one of the passages of the opera-house, took him by the arm in a friendly manner and walked around the lobby with him; and while his lodger sought to excuse himself for being behindhand in payment of his rent, he said:

"Not a word about that, or you and I shall fall out. My house is open to you, and my heart likewise, and if you should happen to be a little pinched for cash any time, just for the moment, you need not stand on any ceremony, for my purse is at your service. What matters it? you can pay me the whole in a lump. A jolly dog with such a start as you have, and, with your fine connections, there is no reason whatever for your creditors to be uneasy about their money."

Do you remember that poor fellow in Bagdad who is put to sleep by the aid of a powerful narcotic? He is conveyed into the Sultan's palace and clothed in brocaded garments, heavy with diamonds and rich pearls; he is laid on a silk and velvet couch and surrounded by the most beautiful female slaves of the seraglio. While some sing songs of love, others form voluptuous groups; the most fragrant perfumes of the Orient burn in golden vessels. On his awaking, the poor man, rubbing his eyes and questioning his memory, straightway loses himself in a labyrinth of extravagant conjectures.

Arnold found himself in a position precisely analogous to that of this character in the "Arabian Nights." All that had happened to him for some time back appeared so incredible that he began at times to distrust his own reason. To crown all his perplexities, a most unexpected event occurred. Francine's father wrote to him one day to the effect that since the ever-to-be-regretted departure of her drawing-teacher, his daughter had made no further progress. In consequence whereof he besought Arnold to be kind enough to resume his duties, and at the same time to accept his apologies for certain rather harsh words, spoken at a moment of angry feeling, which he much regretted.

A few weeks after the event related above, Arnold addressed the following epistle to his friend Philippe, the tiller of the soil:

Letter succeeded unto letter, my dear Pylades, but with a difference. It was but lately that my heart brimmed over with despair, now it brims over with joy. I might write to you in the style of that letter of Mme. de Sevigné, wherein she announces to her daughter the marriage of Lauzun with the high and mighty mademoiselle. But I prefer to tell you at once and without circumlocution—Philippe, I am married, and married to Mlle. Francine Joubert!

I related to you the rude manner in which my father dismissed me. Thank heaven! my loss of favor was not of long duration; soon afterward, I reentered the citadel with all the honors of war.

One day, after I had given my lesson, M. Joubert, taking me aside

privately, said, with a broad smile on his features: "Don't play the sharper on me; you are still thinking of being my son-in-law."

"Sir," I stammered out, growing red in the face.

"I have been making inquiries about you. Why, you're a young fellow of good position; you have fine connections in the business world. I am not speaking merely of picture-dealers; though you will distinguish yourself, too. Let us shake hands upon it. Before a month passes, you shall be one of the family."

On the day when we signed the contract, M. Joubert, approaching me, said, in a tone of half-concealed bitterness: "Not quite the handsome thing on his part, not at all. I thought Baron James de Rothschild would have done us the honor to be here. Well, after all, he is so much engaged; but I have great hopes of seeing him at the nuptial benediction."

Then, after a moment's silence, taking my hand and giving it a hearty pressure, he cried: "What a fine acquaintance we have there, my son-in-law!"

To which I innocently replied:

"Well, yes; in the way of fine acquaintances—it is, indeed, a fine acquaintance."

On the day following this brilliant victory, my landlord, to whom I continue to owe several quarters' rent, came to visit me in my studio.

"Well, my dear Raphael," he said, in an engaging tone, "so it appears you are going to be married? Who is the lady? Some relative of the Rothschilds, I suppose?"

I replied, laughing: "Oh, dear, no! My betrothed is only the young and pretty daughter of a plain citizen."

"How is it, then, that Baron de Rothschild takes no part in an affair of such importance to you, and which so highly affects your future?"

"Why," cried I, astonished, "the king of finance would indeed be kind to trouble himself about my marriage! What has he got to do with it?"

"Well, considering the way matters stand between you —"

"It is precisely the way matters stand between us which compels me to repeat that he has no reason whatever to interest himself in my affairs."

Hearing me speak thus, my landlord rose and took rapid leave, departing without even wishing me "good-day." Four hours afterward his bailiff notified me to pay without delay the overdue quarters' rents; and on the second day after that the janitor refused me the key. It was on the hospitable sofa of an artist friend that I passed my last bachelor nights.

The day before yesterday I paid a visit to my tailor for the purpose of trying on my wedding-suit. While exhibiting evident signs of pride in his handiwork, the artist in garments delivered himself thus:

"Well, now, really, M. Raymond, believe me, I am delighted to hear of your good fortune."

"You are very kind."

"You are a good and worthy young man, and M. de Rothschild could bestow his favors on no one more deserving."

This mania they all have of constantly bringing up M. de Rothschild in my presence at length made me angry. "What favors are you speaking of?" I asked, in an irritated tone.

"Why dissemble in a matter that is the common talk of the town? The Baron means well toward you, and all the world knows that he will pay your debts."

"Oh, go to the devil! If you are relying upon that, you may just as well transfer the amount of your bill to 'Profit and Loss.'"

We separated coldly. The tailor sent me nothing; and as, during this latter period, I often had recourse to certain dispensers of small loans, on consideration of the deposit of one's worldly goods, I was compelled to be married in the old black coat that I had disdainfully thrown aside in my days of rapidly growing splendor.

We issue from the church. At length my fate is forever linked with Francine's. While the friends of the newly married couple were rushing into each other's arms in the sacristy, M. Joubert, taking me aside, said:

"My son-in-law, it is not right behavior; I never could have supposed him capable of such a proceeding."

"Why? what?" I asked. "To whom do you allude?"

"The chair provided for Baron de Rothschild remained empty."

"Then you invited him?"

"Of course I did. Oh, I know he is very much occupied; but, if he could not come in person, I thought he would have been represented at the ceremony by one of his sons, either Baron Alphonse, or Baron Gustave, or Baron Edmond, or by one of his grandsons, Baron James or Baron Arthur."

"But why on earth did you invite M. de Rothschild?"

"Because he is your friend, your banker, your patron."

"My friend! my banker! my patron!" I repeated with astonishment. "Why, I haven't the honor of his acquaintance; do you understand? I don't know him at all!"

"Was it not he who gave you his stall at the opera?"

"I did not even know that it belonged to him."

My father-in-law, darting at me a savage glance, shoved me far away from his side with a violent push. What matters it? I am married, well married, fast married, and heaven be praised, a divorce is forever out of the question!

Another vanished illusion! the last one, though. This marriage, that I was attributing to my irresistible personal charms, is the work of—an opera-stall! O Providence, such are thy ways. Had I chosen the right of the orchestra instead of taking my place at the left—for a certainty, I should have ended on some hospital pallet. Philippe, my dear fellow, don't forget that you are to be godfather to my first!

Thus was married Arnold Raymond. The news was not slow in spreading through the town. And for the space of a whole year, among the spectators at the opera, it was a matter of rivalry as to who should show himself in Baron de Rothschild's stall. But up to the present time, we have not heard of its having worked any new miracles in the matrimonial line.—From the French of *Alberic Second*.

Great Britain enjoys all the blessings and benefits of free trade. Are strikes rare? On the contrary, they are common. According to the records of the London Board of Trade, there were in England, in 1890, a total of 1,028 strikes, involving 392,981 persons. In the same period, there were in this country 927 strikes, affecting 219,915 persons. Similar statistics as to Germany and France, supplied by the same authority, show 45 strikes and 45,800 affected persons in the former country, and 31 strikes and 98,700 persons in the latter. The condition of our working people (says *Frank Leslie's*) has never been reduced to any such extremities as are constantly reported in free-trade England. The city of London has again and again presented the spectacle of vast masses of working people clamoring for living wages, and driven at times to the very brink of desperation. When one recalls the situation in all the continental countries where free trade prevails, and then considers the comfort in which the great body of American workingmen live, the absurdity of the Democratic gabble as to the evils of protection becomes instantly apparent.

Recently at Durham, England, where a guard was on trial for misusing a woman passenger on the North-Eastern Railway, the jury were so convinced of the falsity of the accusation that they stopped the case. Again, at the Berkshire Quarter Sessions, a clergyman was acquitted, amid loud applause, of assaulting a girl who was traveling on the Newbury line. This would seem to indicate the necessity for unprotected male travelers on British railroads traveling with *rons*.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Sir Richard Wallace is announced in the English papers as the author of "An Englishman in Paris," the two volumes of reminiscences just issued by the Messrs. Appleton. They relate to life in Paris during the reigns of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon, and in the Commune. Besides politics, society, art, and letters are dealt with. Sir Richard was himself an extremely interesting man.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson's new novel, "The Pearl Fisher," is approaching completion.

Few American books have been received in Great Britain with such enthusiasm as has welcomed Miss Wilkins's stories. A new and complete library edition has been demanded, and is on the eve of publication.

Telling, in the *Idler*, "How I Wrote My First Book," Mr. James Payn incidentally remarks:

"For many years I published books anonymously (*i. e.*, by the author of so-and-so), and many a humorous interview I had with various denizens of Paternoster Row, to whom I (very strongly) recommended them, by proxy. 'If I were speaking to the author,' they said, 'it would be unpleasant to say this' (that, and the other of a derogatory character), 'but with you we feel frank.' And they were sometimes very frank; and, though I didn't much like it at the time, their candor (when I had sold the book tolerably well) tickled me afterward immensely. For persons who have enjoyed this experience, mere literary criticism has henceforth no terrors."

Not discouraged by the unfavorable criticisms of "David Grieve," Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be hard at work upon a new novel.

"The Lover's Library" is the title of a series of poetic reprints which Mr. J. H. Ingram is engaged in editing, with biographical and critical introductions. The first volume contains George Daly's " Sylvia; or, The May Queen."

Mme. Adam is said to have been a potent cause of M. Zola's defeat in his recent attempt to become one of the Immortals of the Académie. "The distinguished lady scribe, who is nothing if not a diplomatist," says Apemantus in *Literary Opinion*, "pledged member after member to 'pill' the famous—or, as she might say, infamous—realist. Hence his crushing defeat; and yet women cry out for the suffrage, and say they are down-trodden."

Mr. R. L. Stevenson's historical work on Samoa will be published by a New York house next week.

Propos of the fact that the Norwegian Storching has again granted an annual pension of sixteen hundred crowns (about four hundred and fifty dollars) to the poet and politician Bjoernsterne Bjoernson, the *Triune* says:

"The pension was given to this popular author for the first time in 1861. In 1887, however, a motion was made in the Storting to honor the novelist, Herr Kjelland in a similar way. The motion was lost. Herr Kjelland was so incensed at the insult to his friend that he declined to accept his pension longer. Kjelland, having become in the meantime mayor of Stavanger, the city of his birth, Bjoernson consented to accept again the bounty of his country's representatives. The majority, however, in favor of granting the stipend was not overwhelming, as the poet's political course recently has aroused much opposition. Henrik Ibsen and Jonas Lie also draw a pension of four hundred and fifty dollars each from the Norwegian treasury."

It is said that S. S. McClure, one of the pioneers in the newspaper syndicate business, is about to publish a magazine.

Clark Russell has completed a new novel, called "The Convict Ship."

The Milanese editor Uirico Hoepli, following the example set by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, invited a hundred leading men of Italy to give their opinions as to what they hold to be the hundred best books in Italian literature, with a special view to the use of students and young people. The results have been issued in a book, which forms amusing as well as instructive reading:

"Thus, one man, Leopoldo Pulle—the name deserves to be recorded as an instance of almost child-like and ingenuous vanity—the writer of some graceful but by no means eminent poems and plays, naively recommends nothing but his own works, which he says he can conscientiously recommend as good and moral literature. Turning to more serious writers, it is curious to find that Manzoni receives more votes than Dante, that Leopardi carries off more than double the votes given to Tasso, and that among foreign writers recommended to the reading of youth, Darwin's name—in translation, of course—figures invariably, and not infrequently that of Herbert Spencer. The publisher has annexed to the volume a valuable bibliographic appendix, which forms a true *route-marc* to Italian literature, which should be useful to all students of that tongue."

A translation of a new novel by Paul Lindau, "Mr. and Mrs. Bewer," is announced.

So far as a first edition is concerned, Mr. Stevenson's novel, "The Wrecker," has been successful in England. It was published on June 29th, and by July 2d the large edition was exhausted.

Richard Harding Davis's younger brother, Charles B. Davis, is developing some ability as a writer.

Sidney Dillon wrote a paper for the Historic Moment Series for one of the magazines, and made his final revision of it only a few weeks before his death. It describes the "Driving of the Last Spike of the Union Pacific."

Jeanne Schultz, who wrote that clever tale, "The Story of Colette," has just published, through D. Appleton & Co., a new novel, entitled "Jean de Kerdren."

Some one has sent James Payn a periodical called *Index to Book Reviews*, of which he writes:

"It is, no doubt, intended for the public that writes books, which nowadays must be a pretty large one. It

gives the name and date of every newspaper and review which has 'noticed' any recent work; but it omits to say whether they have noticed it favorably or otherwise. I believe there are some writers who greedily devour everything that is said about them, whether favorable or unfavorable, and who shrink only from silence, which they are of opinion by no means gives consent to their literary aspirations. The majority, however, do not enjoy vivisection; they can bear praise heroically, even when laid on with a frowl—nay, a spade; but the sort of criticism that takes the form of censure is abhorrent to them. If I might venture to give a word of advice to the proprietors of the new periodical, I would recommend them to put *g* and *h*, for 'good' and 'bad,' before the reviews alluded to, or even *v* and *v* (in italics), so that their public may know not only what to read but what to avoid. Few persons are so foolish as to suppose that they know to what is hostile to them; how much less, then, if they are unable to reply to them! It is true that some authors do reply to their critics, but they are generally very young. It is only in the nursery rhyme that the individual who has his eyes scratched out by the gooseberry-bush entertains the hope of getting the gooseberry-bush to scratch them in again."

The new story on which Marion Crawford is engaged, "Laura Arden," is said to have a happy ending.

"A Tale of Twenty-five Hours," by Brander Matthews and G. H. Jessop, and Hamlin Garland's "A Little Norsk," are the first volumes of Appleton's pretty little new summer series of books for idle hours.

## New Publications.

A "Columbian Souvenir," a pamphlet containing views of the chief buildings of the World's Fair, is published and for sale, postpaid, by H. J. Burdick & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents.

"The Colonel by Brevet," by St. George Rathborne, has been issued in the Idle Moment Series published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Sarchedon," by G. J. White-Melville, a tale of adventure in the time of Semiramis, has been reissued in paper covers by Rand, McNally & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Hand of Destiny," translated from the German of Ossip Schubin, by Mary A. Robinson, has been issued in the Fair Library published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Dear Elsie," a novel translated from the German of Johannes Van Deyval by Mary J. Safford, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

George Ebers's latest novel of life in ancient Egypt, "Per Aspera," has been translated into English by Clara Bell, and is published under the title, "A Thorny Path," by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, for the two volumes, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In "Thérèse de Quilliane," which has been translated from the French of Léon de Tinseau by Frances S. Gray, the heroine is a young girl who feels an avocation for a religious life, but has deferred taking the veil that she may nurse her invalid brother, with whom she is spending a season in Egypt. There a friend, her Prince Charming, finds her, and the story tells of their wooing. The story is a clean and pathetic one, and its pages sparkle with wit. Published by John Ireland, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Mrs. Keats Bradford" is a continuation of Maria Louise Pool's story of "Roweny in Boston." In it, we see Roweny, the girl who left a quiet country home to study art in Boston, married and still trying to live a life for art. The story follows her through mental struggles and heart-burnings until she and Mr. Keats Bradford have separated and will, presumably, come together again for the sake of their child, but the conclusion is rather vague. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Surely it will not be through lack of "situations" that Miss Braddon's latest story, "The Venetians," will fail to please. The hero, a young Englishman in Venice, kills a man in a quarrel over a girl; but he escapes to England, and marries a woman who proves to be the sister of the man whom he had killed. Meantime, the girl, over whom the quarrel was fought, had gone on the stage, and presently she turns up in London as a famous singer. Naturally, the complications are interesting, and they are handled with much dexterity. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"December Roses," as its name implies, is a story of love that is late in its fulfillment. In Australia, Nelly Christian is deceived by relatives into marrying a man she does not love. She gets a divorce, and, in Switzerland, she finds her first lover, engaged to another woman; the latter dies, however, but they are kept apart by the fact that her husband is still alive. Then they appear in the United States, and, her husband having conveniently died, the lovers are married, and the "December Roses" bloom. The contrast between the love of the woman and of the girl is very cleverly drawn. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Wrecker" will not add to the reputation of Robert Louis Stevenson, in spite of the fact that his step-son, Lloyd Osbourne, is named on the title-page as co-author. It is to be noted, by the way, that the initials "R. L. S." alone figure on the

ornamented cover. The incident on which the story is constructed is an expedition in search of a pirate's treasure; but, in spite of Mr. Stevenson's skill in describing adventure, and though his pictures in this book of life in the artistic world of Paris and of the slums of San Francisco are very vivid, the story is interminably long and extremely hard to follow. Whatever Samoa has done for Mr. Stevenson's health, his writings have distinctly deteriorated since he has been sending up copy from his island home. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Master of Silence," by Irving Bacheller, is a novelette of very lively imagining. The narrator is a young man who comes to America in search of an eccentric uncle, and finds him living in a gloomy mansion guarded by snakes and a lion. The uncle has a son who is physically perfect and has been brought up in seclusion and in ignorance of all speech, communicating with his father by "the internal language," a practice which makes him an expert mind-reader. When the father dies and the "master of silence" goes into the world under the guidance of his cousin, his mind-reading powers and his ignorance of the use of white lies lead to a startling scene at a dinner given in his honor; but they play an important rôle in frustrating the machinations of the cousin's wicked step-mother, who is very persistent in her endeavors to kill her step-son. There are some very good points, and some quite as bad, in the story. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Forty-five years ago Francis Parkman began the preparation of his history of "France and England in North America"; twenty-seven years have passed since the first volume was published; and, though the seventh and final part was published eight years ago, it is only now that the sixth part is issued, completing the series. The entire work covers a period of deep interest to Americans, for in it took place the last great attempt of feudalism, monarchy, and Rome to master a continent. In "A Half-Century of Conflict"—the title of this sixth part, which is issued in two volumes—are set forth the events of the fifty years extending from the time of Count Frontenac, Governor of New France, to the taking of Quebec by the British and Americans under General Wolfe in 1768—a period of importance in its results and deeply interesting in its incidents as set forth by Mr. Parkman, who is a graceful writer and possessed of a sense of the picturesque which yet does not make him a partizan. His accuracy may be judged from the fact that he has taken his information from original sources, using second-hand

authorities only when their statements are borne out by contemporaneous evidence; and the manuscript material from which the series was prepared makes seventy folio volumes. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, for the two volumes, \$5.00; for sale by the booksellers.

## An Englishman in Paris.

NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS. In Two Volumes, 12mo. Cloth, \$4.50.

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## Jean de Kerdren.

By the author of "Colette" and "Straight On." No. 97. Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

"The love-story of the two young persons is told with the utmost simplicity and freshness, and with an intensity of interest with which mere literary skill seems to have little to do. It gives throughout the impression of a faithful rendering of reality. . . . The core of the story is sound and sweet, and will determine the impression for all healthy readers, to whom we cordially recommend it."—*New York Times*.

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## Announcements

No. 1.

Poetry is the translation of the intuitive sense into concrete form.

## A Week with Some Poets.

Monday,	Whitman,	The Poet and Seer
1st week.		
Tuesday,	Emerson,	The Poet and Thinker
2d week.		
Wednesday,	Shakespeare,	The Poet and Artist
3d week.		
Thursday,	Longfellow,	The Poet and Friend
4th week.		
Friday,	Raphael,	The Poet and Painter
5th week.		
Saturday,	Lincoln,	The Poet and Statesman
6th week.		
Sunday,	Jesus,	The Poet and Man
7th week.		

This course of lectures is now ready. Scale of prices and further details will be in Announcement No. 2.

David Lesser Lezinsky.

523 Clay St.  
San Francisco, Cal.  
1892.



## VANITY FAIR.

Last year there were eighteen hundred and thirty-nine widowers married in New York city (says the *World*), while of widows there were only fifteen hundred and seventy-four, so that about twenty per cent. more widowers than widows were married. At first thought it will seem as if there were twenty reasons why a widow should marry to one that should tempt a widower to try it over again. The first is that comparatively few widows are left with any means of support, and the most natural thing in the world for them is to look around for some one who shall take the place of him who paid the bills. Besides the question of support, a woman who has always had a man at her "beck and call," is lonesome. If she wishes to go out of town she must get her own expressman, look through a time-table which is oftentimes as pure Greek to her, buy her own ticket, see herself off on the train, and go on her way, feeling as if she were only about half-packed up and all wrong generally. Her husband had always done these things for her. A woman without a man of her own is helpless in a large city, so far as evening entertainments are concerned, unless she be possessed of sufficient wealth to own her private carriage and to keep a maid to accompany her. The poor unhappy widow does not enjoy going out alone. If she is a young widow, she longs for social life and some of the gaiety that has been hers, and is surprised and shocked when she finds how careful she must be lest the breath of scandal touch her or the eye of suspicion be cast upon her little attempts to mingle once more with the world of men. Unless she is a "pretty widow and blessed with money," she finds that she is the extra one at dinners, and when she goes out to spend the evening with a friend, some one of the family has to be asked to go home with her. As for her business affairs, she must trust them entirely to people who have no direct interest in her.

That highly respectable London club, the Athenæum, has been greatly reviled for its exclusiveness in having, at a late general meeting, rejected a proposition to admit strangers on the same terms as other clubs. Any one who understands the subject perceives the great convenience of being able to ask a friend to lunch at his club. An ancient clubman says: "The thing works well, you see; for when you ask a fellow to lunch, why, he must go away afterward about his business, or you can say you must go away about yours; but when he comes to dinner, there is no knowing when you will get rid of him."

Every stranger who goes to Paris and cares for feminine beauty of form is struck with the pretty feet of the women (says a New York paper). It is not that the Frenchwoman always has graceful feet. It is that she knows incomparably well how to dress them. Her foot is never rubbed, nor spread, nor down at heel. It is trim foot-gear to the last, because it was the best of its kind in the beginning. To be well shod and well gloved, is the Frenchwoman's first aim in dress. So long as a woman thinks she can buy a good boot for five or six dollars a pair, so long will she have ill-dressed feet. Pay ten to fourteen dollars. If you can not get them ready-made to fit every angle of your foot, and particularly if there be any defect you want concealed or modified, get them made to order. A good boot-maker, if you pay him a good price, can do anything and everything short of turning an absolutely ugly foot into a beautiful one. He can make the poorest foot look neat and presentable. Then give the preference, no matter how hot the weather, to a dainty buttoned boot for the street. If you pick up your skirt with a low shoe, it is apt to look as if you had forgotten to dress yourself. Low shoes are preëminently for the house, and should be made like the boot, with the same fullness in the instep, a pointed toe, and a Louis the Fifteenth heel. The art of cutting a boot well, giving sufficient room to the foot while preserving the ideal effect of height and narrowness in the instep, consists in having a narrow sole, with a roomy, arched upper. The "Pinet" Paris boot is a perfect model. Cheap boots are all made with a sole too wide in proportion to the upper.

The diversion of politics carries with it the delight of an electioneering costume. The styles from England seem as conclusive as an argument. A feminine canvassing-dress, described by a correspondent, is a Donegal frieze of a mixture of fawn and red. The

skirt is reefed close and cut short over tan-leather boots. The body has a coat basque and opens in front over a waistcoat of brown-plush leather, with a white shirt front, and a silk tie of the colors of her candidate. On her head the canvasser wears a Tyrolean hat of the colors of her gown or a natty Tam o' Shanter, with a jaunty little rosette of her electioneering colors on the side. As she must be prepared for all weathers, she has a long ulster, with a hood lined with waterproof silk. With this is worn a tan-leather belt and gloves. It is essential in an electioneering costume to express a correspondence between your principles and your garments. The Ulster Convention has made the ulster the fashion among the Primrose dames. The garment by that name is revived and glorified, and Ulster tweeds and Ulster friezes keep the dressmakers busy.

The Century Club, once the temporary home of the better class of Americans who visit London, died of inanition last week, and with its demise perishes almost all hope of supporting a distinctively American club there. The Century Club membership was largely composed of that of the old American Club, which was amalgamated with it five years ago. The membership-list of 1891 contained the names of Cornelius and W. K. Vanderbilt, William and William Waldorf Astor, William M. Everts, James R. Osgood, Chauncey M. Depew, C. P. Huntington, J. B. Haggis, George W. Childs, W. H. Hunnewell, Chester Alan Arthur, Judge Edward Patterson, J. Pierpont Morgan, Bradley Martin, W. B. McVickar, Bret Harte, J. McNeill Whistler, Minister Lincoln, Consul-General New, Henry White, first secretary of the United States Legation; Major Post and Lieutenant-Commander Emory, military and naval attaches of our legation, as well as most other distinguished Americans who are in the habit of visiting London. The Right Hon. Sir Edward Thornton, ex-Embassador to the United States from England, was chairman, and at that time the club was known as "The Millionaires' Club," and the *cuisine* was considered one of the best in London. The decline of the club began when Durant, who was a pupil of Napoleon the Third's chef, left, because a bigger salary than the Century would pay was offered him to become steward of the Tivoli Restaurant, a year ago, one of the best in town, but now closed, because it could not be made a financial success. Afterward, the committee, without calling a meeting of the members, assessed them for a debt under which the club lay. Eighty members resigned within a week, as a protest against this high-handed proceeding, and soon after the committee closed the dining room without notifying the members, and there were a score more of resignations. Since then, the club has been practically dead, and it was no unusual thing, for the last few months, for a solitary member to enter and find the servants sitting about the rooms reading the periodicals. The club was closed by the committee with the same disregard for the members as was evinced by their former official action. None of the members knew, until they called last week and found the doors closed, that their club, for which they had paid dues until next January, had collapsed.

They say that the young woman who gained the tennis championship of the United States put up a game that out-classed that of a good many male players who rank high among the amateurs. This is only another illustration of the rapid advancement of the sex (says *Life*). When we stop to think that it is only about twenty-five years since woman began to be emancipated, industrially and otherwise, it will be seen that she has not really had much of a chance to show what she can do. Evolution has not even begun to get in its work yet, and the sex has had nothing like a fair opportunity to throw off the enervating handicap of centuries of coddling and belittlement. *Life* stands ready to wager a large, handsome doughnut that another half-century will enable woman to escape the favorite reproach of misogynists to the effect that no woman has ever yet been really great in art, literature, science, or affairs. This gentry never stops to think that the woman of the past was what man made her. The woman of the future proposes to take that contract into her own hands, and she has already made a fair start at it.

The blanket and feathers of the North American Indian and the American woman's bathing-costume are our two native styles (says the New York *Sun*). To no other country do we owe anything of these, and both are essentially picturesque. In France, the

bathing-dress has an ugliness that is fatal. This is a short, basque-like arrangement, much striped and buttoned, worn over a pair of trousers reaching to the ankles. Nothing more hideous could be conceived; but the Frenchwoman wears her long *peignoir* of Turkish toweling down to the water's edge, then, casting it aside, loses herself in the water with all haste. In swimming, however, the basque is more than apt to fail in its office, and to lie up over the back, painfully revealing that the costume is not one and indivisible. When the American girl first appeared on the French beaches, with the French assurance that in matters of costume they are competent to give the lead, it was the prudishness of her stockings that first attracted attention. But so artistic a people could not fail at last to observe that in cutting off her trousers and adding her stockings she had gained an æsthetic point that could well enable her to dispense with the long, enveloping wraps that at some French beaches is regarded as necessary to official decorum. It is not necessary to comment even on the English bathing-dress, when unmodified by foreign influences.

It has been noticed by a keen observer that, notwithstanding the prevalence of posturing and staid dancing, grace—grace *per se*, the old statuesque grace, the art of Taglioni and Fanny Elssler—is going out of fashion. Women move all in a piece, with angular movements and no bending of the body. Taglioni used to say to her pupils: "Study the grace of the body, and the feet will take care of themselves." No one courtesies, no one sways, no one walks from the hips now. A bow is the school-girl nod of the head, the tailor-made gown does away with the bend in the back—*la ligne*, as Alexandre Dumas called it, when he dwelt affectionately upon it in his writings. Can it be that, as woman is gradually emancipating herself from the trammels of ages, she is losing her peculiar feminine grace—that to be strong and hearty is more important in her opinion than to be beautiful? Yet a graceful woman has, in the eyes of connoisseurs, a far greater charm than a mere pretty woman.

The question of the corset reappears year after year. Its opponents are loud and outspoken, and cite medical opinions and common sense in favor of their theories, all of which apply to the abuse of the corset and not to its legitimate use. Since the days of ancient Greece, women have worn some cincture or support at the waist, and it is quite probable they will continue to do so, in spite of theorists. It is perfectly true (says a writer on fashion topics in the New York *Tribune*) that a great many women can do without the stiff corset, and use instead the whalebone waist, which is nothing more or less than a modified corset. There are few, if any, elegantly dressed women who do not wear a corset or a substitute for it in the heavily boned corsage of their dress. Too much can not be said in condemnation of the long, stifflly boned corsets of cheap make, which reduce the figure to the wooden appearance of a puppet. A well-made corset, which is modeled to the proportions of the figure and gives support where support is needed, is a very different thing. It can not be laced to undue proportions without destroying the symmetry of the figure. As a matter of fact, the chief sinners in the abuse of the corset are maid-servants, who try to lace down their buxom waists to the sylph-like proportions of the young ladies of the parlor. No girl under eighteen should wear a corset more than ten inches long, and the nine-inch length is better suited to the majority of young figures. Only exceptionally tall women should wear long corsets. The French, who are admitted to be the best-dressed women in the world, wear only short corsets. The stiff appearance, noteworthy in the dress of so many Englishwomen, is due largely to the elongated corset, which is made by the English corset-maker, and which pushes up the bust in an unnatural and ungainly manner, necessitating the high-dart seams, which are an abomination in any corsage where grace of contour is sought for.

Most men do not seem to know that no one's favorable comment on their personal appearance is so valued by their wives as that of the husband (says the *Evening Sun*). When a man compliments his wife on her personal appearance, she notes it in a pleased way. When he ignores the cut or color of her new gown, or manner of arranging her hair, the opinion of no one else assures her of its complete success. While the accustomed frankness of comment between husband and wife gives a value to his favorable opinion that the tribute of no one else can give, it is his courtesy that she chiefly prizes. Some men, on their part, pay no compliments so gracefully as those to their wives. Recently, Queen Margherita of Italy asked the king if he did not think she was getting too old to wear white, which is her favorite color. The king gravely answered that the question demanded reflection. Two weeks afterward, the queen received a box, with the message: "This is the king's reply." On opening the box, the queen found it filled with white gowns that the king had ordered from Paris.

Reason? BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND MONOGRAMS; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbottle Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

## AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

## The Best Dressing

Restores hair which has become thin, faded, or gray.  
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.  
Lowell, Mass.

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"More wholesome than any Aerated Water which art can supply."

"Invalids are recommended to drink it." — THE TIMES, London.

"THE QUEEN OF TABLE WATERS."



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Have been used on the Pacific Coast, and have proven, beyond doubt, that they

WEAR LONGER THAN PAINT.  
WEAR BETTER THAN PAINT.  
PREVENT THE BLACKENING  
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Samples on Wood, with Circulars and Sketches of Creosoted Houses, sent on application.

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Deviled Ham.

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33 UNION SQUARE  
NEW YORK

PIANOS

New Styles Just Received

CALL AND SEE THEM.

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Extract of BEEF.

Used by  
ALL GOOD COOKS  
The Year Round.

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DR. PRICE'S  
Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard



## SOCIETY.

## The Swabacker-Gump Wedding.

An interesting wedding took place last Wednesday evening when Miss Goldina Gump, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gump, of this city, was united in marriage to Mr. Louis Swabacker, a prominent merchant of Wheeling, W. V. The bride, who is a beautiful brunette, was graduated from Miss Lake's School last term, and immediately went to visit relatives in the East. It was there that she met the gentleman with whom she has linked her future life and happiness. The celebration of the wedding was most pleasant. More than a hundred relatives and friends were invited to witness the ceremony, which was performed in the rotunda of the hotel about half-past six o'clock. The young couple stood beneath a canopy of bright flowers and evergreens, entwined with ribbons of white silk, while Rev. Jacob Voorsanger, of the Temple Emanuel, performed the impressive marriage service. Standing near to them were Mr. and Mrs. S. Gump, parents of the bride; Miss Mary Greenebaum, the little maid of honor; Miss Minnie Lewis and Miss Nellie Joseph, the two bridesmaids; Miss Minnie Swabacker, sister of the groom; Mrs. William H. Bronner, of New York city, a sister of the bride; Mrs. William Schwartz, another sister of the bride, and her husband; Mr. and Mrs. Gus Gump, uncle and aunt of the bride; Mrs. Sigmund Greenebaum; Mr. A. Swabacker, uncle of the groom, and his mother; and the two ushers, Mr. Abraham Gump and Mr. Alfred Gump—all of whom comprised the bridal party. The toilets of the ladies were all noticeable for their beauty, a description of some of them being as follows:

The bride looked lovely in an exquisitely designed costume of lustrous white satin, made with a long court-train. The corsage was cut slightly round and trimmed with point Duchesse lace, and at the point of the corsage, on the right shoulder, and in the coiffure were dainty sprays of white hydrangeas. The sleeves were puffed in the Empire style and the gloves were of white undressed kid. In her dark tresses gleamed a star of diamonds that held in place the flowing veil of white-silk molaine. She carried a bouquet of bride roses.

Miss Mary Greenebaum, the maid of honor who strewed roses in the pathway of the bride, wore a pretty gown of pale-blue mousseline de soie, cut décolleté, and carried pink roses.

Miss Minnie Lewis and Miss Nellie Joseph were attired alike in becoming toilets of white crepe de Chine over white India silk, cut décolleté, and trimmed with Duchesse lace. They were finished with demi-trains. Bride roses were carried, tied with white silk ribbons.

Mrs. S. Gump wore a rich robe of heliotrope colored silk with gold lace trimmings. She carried Marchal Niel roses. Mrs. William H. Bronner, of New York, appeared in an imported gown of white brocade silk in rose designs of golden hue. It was made en train and cut décolleté. She carried sweet peas.

Mrs. William Schwartz wore a handsome costume of white satin, en train, trimmed with point lace, and cut décolleté.

Mrs. Gus Gump was attired in black faille Francaise, en train, trimmed with Spanish lace and jet passementerie. Her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Sigmund Greenebaum wore a toilet of black gros grain trimmed with point lace and passementerie; ornaments, diamonds.

The ceremony was followed by the congratulations of all present, and then they adjourned to the banquet-hall, where a most elaborate dinner was served. With the advent of the champagne Rabbi Voorsanger arose and in eloquent words proposed the health of the newly wedded couple and their parents. After dinner dancing was enjoyed to excellent music until early morning. Mr. and Mrs. Swabacker left on Thursday for Monterey, and after visiting other points of interest, they will return here and then proceed to Wheeling, W. V., where they will reside. They were the recipients of a large number of exceptionally elegant presents.

## The Hutchings-Edmunds Wedding.

Miss Emily Edmunds, of Mayfield Lodge, Addison Road, London, and Mr. James M. Hutchings, of Yosemite, were united in marriage on Saturday evening, July 16th, at the residence of the Right Rev. Bishop Kip. In the absence of the bride from her relatives, the wedding was celebrated very quietly, and owing to stress of professional engagements, no private intimation of her marriage could be sent to her friends. Rev. E. J. Lion performed the ceremony and the bishop pronounced the blessing. Mrs. J. M. Hutchings will receive friends on Tuesdays on and after August 24th, at her new residence, 1810 Gough Street.

Among other articles in the commissary department of Mrs. Harrison's special car to the Adirondacks, was a box of California wines labeled "Mrs. Benjamin Harrison from Mrs. Leland Stanford."

## La Veuve Clicquot.

A particular reason why the Veuve Clicquot champagne is in such great favor among those who drink wine and know how to properly appreciate it, is the fact that it is naturally refreshing and possesses the vinous flavor and bouquet that is desired, but so seldom, if ever, found in other wines. It is of medium dryness, avoiding the extremes which suit only a minority of wine drinkers, but is sufficiently dry to suit the palate of the instructed connoisseurs. It is extremely well-suited for use by invalids, for whom the valuable qualities of a high class of champagne are so often found beneficial. It is a light wine, with exhilarating power, containing but a small percentage of alcohol, and free from any unpleasant after-taste. It is a general favorite among club men, owing to its sound character and pleasant properties. Every prominent hotel and club in the United States has the Veuve Clicquot champagne on its wine-list, and no other wine is in such demand.

"MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE" Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for your children while teething.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Poor Service.

If there's a game he plays above  
All others, it is tennis;  
Yet in the other game of love  
He finds his name is Dennis.  
—Evening Sun.

## Baited Breath.

His bait was in a bottle  
And it scared him half to death  
When his wife inquired, demurely,  
If he fished with baited breath.  
—Washington Star.

## The Grateful Mosquito.

"Tis thus that nature doth provide,"  
A wise mosquito gladly cried;  
When food is scarcely to be found,  
The summer boarder comes around.  
—Washington Star.

## Lucky Lawyers.

The lawyers down at Billville  
Are bappy as can be;  
They hire a man to wreck a train,  
And when a dozen folks are slain  
They sue the road and always gain  
A big contingent fee.  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## She was Wed.

"Alas! alas!" Tom sighed and said:  
"Lost opportunities are sad!"  
Five years ago, if I had known,  
Clorinda Jones had been my own.  
I was afraid to speak the word,  
And now she's wedded, so I've heard."  
"I wish you'd spoken," said his friend.  
"I married her! You comprehend?"  
—Judge.

## At Buzzard's Bay.

The Fisherman's Daughter, Baby Ruth,  
Played on the porch one summer day  
With her teething-rings and her dolls and things  
In her innocent, sportive, childish way.

Presently toward that shady porch,  
Through the burning sand and blazing sun,  
The Fisherman came with that thing of fame,  
The nominee from Bloomington.

Then the Fisherman's Daughter, Baby Ruth,  
Gave forth a cry with wonder fraught;  
"Oh, mamma, dear," she cried, "tune here—  
Tune here an' see what papa's caught!"  
—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

## Ode to the Clam.

Oh, the clam, the succulent clam,  
King of all birds who in seas ever swam!  
Lying so still in your soft ocean nest,  
While the cool, salty billows roll over your breast;  
Type of repose, sweet contentment itself,  
Beautiful clam, you're a cute little elf!

Oh, the clam, the fat, unctuous clam,  
Clam with a nature deliciously calm!  
Minding your business your life ever through,  
Gossiping not of what others may do,  
Living that you may us mortals refresh  
(Sweet sacrifice of succulent flesh!)  
Clam, I'm your slave, and you know that I am,  
Clam of the evening, beautiful clam!

Oh, the clam, the elegant clam,  
I give you a humble and lovely salaam!  
Come to me, darling, all steaming and hot,  
Come to me buttered, right out of the pot!  
Sizzling and hissing and juicy and sweet,  
Salted and peppered and ready to eat!  
The man who can't love you is surely a ham,  
Charming, seductive, and ravishing clam!  
—Boston News.

## Over the Atlantic.

Hundreds of San Franciscans cross the Atlantic Ocean annually on their pilgrimages to the Old World, and the returning travelers always speak in the biggest praise of their treatment on the well-known White Star Line. Its steamers are the *Teutonic*, *Britannic*, *Majestic*, and *Germanic*, all of which have been aptly termed "ocean greyhounds," on account of their great speed. They are magnificently fitted up, and every luxury is obtainable. The steamers of the White Star Line carry the United States and royal mail, and sail from New York and Liverpool every Wednesday. H. Maitland Kersey is the agent in New York city, at 29 Broadway, and tickets may also be purchased here from all railroad and steamship agents.

The Saturday Popular Concerts are to be resumed again this year, commencing early in September, and the "Pop. Trio" are already at work on a number of novelties by Paderewski, Tschaiowski, and others.

## To Those who Write Notes.

From the appearance of a note one can make a very close guess as to the character of the writer; if it be written on flashy or out-of-date paper, the writer is a coarse person who does not keep abreast of the times, while the writer of taste and refinement may be recognized at once by the absolute correctness of her notes. They should be written on some of the new styles of paper that have just been accepted by the leaders of English and Eastern fashion—such papers, for example, as Crane's "insertion," "kid finish," "old style," or "Venetian repp," or Hurd's "coquille, egg-shell finish"—and they should be sealed with sealing-wax of an appropriate hue.

These materials can best be bought at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great art and stationery store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They began their stationery department by keeping a small stock of the very choicest goods, and they have never allowed their high standard of style to deteriorate, though their stock in this line is now the best chosen and most complete in San Francisco. It is the same with their copper-plate work. They engrave the handsomest visiting-cards in the city, while the wedding and ball-invitations produced at their establishment on Market Street are absolute perfection in both design and workmanship. And, speaking of weddings, they have just got in a supply of dainty boxes for sending wedding-cake to friends that are going to be very popular.

—Miss THEODORA VASSAULT WILL RESUME HER classes in Drawing and Water-color Painting, August 1st. Special classes for children after school hours in drawing and modeling in clay. Studio, 1812 Sacramento Street.

## OUR CAMPAIGN OFFER.

Our offer to send the *Argonaut* during the campaign for one dollar has met with a very gratifying reception. During one day this week, campaign subscriptions came in from points as widely separated as from Chama, N. M., to Bennington, Vt. One also came from Toronto, Canada, and one from St. Johns, New Brunswick, on the same day. The following list of names also came on the same day:

A. G. Abbott.....	Newcastle
A. S. Whitmore.....	Newcastle
Jos. Smith.....	Newcastle
L. N. Lothrop.....	Newcastle
A. Moeger.....	Newcastle
F. J. Mason.....	Newcastle
Geo. Mitchell.....	Newcastle
J. G. Boggs.....	Newcastle

These names were secured and sent to us by I. C. Boggs, to whom our thanks are due. If other *Argonaut* subscribers are interested in spreading sound American and Republican ideas, they would further that end by calling the attention of their friends to our campaign offer.

The *Argonaut* is American and Republican; it is on the side of good government; it believes in the free coinage of honest money, both gold and silver; it believes in the suppression of disorderly mobs with a strong hand; it believes that every man has a right to work for whom he chooses, and that every employer has a right to employ whom he chooses, despite the dictates of despotic labor unions. The *Argonaut* believes in restricting naturalization, and in the ultimate exclusion of undesirable foreign immigration. It believes in protection to American industries and to American labor. It believes that the election of the national Republican nominees will best carry out these ends.

The *Argonaut* will do its best for the success of the national Republican party in November. Those among our subscribers who are in sympathy with us are asked to bring our campaign offer to the attention of their friends.

News comes from Paris of the death of the famous painter, F. Brissot, generally known as "Brissot de Warville." His forte was in painting sheep, in which field he was almost unrivaled, and he was four times *recompensé* by the judges of the Salons. A number of his paintings are owned in this city, having been imported by Mr. S. Gump, who, by a strange chance, bought Brissot's last three paintings during his last trip to Europe, and will soon have them hung in his gallery on Market Street.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

## USE ONLY

## MURRAY &amp; LANMAN'S



## REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

MRS. HARRISON REMOVES  
**Superfluous Hair**  
By the Electric Needle.  
GUARANTEED PERMANENT.

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's  
Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## LOVE'S CONSERVATORY

## DANCING

507 SUTTER STREET.

Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

Ideas are the germs of success, and good ones properly worked out will be found to constitute the difference between the successful and the unsuccessful man.—Geyer's Stationer.

## A Splendid Opportunity to Secure

FINE OIL PAINTINGS,  
ETCHINGS,  
ENGRAVINGS,  
MIRRORS,  
STATUES,  
ORNAMENTS,  
FANCY GOODS,

Is now offered on account of removal, about September 15th, to our new building, 113 Geary Street.

## S. &amp; C. GUMP

581 MARKET STREET.

STARR-KING BUILDING,

117 Geary Street.

The California Furniture Company cordially invites your presence during a fortnight of "Red-Letter Day" advantages. A repetition of the former agreeable reception and mutual interest is assured you.

Monday, August 1st, to

Saturday, August 13th,

from eight until six.

R. S. V. P.

CARL UPMANN'S FAMOUS CIGARS,

LINCOLN'S CABINET



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

From London comes the announcement of the engagement of Miss Louise Bonyne, daughter of Mr. C. W. Bonyne, formerly of this State but now of 42 Prince's Gate, London, to Major John Grenfell Maxwell, of the Forty-Second Highlanders (known as the famous Black Watch), and also military secretary in the English administration in Egypt. Major Maxwell is brother to Lady Forbes, of Newe, Scotland, who is famed for her beauty.

Mr. William Othout, Jr., formerly of New York, but now a resident of Santa Barbara, was married last Wednesday to Mrs. Helen Read Saltus, former wife of Mr. Edgar Saltus, the novelist, of New York city, from whom she secured a divorce a year ago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. William Reed Huntington in Grace Church, New York city.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Volney Spalding returned to the city last Tuesday after a prolonged and pleasant visit to the Hawaiian Islands. She had a cottage at Waikiki most of the time, and was pleasantly entertained by friends at Honolulu.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Tubbs came up from Monterey last Wednesday on a brief visit.

Dr. George Callendreu left New York last Saturday on the steamer *La Champagne* for Havre, France.

Mr. Henry Janin is in New York city. Mrs. Henry Janin, who is passing the season at Monterey, was in the city a few days early in the week.

Mrs. M. H. Walker and Miss Alice Bushnell, of East Oakland, are passing the summer at the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wilcox and Miss Wilcox, of Portland, Or., are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Miss Florence Ives is at the Hotel Bristol, in Paris. Mr. Joseph S. Tobin is at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Miss Mary B. West, who has been passing the summer with friends in the East, will return here on August 12th.

Mrs. Albert W. Scott is passing the summer in Shasta County.

Mr. Frank A. Wilkins and his brother, of Washington, D. C., are passing several weeks in Los Angeles.

Mr. D. B. Crane and Miss Daisy Crane are enjoying a two weeks' visit at Sissons.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow and Miss Emma Durbrow have returned to the city after passing the season in San Rafael.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute have returned to the city after passing a month at Monterey.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard is visiting Monterey. Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Willard will leave on August 7th for Chicago, where they will reside henceforth.

Misses Grace and Alice Smith will visit the vicinity of Mount Shasta after their return from San Rafael.

Misses Eva and Maria Withrow have left London and are in Antwerp.

Mrs. Witbrow, Miss Dora Wood, and Mr. William D. McCann are at Bayreuth.

Mr. and Mrs. Seymour Cunningham returned from Honolulu on last Tuesday's steamer, and are at the Palace Hotel. They will soon proceed to Washington, D. C., where they will reside permanently. Mr. Cunningham will be remembered as Miss Stephanie Whitney, of Oakland.

Dr. George J. Bucknall passed last Saturday and Sunday at Oak Grove Farm in Napa County as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hott.

Miss Mabel Love has returned to the city after passing several weeks pleasantly on the ranch of Mr. and Mrs. S. Stanley, near Los Gatos.

Miss Daisy Willard will leave on Monday to pass four months with friends at Los Angeles and in Arizona. Then she will return here and afterward go to Canada to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton left for Japan last Tuesday and will be away about three months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis and Miss Follis will occupy their San Rafael cottage until November.

Miss Anna Hobbs has returned from a prolonged visit to relatives in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Kaum are passing a month in San Jose.

Mrs. W. D. O'Kane will pass the month of August at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire have returned to the city after passing a month at Larkspur Inn.

Mrs. Charles E. Gibbs and Miss Gibbs have returned from their Alaskan trip.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman will leave on Monday to pass a month near Mount Shasta.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis are en route to Alaska.

Miss Ella Adams will pass the next few weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker visited Mr. and Mrs. R. Peyton at their home near Santa Cruz last Sunday.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller has returned to the city after passing the summer at Santa Cruz.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff have been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy have been passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Boggs are passing the season at their ranch near Colusa.

Misses Lulu and Daisy Dresbach are visiting friends at Ventura.

Mrs. A. D. Sharon and Miss May Sharon have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Polhemus in San Jose during the week.

Mr. George Sesson and Miss Sesson have returned from a visit near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. William H. Wallace and Miss Cora Wallace have

returned to their residence on Broadway after passing a month on their ranch in Tulare County.

Mrs. Paris Kilburn and her daughter, Mrs. Leighton, are at the Hotel Frontenac, on Round Island, which is one of the Thousand Isles in the St. Lawrence River.

Mr. and Mrs. Ogden Mills have returned from Europe, and are passing the season at their cottage in Newport.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is expected here early in September on a visit.

Mrs. B. B. Redding is visiting at the Napa Soda Springs. Miss Madge Fairman is passing the season at Pescadero.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and the Misses Leiter arrived here last Sunday from Chicago, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins were in Berlin when last heard from.

Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan are passing a few weeks near Mount Shasta.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the coming season at Monterey.

Miss Lillie Lawlor has returned from a visit to the Yosemite Valley.

Miss Belle Smith has been passing the week in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mrs. George J. Euckall will return from Portland, Or., during the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow and Mrs. J. B. Hinkle have removed to 1920 Washington Street, and will receive on Tuesdays.

Mrs. J. A. Folger and Mr. Ernest Folger, of Oakland, are visiting near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and her daughter, Miss Helene Berger, of this city, are at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings recently enjoyed a visit to Mrs. M. H. de Young at Meadowlands.

Mrs. O. P. Evans has been passing the week in San Rafael.

Miss Alice Decker has gone East, and will return late in November.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker has returned from a hurried trip to the East and Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise returned from Monterey last Monday, and are at their cottage in San Rafael.

Miss Cora Cadue is visiting friends in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Charles Meinecke has returned from a two years' visit to Europe. Mrs. Meinecke remained in Germany in the hope of improving her health.

Miss Mamie Kohl is visiting Mrs. William L. Elkins at her home in Philadelphia.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert will pass a couple of weeks in Santa Cruz during August.

Major and Mrs. B. C. Truman and Miss George Truman are passing a few weeks in the White Mountains.

Mr. W. Frank Goad and the Misses Goad will remain in the vicinity of Mount Shasta until the latter part of August.

William Babcock and Mr. Henry Redington returned last Monday from a visit to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Bryan returned last Monday from a fortnight's outing near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are visiting relatives in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Landers and Miss Landers will pass the month of August near Mount Shasta.

Dr. R. W. Payne has returned from San Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Miss Hastings, Miss Gertrude Wilson, and Mr. J. W. Barnes passed the month of July at Wawona and the Yosemite Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Mann are passing several weeks at Larkspur Inn.

Mrs. Fred L. Wooster will return to her residence on California Street next Monday, after passing the season at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Emma Farrier and Miss Knowles, of Oakland, have been in the vicinity of Mount Shasta during the past two weeks. They will soon go to Southern California for a few weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson have been enjoying an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. O. V. Walker and Miss Helen Walker have returned from a pleasant visit at San Jose.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family will pass August near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Isaac Trumbo will return from the East on Tuesday after a prolonged visit to the principal watering-places of the East, closing with a visit to her mother in Salt Lake City. During the week, Colonel and Mrs. Trumbo will visit his mines, and late in August they will go to Monterey to attend the shoot of the County Club.

Colonel and Mrs. H. D. Talcott are now residing at 2010 Bush Street.

Mrs. J. S. Wall and the Misses Bessie and Ella Wall have returned from a prolonged visit near Mount Shasta.

Mr. A. H. Sell, who has been visiting relatives in Canada for several weeks, will return to the city on Sunday.

Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan have returned from their visit to Mount Shasta, and on Friday, in company with their mother, Mrs. E. B. Ryan, left for Sims, where they will remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Cole have been enjoying a visit at the Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. Francis Francis, who has been passing a couple of weeks at Monterey, came to the city last Tuesday and is at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Cora Smedberg has arrived in Hamburg.

Mrs. F. M. Somers, who has been traveling for the past six months in China, Japan, and the Hawaiian Islands, has just returned from Honolulu.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General John Gibbon, U. S. A. (retired), is at the Atlantic Hotel, Singapore Beach.

Mrs. Roberts, wife of Captain B. K. Roberts, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has arrived at the Presidio.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Burton, U. S. A., has been on a tour of inspection to Fort Bidwell.

Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, First Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying two months' leave of absence.

Captain E. L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., was at Fort Monroe, Va., last week. He is greatly improved in health.

Colonel James Forney, U. S. M. C., is at Congress Hall, Cape May.

Captain George F. Elliott, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the marine barracks at Brooklyn and will sail to-day for Yokohama, where he will command the marine guard on the *Lancaster*, in place of Captain R. Wallach, U. S. M. C.

A reunion of General Grant's family, including all of the grandchildren, has been projected for next autumn.

## A Great Champagne House.

We understand that the house of Pommery & Greno, whose stock of fine champagne is believed to be the largest in the world, are commanding the highest price in the market, has purchased the entire vintage of last year, which is of excellent quality in every way but proved small in quantity. The prices paid for this vintage being the highest ever known, the purchase has cost that great firm the large sum of over six hundred thousand pounds, a transaction of magnitude never equaled in the trade by any firm or company. Their cellars are visited by about three thousand people in the course of the year, two men being regularly employed in showing them around through them. There are some five hundred work-people in all there, and the establishment is fitted up with the electric light and with private telephone communicating with the houses and offices in town. The proprietors are very conscientious in turning out only such wine which is of the well-known standard quality, and as the demand for Pommery Sec is still on the increase, the management is constantly kept very busy.—*London Illustrated News.*

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The marriage of Hélène Boulanger, second daughter of "le brave général," to M. Paul Auguez de Sachy, was celebrated in the most quiet manner at the Cathedral of Versailles, in contrast to the wedding of her younger sister, who married M. Driant in 1888.

The ex-Empress Eugénie is working indefatigably on her memoirs, which will, no doubt, prove highly interesting to the next generation, as they are not to be published until many years after her death, and no person has been permitted to see a line of the manuscript.

The queen's annual outings cost the British taxpayer a pretty penny, as the following shows:

Her majesty's trip to Grasse last year caused an outlay of fully fifty thousand dollars—exactly one year's salary of the President of the United States—and it was estimated that the continental tour this year would involve no greater expenditure, but the visit to Darmstadt and other detours from the original journey raised the entire cost of the trip to seventy-five thousand dollars. In 1888, when the queen visited Florence and Berlin, the expense was even heavier.

The oft-raised question as to Queen Victoria's surname is thus answered by a recent writer:

She is, of course, a Guelph by ancestral lineage, which is traced by the genealogists from the Empress St. Cunegonda, consort to the Emperor St. Henry the Second, A. D. 1024. Both are canonized saints and both were solemnly crowned at Rome by Pope Benedict the Eighth. But all this relates merely to the pedigree of the Princess Alexandra Victoria prior to her marriage in 1840 to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. This prince was of the ancient house of Saxony, whose family name is, and has during more than four centuries been, Wettin. Obviously, therefore, the Guelph princess became upon her marriage Mrs. Wettin.

Mme. Marchesi, the famous teacher of singing, is fifty-six years old, and has still a remarkably good figure and very expressive eyes. She now lives in Paris, but she was born in Germany, educated in England, and married an Italian. She studied in London under Garcia, and one of his pupils became her husband. She taught both in Vienna and Cologne, and studied in Germany and Italy before she founded her famous school in Paris in 1881. Gerster and Nevada were among the best known of her pupils.

The divorced wife of King Milan of Servia has just written an allegory, in which her own sorrows are depicted. Under the pseudonym of "Tatjana," Queen Natalie has published "The Poem of the Crowned Child." It is in the strain of an Oriental epic poem, and gives the history of a boy prince torn from his mother's bosom, and kept from her by "Satanic creatures," "hyenas," and "demons," these three designations evidently being meant to apply to the Servian Regents. The boy's father is not mentioned.

The Empress of Austria is now spending six weeks at Carlsbad, and so little knowledge have even the Austrians themselves of her appearance that she is able to visit the public promenades and avenues, at the hours of day when they are most crowded, without being recognized by any one. Like the late Empress Augusta of Germany, she has never permitted herself to be photographed, and the only portraits extant of her are those which were painted in oil thirty years ago, and which have been reproduced by means of the camera.

Miss Foster, daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, has much artistic taste and skill, and has done a good deal of painting on china. At her old home, Fostoria, she had a kiln of her own, in which she fired her work herself. These engaging pursuits, however, have been almost entirely neglected since she went to Washington to live, having all the social duties to perform which usually a Cabinet officer's wife has to assume. Her mother is in too delicate health to discharge these. These and the cares of housekeeping she is said to meet in a highly commendable manner.

The mother of the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency, Mrs. Reid, now a very old woman, is made of that sturdy fibre that Scotland and Calvinism together breed. Two things are dear to her—her religion and her country. Once visiting at a neighbor's country-house, she was led to a seat covered with a flag. "No; not on the flag!" and the drapery had to be removed before the old lady would sit down. Her son has been honored almost past her belief by his party, and Miss Reid, the only child of her son Gavin, whom she has reared, has gone East to make preparations for her marriage in September to Judge Harrison, of San Francisco.

The Princess Bismarck makes a point of keeping in the background. Once only did she reveal herself as the counselor of her husband. A Berlin correspondent of a London paper tells the story thus:

"At his official farewell reception, there were present several members of the cabinet, the whole staff of the foreign office, and a large number of dignitaries of state. Bismarck was unusually silent, and apparently in a mood of grief rather than of resentment. The princess, on the other hand, was almost beside herself with rage. She exclaimed, in a loud voice: 'I have lost the man who advised my husband to bear no longer with the emperor's petty interference in matters which he does not understand; but to accept my husband's resignation was an act of infamy, which the knave shall repent me. He shall recall my husband on his knees. To dare to treat Germany's greatest man like that! Wee upon him!' The word which translated in 'knave,' was 'Bube,' the most offensive term in the German language, if applied in the sense of anger to a man. There was a moment of awful silence, and then followed a stampede, led by the ministers, and in an incredibly short time, the Bismarck family found themselves alone in the brilliantly lighted salons.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN S, 213 Sutter St.

## MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



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Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

RHEUMATIC PAINS. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.



Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commuters" \$5 per month; Ladies and Children, \$3.

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ROOS BROS.

27 to 37 KEARNY ST.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



## THE AUTHOR AT HOME.

His Talk with the Wife of his Bosom.

MR. SLINGINCKE—Dear, I must correct and rewrite this article at once. The boy will be here for the MS. at nine o'clock, so don't let the children come in, not even to say good-night. [Sits himself hurriedly at desk.]

MRS. SLINGINCKE [suspending her crochet-needle]—Is it so important as that?

MR. SLINGINCKE—It is very important. I must have quiet.

MRS. SLINGINCKE—Of course, dear. I'll first tell Delia. [Goes to tube.] Delia, Delia, Delia. Where on earth is she?—Oh, there you are! Delia, you may put the children to bed. No; they can't come to say good-night. Papa is very busy. No. You don't want them, do you, Herbert?

MR. SLINGINCKE [from his writing]—Want whom?

MRS. SLINGINCKE—Why, the children.

MR. SLINGINCKE—Want them for what?

MRS. SLINGINCKE—To say good-night.

MR. SLINGINCKE [writing steadily]—Certainly not.

MRS. SLINGINCKE—Delia, put them to bed. Don't forget Tod's syrup and Tweetsie's bang, and the flannel nightgown for Tod—remember. Good-night, darlings! Good-night from mamma. Papa's too busy, go-o-o-night [crosses to her chair]. They will feel it dreadfully not to see you—they're such dear, sweet things! Oh, Herbert, what dear, dear things they are!

MR. SLINGINCKE [abstractedly]—Yes, too bad, and they won't be any cheaper.

MRS. SLINGINCKE [in surprise]—Cheaper? What do you suppose I'm talking about?

MR. SLINGINCKE—Excuse me—ah—something you've bought, isn't it?

MRS. SLINGINCKE—The idea! I'm speaking of Tod and Tweetsie. I say they are such dear little—

MR. SLINGINCKE—Oh, yes, yes; but they can say good-night in the morning. You see, I must not be disturbed.

MRS. SLINGINCKE [loftily]—Well, really, who is intending to disturb you? I am sure I feel how imperative it is that you should be quiet. I often wonder how you can submit to interruptions as patiently as you do. Why that man from Harlem yesterday. What was his name again? Millet? Willett? Which was it?

MR. SLINGINCKE—Yes—no. I think so, dear.

MRS. SLINGINCKE—That it was, or wasn't it Millet?

MR. SLINGINCKE [decisively]—Yes.

MRS. SLINGINCKE [in an injured tone]—You might answer me, Herbert. You know how it always bothers me when I can't remember names.

MR. SLINGINCKE—My child, I'll do anything—everything, if you'll only let me go on with my work.

MRS. SLINGINCKE—Now, that's unkind. As if I were preventing you? I'm always a perfect mouse from the moment you begin to write; but, of course, if my presence is annoying to you—if you wish me to leave the room—

MR. SLINGINCKE [looking up an instant]—Don't be foolish, pet. You ought to understand by this time that I— [Relapses into silence.]

MRS. SLINGINCKE—That you—what?

MR. SLINGINCKE—Eh?

MRS. SLINGINCKE—What is it you do?

MR. SLINGINCKE—I'm—er—doing an article for the *Literary Kerbstone* [aside]—if I could be allowed to finish it.

MRS. SLINGINCKE [ruminatingly]—The *Kerbstone*? Why, let me see—the *Kerbstone*? Why, you said the *Kerbstone* was a horrid publication? Can I be mistaken? Didn't you say the *Kerbstone* was horrid?

MR. SLINGINCKE—Oh—that was when—they refused my— [Silence again.]

MRS. SLINGINCKE—But you never told me they had accepted anything. A prose article, is it? What's the subject?

MR. SLINGINCKE—Yes, dear, very likely. I'll tell you all about it, if you will only have patience.

MRS. SLINGINCKE [with dignity]—I don't think I asked you to tell me all about it. I merely wished to know the name of the—

MR. SLINGINCKE [with a groan]—"Universal Currency."

MRS. SLINGINCKE—"Universal Currency?" I never heard of such a thing. I suppose it means—

MR. SLINGINCKE—Yes—yes—exactly—er—that is—Ah, by the way, there's a book of reference upstairs that I need.

MRS. SLINGINCKE [sweetly]—Let me get it for you, dear.

MR. SLINGINCKE [rising]—Thanks, dearest, very much, but I prefer—in fact—I must get it myself. [Gathers up his papers and leaves the room.]

MRS. SLINGINCKE [thoughtfully]—And actually he has taken his writing with him! I suppose he was afraid some one might come in and interrupt him! But, dear me, that place upstairs is so cold! I must go and ask him if I shall turn the heat on, and if he wants another lamp. And I suppose I'd better take my work and sit by him. It will make him feel I am interested and sympathetic, and that is just the sort of help he needs, dear fellow! [Exit, smiling, angelically.]

—Madeline S. Bridges in Truth.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## A Serbian Song.

"Mother, a dear little lad  
Alone through the night is creeping;  
He has lost his way, and is sad;  
I hear him bitterly weeping.  
I know he is coming to me;  
Go to the door and see."

"Daughter, woman's undoing  
Is to be won without wooing.  
When she meets her lover half-way,  
He holds her lower light  
As the cup he drains by day,  
Or the lamp he burns at night."

"Mother, no more,  
But open the door;  
I have his heart, he mine;  
He must be housed and fed:  
I will give him kisses for wine,  
And my eyes shall light him to bed!"  
—R. H. Stoddard in August Century.

## A Little Parable.

I made the cross myself, whose weight  
Was later laid on me.  
This thought adds anguish as I toil  
Up life's steep Calvary.

To think mine own hands drove the nails!  
I sang a merry song,  
And chose the heaviest wood I had  
To build it firm and strong.

If I had guessed—if I had dreamed  
Its weight was meant for me.  
I should have built a lighter cross  
To bear up Calvary.  
—Anne Reece Aldrich in August Scribner's.

## Love-Song.

O Canada, sweet Canada,  
Thou maiden of the frost,  
From Flattery Cape to Sable Cape  
With love for thee we're crossed.  
We could not love thee less nor more,  
We love thee dear to Labrador;  
Why should we longer thus be vexed?  
Consent, coy one, to be annexed.

O Canada, sweet Canada,  
Our heart was always true;  
You know we never really cared  
For any one but you.  
Your veins are of the purest gold  
(We've mined them some, the truth be told),  
True wheat are you, spite chaff and scorn,  
And, oh, your dainty ears (of corn).

O Canada, sweet Canada,  
John Bull is much too old  
For such a winsome lass as you—  
Leave him to fuss and scold;  
Tell him a sister you will be,  
He loves you not so much as we;  
Fair maiden, stand not thus perplexed,  
Come, sweetheart, come and be annexed.  
—Charles Henry Phelps in August Century.

## Quatrains of August.

## I.—AUGUST.

She bends, a woman, o'er the shrunken brook,  
And reads her inner quest in grown and fair;  
Yet dwells a wistful sadness in the look  
That sees her vanished girlhood mirrored there.

## II.—CORN.

Drawn up in serried ranks across the fields  
That, as we gaze, seem ever to increase,  
With tasseled flags and sun-embellished shields,  
The glorious army of earth's perfect peace.

## III.—DORMANT BULBS.

Still damp with earth I hold them in my hand,  
These things that were red tulips in the spring;  
And swift the thought we may not understand  
Shoots through my brain and leaves me wondering.  
—Charles Washington Coleman in August Atlantic.

## Sea Longings.

The first world-sound that fell upon my ear  
Was that of the great winds along the coast  
Crushing the deep-sea beryl on the rocks—  
The distant breakers' sun-cannons.  
Against the spires and gables of the town  
The white fog drifted, catching here and there  
At over-leaping cornice or peaked roof,  
And hung—wreath of gossamers. The garden walks  
Were choked with leaves, and on their ragged biers,  
Lay dead the sweetest of summer—damask rose,  
Clove-pink, old-fashioned, loved New England flowers.  
Only keen salt sea-odors filled the air.  
Sea-sounds, sea-odors, these were all my world.  
Hence is it that life languishes with me  
Inland; the valleys stifle me with gloom  
And pent-up protest; in their narrow bound  
Imagination flutters futile wings.  
Vainly I seek the sloping pearl-white sands  
And the mirage's phantom citadels  
Miraculous, a moment seen, then gone,  
Bastion and turret crumbled into air!  
Among the mountains I am ill at ease,  
Missing the stretched horizon's level line  
And the illimitable restless blue.  
The crag-torn sky is not the sky I love,  
But one unbroken sapphire spanning all;  
And nobler than the branches of a pine  
Aslant upon a precipice's edge  
Are the strained spars of some great battle-ship  
Plowing across the sunset. No bird's lift  
So takes me as the whistling of the gale  
Among the shrouds. My cradle-song was this,  
Strange, inarticulate sorrows of the sea,  
Blithe rhythms apportioned from the sirens' caves.  
So have I coastwise longings evermore.  
May the last sound that lingers on my sense—  
Save that of one low voice which not to hear  
Were death itself—be some sea-message blown  
Over the dim salt-marshes on the winds  
At dusk, or when the moon is in the town  
Turns all the pools and willow-stems to gold.  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in August Century.

## After the Battle.

Where the tawny tiger-lilies in the marshy meadow bloom  
And the tangled rushes wither by the red and sluggish rill,  
There is silence all unbroken; there are secrets all unspoken  
That the trembling grass is hiding from the hill.

Where the mystic firs in cluster on the rocky hillside stand,  
Where the vine's emurpled masses in the sunset's passion glow,  
Lo! the bird-notes are a-dying and the troubled wind is sighing  
For the secret that the meadow must not know.

Over meadow, over mountain, in a city by the sea,  
There are wives and mothers waiting; there are sweet  
Hopes growing cold;  
There are eyes that watch in anguish, there are loving  
Hearts that languish  
For the secret that shall nevermore be told.  
—Edgar Mayhew Bacon in August Scribner's.

## —DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work,  
and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

## THE DEATH OF ISABEL.

A Young Woman Who was Too Confiding.

She sat on the piazza of her father's mansion just at sunset, with a newspaper in her hand. She thought it would look more careless when Livingstone came up the graveled walk—more as if she did not care a continental cocked hat whether he came or not. And yet she did care. She had learned to love the artist, with his dark hair and eyes of Al lamp-black hue, and that evening she was determined to know her fate. The lower half of the United States sun had dropped behind Snover's Hill, when she lowered her eyes to the paper and read:

I CURE FITS. WHEN I SAY I CURE, I DO NOT mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure.

A step on the gravel! Her heart gave a jump as she raised her eyes. It was not Livingstone, with his ardent smile and patent-leather shoes, but the hired man starting for town to buy mackerel for breakfast. She cast a glance about her, and then her doe-like eyes sought the paper again:

NOTHING HAS EVER BEEN PRODUCED TO equal or compare with it as a curative and healing application. It has been used over forty years and always affords relief and always gives satisfaction.

Sh! She hears the creaking of the front gate, and she assumes that indolent demeanor which she knows matches the color of her hair so well. Meanwhile the sun has quit work for the day. It was not Livingstone after all, but a neighbor's boy, who had come to inquire if they wanted any cats killed off or grass cut. Why does he linger to delay? She stares into the purple west for a moment like one dreaming, and then reads again:

MEN'S UNLAUNDERED SHIRTS, THREE-PLY linen blouse, reinforced seams, well made, and nicely finished; price, forty-seven cents.

She is not a chain-lightning reader. She has been five minutes on the paragraph when the old, familiar step falls on her ears, and Livingstone stands before her. She looks up with a winsome smile, but it is not returned. His face is clouded.

"Isabel!" he begins, in a low voice.

She does not speak. She thinks it better to appear totally indifferent to his presence for about seven minutes. Therefore, while his heart is breaking, she turns the paper over and reads:

HEART DISEASE IS BY FAR THE MOST FREQUENT cause of sudden death, which in three out of four cases is unsuspected. The symptoms are not generally understood. These are a habit of lying on the right side, short breath, pain or distress in side, back, or shoulder, irregular pulse, asthma, weak and hungry spells, swelling of ankles or dropsy, oppression, dry cough, and smothering.

The seven minutes now having expired, she looks up and nods for him to go ahead.

"Isabel, I do not wish to take up your valuable time," he says, in a soft, melodious voice; "but I have a confession to make."

Thump! thump! thump! goes her maidenly heart, and she turns away that he may not see the glad light in her lilac eyes.

"My confession is this," he goes on, as he keeps his eyes on a swallow flitting about in the evening sky, "I loved you until I saw your mother. Then all my love went out to her. We have agreed to elope together this night. I have come to ask you to be a good girl, and stay home and keep house for your poor father while we are gone. Console him all you can. Tell him it was inevitable. Be a comfort to him, and don't forget that three o'clock in the afternoon is the hour for taking root beer. Farewell, Isabel! Later on I may give you mother the shake and return for you; but until then ta ta!"

And as he went forth into the gloaming, she sat there as a speechless statue. She had the paper on her lap, and her downcast eyes seemed to be perusing the lines:

WILL YOUNG LADY WEARING GRAY MACKINTOSH, who got on the horse-car at Van Buren Street, and got off at Franklin Street, about 2 P. M. yesterday, and who noticed gentleman sitting opposite, please send her address?

I say they seemed to read. As a matter of fact they did not see the words. They could not. The cruel blow had killed her.—New York Sun.

Ayer's Ague Cure is a vegetable product, and is a never-failing remedy for all malarial diseases. Warranted.

## Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies

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Other Chemicals

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W. BAKER &amp; CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nonriching, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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LAROCHE'S  
FERRUGINOUS TONIC  
CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron and  
Pure Catalan Wine.  
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE OF  
16,600 FRANCS.

Used with entire success in Hospi-

tals of Paris for the cure of

ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-

EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,

and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.

Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing. Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

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QUINA-LAROCHE

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Cream

A TABLE LUXURY,

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AN INFANT'S FOOD.

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HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.,

Sole Purveyors, Highland, Ill.

New Summer Resort.

LAKE TAHOE, CAL.

(Formerly "State Line House.")

The pleasantest location on the Lake shore. Magnificent pine forest, grassy meadows, fine drives and walks, best fishing grounds, hunting and boating. Telephone and daily mail. Best camping spot at the Lake. Good pasturage for stock. Number of guests limited. Good fare and reasonable prices. Address the undersigned at Bijon P. O., Lake Tahoe, or A. M. Hill, 29 New Montgomery St., S. F.

E. B. SMITH,

(Formerly of "Nook Farm," Napa Co., Cal.)

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COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, 11 Brunette, 13

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Daniel Potter, an old resident of Gloucester, Mass., once called the attention of his guests to an old clock, a great favorite of his. He told his friends of his great attachment to this ancient time-piece, and said, in a voice full of emotion: "Gentlemen, I have wound up that clock every night for more than forty years." He had evidently made an impression on his visitors, when one guest, who had been carefully examining the clock, turned the tide of feeling evoked by the story by saying, dryly: "Well, I always did think you were something of an idiot! That's an eight-day clock!"

Lord Albemarle told Mrs. Beecher Stowe, when she was in England, this story about the Duke of Wellington: Sitting next a lady at dinner, who had a smelling-bottle containing musk, the duke is alleged to have said to her: "In India, ladies put musk-rats into their smelling-bottles." "They must be very small rats, then," the lady observed. "Not at all—about the size of English rats." "Then their smelling-bottles must be very large." "Not at all—no bigger than yours." When the gentlemen entered the drawing-room, Lord Fitzroy Somerset whispered to the lady: "You now see the sort of difficulties we have at the Horse Guards; we are required to put very large rats into very small bottles."

"Look at the presents she made to every one," say the panegyrists of the great Rachel (as related in a newly published work, "An Englishman in Paris"). They forget to mention that an hour afterward she regretted her generosity, and from that moment she never left off scheming how to get the thing back. Every one knew this. Beauvallet, to whom she gave a magnificent sword one day, instead of thanking her, said: "I'll have a chain put to it, mademoiselle, so as to fasten it to the wall of my dressing-room. In that way I shall be sure that it will not disappear during my absence." Alexandre Dumas, the younger, to whom she made a present of a ring, bowed low, and placed it back on her finger at once. "Allow me to present it to you in my turn, mademoiselle, so as to prevent you asking for it." She did not say nay, but carried the matter with one of her fascinating smiles.

In the recent general election in Great Britain, there has been a good deal of denunciation and very little wit, and there has been a conspicuous absence of good-nature. The hard hitting that distinguished political life of old was tempered by epigrams, and even fun; all this seems to have disappeared; neither the Primrose dames nor their fair antagonists are the cause of any pretty speeches. Nobody offers to light their pipes at their eyes, as in the case of the electioneering duchess, nor do they receive any encouragement to do so. Even the sister of serious Mr. Wilberforce, when canvassing for her brother at Hull, indulged in a pleasant stroke of humor; when his partisans shouted: "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" she replied, "I thank you, gentlemen, for your good intentions, but I do not wish to be 'Miss Wilberforce for ever'!" One would have voted for that young lady's brother, whatever were his politics.

A lady, stopping in a New York hotel during a recent "hot spell," was much troubled by fear of burglars. She had just dropped asleep one night, when she was aroused by a sharp report, like that of a pistol, and felt a tingling sensation in her shoulder. Putting up her hand, she was horrified to find her night-gown saturated with some fluid, which she was sure was blood. "Henry, Henry!" she cried to her sleeping husband, "I am shot; I am bleeding to death!" "Nonsense, Em," her callous husband replied, as he got up and lit the gas; "you have been dreaming." "But I am wet with blood," persisted the terrified woman. "You are wet, but not with blood," said the husband; "it's—!" and he burst into roars of laughter. He had unwired a bottle of soda-water during the evening, but not opened it. It lay on a table, pointing directly at the bed, and it was evident that, exploding under the heat, it had shot the cork and half the soda-water across the room, and hit the lady as she slept.

During a trip to the Mediterranean (writes Kate E. Thomas in a Washington paper), when the late Admiral Goldsborough was in command of the fleet, the chaplain, a zealous young man, preferred request

to bold services on board the flag-ship on Sunday morning. The first Sunday after permission had been given, the young chaplain's trepidation gave place to supreme satisfaction when he noted that with the exception of the admiral the officers and men of the fleet were assembled in full force. After waiting a few moments for the admiral, who failed to appear, the chaplain opened the services in regulation manner: "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." As the voice rang out in the opening words, the admiral walked on deck, and though his face betokened a storm, he took his seat in silence and so remained until the congregation had been dismissed. Then he rose, and, striding over to the chaplain, said: "Young man, I want you to understand in future that the Lord is not in his holy temple until Admiral Goldsborough is on deck."

In Wendell Phillips's "Lectures," an amusing story is told of Daniel O'Connell's overthrow of the testimony of a witness who swore that he found by a murdered man's body the hat of Mr. O'Connell's client. Taking up the bat in court, Mr. O'Connell, looking inside, spelled out the name J-a-m-e-s. "Did you see this name in the hat?" he inquired of the witness. "Faith I did, when I picked it up," replied that worthy. Instantly Mr. O'Connell turned to the judge, "Your honor," he said, "there is no name in the hat." Another of the anecdotes in the volume tells how Mr. O'Connell turned the tables on the London Times. The Times had declared that it would never allow the Irish agitator's name to go into its columns, and, therefore, when he arose to speak in the House of Commons, the Times reporters threw down their pencils, folded their arms, and leaned back at ease. But at once upon rose a friend of the orator, and called the attention of the speaker to the fact that there were strangers in the gallery. Instantly the rule of the House prevailed, and out the reporters were hustled. Consequently the Times had no report of Parliament the next day. A little later "Bull Run" Russell called on Mr. O'Connell, and, eating humble pie, said the Times would like to report his speech at a certain meeting. With great cordiality Mr. O'Connell agreed to allow the report, invited Mr. Russell to ride with him in his carriage to his place of speaking, had a convenient place allotted to him there, and table and ink brought for his convenience—and proceeded to deliver an eloquent oration in Irish!

## To Sufferers from Weak Spine.

Persons suffering from weak back will take comfort in reading the following letter from Mr. A. W. Barrett, of Oswego, N. Y.:

"Ten years ago I was afflicted with a lame back. The pain was so severe that I could hardly walk or get about. Hearing much said about Alcock's Plasters, I applied two to the lower part of my spine. In a week I was very much better. I put on fresh plasters at the end of ten days, and two weeks afterwards found myself entirely well. If I get a very severe cold, I sometimes have a return of this weakness of the spine, but Alcock's Plasters cure me in three or four days."

## WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.  
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

## FROM NEW YORK:

Teutonic.....August 10th Teutonic.....September 7th  
Britannic.....August 17th Britannic.....September 14th  
Majestic.....August 24th Majestic.....September 21st  
Germanic.....August 31st Germanic.....September 28th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,  
29 Broadway, New York.

## MERCHANTS' LINE

New Line of Clipper Ships.  
New York to San Francisco

THE MAGNIFICENT IRON SHIP  
T. F. OAKES,

1897 tons register, REED, Master,  
is now on the berth at New York, and having large engagements will receive quick dispatch. To be followed by the A. Clipper Ship EMILY REED, Simmons, Master. For freight apply to  
J. W. GRACE & CO., 430 California St., S. F.  
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SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 8:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:10, 2:20, 3:55, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:14 P. M.

(Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 5:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:15, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

## EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.

Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: To Caloma and Point Reyes, \$2.25; To Caloma, \$2.00; To Caloma, \$2.50; To Caloma, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, To Caloma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; To Caloma, \$1.50; To Caloma, \$2.00; To Caloma, \$2.50.

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 8:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 12:30, 1:10, 2:20, 3:55, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:14 P. M.

(Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 5:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:15, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

## STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, F. E. LATHAM,  
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 18th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—August 8th, SS. City of New York; Aug. 15th, SS. San Blas; Aug. 25th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexico and Central America

Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Mateo, Ocosingo, Champerico, San Jose de Guzman, Acapulco, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 18th, SS. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

Peru (monthly)—Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M.

City of Rio de Janeiro—Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

China—(via Honolulu)—Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets, San Francisco.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, San Francisco, for Yokohama, Hongkong, and Shanghai.

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Belgic.....Tuesday, July 26

Oceanic.....Tuesday, August 16

Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

F. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 7, 12, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21, 16, 21, 26.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month.

Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, New Montgomery Street.

GOODALE, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.

No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

## PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 25, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Runney, Sacramento.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	First and second-class Ogden and East, and first-class locally.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Sunset Route—Atlantic Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
3:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
4:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland, Oroville.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave, Los Angeles, and San Jose.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Niles and San Jose.	* 6:15 P.
* 6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.	.....
6:00 P.	Ogden Route Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Shasta Route Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

\* 7:45 A. Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.

8:15 A. Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.

\* 2:15 P. Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.

4:45 P. Centerville, San Jose, and Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.

9:50 A. Santa Cruz.

\* 7:00 A. San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations.

\* 7:30 A. Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.

8:15 A. San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.

\* 9:30 A. Sunday Excursion Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.

10:37 A. San Jose and Way Stations.

12:15 P. Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.

\* 2:30 P. San Jose, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.

\* 3:30 P. San Jose, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.

\* 4:30 P. Menlo Park and Way Stations.

5:15 P. San Jose and Way Stations.

6:30 P. Menlo Park and Way Stations.

11:45 P. Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.

A for morning, P for afternoon, \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and Sausalito: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:20 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma and Santa Rosa. 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

7:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. 10:35 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Litton Springs. 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.





There is a fitness in the resurrection of Nell Gwynne from the grave, in which she has lain for two centuries, to entertain a modern audience. In her life-time, the *mignon* and piquant actress was a well-spring of joy on and off the stage; it is natural that she should inspire posthumous merriment. Of the bevy of dissolute women who stamped their profligacy on the period of the Restoration, the only one who is remembered with forgiving indulgence is she who quelled an angry London mob with the words: "Do not mistake me, good people, for the Duchess of Castlemaine; I am the Protestant!"

Was she an orange-girl, as the story goes? or did she graduate from a night-cellar, where she sang songs and officiated as a beer-slinger? Who knows? Nothing is certain, except that her origin was deep down, among the low and the vile, and amid the basest of a base age. The first authentic record of her is a notice of her appearance at about eighteen in the King's Company, at Drury Lane. She was short in stature, but plump, well formed, and gifted with rare vivacity, a pretty face, a pair of bright eyes, and shapely ankles. When the queen, in a fit of jealousy provoked by the king's attentions to Miss Stewart, went off in a pet to Tunbridge Wells, she sent for Nell, who was a rising soubrette, to play at the Wells Theatre and to overwhelm Miss Stewart with jealousy. She made a hit. Peppys calls her "pretty, witty Nell." He says of her Florine: "I can never hope to see the like done again by man or woman. So great a performance of a comical part was never, I believe, in the world before as Nell do this, both as a mad girl, and then, most and best of all, when she comes in like a young gallant, with the motions and carriage of a spark." Even grave Bishop Burnet says of her that "she acted all persons in a lively manner, and was a constant diversion."

So potent was her charm, that Lord Buckhurst gave her a house at Epsom; when the cockneys passed on their way to the races, his lordship, his friend Sir Charles Sedley, and pretty Nell, "in her smock-sleeves and bodice," used to stand at the door and chaff them; he had a sharp wit who could hold his own in an encounter with her razor-edged tongue. By and bye the lord faded out of her life, and a brother of Lady Castlemaine took his place. Him, with the fair soubrette by his side, the king spied at the theatre one evening, and bade them to supper. When the reckoning came round, his majesty found that his pockets were empty, and he called upon the gentleman to pay, but he, also, was penniless. Whereupon, the lady cried: "Odds fish, what company am I got into?" Lady Castlemaine's brother had to pledge his jewels, and so, in one evening, he lost his rings and his lady-love.

The Duchess of Portsmouth was furiously jealous of Nell, and when they met, they exchanged compliments. The times favored frank speech. Mme. de Sevigné tells a story of a meeting when Nell thus routed her rival, whose real name was Mlle. de Kerouaille, of one of the best families in France: "You pretend, madam, to be a person of quality, and yet you are a courtesan. You ought to die with shame. As for me, it is my profession." And she sailed off, laughing, making faces at the duchess, and tripping a quick step.

When Nell rose to the rank of "La Favorita del Re," all London bowed at her feet. Prim Evelyn does, indeed, call her "an impudent comedian," but Dryden wrote prologues and whole comedies for her, and when she died, the Vicar of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, who afterward became Archbishop of Canterbury, preached her funeral sermon. She lived in a house in Pall Mall, one door from St. James's Square. The walls and ceiling of the back-room on the ground floor were mirrors; a form of house decoration which was rarer then than now. The London people adored her. When the king gave the Duchess of Portsmouth a service of plate, a mob gathered round the silversmiths, and shouted that the silver ought to go to "Madam Ellen." She owed her popularity in large part to her frankness. When her carriage, in some narrow street, ran into the carriage of a countess, and the latter's coachman anathematized Nell with the coarsest name which could be applied to a woman of her condition, Nell's coachman leaped off his box and thrashed the fellow. After the affray, Nell upbraided him, saying that he should never fight except on behalf of the truth.

It is pleasant to couple recollections of this poor, erring creature with the memory of what she did for Chelsea Hospital. But for her influence over her worthless lover, that noble monument of charity might never have been completed. In her wildest moments of gaiety, when she dispelled the gloom of the monarch's brow with quip and sally, she

would suddenly become grave and break in with: "Now let us think a little about the hospital." Charles treated her with his customary selfishness. Lady Portsmouth, Lady Cleveland, Lady Castlemaine, and the others got fortunes out of the king, and their lineal descendants are now among the proudest nobles of England; he left Nell Gwynne so poor that, on his death-bed, pity extorted from him the appeal to the by-standers: "Don't let poor Nell starve!"

It was not from accident that she won the love of all who knew her. Her heart was as big as her body was small. A tale of distress touched her to the quick, and her purse was promptly emptied to fill the hands of the needy. There is a story of a clergyman's family who were fed by her for months after the death of their bread-winner. She often bore her silks and laces into the abode of squalid poverty, and emerged radiant with joy at having given bread to the hungry—perhaps remembering that she had once belonged to the class herself; then, with empty pockets and a tongue which was ever equipped for battle, cut and thrust, parry and slash, she would join "Old Rowley" in his seraglio, and chuck him under the chin till he chuckled in beatitude and the painted duchesses writhed in envy. But she rarely had a penny.

She had two sons by the king. One died in youth. The other, at Madam Nell's urgent and repeated entreaty, he created a baron and an earl, and out of his loins sprang the Dukes of St. Albans, who are hereditary Grand Falconers of England and Registrars of the Court of Chancery. The present possessor of the title was held at the altar on his christening by Queen Victoria, and the Prince of Wales is his godfather. Wonder if he ever thinks of one of the last appearances of his ancestress on the stage in the part of Valeria, in Dryden's "Tyrannic Love." In the play, she stabs herself, and a servant entered to carry off her body. She sprang up and cried:

"Hold! Are you mad? You vile confounded dog! I am to rise and speak the epilogue.  
I come, kind gentlemen, strange news to tell ye,  
I am the ghost of poor departed Nell;  
Sweet ladies, be not frightened, I'll be civil,  
I'm what I was, a little harmless devil.  
As for my epitaph, now I am gone,  
I'll trust no poet, but will write my own:  
'Here Nell lies, altho' she lived a slattern,  
Yet died a princess, acting in St. Catherine.'"

Plaquette took her story as the theme of a comic opera, which was produced in this city some seven or eight years ago, and has now been revived at the Tivoli. It is full of gay music, dashing choruses, and merry strains; its plot contains so many twists and turns, so many transmutations of soul and costume, that it is not easy to follow it. But the piece is one which can be enjoyed for a couple of hours. The burden of the night falls, as usual, on the shoulders of Gracie Plaisted, who acts with her customary spirit and vivacity; Phil Branson and George Olmi have their opportunity as Rochester and Buckingham.

Rochester's adventures have more than once furnished a dramatist with the subject of a comedy; but he has never been made as funny on the stage as he was in real life. He was the type of a practical joker, at a period when practical joking was carried very far indeed, and the license of speech and act was far beyond what modern taste would allow. Nothing was sacred to him; he fooled king and court, churchmen and dukes, maids and matrons, with equal recklessness. In the chronicles of his times, his merry pranks are duly recorded; the curious reader will wonder, as he reads them, what sort of society that must have been in which he kept his head on his shoulders. He played the conjurer Zadkiel, and paralyzed the court ladies who consulted him with a revelation of secrets which they supposed to be buried in their own bosoms and that of one other. He was a wit, a savant, a good soldier, no mean diplomat; he wrote some fair verse, and was well informed on religious controversy. But his life was spent in intrigue, and was brought to a premature close at the age of thirty-three by his excesses.

By the way, it was Rochester who made an impromptu quatrain which became famous. Being asked by his royal master to write an epitaph upon him, Rochester indited an epitaph which was an epigram, and thus commemorated Charles the Second:

"Here lies our sovereign lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on,  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one."

With two such characters as Nell Gwynne and Rochester, a skillful playwright ought to be able to construct a fine comedy. It is singular that no one has done so. The theme is superior to that of "Rochelieu"; and the piece would contain two first-class parts. A writer of judgment, the Count of Grammont, by merely describing what he saw at the Court of Charles the Second, in a lively and witty vein, wrote a book of memoirs which has lived, and will live so long as the French language endures; but it seems never to have occurred to the masters of play-writing to see what could be done with the same theme on the stage.

Never was the demand for Ayer's Sarsaparilla so great as during this season.

— EXTRA NINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres, during the week commencing August 1st: The Tivoli Company in "Beauty and the Beast"; Thatcher's Minstrels and Rich and Harris's company in "Tuxedo"; Duncan Harrison's company in "Little Tuppitt"; Jeffreys Lewis in "Clothilde"; a local company in "Moths"; and Charles Frohman's company in "The Lost Paradise."

"Beauty and the Beast," which is to be produced at the Tivoli on Monday, is a light opera composed by Adolph Bauer, with libretto by J. P. Wilson.

It was in "Tuxedo," a farce-comedy that will be seen here on Monday night, that the song, "Ta-ra-a bon-m-de-ray," was first sung on the stage; but it was nothing of a success until Lottie Collins took it over to London.

Edward Bell, who used to be in one of the Palmer companies; Charles Bowser, the original Pittacus Green of "Hazel Kirke"; and Mabel Bert, a pretty actress who has been here in various companies, are in the cast of "Little Tuppitt."

Jean de Reszke has had to go over to the continent to get over a slight bronchial affection, and the London opera season is sadly upset in consequence. "Otello" had to be dropped from the repertoire. De Reszke, by the way, is a great racing-man in Russia, one of the horses in his stable being the heaviest individual winner of stakes on the Russian turf this year.

It is pleasant to record such a sensible act as was performed by pretty Kitty Cheatham at the Tivoli a few nights ago. She had gone to see "Nell Gwynne," accompanied by James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. Unfortunately, she wore a large and elaborately trimmed hat; but no sooner did she see that she was cutting off a view of the stage from many persons behind her than she took out a pin or two, touched up her hair a bit, and laid the hat in her lap, where it remained throughout the evening.

When Charles Frohman saw the dispatch announcing Lottie Collins's death, he cabled for an immediate denial or confirmation of the rumor. The reply was from the lady herself, and consisted of the phrase "Ta-ra-a boom-de-ray"—which he interpreted as proof of her continuance in this world and used as an advertisement. She is under contract to him to play a short engagement in this country, though where he, who has had nothing to do with vaudeville shows, is going to place her, no one can imagine.

The identity of John Drew's successor in the Daly Company is settled at last. They say that Acton Bond, a member of Irving's company in London, was invited to join the Dalys, but declined. But it is authoritatively announced in the East that Hart B. Conway has been engaged to play Drew's rôles. He is an Englishman who made almost a failure in New York, three years ago, with a Frohman company in "Our Flat"; but he is a handsome man and in the front rank of leading men in London. Perhaps his popularity there influenced Mr. Daly, who is going in heavily for his London season.

The July number of Tevis & Fisher's *Real Estate Journal* contains the usual review of the market and several interesting articles on matters which concern house-owners and investors. In an article entitled "Facts are Facts," it is shown that the current rumor that there are in the city from five to seven thousand houses placarded with "to let" signs, is a gross exaggeration; the Spring Valley Water people, who are, of course, in a position to know the facts of the matter, place the number at two thousand seven hundred, and in that number two and sometimes more flats are counted as single houses.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

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Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

DCLXXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, July 31, 1892.

Mullagatawny Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Boiled Rock Cod. Sauce Diplomat.  
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.  
Green Peas. Corn.  
Roast Beef. Stuffed Potatoes.  
Beef and Spanish Onion Salad.  
Lemon Pie.  
Fruits.

DIPLOMAT SAUCE.—Make a cream sauce with half a pint of cream. When made, put into it nearly a quarter of a pound of lobster butter; stir, and when the whole is well mixed, add, also, about half a tablespoonful of essence of anchovy and mix again; pepper to taste.

— KNON'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

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KREILING BEGS... PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of

A Great Success,

**NELL GWYNNE!**

See Hartman and Knight in their Great Serpentine Dance.

Monday, August 1st,

**BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!**

By Adolph Bauer and J. P. Wilson.

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

## The Argonaut

DURING THE

### NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Up to the close of the campaign, ending December 1st, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

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THERE ARE NONE BETTER!



## DEMOCRACY AND ANARCHY.

Extract from a speech made by Grover Cleveland, Democratic nominee for the Presidency, in Madison Square Garden, New York, July 21, 1892:

"Scenes are enacted in every abiding place of high protection that mock the hopes of toil and attest the tender mercy the workingman receives from those made selfish and sorrowful by unjust governmental favoritism."

These "scenes" to which Mr. Cleveland refers so feelingly were evidently the efforts of the States of Pennsylvania and Idaho to prevent the murder of non-union workmen, to repress disorder, and to disperse the mobs of striking workmen.

Extract from a speech made in the Senate of the United States, on July 8th, by John M. Palmer, a Democratic senator from the State of Illinois, who was a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination before the Democratic convention at Chicago:

"I maintain that THESE CITIZENS (the Homestead strikers) WERE RIGHT. I maintain... that THESE MEN HAD A RIGHT TO EMPLOYMENT THERE. These large manufacturing establishments must be understood to be public establishments... and the OWNERS OF THESE PROPERTIES must hereafter be regarded as HOLDING THEIR PROPERTY SUBJECT TO THE CORRELATIVE RIGHT of those without whose services the property would be utterly valueless."

"The only concession I make concedes to them the right to a reasonable profit on the capital invested in their enterprises."

"I maintain, furthermore, that these laborers, having spent their lives in this peculiar line of service, HAVE THE RIGHT TO INSIST ON THE PERMANENCY OF THEIR EMPLOYMENT; and they have a right to insist, too, upon a reasonable compensation for their services. There is a law which gives to these men who have been hired in these special pursuits—as, for example, in the service of railroads, or of these vast manufacturing establishments—A RIGHT TO DEMAND EMPLOYMENT, a right which can only be defeated by misconduct on their part... THE MANUFACTURING ESTABLISHMENT IS A PUBLIC INSTITUTION as the railroads are held to be public, because they work for the public, because they employ the public, because men in their service become unfit for other service, because there are thousands dependent upon them for food and nurture."

Extract from the New York World (Democratic) of July 21st:

"It is not a spectacle calculated to win support from workmen to see the whole military and civil authority of the State of Pennsylvania invoked and employed to assist a conspicuous beneficiary of protection in reducing wages and breaking down organized labor."

Extract from the New York Times (Democratic):

"The workmen who have been employed at the steel works at Homestead had strong claims upon the consideration of the Carnegie Company. It was their labor as well as the capital of the company that had built up those works and created the wealth which they represent. They were skilled in their trade, they and their families were dependent upon their labor for subsistence, and their homes were established at and about the Carnegie mill. It was hard for them to be cut off and set adrift, and if there was a determination to force them to give up their organization or be displaced by non-union men, it was a wrongful exercise of power by a great corporation. The Carnegie Company owned the steel works and had an undoubted right to hold property of their own and to operate that property with any labor that they could obtain on the terms offered. If the strikers could, by refusing to work and by inducing others by lawful means not to take their places, prevent the successful operation of the mills, they had the right to do so."

Extract from the St. Louis Republican (Democratic):

"The conflict at Homestead clearly demonstrates one thing, and that is that the United States Government must place such establishments as that of Carnegie under inspection and compel them to turn over to American labor the profits accruing from the higher prices secured by reason of protection."

Extract from the Philadelphia Record (Democratic), July 12th:

"The right to work, and the right to be secure in the possession of property, are as essential to the strikers at Homestead as they are to Mr. Carnegie in his hunting-seat in Scotland. For the maintenance of these rights the boys are marching."

Extract from the Chicago Herald (Democratic):

"Slavery has its Legrees. Protection has its Fricks. The Fricks gain prominence in the monopoly tariff system for exactly the same reasons that the Legrees gained prominence in the slavery system. They are bruties. They do the brutish work of brutish masters."

Extract from the San Francisco Examiner (Democratic), July 7, 1892:

"These men are in arms for their lives, and for lives more precious to them than their own. Moreover, they feel that they have a vested right in their 'jobs'—a partnership interest in the mills. Why should they not?"

Extract from the New York World (Democratic):

"The contracts made by Mr. Frick for these Hessians in advance of any trouble, as confessed by him before the congressional committee, was a utterly lawless performance. Only a Hessian press, few in numbers and less in influence, has championed the side of monopoly through thick and thin in this conflict."

Extract from the New York Evening Post (Democratic):

"If it is justifiable for an American manufacturer to compel the farmer who sells his wheat in Liverpool to pay a tax upon the clothing or the tools that he receives in exchange, or else to pay a higher price for the protected articles, it is justifiable for the Homestead workmen to compel their employers to pay them higher wages, or else allow their works to lie idle."

Extract from the New York Times (Mugwump Democratic):

"It is a question how long we in this country will be willing to allow the same security that belongs to money honestly earned to money that is got by bribing the taxing power with contributions to a party treasury, made in order to thwart the will of the people and to prevent it from finding expression in legislation."

This means: Since Mr. Carnegie is a protectionist, his workmen should take away his property. Unless a man is on your side in politics, he has no right to his money.

The New York World (Democratic), of July 14th, devoted two columns to ridicule of Major-General Snowden and the division of the Pennsylvania State forces in their occupation of Homestead. Its correspondent at that place also undertook to explain what he described as "the excellent shooting done by the Homesteaders last week," by the fact that the workmen had been members of a military company which was disbanded for refractory behavior.

## REPUBLICANISM AND LAW.

Extract from a proclamation by Benjamin Harrison, Republican nominee for the Presidency, issued July 15, 1892:

"Whereas, the governor of the State of Idaho has represented to me that within the said State there exists insurrection and a condition of domestic violence and resistance to the laws to meet and overcome which the resources at his command are unequal; and whereas, by reason of said conditions, the said governor, as chief executive of the State, has called on me as chief executive of the Government of the United States for assistance in repressing the said violence and restoring peace; Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, by virtue of Section 4, Article IV, of the Constitution of the United States, and of the law of Congress enacted in pursuance thereof, do hereby command all persons engaged in said insurrection and in resistance to the laws to immediately disperse and retire peaceably to their respective abodes."

Extract from the Washington Chronicle (Republican):

"The anarchists used small fire-arms, cannon, dynamite, bombs, fire, burning coal-oil, clubs, stones, and all the bloody implements of brutal assassins, and the treatment this mob showed to the watchmen when they yielded to this overwhelming force and agreed to return to Pittsburgh, was akin to savagery. This is the violence and terror of anarchy. Yet the New York World indorses this terrible conduct of this law-defying mob, and by its anarchistic arguments incites them and all their sympathizers to deeds of bloodshed, to destroy property, to defy law and order, to wreck all government. If a mob had possession of the Pulitzer (World) Building in New York, and refused to permit Proprietor Pulitzer or his representatives to enter or possess it, and were threatening to destroy it and its contents, Mr. Pulitzer and his editors would not hesitate to put Pinkerton guards in charge of it, or attempt to do so, in the event of the sheriff's failure. Only among the worst elements of our ignorant and vicious, mostly foreign, and such teachings as those in the World hear their bitter fruit."

Extract from the Philadelphia Times (Republican):

"The lawless thousands who have taken violent possession of the property of their employers at Homestead are not Americans, with very few, if any, exceptions. Their revolutionary methods and anarchical actions are entirely unlike American methods and actions, and if Americans dominated the insurgents, they would have avoided the utterly lawless and inexcusable attitude in which they have placed themselves."

"Of the four or five thousand locked-out operatives of the Homestead works, fully seventy-five per cent. are foreigners—Swedes, Hungarians, Poles, etc. Many of them are aliens in law as well as in fact, and they are strangers to our liberty that is so wisely conserved by law as to assure protection to person and property. They misinterpret our freedom as the liberty of license; and when they strike, or come in conflict with employers, they assume that their conviction of the justice of their cause warrants them in taking violent possession of the property of others and holding it to coerce submission to their terms."

"It is this alien element—alien to the genius of our free institutions as well as often alien in law and in fact—that now threatens the peace of most of our industrial communities."

Extract from the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin (Republican):

"The sympathy and encouragement which the New York World has given to the Homestead strikers is a most discreditable feature. The World has inflamed passions and prejudice in much the style of a vulgar demagogue on the street corners. It has wasted its influence in unfair statements, in extravagant denunciations of the Carnegies, and in treating the strike as a matter of right and justice."

Extract from the Chicago Tribune (Republican):

"The situation at Cœur d'Alene does not differ materially from that at Homestead. Reduced to its simplest statement, one set of workmen declares that another set shall not have the right to earn a living, and that union strikers who quit their jobs have the right to kill non-union workers who have taken the vacant places. A more absolute and anarchical tyranny than this never existed."

Extract from the Rochester Post-Express (Republican):

"The course of the Democratic press is absurd beyond anything in our memory. Last week it taught that it was right for the workmen to take possession of the Carnegie mills at Homestead. It taught that it was right for the governor of Pennsylvania to refuse to call out the militia to enforce law and order."

Extract from the New York Tribune (Republican):

"He is the truest friend of the workmen at Homestead who tells them in all frankness that, whatever may be their wrongs, they are pursuing an unwise course in under-taking to redress them by means of violence and lawlessness. There have been a great many labor strikes in this country. Can they remember any beginning as this did in violence and bloodshed that was ever settled with the strikers in possession of the property of their employers, and upon the strikers' terms? History has some lessons worth learning."

Extract from Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly (Republican):

"No New York newspaper has displayed a more venomous spirit in dealing with the Homestead troubles than the New York World. It has sought throughout to inflame the passions of the working classes by intimations and charges wholly unworthy of a respectable journal. Seizing the fact that Mr. Anderson, who is now temporarily residing abroad upon property which he has honestly acquired, it has indulged in malignant sneers and innuendoes, intimating that he has wrung his wealth from under-paid operatives; that the troubles at Homestead were the natural outcome of his tyranny and injustice, etc. The editor of this paper evidently forgets that its own proprietor resides abroad most of the time in the enjoyment of the wealth which he has acquired in this country. He evidently forgets that if Mr. Carnegie has his so-called castle in Scotland, Mr. Pulitzer has his costly yacht, and indulges himself at will in other pleasures which the world has never thought of challenging. Most people will agree with us that if it is a crime in Mr. Carnegie to acquire and enjoy wealth, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer is equally criminal."

"The World apparently maintains, with Senator Palmer, of Illinois, that capital has no rights; that the workmen may fairly demand permanence of employment; and that a manufacturing establishment is a public institution, in the control of which the owners have no property but a voice whatever. What would that newspaper do if its logic should be applied to itself? Mr. Pulitzer gives more or less constant employment to a staff of so-called 'space-workers.' Suppose that in the exigencies of his business he should see fit to reduce the rates paid for this style of work, and that the space-workers employed, refusing to accept the rate offered them, should undertake to prevent others from taking their places. What would he do in the premises? Suppose that, furthermore, the discarded contributors should then undertake to prevent his control of his own property by establishing a cordon of armed guards around it. Would he regard such a proceeding as falling within the rights of his employees? Suppose that these latter should undertake to justify their course by the argument that a newspaper is a public institution. He could hardly deny that it is as much so as a manufacturing establishment. Would he accept the situation with alert eagerness, and acquiesce in the enforced subversion to the benefit of persons arrogating to themselves this supposed sovereignty in the case? We suspect that the proprietor of the World would very promptly rebel against the application of the principle which he insists must be applied to the Homestead works. He would promptly and rightfully invoke all the authority of the law, and, if the constabulary should fail him, all such outside reinforcement as might be necessary to vindicate his rights and protect his interests."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Jay Gould is a very patient man. When he thinks a stock is getting too high to suit him, he just grins and bears it.—Life.

Jeannette—"Does Miss Boardman get her lovely complexion from her father or her mother?" Gladys (sweetly)—"From her father. He's in the drug business."—Chicago News.

St. Peter (to nery applicant)—"Who are you?" Man—"Felix Dugan; who are you?" St. Peter—"I—I am St. Peter." Man—"Shake; I used to be a janitor myself."—Ex.

Ready for the picnic: "Got everything ready, Chollie?" "Yes." "Plenty of champagne and sandwiches?" "Yes." "And an opiate for the chaperon?" "By Jove! no!"—Judge.

She—"Do humorists often make jokes at their own expense?" Celebrated humorist—"The first two or three thousand are at their own expense. After that they get paid for them or give it up."—Judge.

The veteran—"Speaking of bravery; why, during the Wilderness campaign, single-handed, I made forty Confederates run." The hearers—"How was that?" The veteran—"Well, they chased me."—Harper's Bazar.

"Jove! that was terrible. Man fell overboard in mid-ocean the other day and never was seen again," said Hicks. "Drowned?" asked Mrs. Hicks. "Oh, no—of course not. Sprained his ankle, probably," said Hicks.—Ex.

Editor—"See here! In this story you make one of the characters ask another how the thermometer stands." Contributor—"Yes." Editor—"And then you write, 'At ninety-six degrees, she replied, in frigid tones.'"—New York Herald.

She—"Mrs. Brown, who married a poor man whom she loved, and Mrs. Smith, who married a rich man whom she did not love, are both widows now and in mourning." He—"Yes—but, oh, what a difference in the mourning."—Elmira Echoes.

Old Martel—"Whisky has very different effects in different parts of the city." Rouné de Bout—"You don't say so?" Old Martel—"On the Bowery, it causes drunkenness; on Wall Street, alcoholism; and on Fifth Avenue, heart-failure."—Puck.

Whipper—"Who was Rosalind in Mrs. Markham's presentation of 'As You Like It?'" Snapper—"Miss Morton." Whipper—"Was she dressed as the play demands, in the forest scene?" Snapper—"Yes; but she stood behind a tree all the time."—Puck.

Bowles—"Did Bullion give you a vacation?" Knowles—"Two weeks. But I won't go back to him again unless he retracts his words." Bowles—"What did he say?" Knowles—"He said not to come back after the two weeks were over."—Jeweler's Circular.

Misses—"Well, Bridget, and how is your husband?" Washerwoman—"Shure, an' he's all used up, mum." Mistress—"Why, what ails him?" Washerwoman—"Indade, thin, mum, last night he had sich bad dreams that he couldn't slape a wink all night, mum."—Life.

Mr. Jenks—"I see that a new law in Alabama prohibits the selling of liquor within three miles of a church or school-house." The colonel (from Louisville)—"That's a terrible blow to Alabama." Mr. Jenks—"Think so?" The colonel—"I should say so. In three years there won't be a church or school-house left in the State."—Life.

Mr. Peet, a rather diffident man, was unable to prevent himself being introduced one evening to a fascinating young lady, who, misunderstanding his name, constantly addressed him as Mr. Peters, much to the gentleman's distress. Finally summoning courage, he bashfully but earnestly remonstrated: "Oh, don't call me Peters; call me Peet." "Oh, but I don't know you well enough, Mr. Peters," said the young lady, blushing, as she playfully withdrew part way behind her fan.—Red Gulch Bazaar.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 6.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 8, 1892.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The first session of the Fifty-Second or present Congress must be awarded the banner for the maximum of promise with the minimum of performance. Elected in 1890, by what seemed at that time a tariff tidal-wave, the House of Representatives—composed of two hundred and thirty-six Democrats, eighty-eight Republicans, and eight Farmers' Alliance members—went into office with distinct and un-

equivocal pledges, on the part of the immense Democratic majority, to cure all the evils of the body politic, and especially to make short work of the McKinley Bill. In addition to this, the Democratic House was to pursue a policy of Retrenchment and Reform.

There is a simple yet rugged grandeur about this Democratic programme which can not fail to impress even the meanest mind.

Eight months have elapsed, and what has this aggregation of Democratic talent and virtue accomplished? The McKinley Bill has never been assailed, except to be dealt a few weak and inefficient blows, so manifestly for political effect that they attracted no attention whatever, while as for Reform, the word has found no place in the bright lexicon of the Democratic majority in the House of Representatives.

But let us see if we can learn what has been done, since the catalogue of what has not been done would have to be as long as the moral law. We shall find by critical examination of the work of the session that the only measure of the first class, that is, of national importance—excepting, of course, the appropriation bills—which has been initiated in the House and passed to a successful conclusion, is the Chinese Exclusion Bill, and even that was emasculated by Holman and his cheese-paring economy by cutting down the appropriation accompanying the bill, so that it can not be made to fulfill its purpose—that of drawing a distinction between the Chinese who are lawfully in the United States and those who are not.

To be fair, as we certainly desire to be, we must add to this the bill to enable the President to enforce reciprocal canal arrangements with Canada, the Inman Registry Bill, the Army Nurse Bill, the Eight-Hour Bill, the Intermediate Pension Bill, and the bill to increase the pay of life-savers, and then we shall have all the work of the session which can, even by a stretch of courtesy, be called general legislation; and to this lame and impotent conclusion has reached a House that set itself up as a model of legislation for future generations. The whole number of bills passed by the House has been four hundred and seventy-five, of which two hundred and twenty were bills nominally of a public nature, one hundred and fifty-one private pension bills, forty-eight to remove charges of desertion, and forty-one private bills of a miscellaneous character.

And now a few words on the subject of the expenditure of public money by the present Congress. The first session of the Fifty-First Congress—which became known, under the Democratic nomenclature, as the Billion-Dollar Congress—appropriated a little less than five hundred millions of dollars. This was published far and wide, and the Democrats worked it for all it was worth. Now, however, though the bills are not all in, enough is known to make it certain that this first session of the Retrenchment and Reform Congress, with a three-to-one Democratic majority in the House, has exceeded the appropriations of the corresponding session of the Billion-Dollar Congress by some thirty millions of dollars, and the end is not yet. People are beginning to ask themselves: if the Democrats will spend public money like this at the first session, with the Presidential election impending and every incentive to make a record for careful use of the funds, what may they not be expected to do at the next session, when there will be no such check upon them?

Let it be noted here that there is not necessarily anything wrong in the expenditure of this money, for, as Tom Reed has so aptly put it, the reason why we have a Billion-Dollar Congress is because this is a Billion-Dollar Country; but with Democratic parsimony exhibited in so many things which the people regard as absolutely necessary, notably the building of a navy and the fortification of our harbors and sea-coasts, the presumption is very strong that when the balance for the session is struck, this extra appropriation of thirty millions of dollars will have to be set down to Democratic wastefulness and extravagance. It will probably be found that the apparent saving has been made in matters which are most likely to attract public notice, and that the leakage has occurred in ways which are not generally observed, but

which have been intended to brace up wavering Democrats in doubtful districts and to mend Democratic fences where they are out of repair.

We wish the Democratic party joy of its record when it attempts to lay it before the people of the United States as an argument why the next Congress should be Democratic and why Grover Cleveland should be elected President. If the Democrats had not tooted their horn so loudly about the Billion-Dollar Congress at and about the opening of the present session, it would not be so uncomfortable for them; but they did, and they can not escape the comparisons that will be drawn.

The Council of Federated Trades of this city have dispatched a badly written letter to the President stating, among other perversions of truth, that "hardships are being entailed upon the union miners of Cœur d'Alene through the presence there of United States troops, and the unwarranted and arbitrary acts of their officers"; the fact being that certain Irishmen and Cornishmen, enrolled in miners' unions, failing to persuade their employers to agree with them on the question of wages, endeavored to destroy—and did in places destroy—mining machinery and other property, and murdered in cold blood certain citizens of California and other States who had gone to Cœur d'Alene to work without joining the Miners' Union, and who were willing to accept the wages offered by the employers; whereupon the governor of Idaho called out the militia, and, that being insufficient, appealed to the President for military aid, which was promptly granted. It is untrue that any hardships have been entailed on the Cœur d'Alene miners by the presence of the military; their "hardships" were caused by their own lawless and brutal acts. It is utterly untrue that the acts of the officers of the United States army have been unwarranted and arbitrary. The military have done what they were detailed to do in a quiet, military fashion. They restored order, protected property, arrested rioters and murderers—nothing more. They have not even taken a single life, though the temptation to do so must have been severe. The whole conduct of the troops and of the Idaho authorities has been as admirable as the conduct of the strikers was abominable.

President Harrison, being intelligent and well-informed, will probably treat the missive of the Federated Trades with the contempt it deserves. But for the benefit of strangers who are not familiar with the history of the "Trades," it may be well to say that that body is not in any sense a representative body of workmen, but is a conciliabule of pestiferous demagogues, who are trying to turn the natural and proper wish of workingmen to unite for the protection of their class interests into a means of putting money into their own pockets. There is hardly a single member of the Federated Trades who, habitually, does an honest day's work or earns an honest dollar. The leading members of the body make their money—and they are said to make a good deal of it—by fomenting strikes among workmen, and then settling them for coin furnished by employers. Fifteen thousand dollars was the sum which, according to the evidence taken by the labor commissioner, was paid to settle the brewery strike; the witnesses declined to state how the money was divided. If the foundrymen had been willing to pay tribute-money to the leaders of the Federated Trades, the molders' strike would not have lasted as many weeks as it lasted months. The men who manage the Federated Trades have dropped on to a good thing. They delude a union, consisting of ignorant, short-sighted men, into ordering a strike for some imaginary grievance. When the strike is ordered, they go to the employers and offer to settle it for so much down. If the employers figure that the strike will cost them more than the blackmail demanded, they may agree, a pretended settlement may be framed, and the men may go to work again. That is how the Federated Trades live; that is the kind of men their leaders are. Scurvy knaves these, to lecture the President on his duty, and to slander the United States army.

They add in their letter that "the wives and children of



the strikers are forced to undergo deprivations of the comforts and necessities of life." Whose fault is that? The strikers ought to have thought of their wives and children when they undertook to shoot down in the bushes the husbands and fathers of other wives and children. When the man Valentine, aided and abetted by the Federated Trades, undertook the strike which paralyzed the iron industry of San Francisco for over twenty months, the wives and families of the strikers lived on a dollar a day, contributed by other unions. A large number of the molders, perhaps a majority, agonized at the sight of suffering at home, and clear-sighted enough to perceive where the strike must end, earnestly besought the rulers of their union to call the strike off and let them go to work. But the Federated Trades and Valentine and his confederates would listen to no proposals for settlement. So long as the strike was on, there was always a chance that the founders would buy peace.

But the world moves on. It seems to be nearly settled in Pennsylvania that a man does own his own property, and that he has not got to share it with others who did not help to pay for it, do not pay taxes on it, and have no concern whether it is profitable or unprofitable. That so much should be admitted in an age when a Democratic Senator of the United States declares that membership in a labor union carries with it an ownership in the building where the members of the union work, must be regarded as evidence of progress. By and by, perhaps, people may not be afraid to say that in this country a man should be let to live and to work for his wife and children's bread, without surrendering his sovereignty to a clique of the most ignorant and lazy members of his craft.

But this millennium will not be attained without further effort. The anarchists labor sedulously to throw the public on false scents, so as to divert attention from the chase of the truth. When the Homestead assassins murdered the guards who had been employed by the Carnegie Company to protect its property from fire and dynamite, the *World* and its followers had no rebuke for murder, but concentrated their denunciations on the Pinkertons, whom they called Hessians. Could anything be more disingenuous? The Pinkertons are merely watchmen who are employed all over the country to watch property against thieves and marauders.

The anarchists are trying to use Private Iams and his thumbs as a tub to the whale. This knave, wearing the uniform of the militia of Pennsylvania and serving in time of insurrection, cheered the enemy and applauded the attempt to murder Mr. Frick. For this offense his colonel drummed him out of the militia, and subjected him to a corporal punishment which is licensed by the rules of war, and is used in all penitentiaries. The *World* and the labor unions now want to make him a martyr and his thumbs a political issue. Decent people will wish them joy of their enterprise. As for those maudlin persons who "sympatize" with Private Iams and his thumbs, let us point out that sympathy is better expended on the brave man who was shot and stabbed by Private Iams's anarchistic colleague Bergman.

That branch of the church militant which is not insensible to the value of a little free advertising, must needs also take a hand in the controversy. The Rev. Dr. T. Chalmers Easton—who lately made himself conspicuous in trying to save the neck of one Sidney Bell, accused of a cowardly murder—preached a sermon last Sunday, in which he is reported to have told his congregation:

"The employment of the Pinkertons was anarchy in as bad a form as that of the strikers when they fired on them. That Frick acted wisely, no sane man can claim. He should have listened to the voice of reason. As it was, he played the part of Nero, and is now suffering the retribution of his own acts."

It is not easy to see how Frick could have acted differently from the way he did act. He was in charge of other people's property, which was threatened by a mob. He sent for guards to protect it. At the same time he notified the sheriff of the danger, and apprised the governor of the State. It does not appear that he ordered a shot fired, or a striker assaulted. When his guards were shot down, or made prisoners and beaten after they had surrendered, and when their hands were tied with ropes, he contented himself with reporting the facts to the authorities whose business it was to prevent such disorders. For so doing, he was himself shot and stabbed by a man who was in sympathy with the strikers, and who, though the latter disclaim affiliation with him, was imbued with their doctrines, bent on carrying out their objects, animated by their spirit, and to all intents and purposes their confederate and accomplice. Surveying these facts from the eminence of his pulpit, the Rev. Dr. T. Chalmers Easton declares that Frick was a Nero and has got what he deserved. And yet people wonder at the scant respect which the clergy are beginning to command!

The *Argonaut* notes with pleasure that merchants and ship-owners are acting upon its suggestion to revive the old transportation business in clipper ships round the Horn.

There are now a number of clipper ships on the berth, and there is a greater amount of freight going round the Horn than there has been for years. The goods going from here to New York by that route consist chiefly of wool, canned goods, canned salmon, wine, and cereals. The rates are quoted as twenty cents per one hundred pounds on canned goods, half a cent a pound on wool, five cents a gallon on wine, twenty cents on salmon, and thirty cents for miscellaneous merchandise. This is a cut of one-half on former rates.

The cut affects the business so materially that the roads composing the Transcontinental Association have been casting about for a plan to meet it. It is said that, working through shipping firms, they are preparing to put on a number of ships, and are making rates which the other clippers can not meet without ruinous loss. They will thus attempt to drive from the Cape Horn route the house of J. W. Grace & Co., who have lately placed a line of clipper ships between here and New York. If the shippers of San Francisco allow the new lines to be unsupported, they will be at once withdrawn, and the shippers will have only themselves to blame.

The Southern Pacific has been laboring for years to establish a monopoly of transportation between this State and the outside world. To accomplish its purpose, it has been compelled to pool its receipts with the Northern Pacific, the Union Pacific, and the Canadian Pacific, to subsidize the Pacific Mail, and it is charged with throwing obstacles in the way of the extension of our maritime commerce by clipper lines round the Horn. It seems to us a most short-sighted policy on the part of the Southern Pacific. That corporation is surely interested in building up this city and coast. As it is now, they have to divide the profits of the long railroad haul across the continent with a number of other roads east of Ogden. They have, in addition, to pay subsidies to other roads to keep out of their territory. Were they to withdraw their opposition to the sea route, San Francisco would again become—what she once was—the distributing point for the entire coast. Instead of standing still, as she is doing now, she would march steadily forward and become a great seaport. The ocean is cheaper than the rail. If San Francisco could be permitted to lay down the bulk of her freights by the sea route, she could regain much of the trade that she has lost on the east, the north, and the south. It is folly to expect to haul goods three thousand five hundred miles by rail across the continent to San Francisco, and then haul them back again and sell them to people they passed upon the way. But they can be shipped twelve thousand miles by sea, and then be hauled a thousand miles eastward by rail, and still undersell goods that have been hauled two thousand five hundred miles westward by rail. Were San Francisco to do this, she could extend her trade as far eastward as Salt Lake—perhaps as far as Denver. The Southern Pacific would have the entire profits of this short haul, instead of, as now, dividing up the profits of the long haul with a number of other roads. Under the circumstances, the opposition of that company to the revival of San Francisco's ocean trade seems to us incomprehensible.

The controversy which has arisen over the number of unoccupied dwellings in San Francisco has directed attention to the subject of residences for persons of limited means. An inquiry has led to the discovery that this city is better off in this respect than New York or Chicago. It is possible in Chicago to find a house in which a small family can live for \$25 or \$30 a month. But to do so, it is necessary to go into the suburbs, ten, fifteen, or eighteen miles from the court-house. It must be remembered that Chicago spreads twenty miles from the court-house in every direction except the lake-side, and that cable and horse-cars and local trains run by the great railroad companies carry passengers out these twenty miles, in from half an hour by the steam-cars to an hour and a half by the cable or horse-cars. It is a serious business for a wage-earner to live an hour's distance from his work-place, and makes a large hole in his working-hours.

New York is even worse off. Social law requires a man who desires to preserve his connection with society, to live within a certain parallelogram, which is bounded on the south by Fourteenth Street, on the east by Second Avenue, on the west by Eighth Avenue, and on the north by the Harlem Flats and Spuyten Duyvil. There is no State or Federal law requiring him to plant his tent within these limits; but if he oversteps them, his wife must expect no visitors. Now, the whole parallelogram has been built up, largely with houses divided into flats, and the rent of the cheapest of these flats, in which a young couple can live decently, is not less than \$600 a year. It is reckoned that in one such flat a man and wife and two children will spend each year not less than \$1,950 for butcher, baker, grocer,

servant, renewal of linen and crockery, fuel, lights, clothing, car-fare, and down-town lunch. It thus appears that a man, with a fixed income of \$2,500, can not make both ends meet. And \$2,500 a year is more than most salaried persons receive, even when they are in positions of responsibility and trust.

In San Francisco we find young men marrying on incomes of \$150 a month or thereabouts. How they do it is always a problem. The bulk of them board in some one of the family hotels with which the city abounds. In these paradises of bad cookery, gossip, scandal, and feminine squabbles, a married couple can hire a bedroom, with the privilege of the dining and drawing-room, for anywhere from \$75 to \$100 a month. This would leave \$75 to \$50 a month for dress, books, newspapers, theatre tickets, car fares, and ice-cream for the lady and drinks for the gentleman. Before the baby comes, the lady, if she be right-minded, is pining for a house of her own, and after the advent of the little stranger, that becomes a necessity. If she elects a flat in the popular residence quarter, she will have to pay anywhere from \$45 to \$60 for rent alone, which, with her income, is out of the question. In the extreme western portion of the city, cottages can be hired from \$30 up, and some of them are conveniently situated, and provided with all the modern conveniences. Thanks to the cable cars, a man is practically as near his business if he lives on Broderick Street as if he lived on Van Ness Avenue. Allowing \$30 for rent, the clerk at \$150 a month has just \$120 a month for food, clothing, fuel, other necessities, and pleasures. The wife, of course, must do her own cooking and housework. In this city, servants' wages and servants' board can not well be figured at less than \$40 a month.

The wage-earner who gets \$50 a week is, of course, better off than one who gets \$35. But in practice the difference rarely counts, for the \$50 man will keep a servant and will go to parties and theatres, while the \$35 man renounces both as a matter of course. There is probably no class in society which undergoes more real privation from scanty means than the wage-earner who marries on the salary which a first-class clerk commands.

The mechanic is far better off. The founders who struck a couple of years ago averaged \$20 a week; exceptionally fine workmen got more, but the ordinary worker in iron could count on his \$20 on the weekly pay-day. He lived in a lodging or a small cottage in the Mission, and his rent cost him something like \$12.50 a month. Neither he nor his wife was forced to observe the exigencies of dress which characterize the class from which high-priced clerks are chiefly recruited. He did not get his clothes from an expensive tailor, nor she from an extravagant dressmaker; a comparatively small sum defrayed the cost of clothing for father, mother, and children. Out of his \$20 a week, he could save money, buy his home, and have a few dollars left to take his family to the theatre at holiday time. He laughed at poverty; he had all the money he needs. Astor could have no more.

Of course there is no reason why the bank-clerk or the head-bookkeeper of a leading mercantile firm should not live as frugally as the mechanic. But he does not, nor would his wife consent to do so. If, when he besought Anna Maria to accept his hand and heart, he had reminded her that she would have to cook the dinner and make the bed, she would have declined with thanks, unless she had been very different from the average girl of the period. So he goes on, struggling with a burden which is beyond his strength, and groaning at the injustice of the world.

A London cablegram stated a few days ago that the Australian colony of Victoria had imposed an excessive import duty on lumber and fruit from the United States by way of retaliation for the McKinley Bill. The story as it was told represented the duty as being absolutely prohibitory of the export of American lumber to the colony. The shipping and commission firm of J. J. Moore & Co., of this city, is very largely interested in the Australian trade, having branches at both Sydney and Melbourne. J. J. Moore, the senior partner of the firm, recently returned to this city after a year's sojourn in Australia, and is therefore competent to speak on the subject. He says that the absurdity of the story is shown by the fact that sugar-pine, California redwood, and Michigan clear-pine are excepted from the operations of the tariff on lumber. All other lumber, including that of the Baltic, is taxed, as is also that taken from New Zealand into Australia. The Baltic "deals" are used extensively in making a cheap class of doors. The better class is made out of California sugar-pine and Michigan clear-pine, and as these kinds of lumber have been put on the free list, all doors will hereafter be made of the California product, and that will largely increase the business between the two countries.

The imposition of a tariff on lumber, says Mr. Moore, was simply a revenue proposition. The Australians have



been great borrowers of money, and the government has been administered very extravagantly, so a necessity has arisen for increasing the revenue. The income of the Victorian Colony has been £13,000,000, yet there was a deficit of £500,000. The new government found this annual deficit, and had to provide for it. By a fair estimate the import of lumber is 110,000,000 feet annually, and the tariff put upon it lately will yield a revenue of £1,500,000. The only idea in imposing this duty was to raise revenue. That it was friendly to us, instead of retaliatory, is seen by the exemptions from duty of American lumber, as already mentioned.

As to fruit, says Mr. Moore, there has been no change in the rate of duty recently. The duty has been six cents a pound for three years, which, of course, antedates the McKinley Bill. The duty is so high as to be prohibitory of shipments of fruit from California; but it can not be called retaliatory in any sense, since it was in existence before the McKinley Bill became a law.

There is a peculiar feature of the operation of the McKinley Bill which would do away with all idea of retaliation on the part of the Victorian colonists. He points out that the McKinley Bill has caused an increase in the American importation and consumption of Australian wools. This year seven vessels, loaded with wool, proceeded direct from Melbourne to Boston, carrying about 26,500 hales, as against 6,000 hales, the highest annual shipment heretofore. The cause of this increase is that under the old law waste wool was admitted at fifty per cent. of the regular duty. Germany shipped wool of her own, and some English and Scotch wool combed, which came in as waste. The McKinley Bill did away with the exception, and the result is that a better quality of wool is now being imported into the United States. With this increase of their wool trade, the Australians naturally would not be discontented, nor are they with any of the fiscal legislation of the United States. On the contrary, they are looking forward hopefully to a large trade with this country.

One of our Democratic papers in this city not long ago undertook to say that an increase of \$200,000,000 a year in our export trade was a sign of decadence, since we gave the world \$200,000,000 more of our wealth than we received, but the assertion was so puerile that it has not ventured to repeat it. The McKinley Bill is proving its utility and beneficial operation to the people of the United States every day.

There is a well-developed cholera scare in Western Europe, and on our side of the Atlantic it is regarded as of sufficient importance to warrant Supervising Assistant-General Wyman, of the Marine Hospital Service, in sending to surgeons in charge of quarantine stations on the Atlantic Coast precautionary circulars, in the course of which he says:

"Because of the danger which attaches to rags, furs, etc., which may have been gathered in the infected districts, and to articles of personal wear therefrom, it is hereby ordered that no vessel having articles liable to convey infection, hailing from any port in the districts aforesaid or from districts that shall hereafter be officially declared infected, will be allowed entry to any port in the United States."

That General Wyman is not an alarmist is abundantly shown by the death rates in the infected districts and the rapidity with which the disease spreads. Scientists are agreed that what is called Asiatic cholera finds its origin in hot, moist countries, where the sanitary conditions are particularly bad; but, once started, it goes wherever man goes, and reaps its harvest in any favorable ground where it finds lodgment. It travels by land or by sea, and as quickly as human conveyances can go. In the present epidemic, when communication by railway and steamship is so swift, its spread has been by leaps and bounds. Few climates seem proof against it.

For the first time since 1865 the epidemic has abandoned the Red Sea route of the pilgrims from India, and has followed the line of travel recently opened up by the new Transcaspian and Transcaucasian Railways. In Meshed, in extreme Eastern Persia, the deaths in June and July numbered five thousand—fully thirty per cent. of the persons attacked—and in the towns of Afghanistan, from seventeen to forty-six cases are reported daily, the deaths ranging from fifty to ninety per cent. Trade is at a standstill on the Caspian Sea and along the Volga, and large quantities of disinfectants for the Caucasus are lying idle in Constantinople because no ships can be chartered for Russian ports. In the Russian Caucasus, fifty thousand persons died of cholera in July, and the disease has advanced well into Central Russia. The London *Lancet* sets the daily total of deaths from cholera in Russia at five hundred and fifty. In the southern channel of propagation, Roumania, Poland, and Austria are frequently called on to deny rumored outbreaks of the epidemic. A cordon of special harracks for frontier guards is being erected along the German borders, and all arrivals from Russia are rigorously examined by medical inspectors. In Paris, the epidemic seems to be worse than anywhere else in Western Europe. M. Netter, of the Hygiene Publique, re-

ports that out of forty-nine cases of illness reported as cholera, he has found the cholera bacillus in twenty-nine instances, but adds that the real cholera is in the suburbs, and that only that form of the disease known as "cholérine" exists in the city. Thereat the *Lancet* remarks: "When half the people attacked die, it matters little what name is given to the cholera in Paris and its suburbs."

Naturally London is much alarmed, and all manner of precautionary measures are being taken—and advisedly, for if cholera got into London just now it would prove a terrible scourge. Choleraic infection is due, of course, to the introduction of the cholera bacillus into the system, and this is generally through the drinking water. The condition of the drinking water in London, just now, is unspeakable. Being derived almost exclusively from the Thames, the summer brings a variety of objectionable features to the water, not the least of which is owing to the fact that it is on the Thames that the swarming millions of London take much of their pleasure—the casual picnickers and boating parties and permanent riverine dwellers, who live in bouse-boats, notably adding to its pollution. The banks of the stream are also lined with towns and villages.

The possibility of the epidemic gaining entrance to the United States is by no means insignificant. A report was brought from Vera Cruz by an American tourist, a few days ago, that three deaths from Asiatic cholera had taken place there on the day he left. Vera Cruz is only six days from here by rail, and a careful quarantine against the disease would be very difficult to enforce. All the Atlantic and Canadian ports and New Orleans, too, are in constant passenger and traffic communication with infected European ports. If it came to this country, its spread would be fearfully rapid in all those cities that derive their water-supply from rivers and thickly populated water-sheds. New York's supply comes from the Croton River and water-shed, which is covered with villages and farm-houses. Much of Boston's supply comes from the Mystic River, and Philadelphia's from the Schuylkill, both of which streams run through thickly populated regions. Chicago takes her water from the lake, into which her drains discharge, and one of the Chicago papers the other day spoke of the drinking-water there as "diluted sewage." Newark takes her water from the Passaic River, Albany from the Mohawk, both of which streams are polluted by large towns further up. And so the list goes. In cities with such sewage-polluted water the cholera bacillus would flourish like the green-hay tree, and the death-rate would assume frightful proportions.

San Francisco, it is true, is also exposed to contagion, for we are in the direct line of communication with Vera Cruz, and are only five days from New York and New Orleans. But an epidemic of cholera can scarcely be looked for here, owing to our low temperature and our uncontaminated water supply. The reservoirs of the Spring Valley system are in the centre of water-sheds where there are almost no human habitations. That fact gives us immunity from the terrible pollution of the water by drainage that has inflicted on New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago their frequent epidemics of typhoid fever. There is not a large city in the United States whose water is so free from disease germs as is San Francisco.

Further than that, the climate of San Francisco is unfavorable to the disease. The air here is too cool for cholera to thrive. In 1868, the United States ship-of-war *Resaca* was ordered here from Southern ports, with a number of her crew stricken with cholera. The ship lay in quarantine north-east of Goat Island for some weeks. Nearly all of the cholera patients recovered, under the influence of the cool breezes of the harbor.

But Sacramento and other interior cities are not so safe as San Francisco. The heat in the interior valleys is greater, and much of the drinking water is taken from rivers. In 1850, Sacramento had a cholera epidemic which many of her citizens still remember. It behooves her, and other California cities, to guard against this Asiatic scourge.

Late dispatches from the East show that the Transcontinental Association is getting a little uneasy about San Francisco's clipper lines. Witness the following:

ST. LOUIS, August 2d.—Chairman Vining, of the Transcontinental Association, has called a meeting of the association at Saratoga, N. Y., for the twenty-ninth of this month, the object being to take action on the withdrawal of the Rio Grande Western from the association; also, to consider the recent slaughter of Pacific Coast rates by the clipper water line.

Another straw in the commercial article in a recent number of the New York *Herald*. That journal says that the transcontinental roads are not getting any heavy freight between New York and San Francisco, "except what has to be delivered within a limited period," and attributes this to the reduction in rates to San Francisco, brought about by reason of the competition between the lines reaching San Francisco, via Cape Horn. It adds:

"The transcontinental roads have thrown up their hands on all staple articles which do not need to be delivered for several months.

Not even the Southern Pacific, with the Morgan Line to New Orleans, can make any show against the thirty-cent rate of the through steamship lines. To do so would be to drag down the local rates from New York to Texas, and the loss would be still greater. A large amount of staple freight, from Kansas City and other Western points, has recently been shipped to New York by rail and then by vessel around Cape Horn to San Francisco. It is cheaper to send low-class freight seventeen thousand miles out of the way than to ship it direct by rail from Kansas City to California. Transcontinental freights will be demoralized for a year to come."

All this is extremely gratifying to the *Argonaut*. This journal has persistently pointed out that the only relief to San Francisco's transportation troubles was by the sea route. While our esteemed contemporaries have been babbbling of competing railroads, this journal has warned the city of San Francisco that a competing railroad would only alleviate but not cure her ills. San Francisco is to be congratulated that, like Balboa, she has discovered the Pacific Ocean.

A noticeable feature of the recent great labor strikes in the iron-works of Carnegie and in the gold and silver-mines of Idaho, is the preponderance of foreigners among the strikers. Above three-fourths of them are aliens and not naturalized, and of these seventy-five per cent. are of non-English-speaking nationalities—Hungarians, Bohemians, Italians, Russians, and Poles, and the classes of Germans who are deported from their own country. They are all more or less impregnated with the teachings and spirit of rank socialism, nihilism, and kindred murderous organizations, which make them dangerous in whatever community they infest—dangerous to life and property alike, whether as workers or idlers; paralyzing labor and business by their violent methods, periling the peace by their frequent outbreaks and defiance of the law. The presence of these aliens is a constant menace to the country. Under our system of comparatively unrestricted European immigration, this influx is rapidly increasing. They come in thousands by every steamer, and these have multiplied in numbers, as have the ports of departure, so that, instead of shiploads from a few French and German ports once or twice a month, they now arrive by large immigrant steamers, almost daily, from ports of the Mediterranean and the Baltic—averaging this year nearly one hundred thousand per month. The immigration from Great Britain and Ireland, of English-speaking people, has materially decreased, while that from the nations of Europe, of classes least fitted for living under republican government and free institutions, is increasing. In place of merchants, farmers, mechanics, and laborers, who formerly came from the United Kingdom and from Germany and France, the inrush is composed mostly of the lowest orders of the worst classes of the countries of Western and Southern Europe—ignorant, depraved, and criminal. Practically driven or actually banished from their native land, of absolute or tyrannical form of government, with labor wretchedly remunerated, they come to the United States with the idea that liberty means license, and here give vent to the wildest fancies of their vicious nature and debased modes of life. They bring with them the foul spirit of disregard for law, of turbulence, of anarchy and destruction, ready to become rioters, incendiaries, and assassins. The wages of labor in this country are so largely in excess of the wages in their native land that they become intoxicated with the spirit of liberty unrestrained, and in organized hands make strikes to force their way against individual rights and the law. Congress is closing its longest session. The urgent necessity for legislation to restrict this pestilent European immigration has been utterly neglected by the Democratic majority. Another Congress will succeed in the coming year, the members to be elected the present year. The tariff is the paramount issue of the campaign, as it should be; but voters ought to require assurance or pledge from congressional candidates that proper attention will be devoted to amending the immigration laws and to restrict the dangerously increasing inpour of undesirable immigrants. The Pennsylvania and Idaho strikes are admonitions that can not be neglected.

Amid the gabbling of newspaper astronomers and astronomical newspapers, concerning the opposition of Mars, there comes from the clamor one voice which at once commands attention. It is the voice of Professor Totten, astronomer and mathematician at Yale. Professor Totten is the gentleman who has definitely fixed the date of the millennium by cold mathematical calculations. When asked by a reporter whether he thought Mars was inhabited or not, Professor Totten replied in these simple and beautiful words: "I think it is habitable, but not inhabited. I don't think a man exists on any other planet in this universe. Jesus Christ did not come on this earth to save men if there were men on other planets." Professor Totten's astronomical class at once dissolved in tears, and began singing "In the Sweet By and Bye." Even the reporter was affected. And yet there are people unsympathetic enough to . . . hat Professor Totten's intellect totters.



## THE MEXICAN SEXTON.

Arthur During had a great fondness for visiting cemeteries. Not on account of those that were buried there—they were out of sight, impersonal, and conveyed no distinct impression to his mind. His fondness for cemeteries was architectural in the main and speculative in part. He was fascinated by the thought that so many millions of people had lived and left no trace but "sacred to the memory," a name, and a date. His favorite walk of a Sunday, when at home, was in the large cemeteries contiguous to the town he lived in. His mind was perfectly healthy; there was nothing morbid about him; in fact, a visit to a cemetery would cure him of the blues, not give him a fit of them. He had never seen a Mexican one, so when an opportunity presented itself he took advantage of it.

He had gone with a party of magnates to Mexico, in their special car, as a stenographer. Being liable to be called on at any moment, he always carried with him his note-book and several well-sharpened pencils. This had got to be such a habit with him that he took his note-book with him to theatres, weddings, to church. When he went on a trip with his employer, he carried another extra in the shape of what looked like tourist's field-glasses in a leather case, hanging from the shoulder by a leather strap. It held a flask and three silver cups, and on this occasion contained cognac. It was a fad of his employer's, who disliked to see whisky or brandy bottles around, but who, when he wanted a nip, wanted it then and there.

Arthur's opportunity to see a Mexican cemetery occurred on their way down to the capital. They had their car cut off at one of the towns, and remained over one day. His services not being needed, he strolled about the place and finally drifted toward the cemetery.

It was about the size of two of our city blocks, inclosed by a wall some ten feet high. The only living occupant of the place was an old Mexican, pottering about, hoe in hand, seemingly engaged in cleaning the walks and graves from weeds. As Arthur passed him, he mechanically said "good-morning," and was somewhat startled to have his salutation returned in his own language.

"Good-morning, sir. I speak English, I speak every language, every language have to get buried sometime."

"Are you the sexton?" Arthur asked him.

"I take care the grave, the grave I take care long time. You speak Spanish?"

"No," he was answered.

"Ah, too very bad, Spanish a beautiful language. You want to get somebody buried?"

"Oh, no, I only walked in here out of curiosity. That's a curious headstone," Arthur said, pointing to one near which they were standing.

"Of truth, yes. You like to hear story of that grave?"

"Yes."

"Then I tell you. First I translate. 'To memory of Juan el Peon. By a friend.' Fifty-one year I take care that grave."

Arthur looked duly astonished, as he seemed to expect it. There was one striking feature about this grave, it was the only one in the cemetery that had a headstone. It was of granite: a shaft, uncut, untrimmed, unpolished, just as it came from a quarry. On the face of it was some lettering, not cut into the stone, rather scratched—as if done by a weak, unaccustomed hand.

Arthur looked at the old sexton, who was regarding him attentively.

"You want to hear story of grave?"

"Yes, if you please," Arthur answered.

"You got ten cents? The authority make me collect ten cents from every one who come in, to bury the poor who can not bury himself. Thank you. Now listen me."

Mechanically Arthur took out his note-book, and put down what he said. The Mexican had one peculiarity. He put into his conversation wherever he possibly could the words "dam" and "bydam," for the purpose, seemingly, of conveying a sharp impression of the essence and perfection of his knowledge of English.

"This grave fifty-one year old. The man inside twenty year old. I suppose he same age now bydam. When he eighteen year of age, he became himself in love of the dear dam daughter of the great haciendado, Don Marcos de la Vega. Very rich, Don Marcos. Plenty mines, ranches, bullocks, cultivations. Very high in the land. Very kind-hearted merciful.

"Poor Juan the Peon, he get crazy for Chonita de la Vega, very crazy. Don Marcos very bydam kind to him, he send him away to the mines, but Juan he come back every time. Every one know when Juan back, he come and sing the Indann song, 'The Love of the Tree for the Sky.' Very pretty song, very pretty, very much tenor voice. Every night he sing it. In front of the house every night when everybody go to bed he sing the song. Very strong tenor voice. Powerful. Everybody know when Juan back, they say 'Juan el Peon is singing the 'Love of the Tree for the Sky' to Chonita Vega.'

"Impossible to keep Juan away. He leave the mine, he leave the ranch, he leave his mule, he come back and sing that song. Two year he bydam sing that song. He never speak to Chonita. When he see her coming, he kneel down and look at the earth. Very polite peon. He do nothing only sing every night.

"One night Don Marcos he call his mayordomo, Don Miguel. He say 'Don Miguel, there Juan he sing again. I got sore eye. I tired that dam same song. Go kill him.'

"Don Miguel very honorable mayordomo. Very kind-hearted, he never let Juan know he going to kill him; he go behind him bydam, and cut his head in two like a coliflor. Very kind-hearted man, Don Miguel. Juan never know he dead.

"Next morning everybody know Juan dead. Everybody talk. Bydam Don Marcos he say:

"I give two hundred dollars to know who kill my peon;

he owe me thirty dollars.' But Chonita she look her father in the eye. She know he kill him.

"I never speak again' she say 'or I curse my father.'

"For forty-eight year she never speak. She dumb, bydam, she dumb. She called 'La Beata Muda'—the blessed one, dumb.

"Plenty man come to marry Chonita, but she shake the head. Then Don Marcos he get angry. He say: 'Bydam Chonita, you get married anyhow, and when you have baby you speak then bydam.'

"Chonita say nothing, she get up and go into other room and come back with knife.

"The proposer, he change face. He say to Don Marcos, 'I very tired, I go home and take a leetle sleep.' He right, rich wife very good, but wife with knife dam. Husband can't keep awake all time. Plenty come to marry Chonita, but all go way. Afterwhile, no more bydam come.

"When Don Marcos he see that Chonita not speak for one year, he go to her and call her pet name and ask her what he can do. She never answer. One day she bring in dam piece granite, very fine stone granite, last all time. She give it to her father, and then she point finger to 'Campo Santo'—Don Marcos understand. He call Don Miguel, his mayordomo, he say to him:

"Don Miguel, go get stone of this kind rock and put it on grave of Juan el Peon.' This Don Miguel do. He very patient with his patron.

"A few days after on the Day of San Juan, the twenty-fourth June, I come here. I see Chonita with hoe cleaning the ground, round Juan's grave. I run up, that fifty-one year ago. I take hoe and say: 'No, no. I do it.' She give me a dollar and I do it. Poor Chonita! *Pobrecita!*"

"Then she take hammer and small piece iron, and cut on rock. She cut very bad, very slow. She no can see, poor Chonita, that the reason so bad cut, eyes all lake of sorrow bydam. Then I say I help. She say 'no' with her hand. All day she work, then I see: 'In memory of Juan el Peon. By a friend.' Ah, poor girl, so sorrowful.

"Every year she come here San Juan Day and give me a dollar. Then every year on Todos Santos Day she come here and put roses on Juan's grave. Fifty-one year I clean this grave. Forty-eight year she give me a dollar each year. Then she die. I clean the same. I lose three dollar, but I clean the same. When a man do thing for forty-eight year, bydam no can stop, no can. I go on, I clean the grave till I die. I lose dollar each time, but I go on. I poor old man and I lose dollar, but I go on bydam. I lose dollar."

He looked earnestly at Arthur, straight at him.

"Poor Chonita, she dead now, no one clean grave but me, three year I lose dollar, three dollar, but I clean grave all same. I lose three dollar, five dollar, ten dollar, I clean grave all same."

Arthur could not well afford to throw away money, but the old man's faithful, innocent steadfastness won him, and he gave the Mexican a dollar. He was so grateful that Arthur opened the leather case and handed him the flask and a cup. He took three drinks before Arthur could get them back.

"Ah, cognac," he said. "Bueno, you want to hear more story?" he asked.

"Yes," Arthur said.

"Then I make contract, every story, one drink."

"Very well."

He turned around, and, pointing to the grave next to Juan's, he said:

"This grave Chonita's. I tell you that story already. Give me a drink."

Arthur was so astonished by his suddenness that he acceded. Then the sexton moved off three paces. Arthur followed.

"One day," continued the old man, "a poor farmer, Pedro Moreno, he return bydam from a trip for lost mule, and find his wife Celsa in bed sick. She look at him dam sweetly, then turn down the clothes and show him three little new-born baby. He very angry with astonishment, say quick:

"What you do that for?"

"She look at him, poor Celsa, then turn and look at the new-born baby, then shut her mouth and die. She buried here, give me a drink."

It struck Arthur that this story was rather short, but he gave him his drink.

"Her husband, Pedro Moreno, seeing his wife dead, it broke his heart for cruelty, and he die too. Here his grave, give me a drink."

Arthur became suspicious, but the Mexican said "contract," so he gave him his drink, and the sexton continued.

"Poor leetle dear, three leetle new-born baby, no father, no mother, no sister, no friend but one old horse mule, they too die. All buried here. Give me a drink."

If the sexton had not been generous, in his way, and given the triplets one grave, Arthur would have broken the contract, but he weakened and acceded.

"These grave here," the old man went on, pointing to the mounds to his right, "no got story, only dead. Fools bydam to die and no leave story. Come over there, I tell you very fine dead story. This story very good. Good enough for two drink. Give me first now."

Arthur did so.

The sexton sat on the corner of the sarcophagus and became buried in thought.

Arthur looked over his head and saw the following inscription, in old German text, cut on a flat marble tablet:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

ADOLPHE MEYER.

Erected by his German friends in the Republic of Mexico.

The old man now lifted his head.

"Ah, *pobrecita*, such a beautiful young lady, she buried here, buried by her grandfather. That not usual bydam. Most people bury grandfather himself, no get buried by.

Poor old man, I feel so sorry for him. I grandfather too. I feel so sorry for grandfather bury little lady. So sorry. Give me a drink. I feel so sorry I can't tell story without drink."

Arthur acquiesced.

While the old man was sipping his cognac, the thought struck Arthur that some mistake might have been made in burying the girl there and putting Adolphe Meyer's tablet in place of hers, so he said to him:

"Isn't this a man's grave?"

"No," he answered, very much shocked. "You must be heretic can't read language of priests, Latin. Give me a drink and then I translate and pardon you."

Arthur demurred.

"Bueno. No drink, no pardon, no translation. No story."

Arthur humored him.

"Bueno. I translate: 'Gone to the angels, my beautiful granddaughter, Amelia del Rio, erected by her old grandfather, broken down in health, aged 92.' Every Sunday he come out here with me after mass, bringing a bottle of mes-cal, and we cry all the time. Give me a drink."

"All gone," Arthur was forced to confess.

"All gone? I very tired. Come to-morrow. Plenty more grave."

And he toppled over and fell asleep on Adolphe Meyer's tablet.

FRANK LORINGEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1892.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Death of Don Alonzo of Aguilar.

Fernando, King of Arragon, before Granada lies,  
With dukes and barons many a one, and champions of emprise;  
With all the captains of Castile that serve his lady's crown,  
He drives Boabdil from his gates, and plucks the crescent down.

The cross is reared upon the towers, for our Redeemer's sake!  
The King assembles all his powers, his triumph to partake;  
Yet at the royal banquet, there's trouble in his eye:  
"Now speak thy wish, it shall be done, great King!" the lordlings cry.

Then spake Fernando: "Hear, grandees! which of ye all will go,  
And give my banner in the breeze of Alpuzar to blow?  
Those heights along, the Moors are strong; now who, by dawn of day,  
Will plant the cross their cliffs among, and drive the dogs away?"

Then champion on champion high, and count on count doth look;  
And faltering is the tongue of lord, and pale the cheek of duke,  
Till starts up brave Alonzo, the Knight of Aguilar,  
The lowmost at the royal board, but foremost still in war.

And thus he speaks: "I pray, my lord, that none but I may go;  
For I made promise to the Queen, your consort, long ago,  
That ere the war should have an end, I, for her royal charms,  
And for my duty to her grace, would show some feat of arms!"

Much joyed the King these words to hear—he bids Alonzo speed;  
And long before their revels o'er the Knight is on his steed;  
Alonzo's on his milk-white steed, with horsemen in his train,  
A thousand horse, a chosen band, ere dawn the hills to gain.

They ride along the darkling ways, they gallop all the night;  
They reach Nevada ere the cock hath barbed the light;  
But ere they've climbed that steep ravine, the east is glowing red,  
And the Moors their lances bright have seen, and Christian banners spread.

Beyond the sands, between the rocks, where the old cork-trees grow,  
The path is rough, and mounted men must singly march and slow.  
There, o'er the path, the heathen range their ambuscado's line,  
High up they wait for Aguilar, as the day begins to shine.

There, naught avails the eagle-eye, the guardian of Castile,  
The eye of wisdom, nor the heart that fear might never feel,  
The arm of strength, that wielded well the strong mace in the fray,  
Nor the broad plate, from whence the edge of falchion glanced away.

Not knightly valor there avails, nor skill of horse and spear,  
For rock on rock comes rumbling down from cliff and cavern drear;  
Down—down like driving hail they come, and horse and horsemen die,  
Like cattle whose despair is dumb when the fierce lightnings fly.

Alonzo, with a handful more, escapes into the field,  
There, like a lion, stands at bay, in vain besought to yield;  
A thousand foes around are seen, but none draw near to fight;  
Afar, with bolt and javelin, they pierce the steadfast knight.

A hundred and a hundred darts are hissing round his head;  
Had Aguilar a thousand hearts, their blood had all been shed;  
Faint, and more faint, he staggers upon the slippery sod,  
At last his back is to the earth, he gives his soul to God!

With that the Moors plucked up their hearts to gaze upon his face,  
And catifits mangled where he lay the scourge of Afric's race.  
To woody Oxierra then the gallant corpse they drew,  
And there, upon the village green, they laid him out to view.

Upon the village green he lay, as the moon was shining clear,  
And all the village damsels to look on him drew near;  
They stood around him all agaze, beside the big oak-tree,  
And much his beauty they did praise, though mangled sore was he.

Now, so it fell, a Christian dame, that knew Alonzo well,  
Not far from Oxierra did as a captive dwell,  
And hearing all the marvels, across the woods came she,  
To look upon this Christian corpse, and wash it decently.

She looked upon him, and she knew the face of Aguilar,  
Although his beauty was disgraced with many a ghastly scar;  
She knew him, and she cursed the dogs that pierced him from afar,  
And mangled him when he was slain—the Moors of Alpuzar.

The Moorish maidens, while she spake, around her silence kept,  
But her master dragged the dame away—then loud and long they wept.  
They washed the blood, with many a tear, from dint of dart and arrow,  
And buried him near the waters clear of the brook of Alpuzarra.

—Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads."

There is an excellent rule prevailing at Harvard University concerning athletics. It is that no student shall participate in intercollegiate sports unless he maintain a certain standing in his studies. He must prove by his college work that he is intellectually industrious, or he can not become or remain one of the physical champions and heroes of the university. That the rule is enforced is proved by the fact that an excellent ball-player and a good oarsman lost their places on the nine and on the crew this year by its application.



## BOHEMIAN DAYS IN PARIS.

An Englishman's Anecdotes of Famous Wits and Women.

One of the most interesting memoirs that have appeared of late years is "An Englishman in Paris," just published by D. Appleton & Co. (New York), in two volumes: the first dealing with the reign of Louis Philippe and the second with the empire. The author's name is not given, but it has leaked out that he was Sir Richard Wallace, a remarkable Englishman who died a few years ago. Sir Richard was the natural son of that Marquis of Hertford from whom Thackeray drew Lord Steyne for his "Vanity Fair," and from his father he inherited a great fortune and a magnificent collection of art-treasures. He was born in London, but the greater part of his life was spent in Paris, where he knew everybody worth knowing and was on terms of intimacy with men and women who are now historical personages in politics, art, letters, and the drama. A list would range from Dumas the elder to David the sculptor, from Rachel to Balzac, from Louis Napoleon to Eugène Delacroix, from Louis Philippe to the Princess Demidoff, and from Lola Montez to that other celebrated woman, Alphonsine Plessis, who was the original of the younger Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias."

He writes about these persons with a charm that has the attraction of the most pleasing conversation. Accomplished man of the world that he was—much traveled, much learned in human nature, in French ways of life, and in the science of living well—he writes out of a mind well stored with the choicest knowledge of Parisians and of Parisian life.

Alexandre Dumas cared less for his reputation as an author than for his reputation as a cook. His great dish was stewed carp, the recipe of which he got from a German lady. The famous Dr. Véron talked so much about it that his cook became jealous and went to Dumas for the recipe. He not only told it to her, but explained the whole process of the stewing, so that she would be sure to get it right. It did not approach that of M. Dumas notwithstanding, and both Sophie and Véron hinted that the famous author had been helped by some famous chef. Dumas was furious at this, and insisted upon having some one appointed to watch him while he cooked the carp. Sir Richard, though the youngest of the party, was chosen as umpire, and that is how his lifelong friendship with Dumas began.

"At three o'clock next day, I was at the Chaussée d'Antin, and was taken by the servant into the kitchen, where the great novelist stood surrounded by his utensils, some of silver, and all of them glistening like silver. With the exception of a soupe aux choux, at which, by his own confession, he had been at work since the morning, all the ingredients for the dinner were in their natural state—of course, washed and peeled, but nothing more. He was assisted by his own cook and a kitchen-maid; but he himself, with his sleeves rolled up to the elbows, a large apron around his waist, and bare chest, conducted the operations. I do not think I have ever seen anything more entertaining."

"At half-past six o'clock, the guests began to arrive; at a quarter to seven, Dumas retired to his dressing-room; at seven punctually, the servants announced that 'monsieur était servi.' The dinner consisted of the aforementioned soupe aux choux, the carp that had led to the invitation, a ragout de mouton à la Hongroise, rôti de faisans, and a salade japonaise. The sweets and ices had been sent by the pâtissier. I never dined like that before or after."

If Sir Richard had dined on Californian carp, he never would want to again. It is remarkable how the carp can have such a fame in Europe, while here it is absolutely uneatable.

Dumas was always in need of money, though he made quantities of it, but he lived extravagantly, and, being very generous, was hied by hosts of parasites. In his apartment on the Rue d'Amsterdam the board was free to any and every one who chose to come in. Not once, but a score of times, Sir Richard heard Dumas ask, after this or that man had left the table: "Who is he? What's his name?" Whosoever came with, "or at the tail, not of a friend, but of a simple acquaintance, especially if the acquaintance happened to wear skirts, was immediately invited to breakfast or dinner, as the case might be."

"Consequently, though for forty years Alexandre Dumas could not have earned less than forty thousand dollars per annum; though he neither smoked, drank, nor gambled; though, in spite of his mania for cooking, he himself was the most frugal eater—the beef from the soup of the previous day, grilled, was his favorite dish—it rained wits and summonses around him, while he himself was frequently without a penny."

One day the author called on Dumas, finding him ill. His son, the present Alexandre, had just gone from the house, and the father remarked: "C'est un cœur d'or, cet Alexandre." Dumas had that morning received six hundred and fifty francs, and the son had remarked that, as he was going to Paris, he would take a certain part. The father, understanding that he would take all but fifty francs, remarked: "Don't take as much as that. Leave me one hundred francs," at which the son explained that he had said he would take fifty francs, instead of leaving that amount. Wallace adds that Dumas would have thought it a most natural thing for his son to take the six hundred francs and leave him only fifty francs.

It was during the winter that Balzac came to the Café de Paris for his *veau à la casserole*, for at the end of the spring and during the summer the dinner hour, seven, found Balzac still a prisoner at home. The reason for this was explained by his friend Joseph Méry, the poet and novelist:

"Méry was an inveterate gambler and spent night after night at the card-table. He rarely left it before daybreak. His way lay past the Café de Paris, and for four consecutive mornings he had met Balzac strolling leisurely up and down, dressed in a *pantalon à pieds* (trousers not terminating below the ankle, but with feet in them like stockings), and frock-coat with velvet facings. The second morning Méry felt surprised at the coincidence; the third he was puzzled; the fourth he could hold out no longer, and asked Balzac the reason of these nocturnal perambulations round about the same spot. Balzac put his hand in his pocket and produced an almanac showing that the sun did not rise before three-forty. 'I am being tracked by the officers of the Tribunal de Commerce, and obliged to hide myself during the day; but at this hour I am free and can take a walk, for so long as the sun is not up they can not arrest me.'"

"How does he spend his money?" Méry was asked when he had told of his fourth meeting with Balzac on a certain morning:

"Balzac is firmly convinced that every one of his characters has had, or has still, its counterpart in real life, notably the characters that have risen from humble beginnings to great wealth; and he thinks that, having worked out the secret of their success on paper, he can put it in practice. He embarks on the most harum-scarum speculations without the slightest practical knowledge; as, for instance, when he drew the plans for his country-house at the Jardies (Ville d'Avray), and insisted upon the builder carrying them out in every respect while he was away. When the place was finished, there was not a single staircase. Of course they had to put them outside, and he maintained that it was part of his original plan; but he had never given a thought to the means of ascent."

Eugène Sue was much set up by the marvelous success of his "Mystères de Paris," and he "posed and posed," but not as a writer, Sir Richard says. He was almost ashamed to be known as a writer, for his ambition was to be known as a man of the world:

"After his dinner at the Café de Paris, he would gravely stand on the steps, smoking his cigar and listening to the conversation with an air of superiority, without attempting to take part in it. His mind was supposed to be far away, devising schemes for the social and moral improvement of his fellow-creatures. These philanthropic musings did not prevent him from paying a great deal of attention—too much, perhaps—to his personal appearance, for even in those days of beaux, bucks, and dandies, of Counts d'Orsay and others, men could not help thinking Eugène Sue over-dressed. He rarely appeared without spurs to his boots, and he would no more have done without a new pair of white-kid gloves every evening than without his dinner. Other men, like Nestor de Roqueplan, Alfred de Musset, Major Fraser—all of whose names will frequently occur in these notes—did not mind having their gloves cleaned, though the process was not so perfect as it is now; Eugène Sue averred that the smell of cleaned gloves made him ill."

The women of the stage were not unknown to our Englishman. Among them he mentions Taglioni, the famous dancer, who then was in her decadence. He says:

"My disappointment with the ballerina was as nothing, however, to my disappointment with the woman. I had been able to determine for myself before then that Marie Taglioni was by no means a good-looking woman; but I did not expect her to be so plain as she was. That, after all, was not her fault; but she might have tried to make amends for her lack of personal charms by her amiability. She rarely attempted to do so, and never with Frenchmen. Her reception of them was freezing to a degree, and on the occasions—few and far between—when she thawed, it was with Russians, Englishmen, or Viennese. Any male of the Latin races she held metaphorically as well as literally at arm's length. Of the gracefulness, so apparent on the stage, even in her decline, there was not a trace to be found in private life. One of her shoulders was higher than the other; she limped slightly, and, moreover, waddled like a duck. The pinched mouth was firmly set; there was no smile on the colorless lips, and she replied to one's remarks in monosyllables."

"Truly she had suffered a cruel wrong at the hands of men—of one man, *bien entendu*; nevertheless, the wonder to most people who knew her was not that Comte Gilbert de Voisins should have left her so soon after their marriage, but that he should have married her at all."

Another dancer whom Sir Richard knew was Lola Montez, whom he calls a "quasi-wonderful woman, because there was nothing wonderful about her, except, perhaps, her beauty and her consummate impudence."

"She had not a scrap of talent of any kind; education she had none, for, whether she spoke in English, French, or Spanish, grammatical errors abounded, and her expressions were always those of a pretentious housemaid, unless they were those of an excited fishwife."

"Her gait and carriage were those of a duchess, for she was naturally graceful; but the moment she opened her lips the illusion vanished—at least to me; for I am bound to admit that men of far higher intellectual attainments than mine, and familiar with very good society, raved and kept raving about her, though all these defects could not have failed to strike them as they had struck me. I take it that it must have been her beauty; for, though not devoid of wit, her wit was that of a pot-house, which would not have been tolerated in the smoking-room of a club in the small hours."

Another woman of the same world, but of a very different character, whom our Englishman knew was Alphonsine Plessis, better known to the world at large as "La Dame aux Camélias." Her name was, he insists, as he has written it, and not Marie or Marguerite Duplessis, as it is frequently called. Dumas, he says, portrayed her life and character as it really was.

"The sober fact is that Dumas *filé* did not idealize anything at all, and least of all Alphonsine Plessis's character. Though very young at the time of her death, he was then already much more of a philosopher than a poet. He had not seen half so much of Alphonsine Plessis during her life as is commonly supposed, and the first idea of the novel was probably suggested to him, not by his acquaintance with her, but by the sensation her death caused among the Paris public, the female part of which—almost without distinction—went to look at her apartment, to appraise her jewels and dresses, etc."

Alphonsine Plessis had probably learned even less in her girlhood than Lola Montez, but she had a natural tact and an instinctive refinement which no education could have enhanced. She never made grammatical mistakes, no coarse expression ever passed her lips. Lola Montez could not make friends; Alphonsine Plessis could not make enemies. She never became riotous, like the other, not even boisterous, for amid the most animated scenes she was haunted by the sure knowledge that she would die young, and life, but for that knowledge, would have been very sweet to her. Amid these scenes she would often sit and chat to me; she liked me, because I never paid her many compliments, although I was but six years older than the most courted woman of her time. The story of her being provided for by a foreign nobleman because she was so like his deceased daughter, was not a piece of fiction on Dumas's part; it was a positive fact. Alphonsine Plessis, after this provision was made for her, might have led the most retired existence; she might, like so many *demi-mondaines* have done since, bought herself a country-house, reëntered 'the paths of respectability,' have had a pew in the parish church, been in constant communication with the vicar, prolonged her life by several years, and died in the odor of sanctity; but, notwithstanding her desperate desire to live, her very nature revolted at such self-exile. When Alexandre Dumas read the 'Dame aux Camélias' to his father, the latter wept like a baby; but his tears did not drown the critical faculty."

Sir Richard's reminiscences of Rachel pertain to her personal character almost entirely. Off the stage she "was made of very ordinary clay," having few of the good qualities of her race and many of the bad ones. She was extremely greedy, and could be very spiteful, and there was a time "when she had not a single friend at the Comédie-Française." She was difficult to get on with, and her modesty was merely assumed. She had wit, but was not well read, except in sensational literature, of which she was probably as fond as "the meanest *concierge* and most romantic milliner girl." Wallace tells several very hard stories to illustrate her greed:

"One evening at a dinner where the table was laden with flowers, she cared not for the flowers, but little by little showed that she wanted the splendid silver centre-piece that contained them. The host, a grand seigneur, magnificently gave it to her then and there. Rachel had come to the dinner in a hackney cab, and the host offered to send her home in his private carriage. She at once accepted the offer, as 'There will be no fear of my being robbed of your present, which I had better take with me.' The host agreed with her on this point, but added: 'You will send me back my carriage, won't you?'

"Dr. Véron was despoiled with even less ceremony. Having taken a fancy to some silver saucers or cups, in which the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel* offered ices to his visitors, she began by pocketing one, and never rested until she had the whole of the set. In short, everything was fish to her net. She made her friends give her *bilets* and knickknacks of no particular value, to which she attached some particular legend—absolute inventions for the greatest part—in order to sell them for a thousand times their original cost. One day she noticed a guitar at the studio of one of her familiars. 'Give me that guitar; people will think it is the one with which I earned my living on the Place Royal and on the Place de la Bastille.' And as such it was sold by her to M. Achille Fould for a thousand louis. The great financier nearly fell into a fit when the truth was told to him at Rachel's death; he, in his turn, having wanted to 'do a bit of business.'"

And yet Rachel, like Dumas and Balzac, was often short of money. The author is certain that the immense sums she earned were not spent on charity; he has much to say to dispel the notion that Rachel was really charitable. He inclines to think the money was lost in stocks, she being "the victim of people cleverer than she was." Rachel's mother was very close-fisted, and would never lend her daughter money except on very good security, namely, her jewels. This was probably the reason why so small an amount of jewelry was found among her possessions after her death. The mother, in addition to the jewels, "made her sign an undertaking that, if not redeemed at a certain date, they were to be forfeited; and forfeited they were if the loan and interest were not forthcoming at the stipulated time, notwithstanding the ravings of Rachel."

Of the origin of Verdi's "Aida," Sir Richard says:

"Félicien David composed very slowly. But for this defect, if it was one, Verdi would have never put his name to the score of 'Aida.' The musical encyclopedias will tell you that Signor Ghislanzoni is the author of the libretto, and that the Khedive applied to Signor Verdi for an opera on an Egyptian subject. The first part of that statement is utterly untrue, the other part is but partially true. Signor Ghislanzoni is, at best, but the adapter in verse and translator of the libretto. The original in prose is by M. Canille du Locle, founded on the scenario supplied by Mariette-Bey, whom Ismail Pasha had given *carte blanche* with regard to the music and words. Mariette-Bey intended from the very first to apply to a French playwright, when one night, being belated at Memphis in the Serapeum, and unable to return on foot, he all at once remembered an old Egyptian legend. Next day, he committed the scenario of it to paper, showed it to the Khedive, and ten copies of it were printed in Alexandria. One of these was sent to M. du Locle, who developed the whole in prose."

"M. du Locle had also been authorized to find a French composer; but it is very certain that Mariette-Bey had in his mind's eye the composer of 'Le Désert,' though he may not have expressly said so. At any rate, M. du Locle applied to David, who refused, although the 'retaining fee' was fifty thousand francs. It was because he could not comply with the first and foremost condition—to have the score ready in six months at the latest. Then Wagner was thought of. It is most probable that he would have refused. To Mariette-Bey belongs the credit, furthermore, of having entirely stage-managed the opera."

The following is a good story told of Eugène Delacroix and George Sand:

"Paul de Musset, perhaps as a kind of revenge for the wrongs suffered by his brother, once gave an amusing description of the miscarried attempt of Georges Sand 'to net' Eugène Delacroix."

"It would appear that the painter had shown signs of yielding to the charms which few men were able to withstand, or at any rate, that Georges Sand fancied she could detect such signs. Whether it was from a wish on Georges Sand's part to precipitate matters or to nip the thing in the bud, it would be difficult to determine, but it is certain that she pursued her usual tactics—that is, she endeavored to provoke an admission of her admirer's feeling. Though I subsequently ascertained that Paul de Musset's story was substantially true, I am not altogether prepared, knowing his animosity against her, to accept his hinted theory of the lady's desire 'de brusquer les fiançailles.'"

"One morning, then, while Delacroix was at work, Georges Sand entered his studio. She looked out of spirits, and almost immediately stated the purpose of her visit."

"My poor Eugène!" she began; "I am afraid I have got sad news for you."

"Oh, indeed," said Delacroix, without interrupting his work, and just giving her one of his cordial smiles in guise of welcome.

"Yes, my dear friend, I have carefully consulted my own heart, and the upshot is, I am grieved to tell you, that I feel I can not and could never love you."

"Delacroix kept on painting. 'Is that a fact?' he said."

"Yes, and I ask you once more to pardon me and to give me credit for my candor—my poor Delacroix."

"Delacroix did not budge from his easel."

"You are angry with me, are you not? You will never forgive me?"

"Certainly I will. Only I want you to keep quiet for ten minutes; I have got a bit of sky there which has caused me a good deal of trouble, it is just coming right. Go and sit down or else take a little walk, and come back in ten minutes."

"Of course Georges Sand did not return; and equally, of course, did not tell the story to any one, but somehow it leaked out. Perhaps Jenny Leguillou had overheard the scene—she was quite capable of listening behind a screen or door—and reported it. Delacroix himself, when 'chaffed' about it, never denied it. There was no need for him to do so; because, theoretically, it redounded to the lady's honor—had she not rejected his advances?"

By the way, it is odd that Sir Richard should not have known the correct form of Mme. Dudevant's pseudonym. She always spelled it "George" Sand, without the final s.

On the occasion of Sir William Kirby Green's mission to the Court of the Sultan of Morocco, in 1891, he took with him, as a present from the British Government, a large Indian elephant. This time the foreign office, no doubt with the remembrance of the French Government's employment of Robert Houdin in a mission to Algeria (with the object of destroying, if possible, the popular belief in the pretended miracles of the Marabouts), sent out Mr. Douglas Beaufort, a prestidigitator and entertainer, who accompanied Sir Charles Euan-Smith and the rest of the mission to Fez, was presented, and in due course performed before his Shereefian Majesty the Sultan of Morocco, the Grand Vizier Garneet, and a favored few of the Moorish court. This is the first time that a performance by a European has ever been given before the Sultan at Fez. The Moors' opinion of it may be gathered from the remark, constantly repeated, of "Allah irtahal al Shitan" (God burn the devil).

M. Maxime Lecomte is about to introduce a bill into the French Senate providing a maximum penalty of a year's imprisonment and a fine of two thousand francs for engaging in a duel. If the duelist shall have killed his man, the maximum penalty will be three years' imprisonment and ten thousand francs fine.

The *Critic* says of the literary style of "The Writings and Speeches of Grover Cleveland," that it is heavy and circumlocutious oftener than simple and graceful.



## THE WILD RIDE OF ZULEIKA.

A Tale of the Desert.

Who can the horseman be who crosses the market-place of Mirouan, sitting erect in his saddle, with lance at rest? As soon as he came in sight, the date-merchants pointed him out to one another and spoke together in low tones.

It is the invincible El-Malek, chieftain of a fierce mountain tribe, who venerate him as a saint.

Since he lost his eldest son, two years ago, El-Malek speaks but little and never smiles. His beard has become almost white, but his arm has lost nothing of its power; he handles his deadly lance as if it were a reed, and when he urges his faithful horse Yussuf across the desert, terror follows as his shadow. Yussuf, like all the horses of the South, has a strong back, slender legs, and large hoofs; like the five favorite mares of the prophet, he is descended from Solomon's famous stables; his coat is snow white, and his long, flowing tail is soft as silk. Yussuf understands and obeys his master's slightest wish.

Erect in his saddle, El-Malek follows with a keen glance among the motley crowd a man in a gold-embroidered burnoose, who has just come to Mirouan. The tradesmen, also, point at this man with their finger, but with a scornful air, as though indicating one stricken with the plague.

This man is Hassan Bey, the insolent chief of the Ouled-Nayls, who, jealous of his brother Ahmed, killed him with arrows shot from afar; he boasts of this deed, and laughs when he sees the crowd move away from him.

He had built upon the D'Jefela plateau, in the centre of his tented village, a stone bouse, which was also a fortress. For many years he had passed his nights watching the Arab girls dance to the sounds of the *derboukas*; but, one evening, passing near a fountain, he had stopped to look at the young girls filling their copper urns. And now he has come to Mirouan to buy bridal ornaments, for Hassan Bey, chief of the Ouled-Nayls, is to marry the beautiful Zuleika.

Zuleika is only a weaver's daughter, but she is very beautiful. The poor child wept, but she wept in vain, for the weaver is a miser, and the chief of the Ouled-Nayls is not the man to allow himself to be thwarted in his wishes. She must marry Hassan Bey, the fratricide.

Who could prevent it, since God permits it?

El-Malek had heard this story only an hour before he reached Mirouan, and he had said to himself: "God will not permit it, for I will prevent it."

Zuleika had placed her urn upon the ledge of the fountain, but had not thought of filling it. Her companions, one after the other, had gone away, but she still remained. It was the last time that she would come to the fountain, for tomorrow Hassan Bey would carry her away to his battle-mented house, which was sombre as a tomb.

She lifted up her little bronzed hands to heaven imploring that death might be sent to her. But from the leaden sky no consolation came. Instead, Hassan Bey appeared, riding upon his flame-colored horse, and escorted by his warriors. He knew that she was at the fountain, and wished to see her there where he had met her for the first time. She was compelled to hear his lying words and submit to his impure regard. The young girl turned her eyes away, and, as she began to fill her urn, her tears mingled with the water.

"Zuleika!"

Who calls? Certainly Hassan Bey can not have disguised his voice with such a grave and manly tone. Who is this man, with the white beard, sitting erect in his saddle, lance in hand, looking at her so compassionately?

"Zuleika!" he called once more, pointing to Hassan Bey, who was approaching.

She looked up, and suddenly her eyes flashed with a new light, for she felt that this man had been sent by God.

"Save me!" she cried; "save me!"

El-Malek held out his hand and aided the young girl to mount before him. Gently holding her frail form, he murmured: "Do not be afraid." Then, as though calling upon a brother, El-Malek said: "Yussuf!" The noble animal neighed, and started off like the wind.

After Yussuf rushed Hassan Bey, with furious clamor, followed by his warriors. Some of them made as if to draw their bows. "No!" cried Hassan Bey, "do not shoot. I want them both alive!"

Urged on by gentle caresses, Yussuf flew faster and yet more fast. With loud yells Hassan Bey spurred his horse on, riding ahead of his escort. "They shall not escape me!" he cries, trembling with rage and anxiety.

"Courage, Yussuf!" murmurs El-Malek: "you are called the wind of the desert. Show that you deserve your name, my beauty."

The day advances, the sky seems to be on fire, but Yussuf does not falter. Suffocated, at first, by this furious flight, Zuleika now began to breathe more freely; so much ground already gained in the direction of El-Malek's mountain tribe meant possible deliverance. The child added her gentle exhortations to El-Malek's encouragements. Hassan Bey's cries seemed to grow more faint. Had he given up the chase?

But whence come these clamors that seem to start from the heights above them? Have his followers clinched the rocks and found a shorter way?

It is not the chief's escort that utters these cries. They come from a cabin high up in the mountain; the occupants are watching the exciting chase. Will El-Malek find allies among these people, or will he meet new enemies? His tribe is not far away; if he is recognized the fugitives are saved. Arms are raised; they are called!

No, the bows send forth their arrows!

Yussuf utters a painful neigh and El-Malek responds with a cry of anguish. An arrow has struck the horse's flank and another has pierced the rider's shoulder.

"Faster, Yussuf! Faster!" beseeches El-Malek.

With a desperate effort, Yussuf straightens himself out

and flies under the whizzing arrows. He bounds like a gazelle that feels that the lion is on her track.

"Well done, Yussuf!"

Now there are no more arrows to fear; a wall of rocks crown this height. But death is only staved off—blood is streaming from the side of the noble beast; he begins to slacken his pace. El-Malek plies his spurs in vain and Zuleika wastes her caresses and praise, for the poor animal's hoofs slip in the narrow path and he staggers. El-Malek's arm trembles; he is beset with fever; the cool of the falling night does not suffice to refresh his brow; the profile of the violet mountain and the confused shape of the turpentine-trees, with their blood-red clusters suspended over the abyss, are mingled before his eyes. He is blinded by vertigo. He can not stop to drink at the brook which flows in the ravine, though a swallow of water would, perhaps, save him.

Hassan Bey has seen traces of blood upon the rocks, and his cries of hate have become cries of joy.

"We have them," he cries; "they are ours!"

And yet his voice trembles; he fears the final struggle and El-Malek's terrible lance.

Night has again passed and the light of morning chases away the jackals that have come, scenting their prey from afar. Yussuf still runs, but much more slowly. Two days' journey separates him from the tribe of which his master is chief. Two days! and Yussuf has but a few hours to live! He feels that with his last breath his beloved master, too, will die. The path becomes narrower. Yussuf reaches the ridge, and, reeling, stops.

"The end has come!" murmured Zuleika, terrified, and for the hundredth time she besought El-Malek: "Do not remain with me. Your horse can still save you alone. Fly!"

"Yussuf can save neither you nor me."

"Then kill me."

"I have promised to save you!"

"God has not wished it to be so. Save me from this man!"

"That is what I am going to do. Alight."

"Ah, yes; I understand you—death is at the bottom of this abyss. I shall seek it."

"You do not understand me. Look!" and, with his hand, El-Malek pointed to the north, to the other slope of the mountains, which could be seen through the hollow of the rocks.

"You see," he said, "that mirror that shines down there? It is Lake Zahrez. The mountain on the other side of the lake is the Djebel Sahari. There is the tribe of my fathers, there are camped my people. Hasten with all your strength. Order the first herdsman you meet to call in my name to his nearest neighbor, so that, from summit to summit, my name may wake my warriors. Cry to all the echoes of the mountains: 'El-Malek shall not die unavenged!' Go!"

"But it will take two days, at the least."

"I will wait. Go. It is my desire."

"God be with you!" She kissed the hand of the chief who had saved her life; then she ran down the road as quickly as her failing strength would let her.

El-Malek planted his lance in the ground and supported himself against it, erect in his saddle. He talked for a long time to Yussuf, and the animal shook his bleeding head.

"Halt!" ordered Hassan Bey. Reaching a turn in the road, he had seen El-Malek planted across the defile, and this new attitude astonished and disturbed him.

"Does he pretend to oppose us now? Let us wait, and in the meantime breathe a little."

The advice was good, and no one gainsaid it. Men and horses sought a spring. Hassan Bey, however, did not take his eyes off the redoubtable man who sat there motionless upon his horse between the two walls of rock.

"And now that all have rested enough, forward!"

No one stirred. So long as it was a question of pursuing El-Malek, the chief's followers felt brave enough. Now that they were called upon to attack him face to face, the boldest were afraid. Hassan Bey himself trembled.

"Let him begin," said one; "let him come on."

"Very well," growled the chief.

The day declined; the redoubtable sentinel, who had gleamed white in the burning sun, now stood out in black silhouette against the starry sky. Neither horse nor master stirred, and the lance still stood planted in the ground.

The moon rose, and it was an awesome sight to see this motionless warrior under the pale light; he watched the enemy with his steady eyes still open, like diamonds.

"He is covering Zuleika's retreat!" Hassan Bey had said to himself at the very first. He felt that it would soon be too late to continue the pursuit. And yet he remained in his place, changed into a statue, powerless to conquer the fear that emanated from this grand guardian.

After the rosy dawn, the leaden sky; after the red twilight, the blue night; then the aurora again; and the sentinel ever motionless, as well as those whose way he bars. Sometimes the shadow of an eagle makes a fleeting spot on the rocks; then the shadows increase, and great birds come from all corners of the heavens, drawing closer their rapid circles; now it is no longer eagles, but vultures.

They almost touch the lance of the cavalier, but he did not appear to see them. One of them perched upon his shoulder. El-Malek did not stir.

"He is dead!" cried Hassan Bey, mad with anger and spite; and, turning toward his men, who still hesitated, he gave the order: "Forward!"

Neither Hassan Bey nor his men advanced twenty paces. The noise that put the vultures to flight was the galloping of the Bedouin horses that had come from the Djebel-Sahari. The threats that Hassan Bey uttered to keep up his courage were never finished; an arrow pierced his throat, and, falling from his horse, he rolled into the abyss.

"Each one for himself!" cried the Ouled-Nayls.

And while they rushed down the path at full speed, without daring to look back, Zuleika, sobbing, kissed the icy hand of the chieftain who had protected her in death as in life.—From the French of Emile Moreau.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Candidate Stevenson himself says that he pronounces his given name as though it were spelled Ad-lee.

Henry Labouchère says that Mr. Chamberlain will end his career in a lunatic asylum. Mr. Chamberlain retorts that Mr. Labouchère started out from one.

Professor Theodore W. Dwight (who died recently while in the act of signing his will thus: "Theodore W. Dwight") left an estate valued at one million dollars. As it was declared no will, there will be rich pickings for the lawyers.

A Boston dispatch says that Edward F. Searles, widower of the late Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, is to marry a Miss Follen, of Williamstown, Mass. She is said to be a woman of nearly his own age and that they would have been married years ago if it had not been for a lovers' quarrel.

The oldest college graduate in the country is Colonel Amos A. Parker, of Fitzwilliam, N. H., who obtained his diploma from the University of Vermont, in 1813. October 8th, Colonel Parker will complete his one hundred and first year. He has been a member of the bar for seventy-nine years.

The estate of the late Cyrus W. Field is estimated to be worth three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, not including life insurance policies held by Mr. Field which amount to about three hundred thousand dollars. This will make the total amount to be divided over six hundred thousand dollars at the lowest estimate. Five years ago, Mr. Field was believed to be worth ten million dollars.

During a run of ill-luck at baccarat, not long ago, ex-King Milan, who is notoriously superstitious, attributed his losses to the evil influence of a lady seated just behind him. Turning to her, in a passion, the exiled monarch said: "Will you have the kindness to change your place? I am losing because you are behind me." "But I was not behind you when you lost your throne," was the reply, and the conversation went no further.

President Harrison is neither a snob nor an anglophile; and Kate Field's Washington offers this fresh proof of the fact: Some one recently rallied him upon his absence from the fashionable throng which drives past the White House on Saturday afternoons. "I do not think I have ever seen you on Rotten Row," facetiously remarked the visitor. "No, I have not been there," replied the President, "nor will I ever drive there, if it is to be called Rotten Row."

While he was the guest of the artists of Munich, at their club-house recently, Prince Bismarck drank the "draught of welcome" from a huge pewter jug holding a gallon and a half of beer. He did not empty it, but took occasion to say: "I can drain the jug at one draught, as Burgomaster von Rothenberg did, and saved the city thereby." No one cared to dispute the boast, for the fame of Bismarck's achievements in that line is widespread in the Fatherland, and his prowess is unquestioned.

Thomas Cook, with whose name all travelers are well acquainted, died at his home, near Leicester, England, on July 19th. Mr. Cook was born November 22, 1808, and, as a young man, gave evidences of great ability in the various lines of work which he undertook. Cook made arrangements for a special train at a low fare, and superintended his first popular excursion. From that time his field of work in that particular line has grown and spread, until to-day the traveled world is familiar with his name and success.

The Marquis of Salisbury is probably the only living man who has twice refused a dukedom. That title, the highest a British sovereign can confer, was vainly offered him in 1886, when he was thrown out of office by a vote of the House of Commons, and again in 1887, the jubilee year. It is believed that the offer will be repeated and accepted next month, when the marquis retires into the opposition. Lord Salisbury's marquise is but a thing of yesterday, having been conferred on the seventh earl in 1789. But the earldom dates from 1605, when it was given by James the First to the famous courtier and statesman, Robert Cecil.

Mr. Isaac Holden, the oldest and probably the richest member of the House of Commons, as well as physically the smallest, has been a more conspicuous figure in the manufacturing and commercial world than in the realm of politics. Like Mr. Gladstone, he is a Scotchman, though for most of his life he has been identified with Yorkshire. His origin was humble, and his early years spent in poverty, as an apprentice to a shawl-weaver. For some time thereafter he was a schoolmaster; and it was while serving in that capacity that he bestowed upon the world a great benefit, which was, however, of slight benefit to him. This was the invention of the lucifer-match, which he came upon unexpectedly while making some chemical experiments for the instruction of his pupils. Other men took up the discovery, and he made nothing out of it.

A Paris dispatch, dated July 23d, says: "Mr. Edward Parker Deacon has begun an action against his wife, charging her with adultery. The action has been instituted in order to enable Mr. Deacon to get possession of the children upon his release from prison. It is said that the relatives of M. Abeille are exerting a powerful influence to prevent Deacon's release. Mr. Deacon is as much as ever an object of sympathy on the part of Americans and others, and but for the rules of the prison, with which he cheerfully complies, he would hold a daily levée. Under the French laws, should Mr. Deacon succeed in proving his case, Mrs. Deacon would be deprived of the charge of all of the children except the youngest. This is the child about the paternity of which there has been some question, M. Abeille having made provision for the infant under his will, and Mr. Deacon having asserted with positiveness that he is himself the father. Whether Mrs. Deacon will offer any defense is not known."



## THE WATERING-PLACE GIRL.

"Van Gryse" on her Husband-Hunts from Seventeen to Thirty.

The girl of the watering-place, she who wears the ribbons, is by long odds the most interesting feature of the summer holiday. She is a thousand times more amusing than the men—a man is a good deal the same in the town or in the country. She is even better fun than the flirtatious married woman, or than the married woman who would not be flirtatious for the gold of Indies, but is dying to be thought the "dead game sport" of the season, and takes her husband—the mate of fifteen tranquilly domestic years—into secluded spots on the balcony, in the hopes that people who do not know her will think he is a summer trophy.

Watering-place girls range in age from seventeen to thirty. When they are past thirty, they are out of the game. Below sixteen they do not count, because the Eastern girl of sixteen is still a small child with a big waist, and a pig-tail, and flat heels to her shoes. But between those ages, the watering-place girl flourishes, in some six or eight different varieties. At any large summer resort one can find every sort, from the seventeen-year-old who has just begun, to the veteran of thirty-two, who is contemplating a graceful retirement into the limbo of maiden aunts and "mother's girls."

Her seventeen-year summer is to the watering-place girl a season of dizzy joy at the time, but a period to be mourned over when experience has cast its gloomy shadow across the encroaching years. "Why," she says to herself—"why, did mamma let me go on at such a pace?" Mamma, who is a watering-place mother, has tried feebly to moderate the pace, but only feebly, being herself engrossed in decreasing her avoirdupois with salt-water bathing, preserving her complexion with afternoon naps, and keeping up with the times by means of long gossips on the balcony every evening. Mamma has not known much about her daughter's style or acquaintances. She has seen with satisfaction that her wardrobe compares favorably with that of the other girls, and that she seems to be "going off" very well at the hops.

The seventeen and the eighteen summers are those when the watering-place girl in her smiling inexperience desires to be considered a "sport." She puts her big, white hat on one side of her head, she laces up her waist till it is the same size round as her neck, she walks with her two hands, plentifully jeweled, spread out star-fish-like on her hips, stepping with a long, lounging swing, staring at people with her chin up and her eyebrows languidly raised. She shrieks at the young men she knows, over intervening people, with plentiful use of slang. She likes to have women stare at her; she likes to talk of all the wild, fearful, desecrating things she has done with an air of *blasé* indifference.

She wears a pretty and quite dainty bathing-suit, and though she hates bathing, goes in constantly, and coming out sits on the sand with half a dozen young men under a big, white parasol. She detests this, as her wet suit is horribly uncomfortable, her arms get hideously sun-burned, her hair is out of curl, her nose quite badly freckled. But what is one to do? To earn the reputation of the wildest girl at the seaside is no slight task. There are half a dozen others crying for the proud distinction.

The red-haired girl uses dreadfully piquant slang; there is no use trying to beat her on that ground. The girl with the brown braids and the Greek profile swam out last week to a yacht just come to anchor, climbed on board, and talked to the men, though she had never seen one of them before in her life. The New England girl, with the handsome brothers, has had a flirtation with a married man, who is rumored to be worth millions. The girl who wears the scarlet shoes is said to have captivated a count last winter, when she was at school in Paris, and the count is daily expected to appear and claim her as his bride. One must be very daring and conspicuous to keep up with the procession.

In her efforts to do so, the watering-place girl is assisted by innumerable gossiping tongues that are helped out by observant, watching eyes. Before that first foolish summer is over, she has earned a reputation, undeserved, in the main, that, nevertheless, will cling to her for years. As a rule, too, she finds herself dubbed with a descriptive nickname. She hears herself alluded to as "Sporty Jones," or "Pick-Me-Up." If by the time she is twenty-five she has shaken off these sobriquets of her wild days, she will be lucky. Give a dog a bad name and hang him. The population of the watering-place choose to take her as they first found her, when years have passed and the saddening flight of time has changed her from "Sporty Jones," with her hat over one eye, her hands on her hips, prone to announcing loudly her preference for Manhattan cocktails—which she really hates—to the quiet and stately Miss So-and-So Jones, who would sooner die than drink even a glass of *crème de menthe* where any one could see her, who rarely bathes in the surf because she considers it "too public," though her dearest friend says it is because she has grown too thin, and who would not think for a moment of sitting on the rocks by moonlight with any man—unless he happened to be just the right one.

When seventeen and eighteen are passed, the watering-place girl realizes that she must never be so wild again. She puts her hat on straight, and wears much quieter dresses. She uses no slang now; she is very quiet and demure at the hops. It hurts her pride to know that there are people who still allude to her as "Sporty Jones" and "Pick-Me-Up." It takes a summer of absolute nun-like dignity to obliterate the memories of the ingenuous, glad days when she sowed her wild oats. She swims no more. She never drinks anything but soda-lemonades. She walks around at her mamma's side, and uses no stronger adjectives than "horrid," or, sometimes, "beastly," and that is English and allowable. Never was there such a demure, gentle, nice girl. New seventeen-year-olds lead their pranksome summers under her eyes, and she shakes her head and sighs when she thinks of her own fond, foolish youth.

In the summers after this, she is in the category with the

attractive watering-place girls. She is, perhaps, twenty to twenty-three. She dresses charmingly, has a large acquaintance and the peace of mind which comes of the knowledge that people are forgetting to call her "Sporty Jones." She is sufficiently gay to be jolly and amusing, but is never again disturbed by the ambition to be considered a "sport." She has small summer flirtations with mild summer young men, who have as much thought of marrying as they have of flying.

This is a good and a pleasant summer. It is a summer that entirely wipes out the memory of the ones when she wore her hat on one side and liked Manhattan cocktails. But it is the last of its kind. The next spring her mother converses seriously with her. Her mother, who has reduced her avoirdupois and preserved her complexion, begins to feel that a daughter of twenty-four is somewhat too well up in years to be consistent with her reiterated statements that she is thirty-eight. Without the daughter and with the newly acquired slenderness and the adhered to complexion, she might easily persist in being thirty-eight for years to come.

So the mother tells the daughter that this is to be a serious summer. A great deal of money goes to the outfit this year. The mother makes a loud wail and demonstrates to the daughter how impossible it will be to adhere to this plan year after year. The poor-house would absorb them at that rate. Thus the "Sporty Jones" of younger and more blithesome days becomes the tall, thin, dignified, beautifully dressed Miss Jones, who has a mission to perform this summer. At twenty-five, most watering-place girls have it on their minds to perform a mission—the mission being the aiding, comforting, solacing, adoring of some agreeable, handsome, rich, brilliant, delightful, fascinating man.

So the erstwhile "Sporty Jones" goes forth to capture and be captured. She is the most dignified and gracious of young women. She is hardly to be recognized as the round-cheeked, brilliant, erratic "Sporty Jones," with the nice taste in cocktails and the lop-sided hat. She is fifty times cleverer, and has lost every trace of the ingenuousness that used once to make her so charming. There is a melancholy look in her eyes that the late "Sporty" never had. She is not satisfied with her existence, yearns over the fun and harmless frolic of her silly days, fears failure now in her serious days when she ought to be laying the corner-stone of a good, solidly comfortable, and luxurious middle age.

She can not afford to be as choice in her friends as she could in the city. At a watering-place, one must know every man, no matter what he is. So she knows every man, and holds them well in hand. That she does the usual amount of chasing is quite allowable, as every other woman does it, too. She chases with dignity, however, and to look at her, one would never suppose she would condescend to chase the finest man that ever owned a yacht or drove a coach. Her chasing is done elegantly and with the air of a princess. Its object ought to feel that she has done him an honor in allowing him to bid her good-morning or ask her to dance. This is the secret of successful chasing. When a better man appears than the one at that moment the object of her attentions, she lets the first one drop with such sweet amiability that he never knows just how it was he came to find himself out in the cold, while only last week he was so very much in demand. Did not she seem as if she liked him? Surely she impressed him as being quite *épris*, and yet now she walks past him on the board promenade with a smiling, cold, sweet bow, as if she might be saying to herself: "Now, who on earth is that? His face is familiar, but I can't remember, for a moment, where I met him or what his name is."

At the dances and hops she is very quiet, sits beside her mamma, whose thirty-eight years and good complexion meet with quite a good deal of masculine approbation, and is reserved and slightly *blasé*. She does not care to dance, she says, because there are too many people on the floor. In truth, the room is warm, and dancing makes one overheated and ugly. When one of the captives of the chase appears, she says it is stifling, and they go out to the balcony. In the moonlit corner they sit, and "Sporty Jones" remembers that this is a serious summer and directs the talk into paths which, like the paths of glory that the poet tells us, all converge toward the same end—all lead to the altar.

The summers from twenty-seven to thirty are the forlorn-hope summers. These are very serious summers to poor "Sporty Jones," whose eyes have grown sadder, and from whom all the spirit of the gay past has fled like a morning mist. "Sporty Jones" has been engaged several times during her watering-place career; but either the man has turned out a disappointment, from a pecuniary point of view, or else, seen by the transforming glare of the winter gas-light, he has borne too strong a resemblance to the young man who wait behind the ribbon-counter. In his striped summer flannels and peaked yacbing-cap, he was entirely *comme il faut*. In his winter overcoat and his top-hat, he was simply impossible. These are disappointments that one does not readily get over. They cast a cloud over the brightness of "Sporty Jones."

The last three summers of "Sporty Jones's" watering-place life are entirely dignified and extremely exciting—that is, for the young lady. They are her last summers as a seaside belle. Girls are grown up now who, when she was in her early prime, wore short frocks and dug in the sand with wooden spades. Their mothers remember the golden days when "Sporty Jones" was spoken of as a youthful reprobate, and held up as an example to be eschewed to young girls who are now mothers of families.

Miss Jones no longer dances at all. She no longer goes fluttering about on the rocks, or seeks the moonlit end of the balcony. She is a tall, slender, extremely graceful, and rather melancholy young woman, with stately manners, touched by a gentle sadness, and an exquisite taste in dress. She has rather a hard time of it with her mother, upon whose temper and complexion several years of disappointments have told. The daughter has grown sad with these discouraging experiences, but the mother has grown cross. She can no longer pass for thirty-eight—a genuine lover would balk at that now. She nags her daughter, day after

day, on her inability to settle herself; and at night, candle in hand, penetrates into "Sporty Jones's" maiden sanctum, and, standing at the foot of the bed, nags some more. Sporty, with all her fine clothes and idle life, is not a person to be envied.

During one of these last summers she "meets her fate," and accepts him with an attractive reluctance. Her mother cries and says she can not speak of the engagement yet—the subject is too painful. Alone with "Sporty" she figures all day the expenses of the trousseau, and is very cross about the bills. She runs the man down, too; but still "he's better than nothing." "Sporty" is very fond of him. After the experience of the last five years she would be fond of any one who was kind to her.

VAN GRYSE.  
NEW YORK, July 26, 1892.

## THE ANGLOMANIAC.

"Piccadilly" discusses Him from an English Point of View.

The two primary objects and all-absorbing anxieties of the anglo-maniac on an English visit are the speediest possible arrival and the longest possible stay in the metropolis, and an early attendance at a *levée* or presentation at court. So the moment he disembarks he hastens, without loss of time, to his earthly paradise.

For the last twenty years, England has been slowly replenishing from America her somewhat scanty knowledge of luxury in travel; but, though she is still far behind on many points, the large, well-appointed hotels, on the American principle, are at least a distinct advance on the dark, dwarfish hostleries of stage-coach days. The anglo-maniac, however, is firmly impressed with the idea that to court discomfort is an aristocratic feature of the Englishman, and hence he selects for his temporary abode the nearest approach to an English country inn he can find in the West End. There he has to submit often to very unexpected inconveniences and extortionate charges; but he is consoled by the thought of having done an action "so English, you know, quite English." Rank toadyism to birth may account also, in a great measure, for his stanch patronage of these semi-private hotels. Many of the old country gentry, it may be stated, have never quite overcome their prejudices of class; and, regarding the large hotels with dislike and suspicion, remain steady patrons of the houses of their early days, where they meet old friends, and are not disturbed by the bustle and life of a large establishment. Thither, therefore, the anglo-maniac goes, that he may gratify his vanity by stating in his letters home that he was staying at the same house as Lord Blank, and if he has the good fortune to meet his lordship on the stairs and exchange a meek "Good-morning" with him, he feels as if he were already half-way up the social ladder. Concerning "English society"—an expression continually on his lips—he never tires of glean information, but, unfortunately, he starts with the erroneous supposition that its features can only be thoroughly studied in London, and within its ranks he includes every titled person he happens to come across. What mistakes! Noble birth, no doubt, removes many obstacles from the path, but the fringe of society is formed of countless peers and sons of peers of the highest rank, who are ignored by the "smart set," whose doors are most unflinchingly closed against them. The county families are really the true English society, and, as London only retains them for a few months in the season, an intimate knowledge of their every-day life can be acquired only by the acceptance of one of the carefully distributed invitations to the stately country home. How few Americans have been offered such, or, if offered, have accepted them, and yet the anglo-maniac prides himself on his extensive knowledge, and unblushingly proclaims his far-reaching experience of English ways! The London circle all may enter who possess the golden key, but though the acquaintance of a London season may be tolerated with but a passing inquiry, in a West End drawing-room a new-comer to the county requires undisputed proofs of position.

The indiscriminate adoption of the fashionable hyphen is among the earliest phases of the New World epidemic, and "Mrs. G. W. Grant" having been transformed, let us say, into "The Hon. Mrs. G. Washington-Grant," soon resolutely sets herself to seek some one who will enable her to achieve the height of her ambition—presentation at court. She will not have far to seek, for there is certain to be some lady "with a handle to her name" among the acquaintances she has picked up, who, "for a small consideration," of course, will do her this great service. As a matter of fact, the privilege of passing before the queen is attended with little difficulty, for, nowadays, rag, tag, and bobtail are so largely represented at the drawing-rooms that many of the "smart people" never attend, while were it not that an annual appearance before her majesty is necessary to qualify for an invitation to the state balls, their number at St. James's would be still smaller.

The anglo-maniac parent, after returning from England, is naturally anxious that his family should benefit as extensively as he has done, so, as the schools and colleges of the States are so much inferior, he sends his first-born over to Eton, "the swaggiest school in England, you know," for an English education. The young lady of the family is still more fortunate, as, after her education is finished, she is given a chance at capturing some impoverished coronet. Poor girl! she little knows what wretchedness she may inflict on her life by such a matrimonial alliance. Very few of her sisters who have carried off a trophy of this sort have now much cause for rejoicing, and much better had many of them been married to one of their own countrymen than to the unscrupulous "noble" husbands they now possess.

How do the many sacrifices at the altar of English custom benefit the anglo-maniac? Surely Americans must be heartily tired of his masquerade, and most assuredly no one on this side cares for it.

PICCADILLY  
LONDON, July 19, 1892.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Miss Emma Wolf, a young San Franciscan, is about to publish her first novel, which is now in the press of a Chicago publishing house. It is entitled "Other Things Being Equal," and deals with a mooted social question.

The *Monthly Catalogue of Government Publications* is to be brought out regularly hereafter, a Washington firm having undertaken to publish it.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has written a ghost story under the suggestive title of "The Philosophy of Relative Existences." It appears in the August number of the *Century*.

What promises to be a beautiful book is in preparation by the Appletons. Its title is "In Gold and Silver"; it deals with outdoor life; and its author is George H. Ellwanger, whose "Garden's Story" is one of the delights of the lovers of nature. It is to be nicely illustrated by W. H. Gibson, A. B. Wenzel, and W. C. Greenough; and there will be an *édition de luxe* of two hundred numbered copies, printed on Japanese vellum.

"Adam Bede" has been translated into Italian, and this translation is coming out as a serial in a Roman newspaper.

The list of articles in the *Century* for August comprises:

"The Ascent of Fuji the Peerless," by Mabel Loomis Todd and David P. Todd; "La Chasse-Galerie," by Honoré Beaugrand; "The Colonel's Last Campaign," by Ervin Wardman; "In Gloucester Harbor," by Reginald Cleveland Cox; "The Chosen Valley"—IV, by Mary Hallock Foote; "The Philosophy of Relative Existences," by Frank R. Stockton; "Architecture at the World's Columbian Exposition"—III, by Henry Van Brunt; "The Chateleine of La Trinité"—III, by Henry B. Fuller; "Glimpses of Wild Life," by John Burroughs; "The Great Plains of Canada," by C. A. Kenaston; "Paul Veronese"—(Italian Old Masters), by W. J. Stillman; "Christopher Columbus"—IV, The Great Voyage, by Emilio Gastdar; "When Angry, Count a Hundred," by E. Cavazza; "The Apotheosis of Golf," by W. E. Norris; "The Nature and Elements of Poetry"—VI, Truth, by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Shelley's Work," by George E. Woodberry; and verses by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Richard Henry Stoddard, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Anne Reeve Aldrich, R. W. Gilder, Celia Thaxter, Theodore C. Williams, John Vance Cheney, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Frank Dempster Sherman, Doane Robinson, Charles Henry Phelps, and Richard Lew Dawson.

An edition of Bulwer in forty volumes, with a frontispiece in each volume, by E. H. Garrett, will be issued by an Eastern publisher, beginning in September.

The first victory under the new International Copyright Law has been scored by the firm of D. Appleton & Co. Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court, on June 30th, handed down a decision in the suit brought by that firm to restrain the American News Company from publishing and selling copies of Thomas Carlyle's novel, "Wotton Reinfred." A permanent injunction is granted against the American News Company, prohibiting it from handling the work, and also ordering it to pay to D. Appleton & Co. all the profits it has derived from the sale of the book.

Fredric Chapman, the publisher, may some day be induced, it is reported, to make a book of his reminiscences of Thackeray, Dickens, Carlyle, and other famous writers he has known.

Fifteen feminine novelists have been describing in an English periodical "How the Stories Come." Their statements may be thus summarized:

Three of them say that their stories are always suggested by a real place or scene, familiar or otherwise. One says that the origin of a story is "a spontaneous vision, detached and definite, of an imaginary place or scene, which rises in the mind unexplained, until, perhaps, years afterward, the explanation is discovered." Several begin with the problem which suggests the characters—a face, perhaps, or a chance remark, a line of poetry, or the like suggesting the problem itself. Out of the fifteen, five say that their first conscious thought is of a character or characters in difficult situations suggesting the problem to be worked out.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's "Characteristics," which has made many friends during its course as a *Century* serial, and "The Chateleine of La Trinité," Henry B. Fuller's charming story of Italian life, will be issued in October.

Dr. Holmes's library, a California visitor says, is absolutely lined with books, every one of them especially prized by its owner. "We have just culled out the best, my secretary and I," the doctor said; "each month brings a multitude, but we keep here only those I love to have about me. I like to preserve most editions of my own works," he added, playfully.

A new edition of the works of Gogol, the father of Russian fiction, is being brought out in Russia. A translation of one of the greatest of these books,

the "Diary of a Madman," is soon to be published in England.

The clever Paris correspondent of the *London Author* gives an interesting description of the fashion in which a new novel of Zola's "goes off like hot-cakes" on the day of publication:

"Already early in the morning the *trottoir* shelves of the booksellers are yellow with piles of copies—mountain high of the new work, and hour by hour these piles dwindle down and are renewed by panting bookstall clerks. A new animation is given to the boulevards, and in every hand may be seen the yellow back, so that a new color is given to the streets. Zola's works are never packed up in paper and string, but carried off hastily, as for immediate consumption, and this, in the eyes of the booksellers' clerks, means far more as a sign of his immense popularity than the sale of ever so many thousands."

Rudyard Kipling's new book is to be published in the autumn by the Appletons. It is to be not a novel but a collection of short stories.

Miss Rhoda Broughton's forthcoming novel is entitled "Mrs. Bligh."

The *Century* for August has an article by John Burroughs called "Glimpses of Wild Life." In the *World's Fair Series*, Mr. Van Brunt describes the Electricity and Mining Buildings.

There is a curious advertisement in the July number of the *Author*. A lady offers new and original plots for novels at one pound sterling each.

## New Publications.

"Kate Kennedy," a novel by Mrs. C. J. Newby, has been issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Soldier's Sweetheart" is the title of a short story which gives its name to a little volume of English tales and verses by George Dalziel. Published at the *Fun* office, London; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

A new story by "Henri Greville" has been translated by Emma C. Hewitt and Julien Colmar and is published, under the title "The Heiress," by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest volume of the Franklin Square Library is "Verbena Camellia Stephanotis and Other Stories," by Walter Besant. In addition to the story that figures in the title, it contains "The Doubts of Dives," "The Demoniac," and "The Doll's House—And After." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Paganism Surviving in Christianity," by Abram Herbert Lewis, D. D., is intended for the general reader rather than the theological reader, and treats of the influence of pagan thought on the Bible and its interpretation; upon the organized church, through the pagan water-worship cult; upon the practices and spiritual life of the church by substituting pagan holidayism for Christian Sabbathism, through the sun-worship cult; and upon the spiritual life and subsequent character of the church, by the union of church and state and the subjugation of Christianity to the civil power, according to the pagan model. There is much curious and interesting information in the volume, which is carefully indexed. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; price, \$1.75; for sale by William Doherty.

"The Puritan in Holland, England, and America," by Douglas Campbell, is an admirable historical work in a novel field. The author devotes two large volumes to maintaining his theory that the Puritanism which made America what it is came to us, not from England originally, but through England from Holland. To that end, he shows how the Netherlands were wrested from the sea, how civil and religious liberty were cherished there when all monarchial Europe was leagued against the republicanism of the Low Countries, how England was rejuvenated by the independent and advanced spirit of the Dutch, who were at that time a century ahead of the rest of the world in civilization, and how that same spirit came to the colonies and molded our institutions. Mr. Campbell has been at great pains to substantiate his theorem, and this work presents an array of facts that is almost overwhelming. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, for the two volumes, \$5.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Hamlin Garland, who seems to have made certain phases of life on the plains of the great North-West his own particular literary field, has written a touching and realistic story in "The Little Norsk." In the opening pages we are told how two Dakota farmers, waiting for a railroad to come through and

meantime wresting a meagre living from a "quarter-section," adopt "the little Norsk," a pretty little girl of five or six years, whose parents, their neighbors, have perished in a blizzard. They rear the child as carefully as they may, and, at the proper time, send her to a city boarding-school. Each of the two loves her, though one is old enough to be the other's father; but they remain loyal to each other, and, when she yields to boarding-school sentiment and marries a good-for-nothing young fellow, they try to make her life easy in spite of her domestic troubles. The characters are clean-cut and true to life, and the picture of existence on a prairie farm is realistically vivid. "A Little Norsk" is the initial volume of a new summer "library" which is well printed and tastefully bound. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Jeanne Schultz—the young woman whose first story, "La Neuvaïne de Colette," was a striking success, and created a sensation in England and America, under the title of "The Story of Colette," as well as in France—has written a more ambitious novel in "Jean de Kerdren," which has just been published in translation under the same title. It has the pure, fresh charm of "Colette," and so is a delightful story, but it is wildly romantic in the boundless resources and incredible prowess of the hero. Jean de Kerdren is a French naval officer who loves the sea so well that he will never give it a rival by marrying. He meets Alice, the daughter of a wealthy man whose wife had died of consumption when the child was a year old and who had devoted his life to fighting the germs of the fell disease in the little girl. She makes no great impression on him, but meeting her again, when she is an orphan and penniless, he protects her from insult, and, acting under a sudden chivalrous impulse, marries her. Here the interest of the story grows more intense, following their mutual relations from his kindly tolerance of her until the beauties of her mind and person arouse him to passionate love—only to be separated from her by her death from the same disease that had killed her mother. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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David Lesser Lezinsky.

1892.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The following remarks, in the course of a long article by the underwear-editor of the New York *World*, are amusing for the utter ignorance of this city displayed by the writer: "But, oh, the San Francisco girl! You should see her, not as she is seen, but as she is when she lifts her dress off over her head and stands revealed in her Parisian gorgeousness. She is as fond of colors as a Creole. It is needless to say that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of her, for we know very well he was not. But, mayhap, the Queen of Sheba dressed herself like this when she came to see King Solomon. The San Francisco girl has from twelve to twenty sets of silk underwear, made by John Chinaman. There is a lovely silk chemise, the fineness of which she tests by drawing it through a finger-ring. Her corset matches her chemise to a breath, and is clasped with jewels. Her silk unmentionables are a bewildering array of tucks, gold lace, and insertion, gold lace, insertion, and tucks, until you are moved to mourn because they are not built for show. When she goes away for a day or two, she carries a whole set of silk underclothes in her pocket. She wears jeweled garters, but they are only what poker-players call a bluff, because the real work is done by embroidered hose-supporters. The garters were gifts. She is very modest, this San Francisco girl. She wears two or three petticoats—gay silk, of course—and when she gives her order to John Chinaman, she says: 'Put plenty of lace on them,' and John replies: 'Allee lile. Clostee you fifteen dolla.' Her corset-cover is cut like a pajama, and if somebody should call out 'Fire!' just as she is taking off her dress, she can walk out as fully clad as Minerva when she sprang from the head of Jove. She spends most of her money on silk underclothes, and she does not care who knows it." As a matter of fact, there is practically no underwear made by Chinese in San Francisco, except it be the cheapest grades of muslin; the silk underwear worn by men and women here comes to us chiefly from the East and Europe, though Japanese silk garments are much worn. But these latter are generally brought by travelers from Yokobama, and very rarely come through the ordinary channels of trade. The silk from China is hoisted from ship to car at the dock, and passes eastward through San Francisco in unbroken bales.

An English magazine has recently propounded a prize question which has agitated to their depths its numerous woman readers. The question is: "Would you rather marry a man whom you entirely love, but whose love for you are not sure of; or a man who entirely loves you, but whose love you do not feel able to thoroughly reciprocate?" Many and various are the replies; but, with characteristic modesty, the majority of women feel sure that they would rather possess the man's devotion and remain impartial themselves.

There is a characteristic story told of a man who lay dying (says the *Sun*). Suddenly he sprang out of bed, and seizing a tidy, jerked it off the chair, threw it on the floor, and stamped on it. Then falling back on the bed, with a peaceful smile, he gave up the ghost. The bitterness of feeling with which men regard tidies, women experience to the dark inclosures wherein they hang their clothes, and which are known of men as closets. After all that has been said of the achievements of men in architecture, they have never yet evolved a convenient and soul-preserving closet. The architectural closet is not a deliberately conditioned inclosure, but an accidental advantage taken of a recess more or less shallow, prompted by frequent nagging, as the architect is disposed to regard the patient, but anxious inquiries of his client's wife. Without his client's wife, there would be gargoyles, loggie, eye-winkers, and what not, but no closets. It is well known that Vassar College was built without a place for the girls to hang their clothes, Matthew Vassar being a bachelor. Mrs. W. S. Hoyt, who, with her husband were the architects of their own house on Twin Island, had closets built out and made architectural features. These had sectional doors opening throughout their length, which let light into any part. The ideal closet is a long, narrow inclosure, with a window at one end, gas, and a peg for each article. There is one such in Mrs. Seward Webb's house, which can also, by pressing a button, be flooded with electric light. There are a number of girls studying architecture at the School of Artists-Artisans. When women are architects we will at least

have closets. Men's clothes preserve their appearance better folded. The space they occupy is insignificant, and well-lighted shelves replace for them the darkness in which women grope after their things. Bruce Price, the architect, has arranged for Mr. Cammack, in his new country-house at Tuxedo, receptacles for his trousers and other belongings that might cause in other men envy, but which will only make women feel glad that there can be for any one such comfort and repose of mind. This is a square inclosure, with a window. Opposite the window is an inclosure of mahogany. This disintegrates into a series of deep, shallow drawers, each dedicated to one pair of trousers, and allowing their owner at least a dozen pair. Above these are rods, hooks, and separate compartments for other articles of Mr. Cammack's wardrobe.

American women have been written up by the French Max O'Rell, the English Kipling, and now a German, one Schaffmeyer, is having his fling at us. He finds that the American woman has almost ceased to bother herself about sewing, and the art of darning stockings is almost a lost one. And the worst of it is the German woman becomes corrupted in these respects as soon as she gets over here. Ach!

A somewhat conspicuous Washington woman has sent her petticoat to the House of Representatives with the request that the members of Congress write their autographs on it. The lively female correspondents at the capital speak of this vagary as "a new fad." But there is nothing new (says the *Commercial Advertiser*) in the prurient motive which actuated the sender. It belongs to the curious female hallucination of our time, and springs from the notion that their skirts are more interesting than the women are themselves. Miss Loie Fuller, who recently patented her petticoats, had the same notion, and the thousands of men and women who have established a popularity for skirt-dances have encouraged the notion. The vulgar idea is that woman is chiefly interesting in her integuments when they are cunningly handled, and the result is an era of underclothes, in which hosiery, and garters, and petticoats have their public chroniclers, their retained artists, and their daily bulletins. Some of our enterprising contemporaries have regular and highly pictorial departments of skirt literature. Between the skirt-dance and the fashionable bathing resort congregate all the brilliant descriptive writers and all the graphic pencils. Nor does there appear to be anything like a protest of modesty from any female source. The startling appeal of the Washington woman to Congress to write its autographs on her skirt strikes the effeminate sense of the times as a harmless fad, just as the recent device of certain women to have their admirers' names engraved on the garters struck the popular notion as rather aesthetic.

It was not to be expected that the charge of immorality brought by Lady Jeune against London society would pass without protest. In the reply made by Lady Frances Balfour, in the August number of the same periodical, Lady Frances avers that London society is, as a matter of fact, much cleaner than it was at the epoch preceding the passage of the first Reform Act, the epoch which Lady Jeune had selected for comparison. She contends that the disappearance of many of the rigorous precautions formerly taken to preserve young women from contamination, bears witness to social improvement rather than to social decadence. As a matter of fact, there were more scandals in London society sixty years ago, when friendships between the sexes were trammelled with a thousand restrictions, than there are now. It is, indeed, absurd to suppose that society was more civilized and more moral when, as was the case within the memory of many living persons, it was inexpedient for a lady to walk in the streets of London without the protection of a footman, and when it was accounted improper behavior for her to use any form of "hackney coach."

The young Turkish lady, "Adalet"—a veritable habitant of the harem, whose paper, "A Voice from the Harem," was so fresh and interesting a sketch of Turkish life—has, in the new *Nineteenth Century*, an article on "Turkish Marriages Viewed from the Harem." Marriage for a Turkish girl is certainly a leap in the dark, for she has only seen her husband by stealthy glances through a latticed window, and he has never seen her at all. He has been accepted on her father's judgment, and she has been chosen on that of his mother; and yet we

are told that, for the most part, such marriages turn out to be happy. Among some twenty couples, who were "Adalet's" own intimate friends, she has not known more than four or five who were unhappy. When, on the other hand, a Turk marries a Circassian whom he has known, the marriage is very likely to be unhappy; but that is because he has married his cook. It is, however, possible that a flirting acquaintance may precede marriage in Turkey. The bride, however, in such a case is to be pitied, for the husband will secretly blame her on account of her forward conduct. The Turkish husband likes his wife to be educated, and speak French, and play the piano—in other words, to be a modern Turkish woman. He wishes her to be orthodox and old-fashioned enough to obey religiously one of the Prophet's precepts, which is that she must hide even the tips of her fingers from any man but himself. Indeed, very unreasonable things are asked of the Turkish girl. She is taught that marriage is the end of her existence. She is allowed to read any sort of a French novel, and yet modesty, not to say bashfulness, is expected to be her chief virtue. She is expected to feel grief and dread at the idea of marriage. She must cry when the ring of betrothal is passed on her finger, and when the contract is signed, she is not considered a girl of nice feeling if she does not fall back in a dead faint. Here is an incident which shows the extreme circumspection which is expected of a Turkish girl. A young girl had reason to believe that the man to whom she was engaged was unprincipled, and hit upon this expedient for breaking off the engagement. When her mother was out it was one day her duty to receive her future mother-in-law, and she asked her if her son smoked. The worthy woman was greatly shocked and rose and left the house, and the engagement was broken off the next day. Turkish girls, nevertheless, do speak to their intimate friends about their engagements, and by a present can always bribe the old story-tellers to let them know something of the habits of their future husbands.

"People may go on saying that a man is as old as he feels and a woman as old as she looks," said an irate damsel, the other day, to a writer in the *World*. "but I say that a woman is just exactly as old as her aunt makes her out. What do I mean? Well, I'll tell you. I'm twenty-four, and I maintain I'm remarkably well-preserved. You'll agree that I'm rather too youthful-looking for a chaperon. But here's my dear Aunt Jane has asked me to look out for dear Cousin Virginia while she does some shopping in New York. Virginia is eighteen, and she's a good deal of an *ingenue*. Well, I go shopping with her, and she asks me timidly if I think twenty-five cents a yard too dear for muslin, adding that her mother says I always had such good judgment. In the evening, there are callers, and I wear black lace, but Virginia comes down in white muslin and pink ribbons. She won't play, 'because mamma says I must never, never play when you are about, cousin.' She says you have such a fine technique and such a really professional touch, not a bit like my school-girlly performances. Then I feel about forty. When we pass an ice-cream soda place and I propose refreshing drink, Virginia giggles and says: 'Why, cousin! I never thought you'd be so silly as to be fond of ice-cream soda.' I tell you," concluded the damsel, mournfully, "I'm beginning to feel desperate, and some day I shall be rude to Virginia about Aunt Jane. And then that relative of mine will soothe her daughter by remarking that she mustn't mind, for of course I'm getting old and a little crabbed."

Many a woman has a plump form, but has an unshapely forearm or is painfully thin and utterly devoid of symmetry from the knee down. A poorly shaped limb may be developed by patience and long-continued treatment. Massage them daily, stroking from elbow or knee down. This draws the blood to this part and increases its nutrition. Many kinds of light work will perform wonders, and, let it be whispered, sweeping, coffee grinding, or pumping water will do more to produce pretty, plump arms than a course of expensive massage treatment will ever effect. But it must not be done spasmodically, but with the regularity of clock-work.

A young woman who has made a highly prosperous marriage, thus discourses to the readers of the *Evening Sun*: "I never would have got my husband if I had not shown myself a good fellow. My husband first made sure that, instead of being a clog on his diversions, I could be his companion in them. In fact, I could help them along. The nineteenth-century woman to be successful in matrimony—which is quite a different thing from winning fellowships at Yale, writing prize odes at Harvard, being senior wranglers at Cambridge—must be able to walk a social tight-rope without faltering. She must be able to look down abysses without falling in. She must be the mistress of all situations. She must be capable of extremes. When he is merry she must know how to dance; when he is sad she must be able to sing psalms. My experience is that my feet perform more service than my voice. Especially she must be learned and skillful in eating and drinking, and afterward be able to bind up his head with her crimps fresh and smooth. The place, you see, is no sinecure; but it has its advantages."

## The Superior MEDICINE

for all forms of blood disease,

## AYER'S Sarsaparilla

the health restorer, and health maintainer.

Cures Others will cure you.

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N. Y. Times, Mar. 10, '92.

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COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY

"What say you to a ham sandwich?"

"If prepared with Cowdrey's Deviled Ham I'll welcome it with delight, good Grumio. Bring it to me. KATHARINE."

COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY COWDREY

**BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM**  
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.  
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.



13 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 26c.  
CAUTION—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.  
Each label contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 23 Davis St., S. F., Cal.  
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

## A Graceful Act

Of hospitality is to offer your evening guests a cup of Bouillon before leaving. Use Armour's Extract of Beef and boiling water; add salt, pepper and a thin slice of lemon to each cup. Serve with plain crackers.

Armour & Co., Chicago.

**DR. PRICE'S**  
**Cream Baking Powder**

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard



## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Judge Ralph C. Harrison, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, and Miss Ella Spencer Reid, niece of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, of New York, will take place on Thursday, September 29th, at Ophir Farm, the country seat of Mr. Reid, in Westchester County, New York. They will make San Francisco their home.

A wedding of particular interest, owing to the complications in relationship, will take place at noon next Wednesday at the residence of Hon. and Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, in Fruit Vale, when two of their daughters will be married to two of the sons of Mr. Thomas Magee, of this city. Miss Estelle Woods Hush will marry Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr. The groom's brother, Mr. Fred Magee will act as best man, and the bride's sister, Miss Marie Jean Hush, will assist her as maid of honor. Miss Harriet Louise Hush will be wedded to Mr. William A. Magee, and at this ceremony, a sister of the bride, Miss Florence Belle Hush, will be the maid of honor, and another brother of the groom, Mr. Walter Magee, will act as best man. Rev. Dr. McLain, of the Congregational Church of Oakland, will officiate at both ceremonies, and it will be seen from the foregoing that he will join two brothers in wedlock to two sisters and that the two brothers of the two grooms and the two sisters of the two brides will assist in the ceremonials. The four Misses Hush are musically inclined to quite a degree, and have formed a quartet for different instruments that have delighted their friends at many gatherings at their residence. The wedding will be celebrated quietly, owing to the recent demise of the mother of the grooms.

Miss Jessie S. Wright, daughter of Mr. John Wright, of the firm of Wright & Sanders, will be married to Mr. Edward Horton, secretary of the J. C. Johnson Company, next Wednesday at the residence of the bride's father, 1615 Jackson Street. The wedding will be celebrated quietly.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Amy Green, daughter of the late William A. Green, a pioneer of this city, to Sir James Homesperies, Bart., of England. Miss Green was educated abroad and has lived for several years principally in London. Her sister, Miss Cecelia Green, was married a few years ago to Mr. James Pedar, a wealthy barrister of London.

A pretty wedding took place in St. Mary's Cathedral last Wednesday noon when Mr. John J. Deane, son of Mrs. M. Deane and brother of Mrs. M. H. de Young, was married to Miss Theodora Harrigan, daughter of Mr. J. J. Harrigan. Rev. Father Montgomery officiated. Mr. James G. Chesley acted as best man, and Miss Julia Reed was the maid of honor. After the ceremony a delicious breakfast was served at the new home of the happy couple, 3105 Washington Street. In the evening they left to pass a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Colonel Charles Sonntag contributed greatly to the pleasure of about fifty of his friends on Friday evening, by giving an excursion around the bay on the steamer *Caroline*. Various points of interest were visited, and as the steamer sped over the erected waves under the mellow light of the moon, the guests enjoyed music and dancing and a bounteous supper.

The Misses Dimond gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Thursday evening at their residence on Washington Street, and entertained about ten of their friends.

The members of the Pacific Yacht Club will give a hop this (Saturday) evening in the club-house at Sausalito. A tug-boat will convey the members back to the city at midnight.

Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon gave a delightful luncheon-party recently in San Rafael, where she is passing the summer. The affair was in honor of Miss Agnes Burgin. The dining-room was a symphony in pink, with draperies and blossoms, and the hundreds of clusters of sweet peas gave a delicious fragrance to the air. The menu was a bounteous one. After luncheon there was music, both instrumental and vocal, by the hostess, Miss Burgin, and others, which very pleasantly ended the charming affair. Those present were:

Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon, Mrs. John Crooks, Miss Agnes Burgin, Miss Kate Burgin, Miss Emelie Hanlon, Miss Josie Hanlon, Miss Scott, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Kate Dillon, and Miss Maud Morrow.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant George W. Kirkman, First Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a brief leave of absence. Captain Leonard Wood, U. S. A., will accompany the First Infantry to Santa Cruz as medical officer of the command during the encampment.

Major John A. Darling, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has arrived from the East and has been appointed to duty at the Presidio. Major Darling was stationed at Fort Mason several years ago, and is well known as the composer of several beautiful ballads.

General Anson McCook, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Baker, U. S. A., have returned to Los Angeles, after their Eastern trip.

Captain H. L. Howison, U. S. N., and family have arrived at Mare Island from Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander Walter Goodwin, U. S. N., will leave here on August 10th, to take command of the *Marion* at the Asiatic Station.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., is absent from Mare Island, owing to illness, and will soon take a trip south.

Lieutenant J. E. Mahoney, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the marine barracks at Boston, Mass., and ordered to proceed to Mare Island. On August 15th, he

will relieve Lieutenant Charles A. Doyen, U. S. M. C., from the command of the marine guard of the *Charleston*. Lieutenant Doyen has been ordered to duty at the marine barracks, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dr. Harry O. Perley, U. S. A., is at the Ebbitt House, in Washington, D. C.

General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., will write a popular life of Queen Isabella for the World's Fair Commission.

Lieutenant Lewis H. Strother, First Infantry, U. S. A., is en route to Fort Grant, A. T., with a detachment of recruits from Jefferson Barracks, Mo.

The new Pacific Mail steamship *Peru* was open between the hours of eight and ten, on Wednesday evening, for the inspection of a few invited guests, most of whom availed themselves of the opportunity to examine and admire the handsome vessel. In the light of the three hundred or more incandescent lamps, the elaborate fittings and tasteful decoration of the cabins and saloons presented a brilliant appearance. The two hours were very pleasantly passed in inspecting one of the most complete and luxurious vessels ever seen in our waters.

"Baroness Meta," a comic opera by Mr. J. H. Rosewald, will be produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, November 10th, under the auspices of the Woman's Exchange. Mr. Fred Urban will have charge of the stage and Mr. Solly H. Walter will design the scenery and costumes. The cast will be divided among Miss Maude Berry, Miss Julia Newman, Miss Freda Sylvester, Mrs. Charles Dickman, Mr. A. Hellman, Mr. Carroll, Mr. A. M. Thornton, and Mr. S. H. Walter.

A young San Franciscan who has been winning laurels abroad is Frederick Pape, whose first Salon picture was received here a few days ago by his father, Mr. Frederick L. Pape. It is now on exhibition in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s art gallery on Market Street, but it is not for sale. It was hung in the Paris Salon of 1890, when the painter was only eighteen years of age; but in spite of his extreme youth, it is a painting of much power and feeling and is well worth seeing.

It is arranged at last that Paderewski will come to San Francisco in the middle of November and give three concerts, the price of tickets ranging from \$3.50 to \$2.00. He is no longer the human chrysanthemum, for a modern Delilah has persuaded him to be shorn of his pink mane.

The first day of the summer meeting of the Trotting-Horse Breeders' Association is set for this (Saturday) afternoon, August 6th, at the Bay District Track. The races commence at two o'clock, and the entries indicate some exciting sport.

A. J. McL. is informed, in reply to his question, that when martial law is declared, the civil law is set aside. Under those circumstances, the soldier in the case submitted would be tried by court-martial.

## CYPRESS LAWN CEMETERY.

"Who enters here but finds the way  
To those fair realms where sounds the angels' song."

Cypress Lawn Cemetery is situated in San Mateo, and comprises sixty acres of slightly rolling land, lying between the cemeteries Holy Cross and Home of the Peace. As yet it is in its infancy; still the amount of work that has been accomplished in the short five months shows plainly the fact that those interested are gentlemen of refinement and taste and know what they are about. Already the main avenue has been laid out and bordered by cypress and eucalyptus-trees, over four thousand of which have been planted. The driveway from the electric road to the main entrance is completed. It is one hundred and twenty feet wide and five hundred feet long. To the right is a foot-path winding through beds of sweetly blooming flowers; to the left is a walk twelve feet wide, made of concrete, the monotony of which is broken by a rustic bridge which crosses a running stream, and by banks of fragrant and brilliant flowers already growing luxuriantly. A number of workmen are engaged at present on a one-story cottage—a pretty structure it is, with a slanting roof of slate and wide porch, and containing five apartments, all well lighted and commodious. Entrances or gateways are all more or less significant in the construction of any edifice, park, or property, for public or domestic purposes, and in history gateways to cities have been elaborated and marked by structures costing fabulous sums; none the less appropriate, then, should it be for grounds devoted to the burial of the dead to have the entrance marked by an ornate and costly structure, and beautified with every becoming attribute. Such a gateway has just been commenced at the Cypress Lawn Cemetery, the first carload of stone arriving yesterday. The gate will be constructed entirely of California granite, nearly white in color, and finely cut, presenting to the eye a surface as smooth as marble. The largest opening or driveway is twenty feet in width, inclosed by an arch twenty feet in diameter, with the lower surface of the keystone eighteen feet from the ground, and a thickness of three feet. At the foot of the arch is a molded pedestal, or impost, from which spring the arch-stones richly molded in three divisions and bearing in bold relief, in polished Roman letters, the inscription "Cypress Lawn Cemetery."

The ashlar coursing-dies on the molding of the arch, and extends continuously above it and around the broad faces of the towers which flank it and rise six feet square, in beautiful proportions, from its straight walls. Each tower is surmounted by a bold cornice, with rich relief of frieze and dentils, and is furnished with ball and dome thirty feet from the surface of the driveway. Immediately above the arch, and between the towers on a block of granite, is the best figure of Father Time, book and pen in hand, making the records. Between the figure and

the towers, on either side, are richly carved bands and embattlements of polished granite. On each side of the large arch for carriages is a smaller archway—four feet in width, nine feet high, and two feet thick—for the use of pedestrians. These arches are in turn flanked with small towers, similar to those of the large arch, with the dome and ball eighteen feet from the ground. The extreme length of the structure, including the three openings, is fifty-two feet; the small towers being two feet square and the large ones six feet square. The smaller openings will have a turn-style and the large opening folding-gates, to be used when necessary. The gateway, when finished, will be a chaste and unique piece of work; the domes, in their simplicity and surroundings, being somewhat suggestive of the types and forms used in early days in California, the designs having been prepared by the firm of B. McDougall, of this city.

The mortuary chapel will be built to the left of the main driveway, and will be a handsome building. The crematory, in which many wealthy and prominent men of the city are interested, is to be built to the right of the driveway, and next to Holy Cross Cemetery. Between the crematory and gateway, on rising ground, will be the columbarium of white granite or marble.

There are about fifty workmen at present employed in and around the cemetery. Some are busy excavating for a reservoir, others at work on the driveways, some engaged in carpentering, gardening, etc. Everywhere there is a spirit of progress and energy, and everything is being done to make the cemetery beautiful and picturesque. All that modern art and construction can do is now being carried out under the supervision of a gentleman who understands the popular heart and is firm in his belief that our final resting-place should be a garden of beauty, and but a step to the heaven where we all hope to meet again.

Cypress Lawn Cemetery will have much to recommend it, and it will steadily grow in reputation. It is non-sectarian. It will have a perpetual care fund, under the management of nine trustees. A portion of the purchase price of each plot will be invested, the interest of the investment being used in beautifying and taking care of the lot. No copings will be allowed, only a slight depression in the velvety lawn divides the rich man's home from the poor, and marks the extent of one's final resting-place. A few years ago, the supervisors passed a law closing the Jewish Cemetery on Eighteenth Street, also the Old Mission Cemetery on Dolores Street. They undoubtedly will in the near future close the cemeteries lying west of the city, and people will be obliged to seek burial ground in San Mateo County, where every evidence is given of permanency.

At present there are eight bodies buried at Cypress Lawn. I attended the last funeral, and noticed one or two improvements worthy of comment. For instance, the straps by which the casket was lowered into the grave were white cloth, not the greasy leather affairs generally used. Then the grave-diggers, whom I remember always as devout but dirty, were not there. Instead were four fine-looking men, attired in black trousers and black skull-caps and white blouses. There was a gentleness about it all, and I thought of the lines:

"Lay her in the earth,  
And from her fair and unpolished flesh  
May violets spring."

Most of our cemeteries are vast, gloomy, almost ghostly places, where shadows seem forever lurking, where tombs grow old and dark and headstones crumble away, where life and love, hope and sentiment have been extinguished forever. I have visited many cemeteries, and have seen but few which impressed me otherwise than with a feeling of utter loneliness, a shrinking fear of the horrible yawning grave; but I came away from Cypress Lawn feeling that every effort had been made to dispel that dreary feeling commonly associated with death, which reduces us all to the same level and makes us forget faults and remember only virtues. To the sentimental and romantic, Cypress Lawn, with its winding paths, its green hedges, the rich crimson, purple, yellow and gold of the flowers, and its handsomely laid-out walks, will, in the near future, offer inducement for reverie and meditation, and the visitor can gaze about him with an eye of satisfaction. There will be nothing to mar the loveliness of the scene; it will be a spot so green and fair, a rest so peaceful, picturesque, and beautiful, that all unpleasant memories will vanish, and we can think of our loved ones as simply gone before, and feel that


Angels are keeping  
Watch o'er those sleeping  
In Cypress Lawn.

## Pretty Silver Articles.

It is a matter of surprise to most people to see the luxury and air of refinement that one can impart to a desk or writing-table by having a few pretty knick-knacks on it. The kind of articles meant are such silver desk-furniture as Sanborn, Vail & Co. have in their show-cases in their great store on Market Street. Silver ink-stands, for example, there are in a wide diversity of styles, from the single little bottle for a young lady's writing-table to the double-welled affair with pen-racks and other conveniences for a business man's desk. There are pen and pencil trays, mounted blotter-pads and calendars, and so on, not forgetting small and large picture-frames.

These articles are in quadruple plate, so that they are surprisingly cheap, which may account in part for their popularity. You will find them in ladies' boudoirs, in gentlemen's offices, and on library tables in most homes where they care for beauty and luxury. Indeed, Messrs. Sanborn, Vail & Co. say that they are astonished at the rapidity with which they have to replenish their stock of these goods and of the silver-mounted purses and card-cases, for which they are so well known among the ladies of San Francisco. These purses and other silver-mounted leather articles they have been selling for only a few months, but the variety and beauty of the designs they display have won them a large clientele among those ladies who know where to get the best.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.



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**FLORIDA WATER**

HAS RECEIVED THE HIGHEST OFFICIAL  
RECOGNITION AND IS UNIVERSALLY  
ACCORDED THE FIRST PLACE AS A  
DELIGHTFUL & HYGIENIC  
PERFUME.

GOODYKOONTZ'S  
PORTABLE READING-DESK and BOOK-HOLDER

Designed for use on Rocking-Chairs, Office-Chairs, etc. Ornamental Woods used. All trimmings Nickel Plated.



Will be sent C. O. D. when one-quarter amount accompanies order. Price, for Mahogany, Walnut, or Spanish Cedar, \$5.00. Alternate strips various woods, \$6.00. Address, THE PORTABLE DESK CO., 331 Jessie Street, S. F., Cal.

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—OF—  
CARRIAGE HORSES

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GILBERT TOMPKINS,  
Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

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"Rambler Leads Them All."

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DANCING  
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Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

**MISS ELLA PARTRIDGE**  
Desires to announce that she has removed to 1610 California St., bet. Polk and Van Ness, and is prepared to resume piano lessons.

It is more profitable to advertise before season than after season. Frequently before season is worth more than during season.—N. C. Fowler, Jr.

DO YOU HAVE YOU SMOKED?  
**CARL UPMANN'S FAMOUS CIGARS,**  
**LINCOLN'S CABINET**



## SOCIETY.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings left last Wednesday for the East en route to Europe, and will remain away about three months. She will pass most of the time at Carlsbad. The wedding of Mrs. Hastings and Mr. Frank S. Johnson will not take place until December.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rudge Gibson, formerly Miss Laura Belden, are at Trouville, in the south of France. Mrs. D. L. McDonald and the Misses Laura and Elythe McDonald have removed to 2122 Pine Street, and will receive on Tuesdays.

Mrs. Walter M. Castle and Miss Minnie Weil have returned to the city after passing the summer pleasantly at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman are passing a month near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding will leave on Sunday to pass several weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. J. K. Orr and his daughter, Miss Fannie Orr, have returned to their home in Oakland after their European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon will remain in Monterey all of this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fulton G. Berry and Miss Maude Berry have returned from a trip to Oregon.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Danforth, Major and Mrs. George Easton, Miss Fanny Danforth, and Miss Hattie Tay left last Saturday for Lake Tahoe, where they will remain about twelve days.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan and Mr. and Mrs. Mountford S. Wilson have been enjoying a visit near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Remi Chabot and Miss Nellie Chabot have returned to Oakland after a pleasant visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are visiting relatives in Portland, Or.

Mr. and Mrs. O. F. Willey and Mr. Frank D. Willey will occupy their cottage in Sausalito until September 1st. Mrs. A. M. Burns and the Misses Burns are enjoying an outing near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Josiah Belden, of New York, is enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker are traveling in France, and will visit Germany, Switzerland, and Italy before returning here next November.

Mr. and Mrs. Winsor L. Brown went to Monterey last Tuesday to remain for a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker contemplate taking a cottage in San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Simpson, of Stockton, have been visiting here during the past week.

Mrs. William B. Collier has returned to Villa Ka Bel, her country home near Clear Lake, after a pleasant visit to Miss Jessie Bowie.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Badlam and Miss Maude Badlam have returned to the city after passing the summer at their country villa, "Arcadia," near Calistoga.

Miss Jennie Hobbs returned to the city last Monday after a pleasant visit to friends in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot are visiting Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. William Fries and Miss Helen Walker will leave San Jose to-day to make a short visit to Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks will remain in San Rafael during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham will remain at The Colonial a few weeks and then leave to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. Wooster have returned to the city after passing the season at the Napa Soda Springs. They will go to Monterey on August 25th to attend the shoot of the Country Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will remain at their cottage in San Rafael until October.

Mr. Joseph D. Redding returned to the city last Monday after a two months' visit to Europe. Mrs. Redding and Miss Myra Redding accompanied him as far as Manitou Springs, Colorado, where Mrs. Redding is visiting her sister.

Among the San Franciscans recently at Carlsbad were Mrs. A. P. Hotaling and her two sons, Mr. Sigmund Stern, Mr. Sigmund Steinhardt, and Mr. Samuels.

Colonel and Mrs. Samuel D. Mayer, Mr. George S. Mearns, and Dr. Frank H. Fisher passed last Saturday and Sunday in Sausalito as the guests of General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, and Miss Bessie Shreve went to Monterey last Monday for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy were in Paris when last heard from.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney and family are passing a month near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. C. W. Tozer, of Westwood vineyard, near Tulare, is here on a visit to her mother, and will remain several weeks.

Mrs. Sperry and her daughter, Miss Reth Sperry, are in New York city and will soon leave for Carlsbad. They will remain abroad until late in October.

Mr. R. Porter Ashe left for the East a week ago.

Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies are in London. They will pass the next two months in traveling on the continent.

Miss Susie Russell, of Sacramento, has been paying a visit to friends in San Rafael.

Mrs. C. V. Gummer has returned from a prolonged visit near Mount Shasta.

Colonel E. A. Belcher will leave this city during the coming week to reside permanently in Spokane, Wash., where he will resume the practice of his profession.

Mrs. S. B. McKee, Mr. Samuel Bell McKee, and Miss Amy McKee have returned to their home in Oakland, after a visit near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Grove L. Johnson and the Misses Johnson, of Sacramento, are passing a month at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. William J. Dutton will reside during the season at near Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Graves and Miss Elma Graves are passing this month near Mount Shasta.

Miss Agnes Burgin has been paying a visit to friends in San Rafael during the past fortnight.

Mr. N. K. Masten and the Misses Masten have returned to the city after a month's outing near Mount Shasta.

Mr. William H. Stinson, Mr. A. C. Bonnell, Mr. James

Bonnell, and Mr. Gus Wilde will remain in Sausalito until September.

Mr. Henry Heyman is visiting the Blue Lakes.

Mr. Edgar Mills, Jr., and Miss Mills have been passing the week at Monterey.

Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Ella Adams are passing several weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned to the city after passing the season in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Bishop and Mrs. W. L. Garrettson, of Portland, Ore., are visiting Mrs. Frank J. Connelly at her residence, 25 Scott Street.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson will leave Oakland in September to make a tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan are enjoying a visit at Santa Monica.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergin and Mr. and Mrs. James Appleton Maguire will occupy their cottage in Sausalito until September.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Folles and Miss Folles have been in Santa Cruz during the past week.

Miss Julie Connor has been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. N. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon will remain in San Rafael during the present month.

Mrs. F. E. Spencer and Miss Grace M. Spencer have returned to San Jose after passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Walter L. Dean has returned to Monterey after a week's visit here.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have been up near Mount Shasta during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bond, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Siskiyou County.

Mr. W. W. Foote, Miss Foote, and Miss English, of Oakland, have returned from the Yosemite Valley.

Mrs. Henry Janin has been visiting Santa Barbara during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas R. Hayes and the Misses Hayes will remain in Sausalito until late in the autumn.

Mrs. W. D. O'Kane will be at Santa Cruz during this month.

Miss Mary Taylor has been visiting Mrs. A. C. Tubbs at Monterey during the past fortnight.

Mr. George Duval was in London when last heard from.

Miss Florence Ives, who is now in Paris, will pass the next three months in traveling over the continent.

Mrs. T. E. Hope, of San Jose, Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are at Monterey for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, Miss Spreckels, Mrs. Richard Ivers, and Miss Aileen Ivers are at Carlsbad.

Colonel and Mrs. H. R. Willard will leave in a few days for Chicago, where they will reside beneficently.

Mrs. L. B. Wright, of Sacramento, is at Monterey, and will pass several weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are passing several weeks in New York city.

Miss Daisy Willard left last Monday to visit friends in Arizona for several months.

Mrs. A. A. Rutherford and the Misses Rutherford, who have been passing the summer near Mount Shasta, went to Monterey on Thursday, where they will remain until September.

Mrs. Isaac Trumbo returned from her Eastern trip last Thursday.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel are enjoying a prolonged visit at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morrow have been visiting Coronado Beach.

Mr. Joseph Sheldon will pass the winter in New York city.

Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon were the guests of Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Hanlon in San Rafael last Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Ella and Amy Wainwright have returned from a pleasant visit near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. Charles F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins are paying a visit to Coronado Beach. Mr. Mullins is passing the season in the Hawaiian Islands.

Miss Anna Bell Karr sailed last Wednesday for the Hawaiian Islands in company with Dr. and Mrs. George A. Hendricks and party, of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Swabacker, *né* Gump, have returned from their wedding trip, and prior to their departure for New York, N. Y., they will receive their friends at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. S. Gump, 1224 Geary Street, on Tuesday afternoons and Thursday evenings.

Mr. and Mrs. Percival W. Selby came up from Fair Oaks last Tuesday and passed a few days at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Louis Janin returned last Sunday from a brief trip to Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks and Mrs. William H. Smith were in Switzerland when last heard from.

Mr. and Mrs. Varney Gaskill are passing this month in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe, who have been passing the summer at their cottage at Santa Cruz, will return to the city in about two weeks.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard left New York on July 30th on the steamer *La Champagne* for Havre, France. He will join his daughter, Miss Maud Howard, on the continent, and they will pass several months in traveling.

Mr. and Mrs. William Gilbert, of this city, are visiting Asbury Park, N. J.

Mr. E. I. Parsons has returned from a trip to the northern part of Washington.

Mme. Nis-Herrera has returned from Europe and will receive at her residence, 1036 Valencia, from two until five o'clock, on Wednesday afternoons.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace R. Hudson are enjoying a month's visit in San Bernardino County.

Dr. William J. Younger has returned from his trip East, after having sent his family to Europe.

Mr. Fred L. Castle is convalescing rapidly after his recent severe illness.

Major Frank A. Vail went to Santa Cruz on Friday and will remain there during the encampment.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy went to San José last Wednesday for a short visit.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Schröder, Jr., are passing the season at their beautiful villa near Redwood City.

Miss Ida Morrell, of this city, is the daughter of Mrs. C. E. Lancaster, of Bozeman, Mont., are registered at the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel in the Yellowstone Park. Their party consisted of eight ladies and gentlemen of Bozeman, who have spent two weeks in the park, having visited every point of interest. Miss Morrell will make a brief visit to Helena, Mont., and Portland, Or., on her return.

Mr. James V. Coleman returned from Paris last Tuesday.

Mr. W. W. Belvin is at the Hotel Gerlach, in New York city.

Mr. J. B. Randel is visiting New York city and is stopping at the Hotel Gerlach.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert are passing a couple of weeks in Santa Cruz.

Colonel and Mrs. William Edwards and Miss Daisy McKee will leave to-day to visit Santa Cruz.

Dr. W. E. Taylor and Miss Taylor have returned from a visit to friends at Mare Island.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker and Mr. and Mrs. Wakefield Baker will remain in Sausalito during this month.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Brown and Miss Floy Brown, of Oakland, have returned from a visit to Mount Shasta.

Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett and family, of Baltimore, who have been enjoying a brief visit here, left last Wednesday for Japan, via Portland.

Rev. George Lorin McNutt, of Oakland, is passing the summer at Waukesha, Wis.

Mr. James C. Dunphy returned to the city last Monday after passing a month at his ranch in Monterey County.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge returned last Thursday from the Hawaiian Islands, where he has been for several weeks.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has gone East and is at the Hotel Hollywood, at Long Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Botsford and Miss Botsford, of Los Angeles, are passing a few weeks at Chequamegon, Ashland, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Campbell were at the Ocean House, Asbury Park, N. J., early in the week.

Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Clayton, of this city, left New York a week ago on the steamer *Circassia* for Glasgow.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Bagley and Mr. Robert Sherwood sailed from New York July 30th on the steamer *Galvia* for Liverpool.

— FRENCH OR SPANISH LESSONS AT PUPIL'S home. Address, R. R. Hill, 1935 Geary Street.

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

A niece of the late James Russell Lowell, Miss Ruth Burnett, is soon to become a Sister of Charity.

Rose Terry Cooke, with all her power and reputation as a writer, was not able, it is said, to make much more than mere pin-money out of her labors.

A copy of Emile Zola's "La Débâcle" was forwarded to the Empress Eugénie uncut—uncut it was at once returned. It is needless to say that the perusal of the book would have been most afflicting and harrowing to her feelings.

The Baroness Burdett-Coutts still takes a keen and active interest in philanthropic subjects, despite her advancing years. The Ladies' Theatrical Guild, recently started in London, is one of the enterprises which she has materially aided.

Mrs. Cleveland had fifteen photographic negatives taken in New York last week, and from these she will choose those that are to be prepared for public sale. So the "wife and mother" is really to cut some figure in the campaign, after all.

Poor Prince Bismarck had to pay the penalty for his popularity with a severe black eye, caused by a blow from a huge bouquet, thrown by a vigorous lady into the prince's carriage, as he was driving from the station to the hotel at his arrival at Kissen-gen. Princess Bismarck was very much annoyed.

It is said that Julia Marlowe narrowly escaped being compelled to renounce tragic parts and devote herself to comedy on account of her nose, which was *retroussé* and decidedly non-tragic. She has treated it in various ways to lengthen and straighten it, and she once came very near injuring it permanently by a blow she gave it.

Christine Nilsson has a fine collection of fans, valued at fifty thousand dollars. One of them, presented to her by the Empress Eugénie, formerly belonged to Mme. Dubarry, and the city of Venice presented the singer with a fan of silver filigree point-lace. Still another once belonged to Marie Antoinette, and was used by her in prison.

At Mrs. Mackay's concert in London in honor of the Duke of Aosta, many of the ladies looked like pictures stepped from the canvases of Van Dyke. Deep Charles the Second ruffles of point lace and short waists were universally worn among the younger women present. After the concert a supper was served, the small round tables displaying the silver which Mrs. Mackay has gathered from all parts of the world.

Foreign papers say that the Duchess of Edinburgh had great difficulty in overcoming the opposition of her brother, the Emperor of Russia, to the marriage of her daughter, Princess Marie, to Prince Ferdinand, the future King of Roumania. The Czar, for various reasons familiar to students of the Eastern question, dislikes the Roumanian Hohenzollerns deeply. The duchess, like a good sister, declined, it is said, to sanction the marriage until she received the consent of Russia's ruler. The duchess is still sufficiently Russian to look upon his majesty as head of her house.

One particular reason of the queen's pleasure at the visit of the Gaekwar of Baroda to Windsor was that she was able to converse with him in Hindoostanee, a language her majesty has learned in her old age and takes corresponding pride in. The Oriental potentate is said to be a very charming fellow, handsome, young, and accomplished. He is a British-made ruler, of humble origin. The young Gaekwar's wife was not present at the dinner given her lord by the queen, as the ladies of the royal household could not be permitted to mix with the dark-colored highness.

Mlle. Jeanne Chauvin, who is described as a tall brunette of twenty-five years, with "eyes sparkling with intelligence," was to have read her thesis for the doctor's degree at the Paris School of Law the other day; but the law-students of the other sex raised such a tumult at the sight of her that she was obliged to roll up her paper and retire. She will come up again with it, but then only those students who promise to be good will be admitted. Mlle. Chauvin appears to have made up her mind to obtain every diploma that is to be had. She is a *licenciée ès lettres*, a laureate of the Faculty of Medicine, and a licentiate in law. She has, moreover, obtained prizes in civil and Roman law.

Of the most notable of the international weddings of the year, that of Colonel the Hon. Henry Francis Eaton, of the Second Battalion of the Grenadier Guards, to Miss Bessie French, the American belle and heiress, the London *News* says:

"The ushers will be gentlemen 'fresh from Burke's Peerage and the army,' and the bridesmaids will include high-born maidens from both sides of the Atlantic. The bridal party will be arranged in couples, blondes and brunettes. Among the American bridesmaids will be Miss Fannie Davis, Miss Fannie Taylor, and Miss Adelaide Finchot, the last being the fiancée of Mr. Alan Johnstone, Secretary of the British Legation at Washington. The gowns of bride and bridesmaids are now being prepared at Worth's. It is said that they will be 'amazingly beautiful.' The Grenadiers will attend the wedding function in force. Miss French is the daughter of Mr. Francis Ormond French. She has a dazzling complexion, and a more dazzling fortune. Colonel Eaton takes naturally to Americans, as his mother was a daughter of Mr. S. L. Harman, of New Orleans. Baron Cheylesmore, his father, is prodigiously rich, and the young couple will manage to make married life fairly comfortable with their combined fortunes."

## BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

## CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and Burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. **PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston.** "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

**HOW MY SIDE ACHES!**  
Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

**"Larkspur Inn"**

Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best the market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commuters" \$3 per month; Ladies and Children, 53.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Heppburn & Terry.

**MRS. HARRISON REMOVES**  
**Superfluous Hair**  
By the Electric Needle.  
**GUARANTEED PERMANENT.**

MRS. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary Street, San Francisco.

## Cypress Lawn Cemetery

Situated in San Mateo County, between the Holy Cross and Home of Peace Cemeteries and reached in thirty minutes by the Southern Pacific and Electric Cars.

## Now Offer Family Plots

For sale in any size required. The cemetery is non-sectarian and is laid out on the lawn plan, thereby saving the lot-owners the great and useless expense of coping, at the same time making it a beautiful burial place.

For further information apply at the office, 325 Montgomery St., or at the cemetery of W. J. ELAIN, Superintendent.

## DETERMINED

To sell the remainder of our Spring and Summer Stock of

Men's, Boys',

and Children's

## CLOTHING

—AND—

## FURNISHING GOODS

You are invited to call, it will be a saving of dollars for you.

THE OLD, RELIABLE HOUSE OF

**ROOS BROS.**

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37 Kearny St.

**ROYAL**  
**BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
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MISS BOLTÉ, Principal.

## IRVING INSTITUTE.

Select Boarding and Day School for Girls.

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Sixteenth Year. Eighteen Teachers.

The next session will begin August 1, 1892.

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Rev. EDWARD E. CHURCH, A. M., Principal.

## MISS LAKE'S

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1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 8, 1892.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.



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In important respects the best equipped Seminary for Young Ladies in America. Term opens August 8th. Send for circular to DR. HOMER B. SPRAGUE, President.

## Van Ness Young Ladies' Seminary

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NEXT TERM OPENS WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1892.

French, German, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Etc.  
LARCHER SCHOOL

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Flood Building, San Francisco.

Send for a circular.

## RODERICK HEROLD,

Professor of Music,

Will resume instructions on the piano July 15th.

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## SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

2524 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Removed to 1810 Gough St., bet. California and Sacramento

Miss EMILY EDMUNDS (Mrs. J. M. Hutchings) is relinquishing her school and will in future only undertake Private Tuition at her own and Pupils' residences.

## MME. SYLVAIN SALOMON,

Having returned from Paris, will resume her Singing Lessons on August 1st.

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## MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

2014 Van Ness Avenue.

Term begins August 17th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received.

## MISS ADIE'S SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN

201 Pine Street, bet. Laguna and Buchanan.

Literature Class for Grown Persons. A few Boarding Pupils received. Re-opens August 1, 1892.

## MISS M. S. HUBBELL,

Teacher of Piano-Forte.

801 LEAVENWORTH STREET.

## WHAT WAS THE LADY'S CHOICE?

By Thomas Nelson Page.

Once upon a time there was a lady who was young, beautiful, accomplished, and very rich. She was, also, very clever. But her most striking characteristic was that she was every atom a woman. She had three lovers, who had been college cronies. She always spoke of them as her "friends." There was a fourth gentleman whom she knew, but by no means so intimately, who was a friend of the other three.

One of the three friends was tall, handsome, athletic, had languishing eyes, a long mustache, and a fine figure; one was clever, almost brilliant, and what some women call "intellectual"; the third was rich, good-looking, and "successful." None of them had any drawback; the first was clever enough; the second was very good-looking, and, like the first, was comfortably off; and the third was neither a fool nor unread. All three were considered good catches by mammas who had marriageable daughters, and were popular.

The fourth gentleman was a silent man, who kept his own counsel, went his own gait, and was thought to be independent in his fortune as he was known to be in his views.

After a season, in which the young lady had been greatly and generally admired, each of the three friends, having observed the growing attachment of the other two, discovered that he was in love with her; each teased the others about her to sound them; each denied the charge, hated the others warmly for the time, and each decided to get ahead of his friends. All three made the fourth gentleman their confidant.

The society beau was the first to declare himself. He had had the best opportunities; had danced with the lady all winter; had the finest figure; had been the best-dressed man in the set; had driven a good team; and had talked easily of Browning's poems and of Kipling's stories. The occasion which presented itself to him was auspicious. It was a spring afternoon in the grounds of a beautiful country-place, where an entertainment was being given by a mutual friend. The spot was secluded; the air was balmy; the flowers were dazzling; the birds sang. He was arrayed faultlessly, and he and the lady were alone. He naturally began to talk love to her, and was about to reach the point where his voice should grow deep and his look intense. He had told her of her beauty; she had listened with a pleased smile and a changing color. He felt that he almost had her. They were at the end of a long flower-bed blue with pansies, which just matched her eyes. He stooped and picked one. As he rose, she said: "A race to the other end—you that side, I this," and dashed off. She ran like a doe. He had a record, and could easily have beaten her, but as they approached the other end, he saw that her path divided there. One fork ran off from him, the other turned into his. It flashed on him in a second: he would let her run into his arms. He waited to let her choose. She chose; and when they returned to the house, he had her answer. He resolved to say nothing of it.

Just afterward the second gentleman found his opportunity. It was after the intellectual entertainment. He had easily outshone all others. She had applauded him warmly, and had afterward congratulated him. He took her into the library. Old books were about them; beautiful pictures were on the walls; the light fell tempered to the softest glow. He recognized his opportunity. He felt his intellect strong within him. He approached her skillfully; he hinted at the delights of the union of two minds perfectly attuned; he illustrated aptly by a reference to the harmony just heard and to numerous instances in literature. He talked of the charm of culture; spoke confidently of his preference; suggested, without appearing to do so, his fortunate advantages over others, and referred, with some contempt, to commonplace men like the fourth gentleman. He praised her intellect. Her eye kindled; her form trembled; he felt his influence over her. He repeated a poem he had written her. It was good enough to have been published in a magazine. Her face glowed. He glanced up, caught her eyes, and held his hand ready to receive her. She lifted her hand, looked into his eyes, and he had his answer. They strolled back, and he determined to keep it all a secret. Passing, they happened upon the third gentleman, who spoke to her; and No. 2, a moment later, left her with him.

He led the way into a little apartment just by. It seemed to have escaped the notice of the guests. It was sumptuously fitted up for a tête-à-tête. Wealth and taste had combined to make it perfect. She exclaimed with pleasure at its beauty. After handing her a chair as luxurious as art could make it, the gentleman began. He told of his home; of his enterprise; of his success; of his wealth. It had doubled year after year. It was hers. He laid before her his plans. They were large enough to be bewildering. She would be the richest woman in her acquaintance. She could be an angel with it. With mantling cheek and glowing face she bent toward him. "It is yours," he said; "all yours. You will be worth—"

not speak. He stood aside to let them pass. He glanced at her lover, but if he looked at her, she did not see it. He was evidently leaving.

"Are you going?" she said, casually, as she passed.

"Yes."

"Is it late?"

"I do not know."

She paused, and her lover politely passed on.

"Why are you going, then?"

"Because I wish to go."

"Will you take me to my chaperon?"

"With pleasure."

"With pleasure?"

"With great pleasure."

"You are not very civil."

"I had not intended to be."

"Do you think—"

"Sometimes. This evening, for instance. There is your chaperon."

"I did not think you—"

"So I supposed. You made a mistake. Good-bye."

"Good-bye?"

"Yes. Good-bye."

The wedding-cards of the young lady were issued within a few weeks, and ten days later she was married. In the press accounts of the wedding the bride was spoken of as "beautiful, accomplished, clever, wise, and good." And the groom was described as "handsome, stylish, intellectual, and wealthy."

Some people said they always thought she would have married differently; some said they always knew she would marry just as she did. (These were mostly women.) She herself said that she made up her mind that evening.—*Harper's Monthly.*

## A RATTLING GOOD SONG.

We have received the following epistle from the sunny South:

DALTON, GA., July 25, 1892.

TO THE EDITOR—Dear Sir: We mail you, with our compliments and assurances of sympathy in the fight against Force Bills and McKinleyism, a copy of Mr. Showalter's new song, "Rah for Grover Cleveland!" which we believe will do good service in the campaign.

Please print the words of the song in the next issue of your paper, and put at the bottom the following (or some original) notice:

The above are the words of a rattling good campaign song, by A. J. Showalter, the popular composer and songwriter. The words speak for themselves, while the music is catchy and spirited—just what it ought to be to set all the hands to playing, and everybody else to singing, whistling, or shouting for Grover Cleveland. Published by The A. J. Showalter Co., Dalton, Ga.; price, words and music, 25 cents per dozen copies; \$1.00 per hundred, postpaid. Send for a hundred, and help win the glorious victory.

By doing so, you will greatly oblige, yours respectfully, THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.

P. S.—A copy of your paper containing same will be duly appreciated.

Inclosed is a copy of the rattling good campaign song. The words are as follows:

RAH FOR GROVER CLEVELAND.

What a mighty, mighty army moves the Democrats along! To the polls just see them rushing, fully seven million strong! Grover Cleveland is our leader, and we're sure to win the fight, Battling for our country's honor, for the truth, and for the right.

Southern Democrats are saying, we are sure to win the day, Northern patriots are with us, and they've surely come to stay.

In the West we're strong, and Stevenson will make us stronger, too, While the Eastern States are sure to vote for Grover, tried and true.

Harrison and all his party of Repubs are on the run, Scared to death by Grover Cleveland and the Democratic gun; Off will go the heads of thousands as we turn the rascals out, So go along with the procession and be with us at the rout.

CHORUS.

'Rah! 'Rah! Rah for Grover Cleveland, From the lakes to old Swanee; Grover Cleveland wins the battle, 'Cleve' and 'Steve' 'twill surely be.

We have no doubt that this song will have a marked effect in the coming campaign. It is certainly unique. If Mr. Cleveland is elected, we think gratitude should impel him to send Mr. Showalter abroad—make him Minister to Mozambique, or Zanzibar, or something—but at all events to send him abroad. Georgia is too small for Mr. Showalter.

To invigorate the system after illness, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is highly recommended.

## BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.

Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and lectures on Philosophy. Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value \$500) in Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Biology. For Program address as above.

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No Alkalies

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## Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. Baker &amp; Co.'s

## Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

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SIX GOLD MEDALS

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**QUINA-LA ROCHE**  
AN INVIGORATING TONIC.  
Peruvian bark and a rich Catalan wine, for General Debility, Fever & Ague, Poorness of the Blood, Etc., etc.  
E. Fougere & Co., 22 rue de la Harpe, Paris, 20 N. William Street, New York.

A great many people don't know what they want in this world until they see it advertised; other people know what they want, but don't know where to get it. Advertising tells them. My wife is perfectly contented with her outfit until she takes up an evening paper and finds that Lord & Taylor have a fine line of silks on the bargain counter. Immediately she needs a new garment, and my bank account goes down accordingly.—George W. La Rue.

## RAMBLER BICYCLES

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"ACME OF COMFORT."

Catalogue free.

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178 Columbus Ave. 1325 14th St., N. W.  
BOSTON. WASHINGTON.  
1769-1771 Broadway, NEW YORK.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. \$12 buys a \$85.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory and save dealers' and agents' profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. FORD BROS. COMPANY, DEPT X 37 CHICAGO, ILL.



## NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

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<b>COMPLEXION</b>			
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.			
THREE	White, 11 Flax, 12 Brunette, 13	POZZONI'S	All Druggists Fancy Stores. TINTS



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gny, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A certain Irish orator, whose daughter was going to marry Emmett, died of consumption. The day before he died, some friends asked him how his cold was. "It ought to be all right," he answered, "for I've been up the entire night practicing on it."

Bonaventure de Fourcroy, a clever society poet of the seventeenth century, a splendid orator, an eminent advocate, and an intimate friend of Molière to boot, on being asked one day by a magistrate what he meant to do with his son, replied: "If there is anything in him I'll make him a barrister; if not, I'll make him a judge."

London abounds in American tourists (says Howard Paul). Two of them were lunching at Prati's (Hatchett's), in Piccadilly. They were speaking of a mutual friend. One said: "You tell me he left no money." "No," replied the other; "you see, he lost his health getting wealthy, and then lost his wealth trying to get healthy."

In a trial of political importance, the whole case of which hinged upon the question of the genuineness of certain letters, the most important witness was, while under examination, suddenly taken by surprise by being called upon to write down a particular word which occurred in the letters. The slip of paper was handed back, with the word misspelt in an identically similar fashion to that in which it appeared in the correspondence, and the clever forger was soon after detected in the witness himself.

Abner Stone had lived "inland" all his days, and knew all there was to be known about pork and beef as articles of food. His acquaintance with the products of the sea, on the other hand, was very slight. Once, however, when at the seashore, he was introduced to shad, and asked how he liked it. "Well," said the old farmer, with a brave attempt at a smile, "I calculate I shall, when I get kinder wonted to it, nebbe; but it doos seem, jest at fust, ye know, consid'able like tryin' t' eat a paper o' buttered pins!"

In a certain parish in one of the counties of Ireland, the congregation at the Episcopal Church numbered only six. The rector and the Catholic priest were very good friends. One day, the bishop of the diocese announced his intention of visiting the parish. Of course the parson was in serious concern lest his lordship should discover the smallness of his flock. Meeting the parish priest, he told his trouble. "Let that not grieve your soul," replied Father Ryan, "begorra, as soon as mass is over, I'll send the boys along to the church."

On the steeple of an old Universalist church in Bath, Maine, there is a wooden figure of an angel. It is not a remarkably fine specimen of art, and has always been somewhat laughed about, especially because of its high-heeled shoes. The Bath Enterprise recalls the story that a former pastor of the North Congregational Church once accosted a devoted Universalist with the question: "Mr. Raymond, did you ever see an angel with high-heeled shoes on its feet?" "Why, no," answered Mr. Raymond, "I can't say that I ever did; but did you ever see one without them?"

A girl who inherited a snug little fortune of twelve thousand dollars (says the New York World) had been rather cramped financially all her life, and she had always longed for the luxuries and frivolities of existence. Her uncle came to talk the matter over and advise her as to the investment of her little fortune. "Now, my dear," said he, in the tone of a genial but prudent counselor, "of course you have made some plans—have some idea of how this is to be invested? What yearly income do you expect to realize from your twelve thousand dollars?" Then the young woman replied: "I expect, dear uncle, to invest my money so that I shall have a yearly income of twenty-four thousand dollars for six months."

A young husband (says the New York Tribune), finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one evening a neat little account-book, nicely bound, and looking very attractive. This he presented to her, together with a hundred dollars. "Now, my dear," he said, "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other, write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply." A couple of weeks later, he asked for the book. "Ob, I have kept the account all right," said his wife, producing the little leather volume; "see, here it is," and on one page was inscribed: "Received from Algy, one hundred dollars," and on the other, opposite, the comprehensive little summary: "Spent it all."

A friend in Pasadena sends us the following: My near neighbor, who has a beautiful house and grounds, has, of late years, owing to a decline in fortunes, been compelled to resort to the entertainment of tourists. As most of us would say, "she keeps boarders." In her dining-room is a rare print of "The Last Supper," a copy, I believe, of Rosselli's

fresco in the Vatican. She recently changed her chef, and employed one Sam, a voluble Chinaman, who is, as well, a seeker after truth and a shining light in that strange Christian Endeavor Society known as the "Chinese Mission." Sam studied the picture closely one day, and then asked the landlady: "What that mean?" "Why that, Sam, is 'The Last Supper,' and that," pointing to the central figure, "that is Jesus Christ." "Oh," said Sam, "Jees Clist, me know him. Him keep boarding-house, too."

The late H. L. Gude, Superintendent of the City Railroad, was one of the most genial and large-hearted men in San Francisco. One day, he contracted a severe cold, which turned into a quick consumption. He consulted his physician, who told him that his complaint was of little importance, and would pass away in a day or two with a little care and rest; but realized that he was already beyond medical aid and that a change of climate might do him some good. He was accordingly ordered to Auburn, which is the resort of consumptives from all over California. The doctor was surprised, a day or so after, to see him back again, and inquired what was the matter. "Well," he said, "there was so much coughing around me that I almost thought I had consumption, and came back fearing I might possibly contract it." The following day the poor fellow was dead.

In a breach of promise case, the barrister who held the brief for injured beauty, arranged that his fair client should be so placed that her charms should be well under the observation of the jury. He began a most pathetic appeal by directing their attention to her beauty, and calling for justice upon the head of him who could wound the heart and betray the confidence of one so fair, concluding with a peroration of such pathos as to melt the court to tears. The counsel for the defendant then rose, and after paying the lady the compliment of admitting that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums lavished upon her face, he added that nevertheless he felt bound to ask the jury not to forget that she wore a wooden leg. Then he sat down. The important fact, of which the fair plaintiff's counsel was unaware, was presently established; and the jury, feeling rather sheepish at their tears, assessed damages at the smallest amount.

When Marshal MacMahon was president of the French Republic, an incident occurred which illustrates the Frenchman's love of what is dramatic. A French soldier sat on the summit of a hill overlooking a garrison town; his horse was picketed close by; the man was smoking leisurely, and from time to time he glanced from the esplanade to a big official envelope he held in his hand. A comrade passed by and asked: "What are you doing here?" "I am bearing the president's pardon for our friend Flichmann, who is to be shot this morning," replied the smoker, calmly, without changing his comfortable attitude. "Well, then, you should hurry along with your pardon," admonished his comrade. "Ah, no!" exclaimed the other, in some indignation; "see, there is hardly a soul yet on the esplanade, and the firing platoon has not even been formed. You surely would not have me rob my appearance of all dramatic effect, my friend!"

## Get Rid of that Bad Taste.

When you wake up in the morning with a bad taste in your mouth, with your throat and tongue dry and a yellow coating on your teeth and gums, don't imagine it is all caused by what you ate the night before. Of course everything does that and everybody "swears off" from again eating such food. The trouble is that your liver is clogged, your kidneys are overworked, and your bowels are not doing their duty. Take from three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS and note the sudden and wonderful change in your system.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK: Teutonic.....August 10th Teutonic.....September 7th Britannic.....August 17th Britannic.....September 14th Majestic.....August 24th Majestic.....September 21st Germanic.....August 31st Germanic.....September 28th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

## MERCHANTS' LINE

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GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO. MANUFACTURERS. BANK OFFICE AND CHURCH FURNITURE 638-640 MISSION ST.

## SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, May 26th, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:45, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—9:00 A. M.; 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:00 A. M.; 12:10, 1:10, 2:20, 3:55, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturday at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:14 P. M. (Sundays)—2:15, 3:50, 5:05, 6:45 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 8:00, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:10 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:15 A. M.; 1:20, 2:40, 4:10, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45, 11:40 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:25, 11:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:40, 3:15, 4:35, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

## EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion. Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates. Friday to Monday Excursion. Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Localoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursion. Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Localoma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tomales, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

From San Francisco (Read down)	THROUGH TRAINS.	To San Francisco. (Read up)
Sundays.	Week Days.	Week Days. Sundays.
A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M.	A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M.	A. M. A. M. P. M. A. M.
9:00 8:00 5:00 9:00	San Francisco 8:45 6:15 7:25 8:15	
9:40 8:35 5:35 9:38	Sausalito 8:15 5:45 6:50 7:45	
10:14 9:10 6:05 10:04	Fairfax 7:30 5:14 6:20 7:02	
10:40 9:40 6:34 10:30	San Rafael 7:10 4:50 5:55 6:32	
10:52 9:52 6:45 10:42	Camp Taylor 6:55 4:32 5:15 6:13	
11:03 10:09 6:58 10:51	Localoma 6:40 4:22 5:02 6:01	
11:16 10:31 7:15 11:05	Point Reyes 6:40 4:08 4:45 5:43	
11:29 8:00 11:50	Tomales 5:40 3:25 4:41	
12:17 8:44 12:33	Howards 4:50 2:40 3:54	
12:55 9:10 1:05	Duncan Mills 4:25 2:08 3:15	
1:25 9:34 1:30	Way Stations 4:00 1:45 2:45	
A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.	Stations A. M. P. M. P. M. P. M.	

## STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily on arrival of 9 A. M. train from San Francisco on week days and 8 A. M. train on Sundays for Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. E. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—August 15th, S. S. City of New York; Aug. 15th, S. S. San Blas; Aug. 25th, S. S. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama. Steamer sails at noon 15th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajula, La Libertad, La Unión, Amapa, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 15th, S. S. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

Peru (new).....Thursday, August 4, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA. NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Belgie.....Tuesday, July 26 Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 16 Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6

Round-trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska. 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Sept. and Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents. No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 25, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:45 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	* 12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, Woodland, Niles, and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.	
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:55, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

## Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.
7:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	San Jose	6:05 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa	7:25 P. M.
		Fulton	6:10 P. M.
		Windor	
7:40 A. M.		Healdsburg	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Liton Springs	6:10 P. M.
		Cloverdale	
		Way Stations	
		Hopland	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Ukiah	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.		Guerneville	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen	6:05 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Healdsburg, Kelseyville, Clear Lake, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Ukiah, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Willits, Hydellville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Saturdays only, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Sebastopol, \$6.75; to Guerneville, \$7.70; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

## DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR





When "Tuxedo" was written, somebody asked Thatcher what he called it—a comedy, or a farce, or a vaudeville, or a variety show. He promptly replied that it was the Lay of the last Minstrel. And, indeed, the piece is not without resemblance to the performance of those ancient minstrels who, according to the historian, "united the arts of poetry and music, sang verses of their own composing, accompanied with songs, with mimicry, and practiced such various means of diverting as were admired in rude times."

The first tendency of a dramatic critic is to condemn a piece whose wit is tawdry, whose jokes are generally stale, whose songs are tame, and which relies for success upon horse-play and buffoonery. But the theatre where "Tuxedo" was produced on Monday was full to the exits, and the audience laughed and clapped from the beginning to the end. It is in a measure impertinent for the dramatic connoisseur to say to these people that they should not have gone to so poor a show, and that at such pieces they should not laugh, nor applaud, nor enjoy themselves generally, but

"Should a willful stillness entertain,  
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion  
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit."

Tush! Go to! People are the best judges of what they want. Hath not the bard declared:

"Different men has different opinions,  
Some likes apples, some likes inions?"

There are people whose standard of fun was borrowed from the minstrels and elaborated on the sawdust. Ancient Joe Millers plunge them into an ecstasy of delight. They split their sides over puns by Theodore Hook, which amused General Jackson and brought a smile to the lips of George the Fourth. When the funny man flops on the floor, with his feet in the air, they shriek with enjoyment. All this, to the philosopher, seems insane and absurd. But the fact is that he is lacking in a sense which these easily amused people possess, and, instead of frowning them, he should pity himself. In Howells's charming "Wedding Journey," the conversation of lady residents of the rural districts is faithfully reproduced. Says Jenima to Arabella: "The dress-maker sent my green dress home, and, will you believe it, the body was too tight." Whereupon Arabella dissolves into convulsions of laughter. Says she to Jenima: "I says to Pete last night, I guess you're my company now." At which the fair confidante fairly explodes, and has to stifle her cackling in her handkerchief. Are not these ladies to be envied that such platitudes can move wild laughter in their throats, and that they are closer akin to those who

"Will evermore peep through their eyes  
And laugh like parrots at a bagpiper,"  
than to him

"Who will not show his teeth by way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable?"

There are two leading men in "Tuxedo"; one is fat and the other thin. The one who is fat is a Chicago drummer, with a perpetual grin on his face and a flat joke on his lips; the one who is thin is a British lord, of vineyard aspect, who stalks like his grandsire cut in alabaster, and pauses to chirrup "Aw! don't yer know!" The fat fellow, whose name in the flesh is Bert Shepard, occasionally reveals comic possibilities. But both are a joy forever to the feminine auditory, and a source of vociferous howling to the gods. There are two young ladies in short skirts, with trim ankles, and three young ladies in long skirts and war-paint. It does not appear what purpose the manager or divine Providence had in view when these five were put on the stage. They can not act, nor sing, nor even use the American tongue with respectful consideration; one of them sends a shudder through the audience when she announces that she will proceed to sing "a chune." But Miss Manie Gilroy has been endowed with such muscular flexibility that she projects herself with ease into the form of a Greek cross, and her black underclothing and her nimble feet entrance the gallery, and the general impression among her beholders is that they have got the worth of their money.

By what standard shall such a piece be judged? It does not rise to the level of the farces with which Labiche delighted the Parisians, or those which are making Hoyt's fortune at the present day; in comparison, "The Monkey with the Brass Tail and The Hole in the Ground" rise to the dignity of art. It is not a variety show, for there is no clog-dance, no equilibrist form a pyramid, no ventriloquist scares the small boy by projecting his voice into the boy's pocket, and no freak terrifies the timid school-girl. Nor is it a minstrel show, with the deadly row of

men in black faces and black raiment, thrumming their banjos when the end-men have exchanged their jokes. It partakes of each of the three. Like the broken candy which confectioners advertise at a reduced price, there is a little of everything in it, and it is adapted to the taste of the multitude. The epicure prefers nougat, and the graduate of female academies blushing owns to a penchant for marshmallows. But the mass of the youth of the present day cherish a fond recollection of the grab-bag, and that Mr. George Thatcher gives them here.

Has he done well or ill? That depends on the objective he had in view when he started out. If he proposed to contribute his mite to the stock of American dramatic literature, he has fallen far short of his purpose. His dialogue is not bright; most of his jokes are trite; his ballads are not musical, and they are sung in a flat, dull way. But if he proposed to use his play as an oyster-knife to pry open the pockets of the rank and file of theatre-goers, his design will probably be crowned with success. There are people enough in the large towns to fill a theatre for a fortnight or so to witness "Tuxedo." It is judiciously adjusted to the level of a majority of the larger class of persons whose taste has not been cultured, yet who can afford to wind up a day of hard work with an evening at the play-house, and who are not particular about the fare that is set before them. More people will pay money to hear "Ta-ra-boom-de-ray" than will go to hear Paderewski.

A contrast between "Tuxedo" and "The Foresters" is instructive. The latter was written by the poet laureate of England, who has proved more than once of late that his powers are not in decay. It contains some of the finest lines he ever wrote. The music was by Sullivan, the most popular and one of the most gifted composers of the age. It was played by the best-trained company of comedians of the day, the leading parts being taken by the acknowledged heads of the profession. Yet it was played, when first produced, to a thin house; and when, on the theory that people did not know what they had missed, it was reproduced, it was given to empty benches. On the other hand, "Tuxedo," without plot, or interest, or bright lines, or striking situations, or new jests, or good music, or skilled acting, or melodious singing, was performed to a bumper house, and will probably retain its popularity until every one is tired of it. Blanchard seems to have gauged our taste more correctly than Daly. The latter fired his musketoon over our heads. Blanchard hit the bull's-eye.

The wise old heathen, noting similar proclivities among the Roman populace, commended them, observing that it was well even for a philosopher to play the fool once and again. In our day, the greatest President the country ever had rested his powerful mind in his intervals of leisure with a merry play, and turned from the composition of dispatches on which the fate of the nation depended to the perusal of Artemus Ward. But it will be observed that neither Horace nor Lincoln commended foolery as a staple article of diet. Young men and women who form their literary taste by assiduous attendance at farce-minstrelsy shows are like girls who eat candy until they lose the capacity to enjoy a mutton-chop. The coat of their intellectual stomach disintegrates, and their faculty to derive nutrition from mental food decays. Just as a young person who reads nothing but the flimsiest love-stories finds it impossible, after a time, to digest high works of letters, so the habitual spectator of cheap farces yawns over Shakespeare, and sees nothing so very remarkable in the "School for Scandal." To them the theatre loses its function as a popular educator, and the bigoted preacher, who denounces the stage because he sees in it a rival to the pulpit, is enabled to attack it from a coign of vantage.

Every theatrical work ought to try to combine with amusement some stray atom of usefulness. Princes of comedy like Molière and Sheridan wrote pieces which are more mirth-provoking than any of their successors have been able to compose; but their comedies always taught something. They either satirized popular foibles, or made vice ridiculous, or exposed imposture and fraud to contempt. Their spectator went home feeling that he had not only been vastly amused, but had learned a lesson. The screaming farce of to-day will be entitled to more praise, and will have a better prospect of life, when it follows their example.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 8th: A. M. Palmer's company in "Alabama"; Jeffreys Lewis in "Woman's Eyes"; "The Great Metropolis"; and repetitions of "Beauty and the Beast," and "Tuxedo."

A neat retort is recorded of the Marquis of Carmarthen, the Duke of Leed's eldest son, who at the recent elections in England was returned for Brixton by a large majority. The night before the election, while he was addressing a mass-meeting, he was interrupted by a cry of "Does your mother know you're out?"—a reference to his very youthful appearance. "Oh! yes, she knows I'm out," said the young candidate, "and she hopes to-morrow she'll know I'm in."

Ladies! Ayer's Hair Vigor is a superior and economical hair dressing. It has become an indispensable article for the toilet.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

"Beauty and the Beast," a summer spectacle, with lively music and amusing specialties, has pleased the Tivoli patrons, and will be continued another week.

Miss Irene C. Everett, who is now in New York city, will commence an engagement of thirty weeks, on August 15th, as leading lady in Roland Reed's company.

A. M. Palmer's stock company, which plays "Alabama," comprises the following actors and actresses: J. H. Stoddart, E. M. Holland, Charles L. Harris, Frank Carlyle, M. E. K. K. K., Edward S. Adams, Herbert Millward, Odell Williams, J. C. Saville, Miss Jennie Eustace, Miss Emily Seward, Miss Lellie Wolston, Miss Zenaida Vislaire, and Miss Rose Morgan.

Rumor has it that Sibyl Sanderson is coming back to America next year, and will sing in concert during the summer. She has been singing in "Esclaronde" at the Opéra Comique for three years now, it being alternated with Bizet's "Pecheur de Perles" and "Manon."

Lillian Russell is now coming back to America, and will soon be here to produce "The Mountebank" in this city. She has grown stouter since traveling and hotel life have made her regimen of athletic exercise impossible, and she looks forward to her tour with dismay.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere is not to commence her American tour in San Francisco after all. She says her gowns were destroyed in a fire in Australia; but it is guessed that she has lost money, and wants to make more in London before she tries the United States. Her gowns, by the way, are an important part of her histrionic ability.

The *Magazine of Art* says of a recent exhibition at the Continental Gallery, in Bond Street, London:

"The chief interest undeniably centred in the pictures by M. Jan Van Beers, two of them, 'Miss Ada Kehan as Lady Teazle,' and a dainty little full-length portrait, called 'A Reverie,' being expressly painted by the famous Belgian for this year's English art-market. . . . He has succeeded in producing an admirable portrait of the reigning American comedienne—though the expression is a thought too cynical—and one which is very beautiful in its treatment of costly draperies, and finished with the usual elaboration and panel-like effect."

We are in receipt of the following communication:

LEADVILLE, COLO., July 21, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Every one who has read my play, "Blue and Gray," and seen "Alabama" pronounce them identical. The press here says so, and so do various responsible persons. The proprietor of a paper here, a lawyer, and several ladies remember "Blue and Gray" well in 1888. In 1889, I sent three plays to New York to H. S. Taylor, who listed them for sale. I wrote Mr. T. some months after. "An actor said 'Blue and Gray' could not be copyrighted under that title, another being already on the road. As I was an Alabama woman, born and brought up there, and my play was written from there, call the play 'Alabama' or 'Tennessee Valley.'"

A few months after, "Alabama" came out. The plot, language, and scenery are mine. I feel hurt over the matter, and know it will be a hard matter to get any newspaper to say anything against Mr. Thomas, as he is well known and I am not. I can send on my play, which was written in 1888, and the affidavits of five or six reliable people who read it at that time. If the play were published, the public could judge if I am in the right.

Lew Dockstader selected eight negro songs from me, and was to make me known as the author, and, when published, to receive a royalty on them. He is singing the songs as his own composition. So I feel there is no justice in hearing so much bad treatment. I have never seen "Alabama," only know what others who have seen it state.

I am the wife of Judge George Goldthwaite, who is the son of ex-United States Senator Goldthwaite, of Alabama, and nephew of ex-United States Supreme Court Judge John A. Campbell. My husband is well known to Judge John Garber, attorney, of San Francisco, to Colonel Harry I. Thornton, attorney, of San Francisco, and to other prominent men there who can tell you who my husband and myself are.

MRS. GEORGE GOLDTHWAITE.

A very rich broker in Wall Street got his start in life by securing the place of body-guard to a millionaire. It was his duty to walk beside the millionaire wherever he went, and to see everybody who called to visit the millionaire, in order to determine whether the caller might not be a robber, a blackmailer, or an insane man bent on murder. Nothing was taken for granted. Old friends who dined with the millionaire the night before were inspected and queried when they called next day—because, you know yourself, that even old friends may go insane over night. The body-guard got rich and started in for himself.

In some of the brick-yards at Springville, Mich., scores of women, it is said, dig in the pits and carry the molds. The upper parts of their bodies are almost nude, and the lower parts are hardly covered by coarse cloth. Several carry naked babies while they work. They come from Poland.

Edgar Saltus tries to flatter Chicago by calling New York and San Francisco suburbs of that city; but a satirical man from Kansas City declares that when Chicago reads this remark, she will ask: "What is the matter with London and Melbourne?"

A *bon-mot* of William M. Evarts which may be new to many readers: On being asked if he thought that women are good judges of women, Mr. Evarts answered: "Judges, madam? Executioners, you mean."

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

—H. C. MASSIE, Dentist. Painless filling, 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

—GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

## TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KRELING BROS. . . . . PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

To-Night and Until Further Notice, Enthusiastic Reception of Bauer and Wilson's Spectacular Burlesque.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

A Gigantic Hit!  
Nothing Succeeds Like Success!

Popular Prices. . . . . 25 and 50 cents.

# RACES!

## SUMMER MEETING OF THE

## Trotting-Horse Breeders

## ASSOCIATION

—AT THE—

## BAY DISTRICT TRACK

RACES COMMENCE AT TWO O'CLOCK SHARP.

## PROGRAMME.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6th.

2:17 Class, Trotting. . . . . Purse \$1,200  
2:30 Class, Trotting. . . . . " 600  
2:25 Class, Pacing. . . . . " 600

TUESDAY, AUGUST 9th.

2:25 Class, Trotting. . . . . Purse \$800  
Trotting against Time for Records.  
2:30 Class, Pacing. . . . . " 800

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11th.

2:20 Class, Trotting. . . . . Purse \$1,000  
2:40 Class, Trotting. . . . . " 600  
3:00 Class, Pacing. . . . . " 500

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th.

Free-for-All, Trotting. . . . . Purse \$1,500  
Free-for-All, Pacing. . . . . " 1,000  
2:28 Class, Trotting. . . . . " 700  
Trotting Purse for Green Horses that have never started in a race for money or against time. . . . . 600

This race meeting opens the Pacific Coast Grand Circuit for 1892. A large sum of money has been expended in putting the Bay District Track and the buildings connected with it in excellent repair for this meeting. The best and largest trotting farms on the Pacific Coast will be represented. The large number of entries and the class of horses entered insures that every race will be an interesting event. Races will be sandwived so that there will be no delay between heats.

JOS. CAIRN SIMPSON, President.

F. W. KELLEY, Secretary.

# The Argonaut

DURING THE

## NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Up to the close of the campaign, ending December 1st, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

## WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,

## SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.

Agents for the Cnarrd Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the California Line of Packets from New York; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Raftmen's Composition.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When a holiday is most needed is the day after the holiday.—*New York Telegram.*

"Does your wife know you were out last night?" "Yes. But she doesn't know how much."—*Ex.*

"Your hired man has to work pretty hard for his wages." "Not as hard as I have to work to be able to pay them."—*Puck.*

"Suppose you got home rule for Ireland, Pat; would you be satisfied?" "O' would not." "What would you want next?" "O'irish rule for England, sure."—*Puck.*

*Mr. Gotham*—"So you think Scribbler has rather a crude literary style?" *Miss Blackbay* (of Boston)—"Horribly crude. One can understand everything he says."—*New York Weekly.*

"I asked Mr. Smith what he was doing, and he simply said it was very quiet work. Do you know what it is?" "Why, yes. He's keeping books for a cemetery company."—*Judge.*

*She* (trembling)—"How am I to know that you are not marrying me for my money?" *He* (speciously)—"And how am I to know that you are not marrying me to reform me?"—*Puck.*

*Tramp*—"Please, lady, kin I have a fit on your lawn? I feel it a-comin'." *Lady*—"Go around back and have it on my daughter's new tennis court; it needs rolling."—*Indianapolis News.*

A Western musical critic recently remarked that "when it comes to gargling her notes, Miss Mattie Smith, of the Baptist Church choir, is in it with any one in the State."—*Philadelphia Record.*

*Bingo*—"Since your mother came, that whisky hasn't lasted half so long." *Mrs. Bingo*—"Dear me. You don't mean to accuse her, do you?" *Bingo*—"Great Scott! No. I'm the guilty one."—*Life.*

"I suppose," said Miss Bleeker, to her friend from Cincinnati, "that you boil your river water before using it?" "Well, no," replied Miss Buckeye; "our usual custom is to slice it thin and fry it."—*Life.*

*Weary Raggles* (in the City Hall Park)—"Hullo, Grubb? You are havin' quite a sun-bath." *Daly Grubb*—"A sun what?" *Weary Raggles*—"A sun-bath." (Daly Grubb hurriedly finds a seat in the shade.)—*Puck.*

*He*—"I wonder why Dabble doesn't turn out more work." *She*—"More work! Why should he—when he feels that he will never be able sufficiently to admire what little work he has already turned out?"—*Life.*

*Young de Binks*—"You saw that lady—just passed us—well, young Smithers has kept up a flirtation with her for a month." *The major*—"Do tell me all about it, that's a good fellow! She's my wife."—*New York Ledger.*

*She*—"The divorce laws in the West are very loose, are they not?" *He* (from Chicago)—"Very. *She*—"Are there any restrictions whatever?" *He*—"No; though it is not considered good form to be divorced until one's honeymoon is over."—*Ex.*

*She* (reading)—"Joe, this paper says that out in Oregon they have just discovered footprints three feet long, supposed to belong to a lost race." *He*—"I don't see how a race of people that made footprints three feet long could ever get lost."—*Truth.*

"One question more," said Van Sleet, after selecting an engagement-ring. "Well, sir?" replied the jeweler. "If this engagement should result in marriage, I suppose I could have this stone taken out and a genuine diamond of the same size put in?"—*Puck.*

*Gallant stranger*—"You are in trouble, miss; permit me to help you." *Beauty in distress*—"Go 'way, please!" *Gallant stranger*—"All right; but I could fix it in a minute. I've had my suspenders give way lots of times. Here's a pin, anyhow."—*Pittsburg Bulletin.*

*Lambson*—"I missed my new tennis-belt from my room yesterday, Mrs. Grinder, and this morning you had tripe for breakfast." *Mrs. Grinder* (the landlady, haughtily)—"Well, sir, what of it?" *Lambson*—"Is there anything special that you would like me to get to-day?"—*Life.*

*Saidso*—"What is the Amalgamated Chairbot-tomers' Association boycotting the public schools for?" *Herdso*—"They want an item in one of the text-books changed." *Saidso*—"In what particular?" *Herdso*—"They want it to read: 'Forty-eight seconds make one minute.'"—*Puck.*

"Doctor, my little boy is in a very critical state, and I am satisfied that Dr. Probe, who is now attending him, doesn't understand the case. I wish you would come right over and see the boy." "I don't see how I can do it. Probe and I were old friends, and in these matters of professional courtesy, we have to be mighty careful." "But, great heavens, man, if you don't come, the boy may die!" "That's just the point. Suppose I should save the boy. Why, Probe would never forgive me."—*Life.*

BRECHAM'S PILLS are faithful friends.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Waiting.

My name is Ebenezer—  
"Tis a name I much despise;  
And, oh, how quick I'll drop it  
When rich Uncle Ebby dies!"—*Bazar.*

## A Revision.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean,  
And as 'twas rude to scrape the dish,  
They made a compromise on fish.  
—*New York Herald.*

## The Girl.

It ain't so much the ocean,  
With many a foaming swell;  
Nor dining to slow music  
In the breezy, brisk hotel;  
You're bound to state that these are great,  
And praise sing to each;  
But, after all, the girly-girl's  
The trump card at the beach!  
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## At the Seashore.

The poet with ambition fired,  
The journalistic bard,  
The statesman and the man who's hired  
The caucuses to pack;  
The humorist with sunny brow,  
The editor austere,  
Sit on hotel piazzas now  
And drink their lager beer.

And as they gaze upon the sea  
In deep and calm content,  
They tell exactly who will be  
Elected President.—*New York Press.*

## How to get Solid.

The seashore girl is sweet, no doubt;  
But, when you go to meet her,  
'Tis just as well to take a box  
Of sweets to make her sweeter.  
—*Cloak Review.*

## The Suspender Fad.

Why stays he locked within his room  
And working without rest?  
He's embroidering some suspenders  
For the girl that he loves best.  
—*Boston News.*

## The Athlete.

He rides a "bike" at lightning rate,  
He's won a racing cup;  
He hangs on bars and swings a weight  
To work his muscles up.  
When sickness starts upon a "bust,"  
And takes the weakest first,  
Why is it that the athlete's just  
The man who gets it worst?  
—*Pick-Me-Up.*

## Eternal Problems.

Why, oh, why, will a chubby man,  
With a face like a chimpanzee,  
Insist on dressing as loud as he can  
And pose for all to see?  
Why, oh, why, will a pretty girl,  
With a light and fluffy bang,  
Smilingly part her teeth of pearl  
To emit a flood of slang?

Why, oh, why, will a woman fair,  
On halting a cable-car,  
Pass empty seats with a haughty air  
To sit where the smokers are?  
—*Chicago News-Record.*

## In a Dry-Goods Store.

"Where are the linens kept?" she asked.  
"Down-stairs," was the reply.  
She sweetly smiled and grabbed her train,  
And quickly hastened by.  
Once down, she ventured to inquire,  
"The linens, are they here?"  
"Just three rooms over to the right,  
And straight back in the rear."  
At last she reached the point proposed.  
"The linens?"—like a crash  
The answer came, "Across the store,  
Then six rooms over.—Cash!"  
Again she jostled through the crowd  
And faintly asked the clerk:  
"The linens, please?" "Upstairs," he said,  
With a tantalizing smirk.  
She reached the top quite out of breath;  
"The linens, sir?" she said.  
"In the annex building, five floors up,  
And then walk straight ahead."  
Accomplishing the long ascent,  
Her temper sorely tried,  
She sharply asked the man in charge,  
With wrath she could not hide:  
"Will you tell me where the linens are,  
Or if they're in the store?"  
"We used to keep them, ma'am," he smiled,  
"But do not any more."—*Mittens Willett.*

## Her Suspenders.

She was a beauty of renown,  
A queen alike of wealth and fashion,  
Who walked the beach with angry frown,  
And stamped upon the sand in passion.  
There glistened in her eye a tear,  
Which pique in womankind engenders;  
"What shall I do?" she cried. "Oh, dear!  
I came away without suspenders!"  
—*Cloak Review.*

## The Hammock Girl.

The days are warm, with scent of fruits and flowers  
The air is laden;  
And in the hammock through the sunny hours  
Now dreams the maiden.

Sometimes she with a pout and frown awakes  
From dreams ambitious,  
To grumble at the noise her mother makes  
While washing dishes.  
—*Summer Girl Gazette.*

## Put Not Your Faith in Princes.

But rely implicitly upon the power to cure of Hostet-ter's Stomach Bitters, the third-of-a-century-old remedy for malaria, dyspepsia, debility, constipation, liver and kidney inactivity, rheumatism, and nervousness. To make you eat, sleep, and digest well, this is the tonic. The delicate, the aged, and convalescent use it with advantage. A wine-glassful thrice a day.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## DCLXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 7, 1892.

Purée of Cauliflower.  
Melon.  
Baked Stuffed Rock-Cod.  
Boiled Tongue, Sauce Piquante.  
Egg Plant. Potato Croquettes.  
String Beans.  
Roast Veal, Currant-Jelly Sauce.  
Tomatoes, Mayonnaise Dressing.  
Tutti Frutti Ice Cream.  
Orange Cake. Meringues.

MERINGUES.—Beat the whites of three eggs until you can turn the bowl upside down, then mix in slowly one and one-half cups of finest crushed sugar. Have a buttered paper spread on a thin board; drop on at intervals a deserts-poonful of the mixture, taking care not to place too close. Put in a cool oven and let them remain until a yellow-brown; slip off the paper with a knife and join, or take a teaspoon and scoop out the soft interior and fill with whipped cream.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

## Sicknass Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

LADIES, CALL AT THE WONDER HAT, FLOWER, and Feather Store, 1024-26-28 Market St., and see our new line of novelties in hats, flowers, laces, ribbons, etc. Large stock. Low prices.

—WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Har-bourne Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

## ARGUMENT.

THE AMERICAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, of Jersey City, N. J., have undertaken to guarantee to their advertising patrons a total circulation for their various papers of not less than ONE MILLION. This means an addition of 500,000 to our present lists. It has been said that to secure a half million new subscribers in six months is a business impossibility. This is proba-

bly true by ordinary or common methods, but NOT TRUE when the effort is associated with the kind of enterprise that appears in this prospectus. Five hundred thousand new subscribers will mean to us more than \$500,000 of advertising revenues during the next five years. We can afford to pay for them at least half their value to us. We are willing to do even more than this, if necessary,

and to that end have originated the fairest and most ingenious plan of distributing Cash Premiums or Rewards of Merit among new subscribers that the world has ever known. The plan or method is in conflict with no law against letteries or schemes of chance; it involves nothing that is illegal or immoral; it places a premium on honesty; it is, in short, the very essence of what is commendable, honest, liberal and attractive.

# CASH FOR BRAINS

For CORRECT ANSWERS to ANY ONE of the following Ten Word-Riddles the American Publishing Company will pay the following

## CASH REWARDS

For a correct answer to any ONE word,	\$20.00	For a correct answer to any SIX words,	\$150.00
For a correct answer to any TWO words,	\$50.00	For a correct answer to any SEVEN words,	\$175.00
For a correct answer to any THREE words,	\$75.00	For a correct answer to any EIGHT words,	\$200.00
For a correct answer to any FOUR words,	\$100.00	For a correct answer to any NINE words,	\$225.00
For a correct answer to any FIVE words,	\$125.00	For a correct answer to all of the TEN words,	\$250.00

As SPECIAL GRAND REWARDS we will Pay in Cash:  
For the FIRST correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$5,000  
For the SECOND correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$3,000  
For the THIRD correct answer to ALL of the entire Ten words, \$2,000

### Here are the Ten Word-Riddles—Can You Solve Any of Them?

- |    |               |  |
|----|---------------|--|
| 1  | B-r-n--       | A NAME MADE FAMILIAR BY GREAT ADVERTISING TO EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD WHO HAS EVER VISITED A CIRCUS.   |
| 2  | -ea-ty        | A CHARMING QUALITY WHEN POSSESSED BY WOMEN, THAT ATTRACTS THE ADMIRATIONS AND OFTEN WINS THE LOVE OF MEN.  |
| 3  | Bl---e        | WAS NOT CONSIDERED DESIRABLE AT THE MINNEAPOLIS NATIONAL REPUBLICAN CONVENTION BY A MAJORITY OF THE DELEGATES.   |
| 4  | -le-----      | SERVED TO DEFEAT JAMES G. BLAINE FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1874.   |
| 5  | -ol---        | THAT WHICH YOU CAN SECURE TO THE AMOUNT OF \$5,000 IF YOU WIN THE FIRST PRIZE HEREIN OFFERED.  |
| 6  | -r-ss         | THAT WHICH WOMEN KNOW HOW TO WEAR TO BETTER ADVANTAGE THAN MOST MEN.   |
| 7  | -i-ht         | SOMETHING WHICH JOHN L. SULLIVAN, COPPETT, JACKSON, SLAVIN AND OTHER BIG FUGGISTS EXCEL IN.  |
| 8  | -ar-i--n      | OCCUPIES THE MOST RESPONSIBLE AND FOREMOST POSITION CONNECTED WITH THE GOVERNMENT AND PROTECTION OF THE PEOPLE AGAINST FOREIGN OR HOSTILE NATIONS.               |
| 9  | -ict--e       | THAT WHICH PLEASES OR SATISFIES THE EYE, AND WHICH, IF ARTISTICALLY EXECUTED, ATTRACTS THE ATTENTION AND EXCITES THE ADMIRATION OF LOVERS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.      |
| 10 | Qu-e-Vic----- | PROBABLY CONSIDERED OF GREATER CONSEQUENCE AND MORE SOUGHT AFTER BY THE IDLE, EXCLUSIVE AND TITLED ENGLISH NOBILITY THAN BY THE AVERAGE BUSY, HUSTLING AMERICAN. |

Explanation. Each dash appearing in the partially spelled words indicates the absence of a certain letter, and when the proper letter are supplied the original word selected to form each Riddle will be found complete. EXAMPLE: H--e, something every farmer should possess. In this case the omitted letters are o and s, and when properly inserted the completed word is HORSE.

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**Protection.** As a means to guard against irregularity or collusion, a copy of the original ten words selected to make up the above Word-Riddles is deposited with Mr. C. F. SMITH, Superintendent of the Jersey City Police Department, under seal, to be opened December 31, 1892, in the presence of witnesses, after this contest closes. The complete list will be printed in full in the January issues of our four papers, so that all who have not received rewards for correct answers will know wherein they failed. This method of protection is due to all concerned, and absolutely prevents everything that is not wholly honest and fair to every subscriber.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 7.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 15, 1892.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

No one who is civilized will feel any regret that in the struggle which has been going on for a year or more between Archbishops Ireland and Corrigan, his grace of New York has not scored any points. Ireland is as modern in his ideas and instincts as it is possible for a Roman Catholic

prelate to be; whereas Corrigan, though born in Brooklyn and brought up in that odor of sanctity and other things given off by the tenements of New York, is as strictly mediæval as if he had been born in Ireland and lived in the fifteenth century. He is narrow, arrogant, ignorant, and hide-bound. It is to the credit of His Holiness the Pope both as a man and a politician, that he has chosen to side with Archbishop Ireland. The latter has made himself the leader of that growing element of his church in the United States which desires to see it become American rather than Italian, Irish, or German. He has opposed, with might and main, the scheme known as "Cahenslyism," which favors the segregation of the church in this country into groups on racial lines, giving to Scandinavian communities Scandinavian ecclesiastics, to Irish communities Irish ecclesiastics, and so on. He has triumphed; for that plan of portioning out America into Catholic tribes having but one thing in common, allegiance to the Italian See, is dead. The Pope and Propaganda know too much about the United States to permit themselves to approve an arrangement so hostile to the republican spirit, and so well calculated to prevent the assimilation into the common mass of those vast bodies of Catholic ignorance and poverty which are unloaded upon our shores year in and year out.

But it is in the matter of what is known as the "Faribault Plan" that Archbishop Ireland has achieved a crushing victory over Corrigan. At Faribault and Stillwater, Minn., the Catholics, at the instance of Archbishop Ireland, turned over their parochial schools to the municipal board of education. The religious women who had served as instructors were engaged as public school-teachers. During regular hours no religious tuition is given, but later the Catholic children are permitted to remain in the school-rooms and receive instruction in the catechism. The objections locally made by Protestants to this plan are that the teachers retain the peculiar dress of the religious order to which they belong; that by instinct and training they are proselytizers; and that such persons, having over the children the authority of teachers, give to the schools a distinct Roman Catholic flavor. It is also objected that the whole community has imposed upon it a burden which before the Roman Catholics bore alone. There is nothing in this last objection. The Roman Catholics pay taxes like other people for the support of the public schools, and have a right to use them.

Many Romanists, among whom Archbishop Corrigan has been most conspicuous, held that the Faribault plan involved a fatal blow to the parochial system. There were special reasons why Corrigan should take up arms against this innovation, even though the scene of it was so far away from New York as Minnesota. In New York the church has practical possession of the public schools, even though it does not send its children to them. The roll of teachers is crowded with well-paid Roman Catholics. The church owns Tammany Hall, and through it the government of the city. No New York legislature can be induced to do anything of which his grace, the archbishop, disapproves. Independently of their utility as Roman Catholic nurseries, the parochial schools are a source of revenue to the church, and they give employment to an immense number of nuns and priests. They are not remarkable among Roman Catholic institutions in being profitable. Everything that has the stamp of the church upon it is that. Its hospitals, its orphan asylums, its shelters—all are excuses for perennial begging, as well as for drafts upon the public treasury. If the principle of the Faribault plan should be admitted in Minnesota, the time might come when it would be extended to New York. There are multitudes of poor Roman Catholics on that unclean foreign island upon whom the parochial schools are a heavy tax, and they would cheerfully send their children to the free public schools but for fear of the anathema of the church. Corrigan, fearful of an example that ultimately might mean the closing of one of the levels of his mine, raised his sacred voice in protest, shouting loud enough to be heard in Rome. But Archbishop Ireland is American in his energy. He decided to go to head-quarters at once, and posted off for the Holy City, where he laid the

dispute before the Pope and Propaganda. He secured a decision that the Faribault amalgamation was *tolerari potest*. This was a facer for Corrigan, but he rallied presently, and declared that the toleration covered only the specific instances of Faribault and Stillwater. Ireland held that the permission went much further, that the rule was intended to apply to all other cases presenting a similar state of facts, and that it could be extended throughout the country. Back he went to Rome again, and downed Brother Corrigan once more.

It seems, indeed, that his grace of New York has got himself into rather serious disfavor with the Vatican by reason of his persistency in opposing the abler and more agile Ireland. It is quite certain that the latter does not fear to show in the most open way his dislike and contempt of the Irish Catholic autocrat of Manhattan Island. On returning through New York from Europe a few weeks ago, he flatly refused to attend an ecclesiastical banquet prepared in his honor, at which Archbishop Corrigan had condescendingly consented to preside. The surprised and horrified provincial of the Christian Brothers, who extended the invitation, urged Ireland to withdraw his refusal, saying: "Your grace, such a meeting between you and Archbishop Corrigan would be very edifying to the faithful throughout the country. The people will say: 'How quickly these distinguished prelates forget their past differences. See how they greeted each other at the banquet in New York.'" The Archbishop of St. Paul made answer: "No, but the people would say: 'What accomplished hypocrites these prelates are.'" And hereupon the sensible archbishop ordered his carriage and drove off, leaving the Christian Brothers and Archbishop Corrigan—we say it with reverence—in the soup.

This combat between their graces is of an interest wider than their religious circles. One may hold any view he likes of the "Faribault Plan"—think, if he pleases, that it betokens but the insertion of the bead of the Roman camel into the tent of the scholastic American Arab, or that it means the bringing of Roman Catholic children under common-school influences which, however modified, must in the end Americanize the young; but it must strike everybody as significant that, when two of the most conspicuous Roman Catholic prelates in the United States have a difference of opinion as to the policy to be pursued in educating American-born children, their first step is not an endeavor to settle the matter in the forum of rational argument, but an appeal to a foreign potentate whose throne is in Rome, and whose decision as to a matter of prime importance to the American public is accepted as conclusive—whose decision runs in these United States, among Roman Catholics, with all the authority that a ukase of the Czar carries in Russia.

But this apart, we are glad that Corrigan has been beaten. He is the sort of American Irishman whose shoulder is better fitted for the hod than his head is for the mitre—a little-brained, rancorous, cunning bog-trotter who has been neither enlarged nor improved by the transplantation of his stock from Cork to the greater Irish city of New York. The Argonaut extends its congratulations to Father McGlynn.

On the twenty-third day of December, 1878, George J. Smith, while in the building of Whittier, Fuller & Co., was grievously injured by the fall of an elevator in that firm's custody and control. On the eighth day of December, 1880, he brought suit against them for \$100,000 damages. On the fourteenth day of July, 1892, George J. Smith received from Whittier, Fuller & Co. their check for \$38,808.51, in full satisfaction for the injury inflicted nearly fourteen years before. Where had the case been all the intervening time, and what care was the law of the land taking of the rights of the plaintiff, a crushed, battered man, with fractured legs and injured spine, a helpless cripple, and a human wreck?

It would seem by the record of the case that the first thing done after the suit was begun was to strike it from the calendar, to be restored on motion, which occurred in August, 1882. The same proceeding was renewed in November, 1884. Then there came a lull in the proceedings until September, 24, 1888, when the trial began and lasted thirteen days,



resulting in a verdict for the plaintiff for \$30,000 and costs. In October, 1889, the defendants appealed the case to the supreme court. On May 23, 1892, the case was argued, and on July 11, 1892, the supreme court affirmed the judgment of the lower court for damages, costs, and interest.

The gaps in this record could be supplied only by the attorneys for the respective parties. They, and they only, could explain how and why an action begun in December, 1880, was never brought to trial until September, 1888, seven years and nine months after the filing of the complaint. The superior courts of this city were certainly open all the time during that long interval, and it is idle to say that the calendars were so crowded that the trial of the cause could not be had sooner. It may be, of course, that in this particular case the delay was with the consent of the injured plaintiff, but the presumption is certainly very much against it. It is hardly credible that a man ruined in health and crippled in body, as this man was, would willingly wait nearly eight years before ascertaining whether he was to receive compensation for his injuries or not.

It is a shameful thing that laws should exist in a civilized and law-governed country which can make such a delay possible. The interests of the community demand imperatively that actions at law of every kind and nature shall be disposed of as speedily as justice will permit. To avoid the interminable delay which used to characterize the course of legal proceedings in this State, the new constitution provided that no judge of the supreme or superior court should be allowed to draw his monthly salary until he had made an affidavit that no cause remained undecided that had been submitted to him for a period of ninety days. This salutary provision was intended, not alone for the benefit of the litigants whose cases had been tried and submitted, but for those who were ready and anxious to have their cases tried, but found the courts clogged and blocked with older cases. The law itself is to blame in such cases as the one under consideration, in not vesting in the trial court the power to bring a case to trial summarily, in face of stipulations of counsel for continuances, and in every case where it is not made to appear clearly that the interests of justice would be made to suffer by forcing the case to trial.

But detrimental to the interests of society as is the long delay in the trial of civil cases, it is as nothing when compared to the time wasted and exhausted in this State in criminal cases. For this there is literally no shadow of excuse or apology. When a person is accused of crime there is, and can be, but one issue—is he innocent or guilty? In either event it is a matter of right and justice that the question be determined as speedily as possible. If the accused be innocent, he is outraged and his natural and legal rights denied him by being compelled to wait for a chance to demonstrate his innocence. If he be guilty, it is the plain and imperative duty of the State to try him at once in order that he may be punished for his crime and the example serve as a warning to would-be offenders.

This State is in urgent need of a new law of criminal procedure—that is, one that should cut off appeals from the trial court to the supreme court in all cases except where the judge of the superior court should consent to or certify an appeal. Any one who has studied the decisions of the supreme court in criminal cases, knows that in nine cases out of every ten, where the case is reversed, the reversal is based upon some technical error in the court below, which can not have prejudiced the case of the defendant with the jury, or deprived him of the fair and impartial trial to which he is entitled. All this appeal business should be swept away, except in cases where the trial judge himself has grave doubts as to the legality of the verdict of guilty, and where a new trial might not operate to cure the error. The constitution and the theory of English and American law secure to one accused of crime a trial by a jury of his peers, but not an appeal or a series of appeals to a higher court if the verdict be against him. A case which is attracting considerable attention just now—the McNulty case—is directly in point. Having been tried and convicted, and the judgment affirmed by the appellate court, his ingenious attorney is now engineering another appeal, and if he can take a second, there would seem to be no reason why he should not take a third, and fourth, and so on, until his client dies of old age.

The world is old enough now, and should be intelligent enough, to rid itself of many of its antiquated notions, and among them the one that it is better to allow ninety-nine guilty men to escape than to punish one innocent one. This is folly. Under our system of jurisprudence, we do not punish any innocent men. It is all we can do, with our methods, to secure the conviction of those who are proved clearly to be guilty, and there is really no more danger of an innocent man being convicted of a crime that he did not commit than there is of electing General Bidwell to the Presidency on the Prohibition ticket.

The Homestead riot has awakened the American people to the great truth that every man has a right to labor, and to sell

his labor at what it will bring. This truth, we feel persuaded, is recognized by the great mass of workmen throughout the country, but it is denied by professional agitators and brawling demagogues, who for their own purposes have acquired control of labor organizations. It was denied by the leaders of the Amalgamated Iron Workers in Pennsylvania, and it is noticed that the denial, together with the murders to which it led, has received the approval of the Iron Workers' Union of St. Paul and of the Glass Workers' Union at St. Louis. Yet the American people will have to enforce it, if it takes an army as large as that which suppressed the Rebellion. They can not permit unions to deny the right of any man to work and to support his children with the proceeds of his labor. If they did, this would cease to be a land of liberty. It would be a despotism, with a mob as a despot.

Major-General Snowden, who is in command of the Pennsylvania militia, believes that an irrepressible conflict between the people and the mob is near at hand. He says:

"The people may as well make up their minds that the eruption at Homestead indicates the presence of disease in the body politic, which extends far beyond anything of which they have conceived. I believe the hour is not far distant when peace and order will have to be enforced at the point of the bayonet. The people at Homestead organized a revolutionary government. They had their officers, their magistrates, their Council of Ten. They arrested citizens without warrant, brought them before the so-called Advisory Committee, exiled them, or inflicted such other punishment as they saw fit. They established an armed censorship of the press. The newspaper writers were compelled to wear numbers, like convicts in a prison. They resisted the sheriff. They committed murder and then made war. As our fathers fought for independence, and the War of the Rebellion was waged for the Union, so, unless all signs fail, we will have to fight for our homes, liberty, and institutions in the not far-distant future."

What happened at Homestead is happening wherever there is a labor union. Miners at Cœur d'Alene shot down unarmed men, while they were running away through the bushes, because they had presumed to seek work, not being members of the Miners' Union. A few months ago, iron-molders in this city were beaten and half-killed by delegates of the Molders' Union, because they tried to get employment at the foundries while the union members were on strike. A member of the Longshoremen's Union has just been sent to prison in New York for beating to death a poor man named Kelly, who tried to get work, against the prohibition of the union. On July 23d, also in New York, one Stephen White, who had a sick wife and starving children at home—he having been out of work for six weeks—applied for employment at a brick-yard where a strike was on, and was killed by one of the strikers. It is the same story all over. Wherever there is a labor union, the right to work is not free, and he who attempts to assert it is liable to be killed.

It will be noticed that it is not the employer nor the rich man who is murdered. It is the poor man, the laboring-man who, perhaps, has a family dependent on him, who is the victim of the unions. True, Frick was attacked; but it was the Carnegies' guards, who were shot down and beaten, and their eyes gouged out after they had surrendered. It was not the mine-owners at Cœur d'Alene, nor the foundry-men at San Francisco, nor the employers of the strikers in New York who were assaulted; it was poor laboring-men, who sought work to feed themselves and their families. The irrepressible conflict which is impending is not between labor and capital, rich men and poor men, employers and employees. It is between a gang of political agitators, who have got control of labor unions, and the great mass of working-men throughout the country. The question which, according to General Snowden, requires the intervention of the strong arm of power is whether labor shall be free or not; whether it is best to surrender the right of American citizens to earn a living or to suppress the unions. Capital cuts no figure in the controversy.

The plain truth is that the existence of labor unions, as at present run, is inconsistent with the maintenance of peaceful and orderly society. The right of workmen to unite for mutual help is undoubted, but institutions which periodically dislocate industry and breed murder have no place in the American commonwealth. They are a standing menace to public safety. And if they are to be crushed out, it had better be done before they have organized for the purpose, intentional or otherwise, of enthroning anarchy among us. If we wait till labor disputes are referred to the only arbitration that fits the case—the arbitration of the Gatling gun—blood will be spilled which prompter action might save. The unions, powerful, arbitrary, and lawless as they are, owe their existence to the forbearance of employers. If their lawless acts continue, this forbearance will cease.

In the meantime, the march of events is calculated to stiffen the backbone of honest people. The case of Private Iams has been studied, and it has been found that the foul-mouthed young scoundrel was rightly served, and even vicious and demagogic newspapers have abandoned the project of making a martyr of him. Congressman Oates—who raised a committee in the House, having, it is to be feared, a purpose to champion the workingmen against Carnegie—

was so outrageously insulted by a delegate of the Knights of Labor that he would have knocked the ruffian down with his one remaining arm but for the intervention of the door-keepers. New light has been shed on the grievances of the striking iron-workers at Homestead by Colonel H. C. Ayer, of Boston, a large owner of iron and steel-works. This gentleman says that skilled workmen in the rolling-mills are not always content with fifteen dollars a day; that many men in his employ get twenty and forty dollars a day. It was shown in the evidence taken at Homestead that many of the strikers there owned their own houses—built with money advanced by Carnegie—and that they contained pianos, libraries, and handsome furniture.

Mr. Ayer's experience of these union men has not been agreeable. At one time, he changed the lengths of his rolled bars, and though the change would have enabled the men to earn more, the union, which had not been consulted, refused to sanction it, and ordered the men out, leaving the furnaces full of melted iron, which, of course, froze them up.

Of another iron-founder's fate at the hands of the union, he says:

"I knew a mill-owner who decided that his son's future would be more serene as a roller than as a proprietor, so he put him in the mill and subjected him to the same regulations which governed the other operatives. One day he was waited on by a committee of the men, who demanded that his son be taken out of the mill. They would not allow him to learn their trade. The alternative was a strike at a time when it would have been fatal to the business. So the proprietor's son was unable to learn a trade even in his father's shop, and had to join the clerks in the office."

Perhaps a lesson may be learned from foreign countries. Nearly two years ago, a strike took place in Australia involving all the workmen in every branch of labor. It lasted nearly six months, and was so thorough that, at one time, merchants drove their own drays, there was no gas in the cities, and ships could neither load nor unload. It ended at last, and now the parks in Melbourne and Sydney are full at night of people who can not afford to pay for shelter, men are working for a shilling a day, and starvation among the women and children is not unusual. Or look at England—free-trade England. In July, 1891, the financial crisis in Argentine having stopped shipments of iron and steel goods to South America, the demand for coal fell off, and the price declined until the owners of the collieries announced that a reduction of wages was imperative. The miners' unions, represented in the Coal-Miners' Association, refused to assent to the reduction, and went out on strike—two hundred and eighty-two thousand of them altogether. The owners had to submit. They tried to keep the pumps going, but this being resisted by the strikers, it became necessary to call in the military to prevent the mines being flooded. The strike lasted eleven weeks. Long before that time expired, the miners' money had run out, and their credit was exhausted. They had neither food nor fuel in their houses, their wives and children died of starvation, diphtheria broke out and became epidemic. At last the Bishop of Durham persuaded them to go back to work. But their wages were ten per cent. below what they had been before the strike, and two and one-half per cent. below what the mine-owners had offered them at first; moreover, several of the mines had been so injured by water that they could not be reopened, and twenty thousand men could not get work at all.

This strike of a quarter of a million men in free-trade England is commended to the attention of our esteemed Democratic contemporaries, who maintain that the strikes in the United States are due to protection.

The *Argonaut* observes with satisfaction that its efforts to induce the merchants of San Francisco to utilize their waterways in competition with the transcontinental railroads have not been thrown away. When, now over a year ago, the first articles appeared in these columns on the subject, the mercantile community pronounced the idea chimerical. How could sea-ways 13,000 and 14,000 miles long compete with land-ways of only 3,500 miles? But some who were not incredulous resolved to make the attempt, and in opposition to clipper lines which were supposed to be controlled by the transcontinental railroads, independent lines were started, which have taken the heavy freight business quite out of the hands of the land carriers. At the present time, the through business of the railroads is confined to light goods requiring dispatch in delivery; they have lost the transportation of iron and steel goods from the East, and of wine, wool, and canned goods from the West. The decrease in their receipts must be marked.

The clippers are getting low rates for freight—thirty cents a hundred, or six dollars a ton. But if the large trans-Pacific steamers can carry flour to Hongkong for five dollars, vessels which do not use steam should not lose money in carrying goods round the Horn for six dollars. And the trade is only in its infancy. Some of our merchants seem to fancy that the traffic via the Horn is a temporary expedient; that the route will presently be abandoned and the railroad will get back all it has lost. There is no prospect of any-



thing of the kind. The clipper lines are put on to stay. It will presently be found that a number of articles, which are not now exchanged between the East and the West, will, under a six-dollar-a-ton tariff, be transferred from one side of the continent to the other. And when the iron and steel men have got into the way of using the clippers, they will not be in a hurry to return to the clutches of the railroad. It is merely a question of time when cheap freight-steamers will be added to the clipper fleet, with a capacity to make the voyage in about fifty days.

One of the most obvious signs of the change which is taking place is the trouble in the Transcontinental Association. That body is called to meet in New York on the twenty-fourth instant, and among other matters which will come up for consideration will be the renewal of the Pacific Mail subsidy. For a year or more, the Union Pacific and the Northern Pacific have demurred at paying their share of the subsidy, on the ground that they were only remotely benefited by the maintenance of non-competitive rates by the steamship line. At the present time, the rates made by the clippers render it a matter of indifference to these railroads whether the Pacific Mail maintains its schedule or cuts it. If it adheres to its bargain with the transcontinental roads, the clippers get the business. Hence the Union Pacific and Northern Pacific Companies are said to be unwilling to continue to contribute to the subsidy; the story goes that they insist that if it is to be maintained, the Southern Pacific must pay it all—say \$850,000 a year. The Southern Pacific Company does not relish the prospect of such an addition to its running expenses, especially as the clippers have practically neutralized the Pacific Mail as a competitor. If it should decide to save the \$70,000 a month which the Pacific Mail now receives, ocean transportation will become free, and the steamships will make the rate for the railroad, instead of the railroad making it for the steamships.

A dispatch published in a morning paper states that the Southern Pacific proposes to meet the clipper schedule by a war of rates on transcontinental business; it hints at charges of one dollar between New York and San Francisco, against two dollars between Chicago and San Francisco. This would bring the company into conflict with the Interstate Commerce Act.

At the present time, it costs more to carry goods from San Francisco to Ogden than it does to the Missouri River. There is no help for the discrimination. But its unfairness is largely answerable for the unpopularity which the Southern Pacific has acquired, and which renders it so difficult to adjust the question of the subsidy bonds. If now the Southern Pacific should stop its subsidy to the Pacific Mail, and throw open interoceanic transportation to free competition, it will find that its local rates will have to come down with its through rates. In a rough common-sense way, people do not think it right for a carrier to charge twice as much for carrying goods one hundred miles as he charges for carrying them two hundred; and if he persists in the endeavor, they will find some way of getting even with him.

General Weaver is going about the country declaring that the fight of the People's party is against the Democracy. He repeated this belligerent statement in his speech at the Mechanics' Pavilion in this city on Tuesday evening last. But notwithstanding this apparent frankness and his military title, Weaver is not an open fighter. He craftily places the ground of opposition to the Democracy on the silver issue, whereas it has become apparent to the whole country, through the holder action of Representative Watson, of Georgia, that the battle is really upon the bichloride-of-gold issue. The occasion seized upon by Mr. Watson, who is a Populist, to drag his party from behind the silver intrenchment out into the Field of the Cloth of Gold, so to speak, has attracted national attention. Because Representative Cobb, of Alabama, who is a judge at home, refreshed himself, during a three hours' speech on a contested election case, with occasional sips from a teacup, and, when interrupted by questions from the designing Watson and others, permitted his jaw to fall, his eyes to glaze, and his able fingers to scratch the dome of thought, and then helplessly and repeatedly inquired: "Mr. Speaker, where was I at?" Mr. Watson, in a pamphlet, roasted Judge Cobb as an inebriate, adding that it was a frequent sight to see members reeling up and down the aisles of the House of Representatives, wholly or partially oblivious of where they were at.

The Democratic party in Congress rose like one man, with all available steadiness, to defend itself against this stab at its vitals—against this dangerous advance of that narrow and interfering spirit that is responsible for sumptuary legislation, which is, and ever has been, abhorrent to the Democratic party, inasmuch as it aims to cork bottles, close bars, encourage laundries, and otherwise seeks to empower the tyrannous State to interfere with the inalienable right of the citizen to be as dirty and drunk as he pleases. Appealing to the shade of Jefferson, the memory of Jackson, and the Resolutions

of '98, the Democratic House appointed a committee ostensibly to investigate the charges of the Georgia champion of sobriety, but really to overwhelm with opposing testimony the monstrous imputation that a Democratic politician had been drunk.

When pinned down to specific facts, the Georgia reformer was obliged to confess that, besides beholding Judge Cobb when he fixed his lustreless orb upon Speaker Crisp and thickly demanded where he was at, he had seen only two members who found the aisles inconveniently narrow. Representative Oates, who is a colonel in the same State where Representative Cobb is a judge—to be neither of which in Alabama is a social and political blight under which few suffer—rallied on the witness-stand to the defense of his colleague, who did not know where he was at. The colonel testified that he had had a large experience of men under the influence of liquor, having practiced law and sat on the bench in Alabama for thirty years. He also qualified as an expert by avowing, with dignity, that when a young man he had himself been in the habit of making frequent personal protests against sumptuary legislation. The colonel—out of the depths of his knowledge as a Southern gentleman and jurist, and a life-long Democrat—proceeded to classify the several varieties of "jags" which, in the Democratic view, are to be regarded with lenity. Representative "Jerry" Simpson, a cold-water Weaver man, led the assault upon Democracy. He asked Colonel Oates if he had ever seen members reeling or staggering on the floor of the House. "That," replied the colonel, "amounts to being what I should call 'beastly drunk.' When a man is way down so that he staggers and can't walk straight, he is 'heastly,' 'dog,' or 'dead' drunk. But there are cases where a man is what I call 'gentlemanly tight,' when he is not disgracefully under the influence of liquor, and there are still other cases where a man is 'somewhat stimulated,' that can not be called 'drunk' at all. I don't remember ever to have seen a member on the floor dog, dead, or beastly drunk." As for Judge Cobb, when he metaphorically clung to the Speaker, as if that functionary were a legislative lamp-post, and appealed for light on the important point of where he was at, it was the expert opinion of Colonel Oates, of Alabama, that the gentleman was in that mild and permissible, if not commendable, stage of alcoholic obfuscation known as "somewhat stimulated." In the judgment of the colonel, the judge's state was not such as to impair in any degree his standing as a member of the church in Alabama, his honorable place in the Democratic party, or his status as a high-toned Southern gentleman. His honor had spoken for a long time, and was suffering from exhaustion, when a friend sent to the desk of the distressed orator a teacup of toddy. "I perceived after awhile," deposed the colonel, "that the liquor seemed to enliven his manner. His eyes grew bright and he began to talk rapidly. Colonel O'Farrell had interrupted him a number of times, and knowing the excitable temperament of both men and fearing an altercation, I went down to Judge Cobb and suggested that he had already covered all his points and had better sit down." This the judge was obliging enough to do, though not before he had twice handed the cup to a page, and commanded him, in a loud and insistent voice, to "bring more of that stuff!"

The committee has exonerated the "somewhat stimulated" judge and variously swatted the deadly Watson. But the issue—the bichloride-of-gold issue—has been carried from Congress to the country. As General Weaver announces, the fight is between the People's and the Democratic parties. That the battle will be one of unexampled fierceness—dwarfing the tariff, the silver question, and the Force Bill—there is every likelihood. From Maine to California, from Oregon to Florida, from Siskiyou to San Diego, and from the Sierras to the sea, the wobbling but determined Democracy will enthusiastically rise in defense of the imperiled jag. The struggle is, indeed, no longer between Harrison and Cleveland, but between General James B. Weaver and Colonel John Barleycorn.

There is little doubt how the six new States will stand in the coming national contest. Nothing short of a moral earthquake can prevent their sending twenty solid Republican votes to the electoral college. Montana is the only one of them all of which the Democrats have even the faintest hope. It has three electoral votes. In the congressional elections of 1888, it went Republican by 5,000 majority. In 1889, it swung over to the Democrats, giving them a majority of 500, and, in 1890, neither party had a majority, though the Democratic candidate for Congress had a plurality of 283 votes out of 31,000. In the State legislature, the house is Republican and the senate Democratic, with a Republican majority of one on joint ballot. The governor is a Democrat, but all the other State officers and the supreme bench are Republicans. Idaho has three electoral votes. In 1888, it gave a Republican majority of 1,700 out of 18,000 votes, and this was increased in 1890 to 2,300. The

governor and both branches of the legislature are Republican. North Dakota, with three votes in the electoral college, has never been carried by the Democrats. In spite of the Democratic "tidal wave" of 1890, the Republicans elected their governor with 6,000 majority, and in 1888 the Republican majority was 12,000. South Dakota has four electoral votes. The Farmers' Alliance figure here in 1890, when the gubernatorial vote stood: Republican, 34,000; Farmers' Alliance, 24,000; and Democratic, 18,000. In the preceding year, however, the Republican governor was elected by 30,000 majority. In 1891, in a little contested election to fill a vacancy in Congress, the vote stood: Republican, 17,000; Farmers' Alliance, 14,000; and Democratic, 7,000. The officers and judiciary of the State are Republican, and both branches of the legislature give Republican majorities. Washington, with four electoral votes, is one of the solidly Republican Pacific Coast States. With a total vote of 60,000, it gave Republican majorities of 7,388 in 1888, 8,000 in 1889, and 6,300 in 1890. The State officers and both branches of the legislature are Republican, the Democrats having only four of the thirty-four senators and seventeen of the seventy-eight representatives. Finally, Wyoming gave a Republican majority of 2,800 in 1888, and, in spite of the "tidal wave," kept it up to 1,700 in 1890. In fact, at the recent election, the entire Democratic vote cast was only 7,000. From these statistics it is apparent that the six new commonwealths are impregnable Republican.

M. B. Dunton, of Tuscarora, Nev., writes: "My subscription to the *Argonaut* expired on July 30th. I did not intend to renew, owing to your attitude on the silver question, but you really compel me to take the paper. I find that I prize it above all others on this coast." We are much obliged to Mr. Dunton, both for his frankness and for the compliment which his renewal implies. But we must point out to him that he, and silver men generally, are in error concerning the attitude of this journal toward the white metal. The *Argonaut* is not opposed to silver—very much to the contrary. We believe in the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver, but on an honest basis. The silver leaders demand this: That 412½ grains of silver, minted into coin on a ratio to gold of sixteen to one, shall pass as the equivalent of a dollar of gold. Why this number of grains? Why this ratio? If that number of grains is worth but seventy cents, why say that it is worth a dollar? If it is the stamp of the government that makes it worth a dollar, why put so many grains of silver into it? Instead of 412 grains of silver, why not make it 200? Why not make ten-dollar pieces out of seven dollars' worth of gold? If the silver men will only agree to make the silver dollar, the paper dollar, and the gold dollar all worth 100 cents, as the Republican platform demands, the *Argonaut* stands squarely with the silver men.

The holding-up of a Southern Pacific train, near Collis, Fresno County, and the subsequent escape of the train-robbers, although twice found in their own house by the officers, make altogether one of the queerest chapters in the history of train-robberies in this State. The cloud of sheriffs, deputy-sheriffs, detectives, and rural Dogberries generally, which has been hovering over Fresno and Tulare counties during the past week, has carefully avoided alighting where the highwaymen were. Since the bloody bandit Evans killed one officer and desperately wounded another, the rest seem determined to give him plenty of room. They are continually returning to Visalia for "supplies." Although they seem to have no stomachs for fighting, their appetites are apparently good. The last dispatch to hand from Tulare County says: "A party of five left Visalia to-day in a four-in-hand to hunt for the robbers." What is the matter with hunting for them with a brass band?

The following is taken from *Harper's Weekly*, a journal of civilization. The paragraph has a fashionable, a religious, a social, and a sartorial significance:

"The honor which the Pope has bestowed on Eugene Kelly, the banker—that of Secret Chamberlain of the Sword and Cape—is a rare one, and has been but twice previously conferred on Americans. Mr. Kelly thus becomes a member of the Papal household, the *famiglia pontificia*, and thereby of high social position in Catholic countries. The costume and insignia of the order are black-silk tights, with a tunic of the same color; a flat cap of the style of the sixteenth century, with plumes; and a short, straight sword depending from a leather belt. Around the neck is a high ruff, and the shoes are ornamented with silver buckles. If Mr. Kelly goes to Rome to be invested with the order, he will receive the cape and sword from the Pope's own hands."

If Mr. Kelly goes to Rome to be invested with the order, we wonder whether he will wear the costume? The spectacle of an elderly banker in black tights and tunic, high ruff and buckled shoon, prancing up the corridors of the Vatican in the year 1892, to receive a short Roman sword from the Pope, would bring a smile to the face of the august ghost of Julius Cæsar.



## THE MEN OF MARS.

What a Powerful Eye-Piece Revealed, concerning the Red Planet.

[The amount of interest excited by the opposition of Mars recalls a sketch which was written for the *Argonaut* a number of years ago by Robert Duncan Milne. This was before the Lick Telescope was completed. Mr. Milne described the lenses as being tested by Alvan Clark & Sons, the constructors, at their house at Cambridgeport, where in the garden there was "a massive piece of brickwork rising thirty feet above the level of the ground, fitted with polars and declination axes, upon which hung the massive white tube of boiler iron sixty feet long, originally erected for testing the thirty-inch objective made for the Russian observatory at Pulkowa, and until now the largest lens in existence." The Clarks are approached by a Mr. Wright, who tells them of "two German chemists who entered upon the experiment of producing a vitreous substance which should not be liable to the imperfections of ordinary glass. They succeeded in making a compound substance possessed of extraordinary refracting powers. It is possible, with lenses made of this substance, to separate subdivisions as minute as the millionth part of an inch. With microscopes as at present constructed, the thousandth of an inch is almost unapproachable." Of this glass, the stranger "constructed some telescopic eye-pieces of a peculiar form and capable of immense magnifying power." It is, of course, unnecessary to say that these are submitted to the Clarks, and applied to the great Lick Telescope. A part of Mr. Milne's sketch is devoted to the planet Mars under this powerful eye-piece. So long a time has elapsed since it appeared in the *Argonaut*, and the present interest in Mars is so marked, that it may be well to reproduce the portion devoted to that planet.—EDS.]

The evening selected turned out to be remarkably clear for the latitude and the season. Mr. Wright entered the workshop, bringing two of his eye-pieces with him.

"I have," said he, "a strong desire to make the test upon the planet Mars. Mars has peculiar claims upon our consideration. It is more nearly allied to our own planet in general configuration of land and water; of icy poles and equatorial continents and seas; of diurnal revolutions and zodiacal inclination, than any of our sister spheres. Its mapping out within the last few years has been precise. The charts of Green, Schiaparelli, Knobel, Boeddeker, and others are so similar as to leave no doubt that the markings we see are surface markings, and not atmospheric and variable."

"But," objected Mr. Clark, "Mars is most unfavorably situated for observation at present. It is scarcely forty-five degrees from the sun. Its disk does not subtend six seconds of angular arc. Its great southern declination will bring it below the horizon in little more than two hours after sunset. Consequently, even with a clear western sky, we can only count upon a very few minutes suitable for observation."

"I think, however," returned Mr. Wright, "it is worth while to run the risk."

Shortly before sunset we began to make preparations for the observation. The objective was adjusted and the great tube swung into such a position as to command that point of the heavens which Mars would occupy when it became dark. The new eye-pieces were got ready for use. They were much larger than the ordinary astronomical eye-pieces, and more resembled compound microscopes in their make.

"I will try the weaker one first," he remarked, as he proceeded to adjust one of the instruments in bearing which had been previously prepared for them in the anterior end of the sixty-foot tube. "That will give us a power of about one hundred and twenty millions."

As the shadows deepened and the stars began to gather brilliance, the dull reddish light of the planet we were in search of shone faintly forth like that of a star of the third magnitude low down in the south-western heavens. The air was exceptionally pure and transparent.

"Mars is now nearly in conjunction with the sun," observed Mr. Wright, as he applied his eye to his instrument and slowly turned the focusing button. "He is about one hundred and thirty millions of miles away. The focal length of our objective is fifty-seven feet, or nearly seven hundred inches. With the new glass, of which the lenses of this eye-piece are made, it is possible to appreciate the millionth part of an inch. The power of the eye-piece I am about to use is not one-tenth of the possible power. Roughly speaking, it will subdivide only to the one-hundred-thousandth of an inch. The value of telescope power being represented by the focal length of the object-glass multiplied by the focal length of the eye-piece, our sum is formulated thus;  $700 \times 100,000 = 70,000,000$ —the space-penetrating power of our instrument. Consequently, as Mars is nearly twice that number of miles distant, it follows that his surface will appear—everything being right with the glasses—as it would do if seen at a distance of two miles with the naked eye."

Mr. Wright spent the next few minutes in focusing his instrument, remarking, as he did so:

"In order to produce clear definition of the object looked at with an eye-piece capable of appreciating the hundred-thousandth of an inch, it is, of course, necessary to be able to move the lens backward or forward through a like distance. To one unacquainted with the business of the optician, this would be considered impossible. You, however, Mr. Clark, whose daily business demands measurements as close as this, know how simply and with what absolute accuracy they are accomplished. The motion of the button in my hand, passing through these six sets of gearing at the side of my instrument before it reaches the rack upon the tube, each set reducing the speed one-tenth, it naturally follows that it will take one full revolution of the button to move the tube backward or forward the hundred-thousandth of an inch. Ah! now I have got it," he exclaimed, eagerly. Then, after a moment or two: "This exceeds my expectation. I am astounded at what I see. It passes before me like a panorama. Gentlemen, look!"

Mr. Clark took Mr. Wright's place at the eye-piece, and but for the ejaculations of surprise he uttered from time to time there was nothing to break the silence. The party was now joined by the venerable Alvan himself and his eldest son, Mr. A. G. Clark, both of whom looked long and attentively through the instrument, exclaiming: "Marvelous!"

It now came to my turn, and you can imagine that my curiosity was whetted when I applied my eye to the instrument. At first I distinguished nothing but what looked like a swiftly moving panorama of hill and plain passing across

my plane of vision. A line of coast passed across the field of view and I found myself gazing at an expanse of water, the blue waves of which danced and sparkled in the sunshine. And as the panorama moved on, white-sailed ships came into view. What more I might have seen on this occasion must ever remain unknown, as, at this moment, the picture was obscured by a dense white fog, which, upon looking up, I saw was occasioned by one of our own atmospheric clouds which at that moment were gathering in the western heavens. It was evident that our observations were concluded for that night at least.

After the excitement and enthusiasm occasioned by this remarkable astronomical triumph had had time to cool down, we compared notes upon what each of us had seen. One had been favored with a view of a stately city, with houses and temples of extraordinary size, and through the ample streets moved what seemed the forms of human beings, but of what exact nature could not be determined by reason of the foreshortening incident to the vertical position from which they were viewed. Another had seen fields and forests, lakes, and rivers pass beneath his gaze. It was agreed, however, that in general characteristics the surface of Mars presented a striking similarity to that of our own earth, with the exception that all objects seemed to be tinged with a ruddy or rosy light.

The clock-work regulating the equatorial movement of the great tube, so as to keep pace with the apparent motion of the planet, was more accurately adjusted, as it had been found considerably to augment the speed with which the surface of the planet passed across the field of view, which, considering the rate of diurnal revolution in conjunction with the diameter of Mars, should not have exceeded eight miles per minute—a rate which allowed fifteen seconds to escape between the entrance of any point of the two-mile panorama upon the field of vision to its exit therefrom. While this matter was being discussed, a suggestion was made which proved to exert a most important result upon our future investigations. It was suggested that the motion of the polar axis of the telescope should be so regulated as to neutralize both the direct and the diurnal motions of the planet, so that when any object of more than ordinary interest appeared upon the field of view it would not move across in panorama fashion, but be maintained constantly under inspection for as long a period as desired. It was also decided to point the eye-piece combination not directly at the centre of the planet's image as projected at the focus of the great lens, in which case all objects would appear foreshortened, but laterally at such portions as presented an inclination of forty-five degrees or less to the eye; thus instead of seeming to look down at what we saw, we should view them nearly upon the same plane. A simple adjustment of the inclination of a plane-mirror in the eye-piece served to convert the lateral diurnal motion of the planet's surface into a receding one, so that objects entered the field of view from below, and simply seemed to recede toward a far-distant horizon near the top, being kept constantly in focus, if it were so desired, by manipulation of the micrometric gearing.

There was no doubt about one point as the result of our observations—namely, that Mars was inhabited by a race of beings existing under physical conditions very similar to those of our own planet.

Several nights elapsed before the atmospheric conditions were again sufficiently favorable for observation. During this period we indulged in speculation. We called to mind the experience of the Italian astronomer, who averred that he had seen through his telescope lights moving upon the surface of Mars at the time of his last opposition, when that planet was only one-fourth of its present distance from us—from which he inferred that the Martians were endeavoring to open communication by means of signals with the inhabitants of our earth. It was then suggested, as may be remembered, by a Russian savant, to cut out a vast diagram of the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid upon the Siberian steppes, as a counter-signal to the Martians, said savant naively observing that "any fool would understand that."

The next evening a sharp, cold breeze from the north had cleared the sky and purified the air. We moved our eye-piece combination so as to bring it to bear upon more points of the focal image than the narrow strip of surface, which was all that its unassisted axial rotation would bring across our field of view, and which might contain no object of overwhelming interest—might even present nothing but a stretch of open sea. The micrometric gearing employed to give lateral motion to the eye-piece proved fully equal to the apparently impossible task of scrutinizing the surface of a hemisphere more than four thousand miles in diameter, but whose image, projected at the focus of the telescope, was so minute that a lateral movement of the fiftieth part of an inch on the part of the eye-piece would remove it from the field of view altogether.

Mr. Wright had charge of the manipulation of the eye-piece, and for nearly five minutes we anxiously watched him slowly regulating its motion, till at length he stopped.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "I have just chanced upon a great city. The buildings are lofty and architecturally beautiful. The avenues and squares are spacious. I see people moving, both men and women. They seem to be of gigantic proportions as seen from this distance. Their dress seems to be full of color. Some I see floating through the air without apparent effort. The city, with its parks and palaces, moves rapidly across the field, but I think it well to keep it in view."

Mr. Wright, gently turning the button, went on:

"I see workmen constructing a new building. It seems to rise like magic. One man puts his hand carelessly upon a huge block of smooth, white stone—tons it must certainly weigh. Man and stone rise slowly through the air, and with the mere movement the man puts the stone in place upon the highest tier of the building. Others do the same. They descend in like manner. I see vehicles moving along the streets, but there are no horses attached to them, nor any indications of mechanical motive power. Trucks loaded with

heavy blocks of stone and other burdens, each attended by one man, move along without any apparent power to propel or guide them. Look, gentlemen, at the wonderful scene and judge for yourselves."

Each of the party, in turn, looked through the telescope, and when I took the position of observer, I could tell, from the almost perfect side view I had of the suburbs of the city, which seemed to be emerging from shadow into sunshine, that it was sunrise upon the eastern limb of the planet, at which I was now looking; and that if the lateral motion I was giving my lens was continued, I would presently be gazing unprofitably at the darkened portion of the planet's disk. I was just about to reverse the motion, when an object, fairly distinguishable in the faint light of morning that was beginning to illuminate it, arrested my attention. It was a large circular object of—as near as I could judge from a relative comparison of sizes with other objects—some fifty feet in diameter. I could also see that it was stationed at a considerable height above the ground, seemingly supported by a lofty pile of masonry, at the base of which I could see figures standing and moving. Suddenly the circular object changed its position and almost immediately resumed it; but the movement, rapid though it was, sufficed to show me that it was neither more nor less than the end of a monster telescope, which was pointed directly toward me. But before I had time to analyze the ideas which this latest revelation suggested, a still more astonishing spectacle met my gaze. As the daylight brought objects into greater prominence, I saw, from the attitudes of the figures grouped around the base of the telescope, that some movement of more than ordinary moment was afoot. While I yet gazed, a large, square, white object rose slowly to the top of the masonry on which the telescope was mounted, and upon its surface were characters in black. In a few moments, as the daylight upon this bulletin-board—for such I instantly guessed it to be—became stronger, I easily read the following words, which were painted in letters of several feet in length:

"The astronomers of Mars to those of Earth send greeting. We have been watching you for an hour. Till to-morrow night, farewell."

I called excitedly to the rest of our party, each of whom had just time to read the message before the planet sank behind the western horizon.

It would be difficult to describe the conflicting thoughts and emotions of the little party assembled that night in the house of the Clarks at Cambridgeport. It was evident, from what we had last seen, that the Martians had been regarding us with the same interest that we had been regarding them, and that they were much our superiors in the domain of physical science. Their position in our solar system argued, indeed, priority of origin, and it might well be that they had arrived at a stage of intellectual and material progress which, under ordinary circumstances, this earth would not reach for ages of ages yet. There was one point, however, on which none of us ventured an explanation, and that was how it came that the people of a planet which never approached us more nearly than thirty millions of miles were familiar with any of the languages we used; and why, out of all languages, the English in particular.

The following evening was fortunately as clear as its predecessor, and, long before the orb of Mars was visible in the evening sky, we had our tube leveled in its direction. Mr. Wright, who had been absent all day, now came upon the ground, attended by several men, each bearing a heavy roll of what looked like calico. It transpired that during the day he had been impressed with the idea that if we, with our telescope, could read the bulletins of the Martians, they could certainly do the like by ours. He had accordingly prepared a series of rolls of white calico, several feet in width, upon which he had painted in black capitals of large size a series of questions to which he hoped to get replies. They were as follows:

The astronomers of the planet Earth greet the astronomers of Mars with awe and admiration. We wish to know:

1. How comes it that you use our language?
2. What is the nature of your control over ponderable matter?
3. What are your historical records?

"These," said Mr. Wright, as he superintended the spreading out and hanging of the rolls between the brick-work mounting of our telescope and a tall pole some fifty feet away, "will do for a beginning. Dawn has not yet struck the Martian Observatory, and they have still time to read our message. They may then still have time also to print answers to our questions before their planet passes below our horizon. They are doubtless watching us now, but it will take twelve minutes for our message to pass on the wings of light over the hundred and thirty millions of miles that just now separate our orbs. Consequently, supposing they could immediately frame and print answers to our questions, it will take twenty-four minutes before we can receive returns. But as it is now just sundown here, we must allow considerably more than that time before it will be dark enough to inspect them favorably. Therefore by the time we can do so I have strong hopes that our experiment in planetary telegraphy may succeed without waiting till to-morrow for a reply."

Mr. Wright took his place at the eye-piece, which he immediately moved laterally so as to bring it to bear upon the eastern limb of the focal image, taking care not to shift the declination axis, which had not been touched since the previous night. Presently he stopped, and said:

"I have now reached the shadow belt dividing darkness from sunrise upon the planet's disk, and there is nothing left for us but to wait till the city and observatory we saw last evening come around in the natural course of diurnal revolution. As the day on Mars is forty-one minutes longer than our own, and as only about six minutes were available last night between the appearance of the observatory and the disappearance of the planet below the horizon, the latter will certainly disappear from sight to-night before the former becomes visible. I therefore propose, gentlemen, that, as it will be impossible for us again to inspect the Martian Observatory for several months, till Mars becomes a morning star, we turn our attention to other portions of his surface. We have still a clear fifteen minutes left for observation."



As we gave reluctant assent, Mr. Wright again put his eye to the instrument and raised his hand to the button. We noticed, however, that he did not move it. Something had evidently arrested his attention. Presently he removed his eye, and said:

"Look there, gentlemen!"

The object which made him pause was singular and impressive. Upon that portion of the twilight belt of the planet toward which our instrument was directed appeared the figure of a gigantic arrow, the shaft and barbed point of which were composed of what resembled nothing so much as a string of electric lights. We moved the eye-piece in the direction pointed out. A most brilliant spectacle burst upon the view and all the party looked at it for a short time, in turn. The plateau on which the great telescope already described stood was bathed in a flood of light, presenting a most striking contrast to the darkness that surrounded it. An immense concourse of people filled this space, some standing and moving on the ground, others floating about it. The monster telescope was pointed in our direction, and from the movements of the assembled multitudes, it was easy to infer that something unusual was about to take place. Suddenly the lights went out, and total darkness supervened. I had been the last of the party to look, and this happened while I was looking. Mr. Wright was of opinion that some accidental motion of the tube had occurred, and took position at the instrument to rectify it. But as soon as he applied his eye he said:

"No; there is nothing wrong. I still see the dim outline of the telescope. Strange, fiery shapes are darting about in the air. Now they are moving rhythmically. They are shaping themselves into letters—Roman capitals—and the letters are grouping themselves into words. It is as if words were being printed in gigantic letters of fire. And the words are English: '*Astronomers of Earth, all hail!*' Ha! these words have disappeared, and others are taking their places: '*We have read your questions*'—that line has also gone—and now answer them.' Somebody write down as I speak."

I seized pencil and paper, and took down the message as he called it off. It read as follows:

"Astronomers of Earth, all hail! We have read your questions, and now answer them. You ask how it comes that we use your language. We are much further advanced in science than you are. We antedate your sphere, countless though the ages it has existed, by millions of ages more. You ask concerning our historical records. Our sphere, like yours, has passed through hundreds of trying ordeals of flood and flame. But now it has reached maturity. Its frame is set, its crust has thickened, its central fires contracted, its surface smoothed, its atmosphere purified. It is a hundred thousand of our years—more than twice that number of yours—since the last convulsion depopulated our race. In the long tranquillity that has succeeded, we have matured in art and science. We have watched you for two hundred thousand years. During that time, we have seen no less than eight convulsions sweep across the surface, blot out your records, depopulate your races, leaving the rude and uncultivated mountaineers to begin the ceaseless struggle again. We witnessed your last convulsion through our telescope six thousand years ago. During the long period of rest preceding—a period of twenty thousand years—we held constant and intimate communication with you. Since that convulsion we signaled to you no more, for your astronomical and optical science was dead, till fifty years ago, since which time we have signaled with lights, hoping to attract your attention and aid you with new methods of science. We had but faint hopes of this, knowing how your race is still held bound by force, superstition, and prejudice. Wherefore this day we rejoice, for by the bold and restless spirit of discovery, inherent in your race, the discovered are once more rekindled. You wonder how it is we use your language. Our telescopes, which are thousands of times more powerful than you dream of, enable us to decipher and read your bulletins, your proclamations, your sign-boards. We are familiar with all your languages. Had you been French, German, or Italian, we should have addressed you as such. You ask concerning the nature of our control over ponderable matter. Thousands of years ago you possessed the same. We will teach you to regain what you have lost."

While Mr. Wright was reporting the above, the faint star which was our all-absorbing object of interest had sunk low in the west, and, as he concluded, it disappeared from sight beneath the horizon.

The little party returned to the bouse that evening with the consciousness of having accomplished the most transcendent scientific result, in the light of the possibilities it carried in its train, that the world had yet seen. It had now been proved that Mars was not only inhabited, but inhabited by a race possessing similar characteristics and in full sympathy with our own, though certainly further advanced in optical science and control over physical forces, and probably our superiors in social and political economy, philosophy, and art. The few sentences that had been transmitted to us, one hundred and thirty millions of miles across the luminous ether, showed that the Martians knew more about our past history than we did ourselves.

The communication, however, which held out the greatest promise from a material point of view was that which referred to the mysterious control exerted by the Martians over ponderable matter, as exemplified in their power to raise heavy bodies, their own among the number, through the air, seemingly without the application of any mechanical force and in defiance of the laws of gravity. Though the fact that Mars is six times less than the earth in volume, nine times less in mass, and considerably less in density, would certainly render the force of gravity four times easier to overcome at its surface than at ours, it would not alone enable the Martians to secure the extraordinary results in levitation that we had witnessed and the manner of producing which they were just on the point of explaining when their planet disappeared in the west.

There was, however, no recourse but to wait till the next clear night for further developments, a matter in which we suffered severe disappointment. The nights continued unfavorable until the planet had approached so near the sun as to be practically unobservable.

All we could do was to hope that when the California astronomers had the great telescope at Mount Hamilton they would succeed in making grand and important discoveries in other planets, as well as continuing the communication we established with the beings upon the red planet Mars.

It costs two dollars for a three-minute attempt to carry on a conversation over the London-Paris telephone line.

## GOSSIP AT THE PIER.

"Van Gryse" chats of Summer Men and Women "With a Career."

It is hard to think what the summer residents would do without gossip. It keeps them going. It is the breath of their nostrils. If they can not get anything really bad to gossip about, they will gossip about things that are quite proper and ordinary. But they must gossip. The habit seizes on to the most stiff, the most respectable of people. Women who have never cast a side-glance at other women's affairs, break out into old, reliable scandal-mongers in summer. Men who never gave a passing thought to the *freedaines* of Jones and Smith now breathe them softly into the pricked ears of their listening companions.

Narragansett is the best place on the coast for gossip, because there is so much to gossip about. There has been a moral revolution at the pier this summer. It resolved to draw the line. The line was drawn at people who were supposed not to draw the line themselves. Hence there are some old familiar faces that the pier will not see again. The scapegoats thus turned out into the wilderness are believed to have carried with them all the sins of the pier's bad, gay youth. They may range about and communicate to other unsullied watering-places all that once made Narragansett a whirlpool of desecrating mirth. But when they have carried away from the pier the traces of its early indiscretions, they will have reduced it to the state of a second Tadmor in the Wilderness. Narragansett lives on its wrecked reputation. Once it was pure as the beautiful snow, but it never wants to be so again.

Though the pier has emulated the illustrious example of Poker Flat, and cast forth several of its oldest inhabitants because they did not happen to be all that Cæsar's wife should be, there is still sufficient material for gossip left behind to keep the season going. The scapegoats have gone, with rage in their hearts and all their good clothes to be wasted on a cheerless hotel in the mountains or by the sounding sea. But, though those who have come to fill their vacant places "rattle round in them," as Dr. Holmes would say, still they are better than "respectability driving a gig." They furnish food for a good deal of gossip.

After the morning bathe, everybody goes to the Casino, takes a chair on the flagged terrace or the balcony, draws up close to a murmuring neighbor, if feminine and on the terrace, spreads a gauzy parasol, and, crossing a pair of small feet in white-duck shoes, or big feet in yellow-russet shoes, peers about for sensations. Then the bathers straggle in, and the non-bathers straggle in. The pier is the only place in the world where the female bather is supposed to be on parade after the bath. She must come out of her bath-house looking as fresh and fine as when she went in. She must be curled, and powdered, and pink and white, and rustling, and exactly so from shoe-point to hat-feather. No one excuses a damp lock of hair, or an untied bow, or a crumpled skirt.

In they come, in a steady stream from half-past twelve till half-past one—hundreds of men, hundreds of women, and a very few children. The musicians breathe out their sweetest melodies, the waves sob among the rocks, but the world talks them all down. Music of men and music of nature has no place when Tom and Dick are picking up the remnants of Harry's reputation. As to the women, if St. Cecilia came down to execute her finest fantasia on the organ they would not stop to listen to her, so rapt are they in bearing how Mrs. Jones lost her position in society and Miss Smith failed to get hers even in the beginning.

Meantime, as the stream of people pour in up the little entrance stairway and then spread out over terrace and balcony, the watcher bears the gossip buzz on all sides. The woman in the striped dress, with the pale-gold hair crimped in little stiff ridges, has had a "career." But everybody has had a career at Narragansett, you expostulate. Not quite everybody. A few of the very young girls have not. They may have yet—there is always the chance at Narragansett—but so far they possess the uninteresting attribute of colorless respectability. The lady with the career, however, is amusing—that is, the history of the career is amusing. Half a dozen people will tell it to you; indeed, press it upon you. Yes—it is very odd that she got into the Casino at all. That is her husband. He adores her. The peculiarity of all these husbands of the career-possessing ladies is their unflinching adoration.

Young women rustle by in beautiful, thin muslin dresses, decked with innumerable pale ribbons, and with great, crumpled-up bats put on the sides of their heads. They look the pink of prettiness and decorum. Their fine, delicate faces have the air of high breeding that is prized above mere common, every-day beauty. One comes along in the palest pink, from the highest rose on her broad-leaved hat to the toe of her suede shoe. There is a fluff of pink and white about her slim ankles in the thinnest of pink-silk stockings, a cloud of ribbons fall about her, her pink chiffon parasol is like a wax-tinted mist over her head. She is blonde, red-lipped, with eyes of a china-blue, the face of a cherub, and a mass of taffy-colored hair arranged loosely about her cheeks. She is the heroine of a career, too. She jilted So-and-So, eight years ago, in the most heartless manner. So-and-So went away with his heart broken into two pieces, and, in the course of the next season, mended it and married a girl who acted the *ingénue* in an English opera-houffie company. His old love comes to Narragansett every summer. Everybody in the place has heard all about the jilting, and just what he said, and just what she said. Women who do not know the girl to bow to, will tell you how she intended really to marry a rich old man, who, however, did not come up to time, and so here she is still. Compared to the other careers, hers is a mere trifle; but then it has its element of interest.

The rich Western girls who have come in to storm the Eastern citadel have no careers, or, at least, none that the gossips can lay hold of. The pier is a great place for the

Western New Rich to come and begin to climb the ladder. The girls are, some of them, delightfully creditable. They are all rich, a good deal better off than the Eastern girls who make the pier their stamping ground. Hence they all dress gorgeously, and, as a rule, in exceedingly good taste. They are as clever as possible, know exactly how to manage the campaign, keep their parents perfectly in hand, and lay out their summer as carefully as an old general lays out the approaching plan of action. One only gives the devil his due when one says that the West is full of brains and energy.

None of these girls, however, are pretty. They look good style, and they dress well. More than this, some of them have very good manners, and they all have ambition, enterprise, and that inestimable quality which has been designated as "git up and git." As to money, they swim in it. Papa is always a petroleum lord, or a cattle baron, or a railway king. They drive splendid turn-outs, and they let the world know that they "siller ha'e to spare." Most of them have entirely eliminated the West from their make-up. They might pass for New Yorkers. They have the reed-like figures, the undulating, gliding walk, the sweet, high, clear voices of the high-bred maids of Gotham. But there is about them a suppressed vitality, a vivacity of glance, a nervous energy of manner, a high-strung strength and wiry force that shows them the off-shoots of a vigorous, unexhausted stock, the scions of a fresh, young race.

The men at the pier vary in style from college lads in sailor-hats to well-seasoned veterans of uncertain age. The careers of these latter are treated with a respectful reserve, and are alluded to with a mysterious vagueness that lends them great interest. They are largely termed "very gay men"; then the biographer, after that damning admission, flits from the subject with an ease born of long practice. The one fact in their Narragansett careers that all the world knows is that most of them appear to live on yachts. It also—according to the noble army of gossips—appears to be a favorite pastime of theirs to institute mad flirtations with the career-possessing ladies, while the adoring husbands, like the man in the poem, "continue to smile."

The yachtmen are all the same in appearance. They are middle-aged, bronzed, fat, with small eyes and big mustaches. They are not beauties. None of their conquests can say, like the heroine of Tennyson's poem, "I loved his beauty passing well." High-living and idleness is not becoming to the average man. Moreover, no man ever comes off a yacht who is not well up in years. When the little launch goes shooting through the water, with its white-duck sailors and its blue-coated figures in the stern-sheets, one may know, by the experience of a July beside the sad sea waves, that the yachtman and his guests are all fat, all over fifty, all burly and grizzled, all small as to eye and heavy as to lid, all bald, and all possessing puffy, purple cheeks—in fact, all pictures of men who live for what is vaguely known as "a good time."

Above and beyond these, the interesting masses, there are the interesting individuals, who rise over the mass and have more stares directed toward them than Mrs. Langtry would encounter if she walked the entire length of Broadway on a winter afternoon. They will show you one of the belles of the pier—about fifty young women and twenty-five married ones claim the distinction—and tell you casually that, because of her peculiar type of beauty, she is called "Miss Café Chantant." She is a pretty, round, dark girl, with a face that is the perfection of the sort that is used to ornament the lids of handkerchief-boxes. Every feature is perfect of its kind—the rose-bud mouth, the little neat, pinched, meaningless nose, the large, velvet, fawn's eyes. The general appearance of the young lady is vulgarly beautiful. She is not at all aristocratic; in fact, rather a shop-girl type, but she is absolutely and perfectly pretty. She looks prettier than ever, too, in bathing. She wears a dark suit, her hair loose, and a tight belt that spans a waist which can not measure more than eighteen inches. She would be the most charming picture in the world in this get-up, only, unfortunately, she has ugly ankles.

Another girl, of a very different order, an objective point for the crowd's glances, is Miss Winnie Davis, the daughter of Jefferson Davis and generally known as the Daughter of the Confederacy. Miss Davis is not very pretty and not quite young enough to be called a young girl, but she has the greatest charm of woman—a fascinating manner. No one can tell just how fascinating a manner can be till he has felt the charm of a really captivating address. Miss Davis has this, and with it a strong and exquisitely attractive personality. Her manner, like that of a good many Southern women, is almost foreign in its plentiful use of gesture and its brilliant animation. It has not a touch of a New York woman's stiffness, or a Bostonian's cold reserve, or a Western girl's rough frankness. It is a fine, courteous, stately, and yet gracious manner, such as they say still exists among the women of Virginia, but nowhere else. Its possessor has, over and above this, the charm of always trying to please and of being equally gracious to every one.

The greater celebrities have not visited the pier yet. The Duc de Morny was not the Duc de Morny at all, but a plain, ordinary M. de Mauney, who is a great man in his native land, and is here, *on dit*, to find a rich wife. Edwin Booth has arrived, but lives so quietly with his daughter and her husband that one hardly ever sees him. He is very feeble and old—a ruin of a great man. Sometimes, passing the cottage where he lives, one may see him sitting, dreaming, on the piazza, a gray-and-white cotton coat on his shoulders, a pair of yellow-russet slippers on his feet, a black skull-cap on his head. In the distance he looks like a musing Jesuit priest. Nearer by one can see that the strange, noble beauty of his wonderful face still exists, though blurred by age and ill-health. His eyes are brilliant under his shaggy brows, and as his grandchildren play about him, he gently admonishes them in the deep, rolling, sonorous voice that one can not disassociate from such lines as: "Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother—"

VAN GRyse.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, August 2, 1892.



## THE MAJOR'S HAND.

"Ah! that is just like Hans, with his theories!"

This opinion was, like a discordant chorus, expressed by ten or fifteen students, with their porcelain pipes in their mouths, and in front of them, upon the oaken table of the tavern, immense mugs full of bock beer.

The student thus interrupted was a tall young man, with a full beard and plenty of hair under his velvet cap; his pale face and frank expression denoted a superior mind and soul.

"Do not laugh," he said; "and in support of my thesis—which is the affirmation of a solidarity existing, even after a violent separation, between the members of a body and the body itself—I will tell you a little story."

"We will listen; but try to be amusing!" shouted his skeptical comrades.

"I was very intimate with Major Muller," began Hans, "who was, in his day, as you know, one of the heaviest players at our summer resorts. I had known him since my childhood: he was an old friend of my family, and every time he came to the house, he never forgot to bring me a lot of sweetmeats. Then, later on, he made me a present of a gun. I had, therefore, an affectionate respect for him, and so, when I was no longer a beardless boy, I became his intimate friend."

"He was a charming man, but very fond of play, and it was a quarrel over cards that led to his famous duel, in which he killed his adversary; at the same time, he received such a severe wound in his wrist that the doctor was soon afterward obliged to amputate his right hand. By a strange whim, the major would not be separated from his hand, which was one of remarkable beauty. So he had it saturated with aromatics, and injected with strong balsams, and preserved it in a crystal globe in his chamber."

"I can still see this dried hand of the old soldier; I still see those fingers, feeble in their immobility, reposing upon the red and green velvet cushion, with its golden tassels. The flesh—if that fantastically strange material can be called such, so much it looked like ice under the brownish parchment that had once been skin—made me shudder. Upon the forefinger was an enormous gold ring with a large ruby; the nails, cut squarely in military fashion, had grown but little since the fatal amputation. And wide, thick, and nervous, the hand had remained there for years."

"The hand, I say, had lain there for years when the major took to his bed at the beginning of the illness that was to carry him off, according to the prediction of our illustrious master."

"I was called to Muller's house as an intimate friend, and was to watch over him every second night."

"I pass over the major's last days, which were one long agony. The extraordinary strength of the dying man made him suffer all imaginable pangs: fever, shudders, cramps, delirium."

"These alarming symptoms suddenly ceased, and it was thought that the sick man had entered into a comatose state; but this was a mistake. A rapid reaction began, and an astonishing improvement followed. Every one concluded that it was the beginning of convalescence. Now, one evening as I had just begun my watch, Muller grew drowsy, and presently fell into a profound and healthy sleep."

"I was reading, and little by little began to feel drowsy. However, in order not to lose myself entirely, I got up and went over to the bed. The major's breathing was regular and his sleep as calm as that of a child. I returned to my place, and my eyes turned by chance toward the corner where the hand reposed upon a table. The chamber was lighted only by a hanging night-lamp. The hand seemed to me to move."

"Curious effect of the desire to sleep," I said to myself, and smiling I went up to the table."

"The hand still moved, or appeared to me to move, the fingers rose and fell, one by one or all together, in a different and intelligent way, as though unbending themselves after their long numbness."

"This time I was so surprised that I stood as if nailed to the floor. The hand continued to move more and more, as though gathering its strength. No longer able to control myself, I raised the crystal globe that covered this strange relic, and thus exposed the hand to the air. It immediately turned round upon its stump, which was covered with a lace wrist-band, and its other fingers, except the index, signified to me to return to my seat. The movement of the hand was as imperious as that of a military chief designating a point to be captured without delay and without explanation."

"Without believing in it the least in the world, in spite of my eyes, I was astounded, and, I may as well avow it, terrified; so much so that I staggered back to my chair and sank down, my eyes, so to speak, riveted upon the frightful object, which now moved its fingers as though in the act of magnetizing some one."

"Suddenly the hand rose upon its middle finger and balanced backward and forward, as though gathering itself for a start; then it jumped down as noiselessly as a cat. Once upon the carpet, it bounded lightly along until it reached the table beside the bed; with a spring, it mounted on top, and, seeking among the bottles, uncorked one, and poured from it a few drops into the cup of herb tea. Then, creeping up to the sleeper, it pinched him in such a way that he woke up, and immediately it jumped down to the floor, where I no longer followed it with my eyes, my attention being centered upon the sick man. The major said: 'I am thirsty,' and, while I was unable to rise from my chair, where I was retained by some diabolical force, he seized the cup of herb tea and drank it."

"At this instant I felt released from my imprisonment, so to speak, and rushed to the bedside; but it was too late. The major was dead. I looked at the bottle from which the hand had poured the liquid, and found that it contained a deadly poison, destined for a preparation to be used externally, and which had been left among the other bottles."

"I was overwhelmed, as you may well suppose, and it

was some minutes before I recovered my senses. As soon as I could, I notified the major's friends; but, before leaving the room, I instinctively threw a glance at the table where the hand usually lay. It was there, under the glass, as it had been for years and years."

"Death was ascribed to normal causes. The funeral took place, and a few days passed by. I was obliged to go more than once to Muller's house for various reasons. I never failed to observe the hand, which remained in the chamber, unoccupied since the major's death, and I noticed, with astonishment, a remarkable deliquescence in the tissues and muscles that had for years resisted decay. The bones alone remained sound, and showed more and more. Then came the symptoms of decomposition."

"Gentlemen," Hans concluded, "I think my story supports my thesis—the affirmation of a solidarity existing, even after violent separation, between the members of a body and the body itself."—Translated from the French of Paul Verlaine.

## PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

From Paris to Trouville in ten hours and a half! Every one is talking of Mr. Tiffany's feat. Trouville is distant from Paris one hundred and thirty-seven miles. If you take the one-thirty express you arrive at Trouville thirty minutes after five—time enough for monsieur to have his tub or his dip and madame to make a most elaborate toilet before dinner. This by steam. When the diligence was the recognized method of progression, I suppose it would have taken two or three days, had our grandfathers and grandmothers been in the habit of going to Trouville, which they were not, for it was a dirty little fishing-place then, utterly ignored of fashion, with hardly a place on the map of France.

Mr. Tiffany commenced by building his coach. It was an exact reproduction of an English coach of the old coaching-days—a heavy, ponderous vehicle, painted reddish-brown, with place for one beside the driver; immediately behind, places for three; behind them again a flat space for the luggage, and instead of the wide back seat, which all modern coaches possess, a "dicky" for the guard. The only thing omitted is the "boot."

Mr. Tiffany himself, however, is a man of to-day, and he who occupies the box-seat beside him is also a thorough product of *fin-de-siècle* civilization, being none other than Mr. Gordon Bennett, of world-wide renown. The other men are Stuart Taylor and Mr. Higgins. M. Guet, of the coach-building firm of Million, Guet & Cie., who built the coach, is accommodated inside, with a reporter and one or two others—you just catch a glimpse of their faces as the coach whirls past. Maurice Howlett is a much more conspicuous figure, with his guard's bugle, his rough, white-beaver hat, his dark-colored coat, with red facings.

The starting-place was naturally the *Herald* office. But a world of business had to be got through before. The coach having been built, it was necessary to procure horses. Several livery stables were put in requisition. I happened to be at the St. Lazare Station the day before the event, and there I met a young fellow whom I knew and who had just been seeing several teams, provided by the Maison Honoré, off by rail. Each animal, he told me, carried its harness on its back. Some of the teams were bound for Evreux, others for Lisieux, or intermediate stations, and were led by hand to the various stages on the road. Careful studies had been made of the road previously, the exact time noted down for the passage of the coach at each stage. The longest stage was the first out of Paris—as the coach ran from the Avenue de l'Opéra to St. Germain without stopping, and there is a steep hill between this and St. Germain. Then fresh horses, put in in a twinkling, and off again to Vernouillet. Between Mantes—the next stage—and Folleville-les-Quatre-Routes, the coach began to gain upon the time specified, so that at Folleville there was a few minutes' delay, as the fresh team was not quite ready. Lesieux was reached a quarter of an hour too soon; then came Pont l'Évêque—I have only mentioned some of the stopping-places, but there were thirteen in all—and finally Trouville, which was reached exactly ten hours and a half from the starting-point.

Mr. Tiffany drove nearly all the way. During one stage Mr. Higgins held the ribbons, but the honor was all for W. G. Tiffany—the king of gentlemen coachmen. He is an old roadster, has won renown in England, has plied the "Rocket" and the "Comet" between Paris and Poissy, and between Paris and St. Germain. His figure on the box is familiar to all Parisians. You never meet him in general society any more than you do Gordon Bennett; he seems to pass the greater part of his life on a coach-box. Recognized habitation he has none; now one hotel, now another, serves his purpose, and his only address is care of the New York *Herald* office.

This year's Fourth of July reception at the American Minister's excited more than the usual amount of interest because it was the first opportunity many have had of seeing and speaking with the new minister, Mr. Jefferson Coolidge. No nomination could have been more agreeable to the American colony nor have produced a better impression in French official circles. McLane and Reid were both good men, but Coolidge is the fittest one of the three. McLane had lived abroad and frequented courts, but he belonged rather to a past generation, and although he speaks French well, it is not the French of to-day. Reid was no carpet knight but a thorough business man, and the business he had to transact was of an arduous description, leaving little time for sociability. At first he labored under a great disadvantage in not being able to speak the language of the country, though a lettered man and a learned; but he set himself to study it, and by the time he left Paris had mastered the art of conversing with relative ease. Some part of Jefferson Coolidge's

school days were spent in Paris, and he comes to us so well-grounded in the language that he was enabled to read his address to President Carnot in French; indeed, he began by reciting it by heart, and only pulled the manuscript out of his pocket when he had got through the first few sentences. Frenchmen can never properly appreciate a man who does not speak to them in their own tongue.

The reception was held at the Hôtel Continental, Mr. Coolidge having as yet no actual domicile in Paris, though he has just secured a very pretty mansion in the Rue Bassano as his residence.

Mrs. Coolidge is an invalid, and, therefore, the task of seconding her father on such occasions devolves on Mrs. Stears, who accompanied her parents to Europe with this intent. Mrs. Stears has a tall, commanding figure, and a most pleasant face, with an engaging smile, and extremely agreeable manners. She is sure to be successful in her rôle of hostess, and is already spoken of with very flattering approval in the Parisian press. On this afternoon she wore a rather severe though perfectly tasteful robe, which appeared to be a clever combination of pale-gray silk and black lace, with a small capote to correspond. I was struck with the relative simplicity of the greater portion of the dresses. True, they suited the informal character of the entertainment, and, as such, were in the best taste. The fact was, the majority of the fine people had stayed away. Many of these cultivate French society in particular. You are not likely to meet Mrs. Moore, for instance, save in the ultra-aristocratic set of the Comtesse de Pourtales. Mrs. Pulitzer and Mrs. Maxwell Heddle are somewhat less exclusive, still fashionable cosmopolitan society is their particular centre. The same with Mrs. Ayer, whose jewels, and more especially her portrait painted by Carolus Duran, have rendered her a prominent figure this season. Those American women who have married Frenchmen of rank no longer form part of American society proper; the Princesse de Chimay, the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld, Baronne de Charette, the Marquise de Morès, almost forget that they were once Miss Ward, Miss Mitchell, Miss Post, Miss Hoffmann, and there are many others, while only a very few are aware that Mme. Ribot, the wife of the minister of foreign affairs, is also an American.

Be he ever so democratic in his ideas, the diplomatist who accepts to represent his country over here finds it costly work. Of course no man could do it on the miserable stipend allowed him by his government. Why, Mr. Reid spent more on rent alone than his annual salary! And Mr. Coolidge is going to pay twelve thousand dollars a year for that pretty house of his in the Rue Bassano: what is left over will hardly be enough for his servants' wages. Fortunately he is well off—report says rich. The cook's honorarium alone is a formidable item. Mr. Morton had a cook who cost him a pretty penny (no wonder his dinners were celebrated)—he was quite the gentleman, and used to leave his stew-pans and throw aside his white cap and apron of an afternoon and repair to the Bourse, where he dabbled in shares; if he were wanted, one of his underlings had orders to go and fetch him. Mrs. Morton bore with him as long as she could—for he had an extremely delicate hand for a sauce or a salmi—until one day matters came to a crisis. Returning from paying some calls, a very elegant brougham drove up just as Mrs. Morton's carriage stopped at the door, and out of it stepped Mr. Cook. This was going it a little too strong, and he was dismissed.

"I would rather have this bit of red ribbon in my button-hole than any other order in the world," said the newly dubbed knight of the Legion of Honor, Henry Mosler, to me to-day, echoing the sentiments of American artists generally. For years he has been a regular contributor to the Salon. The second time he exhibited, his picture was purchased by the government and hung in the Luxembourg Gallery; it shows a priest administering the sacrament to a dying peasant woman.

It is to Brittany that Henry Mosler has principally gone for inspiration. Jules Breton, Le Blank, Dagnan Bouveret, among the French artists; the Americans, Melchers, MacEwen, and Walter Gay, have all been to the same source. Mosler's interpretation is nearest akin to that of the veteran master, Breton, in solidity of coloring and sentiment; he knows how to paint a pretty face, too, which many artists of the modern school consider a talent it is unnecessary to cultivate.

The late Mrs. Hobart, of San Francisco, owned one of Mosler's most pleasing Brittany pictures, "Purchasing the Wedding Outfit." The bride-elect is standing, while the shopman measures the length of her skirt (what a shy, pretty light there is in her eyes!), and her mother, seated at the counter, is scrutinizing the materials unfolded before her. Another larger composition, "The Wedding Morning," hangs in the Sydney Museum. Both were shown at the Salon, and the latter was purchased for Australia at that Triennial Exhibition which for some occult reason was never repeated; while the former figured for some years in the Turquet Collection. "The Wedding Feast," which was shown at this year's Salon, and will most likely be exhibited next year at Chicago, completes a most interesting series. At a table laden with good things are seated the guests in all their holiday splendor—the old parents, the blushing bride, and the comely young bridegroom, who, glass lifted aloft, is returning thanks.

The principal decoration of Harry Mosler's studio consists in some good specimens of old Brittany furniture, fine tapestry on the walls, and soft Turkey carpeting beneath the feet. The studio is situated in a group of buildings behind the Champs-Élysées in the Rue Washington, some ten minutes' walk from his dwelling, in the Rue de La Tremoille, but before next winter, studio and home are to be united in a flat to Mrs. Mosler's satisfaction. A charming little woman, bright and active, is the artist's wife, and no one who did not know would credit her with being the mother of tall youths at college, for she does not look much more than a girl herself.

PARIS, July 20, 1892.

PARISINA.



## OLD FAVORITES.

## In the Shipka Pass.

Yes, it is over, the victory's won,  
The smoke is beginning to roll away;  
Just for a little the fighting's done,  
Still is the field of the fearful fray.  
Draped on the arm with the badge of red,  
Over the field the searchers go,  
Seeking the wounded among the dead,  
And waving the lanterns to and fro.

A fair-faced woman is with the hand—  
Holdest bers of a woman's works!  
"Sister Louise of the gentle hand!"  
So she is called by the wounded Turks;  
And never such beautiful eyes, I ween,  
Lighted a soldier's path to God,  
And never a fairer dame was seen  
Kneeling by death on the blood-stained sod.

English? Oh, yes! they can tell you that;  
And wedded—she wears the emblem ring;  
A widow, they guess, when the soldiers chat—  
That is the most your questions bring;  
But the weight of an awful grief she hears  
Hidden away in her heaving breast,  
And ever the look on her face she wears  
Of the soul that is weary and pines for rest.

But here in the Shipka Pass to-night,  
Dropping behind in the surgeon's train,  
She glides, like an angel of holy light,  
Down through the rows of the gory slain—  
Shutting the lids of the staring eyes,  
Stretching the limbs for their last repose,  
Catching the whispered word that lies  
On the lips that the thrills of death uncloze.

Here, mid the wreck of a thousand graves,  
Shattered and shot in a hopeless cause,  
White and wan in the moonlight waves,  
O'er a heap of slain see the sister pause—  
Pause for a moment, and reel away,  
Smitten as if by a sabre stroke,  
For there at her feet two wounded lay,  
Their faces black with the battle smoke.

She has gazed on death in a hundred shapes,  
And the horrible wounds of the modern strife,  
But now from her lips a cry escapes  
As she bends her ear for the sounds of life.  
They live! they breathe!—yet she turos to fly,  
And her face is hot with a great white heat,  
For there together these wounded lie,  
Two loves betrayed, at her craven feet.

Husband and lover! O God above!  
If mercy there be for the worst of sins,  
Grant that her prayer to the throne of love  
Some halm for her horrible anguish wins!  
Husband and lover! and side by side,  
With their life-blood flowing, a mingled stream,  
What wonder the shivering woman cried—  
"Wake me, O God! 'tis a ghastly dream!"

"'Tis a dream—a dream of the long-ago,  
I am gay to-night in the giddy whirl;  
And Raymond he follows me to and fro  
With his ceaseless chiding of 'Foolish girl!'  
He is jealous, this burly lord of mine,  
Jealous of rattlepate handsome Guy;  
I am sure we are careful to draw the line,  
But I like to tease him—I know not why.

"'Tis a dream—a dream; I have left his home;  
He struck me—wounded my woman's pride;  
We are hiding in lodgings—abroad—in Rome,  
And the tale of our flight is far and wide.  
Guy hears from home; he has trusty friends,  
Who give us the news of my husband's quest;  
In a letter to-day one tidings sends—  
My shame is safe in my husband's breast.

"I hate him now! Had he sought the law,  
The law would at least have set me free,  
What was it staid his hand? He saw  
That Guy might have given his name to me.  
A fig for such love as his, I say,  
It wasn't a thing to be named with Guy's;  
For me he has flung the world away,  
And I am the world in his noble eyes.

"'Tis a dream—a dream. Do I hear aright?  
He has told my people 'twas his the blame;  
And now he is going abroad to fight;  
With tears in his eyes he shields my name!  
Raymond! my husband! O God, I was mad  
Ever to torture a heart so true!  
He is my husband—oh, that he had  
Never a cause my love to rue!

"I have parted forever from Guy to-day;  
Never again will I look on his face;  
From the haunts of men I will wander away,  
Hiding forever my soul's disgrace.  
The glorious East is ablaze with war;  
In a mission of mercy may guilt atone—  
I am Sister Louise of the Ambulance Corps,  
I am here with the dead to-night, alone.

"Spare me my reason, O Lord, a while!  
The blast of the night wind cools my brow.  
A wanton and wicked, am I too vile  
For thy cleansing fires to purge me now?  
'Tis a dream—a dream; blood has tured my brain;  
I will not look on these things below;  
There are the lights of the surgeon's train—  
Oh, hut they hear me not—on they go!

"How cold comes the blast of the icy north!  
It seizes my throat and stops my breath;  
Or has Thy merciful word gone forth?  
Are these the ebbs of the coming death?  
Husband and lover, or dying or dead,  
Room, if your brave souls be not loth,  
Room for the woman to lay her head  
Who ruined your lives, and loved you both.

"Husband and lover—oh, speak one word  
Here in the gloom of the Eastern night!  
They answer me not, they have not heard,  
Or hearing, they have not heard aright.  
How came you lying here side by side,  
Here in the ranks of the slaughtered Turks?  
Speak to your mistress—tell your bride,  
While still in my brain some reason lurks.

"Both of them dead! I am glad 'tis so,  
For, taking a hand of each in mine,  
I can kiss them both now—they'll neither know—  
And whisper their names to the King divine.  
Husband and lover, here hand in hand  
Our bodies will lie on the blood-stained grass,  
And at dawn to-morrow the searching hand  
Will give us one grave in the Shipka Pass."  
—George R. Sims.

Edward O. Wolcott, the youngest of the United States Senators, and the nominator of Mr. Blaine at Minneapolis, relates how a young lady, who wanted to visit Denver, wrote to a friend well acquainted with Mr. Wolcott to request him to procure her a pass. Being a woman, she naturally added a postscript to her letter, which in this case ran as follows:

P. S.—I wish you would also send me one of those P. D. corsets; the kind you wore when I was last in Denver. I think they are just too lovely for anything.

The friend sent the letter to Mr. Wolcott, indorsing the request on the back; but in her hurry, forgot to tear off the postscript. She promptly received the following reply from him:

DEAR MADAM: I inclose a pass, as requested, for your friend Miss ——. I would send her the P. D. corset, but I have forgotten her number. Very respectfully,  
E. O. WOLCOTT.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Tenniel, *Punch's* famous cartoonist, is seventy-three years of age, and has lost his left eye.

The famous class of '53 at Yale included Andrew D. White, Wayne MacVeagh, Randall Gibson, Edmund C. Stedman, Isaac H. Bromley, Charlton T. Lewis, George W. Smalley, and Judge Shiras.

Mr. Henry M. Stanley has become so angered by the flippant allusions in the American newspapers to his late canvass, that he declares he will never set foot in the United States again. Too bad, too bad!

Sir Edwin Arnold has received quite an unusual honor at the hands of the Emperor of Japan, who has conferred upon him the Order of the Rising Sun, a very high order, indeed, in Japan, and exceedingly exclusive.

"Boss" Shepherd lives in baronial state in his own castle, among his mines and haciendas, near Batopilas, Mexico, where the degenerate descendants of the Montezumas look upon him as a giant of energy and progress. He looks but little older than he did ten years ago, and retains all of his remarkable vitality.

A slight dispute between Don Carlos and the Comte de Paris has been occupying the papers lately. Both sides claim the right to bear the full arms of the house of Bourbon—Don Carlos, as head of the Bourbon family; the Comte de Paris, as rightful king of France. The question, therefore, is whether the fleur-de-lys escutcheon is that of the kings of France or merely that of the house of Bourbon.

Professor Tyndall, who could not have the much-coveted satisfaction of seeing Mr. Gladstone defeated, is enjoying the one other pleasure he has lately craved, that of revisiting Switzerland. This time he fell in with the Archbishop of Canterbury for a traveling companion; and they do say that these two eminent men found they had much more in common in their tenets than either of them would have believed before.

Although Joachim, the great violin-player, enjoys the distinction of being called in Germany the "violin könig," his son, who was a lieutenant in an infan-

try regiment quartered at Frankfort, has been removed from the roll of officers at the request of his colonel, because his father came to Frankfort and took part in a concert. This, in the opinion of the colonel, was "incompatible with the dignity of the German uniform."

Attention is called by the press to the rapidity of the changes made in the army by the present German Emperor. Since his accession to the throne, eleven generals have been retired, namely: Dinklage, Knobbe, Schulenburg, Freyeun, Heinnuges, Hover, Heydebrook, Schlerber, Bardeleben, Hook, and Scharbaten. The Prussian army, consequently, is now commanded by men as inexperienced as is the emperor himself.

Knut Nelson, whom the Minnesota Republicans have nominated for governor, is a great favorite with the Scandinavians of the North-West, who call him familiarly "the little Norwegian." He is a man of small physique, hardly more than five feet five inches in height, and wears a close-cropped, dark chin-beard, streaked with gray. He is a lawyer by profession, and was for a time the attorney of the St. Paul and Northern Railway.

One of the newly elected Gladstonian members of Parliament is Mr. W. J. Ingram, eldest son of the late Herbert Ingram, M. P., founder of the *Illustrated London News*, of which the son is one of the proprietors and managers. Mrs. Ingram, the mother, whose marriage to Sir Edward Watkin was lately announced, is an excellent manager herself, and was of great assistance, it is said, to her son in his recent canvass. He polled 1,355 against 1,203 Conservative votes.

Ex-King Milan has become a Russian subject, this privilege having been granted by the Czar. Milan receives two thousand dollars a month in return for the "condescension" from the Czar's privy purse, but on the understanding that the "pension" will at once cease if he returns to Serbia without the Czar's sanction. It has now leaked out that in return for his renunciation of all his rights as a citizen, officer, and father, Milan received from the regent two million francs in hard cash, a pension for life of one hundred thousand francs a year, and two million francs

for his landed property in Servia. In addition, he receives a pension as a retired general in the Servian army.

According to foreign papers, Guy de Maupassant, the famous French author who became insane about a year ago, has no chance of regaining his reason. Owing to the fact that he was allowed to leave Dr. Blanche's institution recently, to go to a bathing-resort in the south of France, a report was spread abroad that he was mentally convalescent. Unfortunately there seems to have been no foundation for the good news. A few personal friends will watch over him at the resort for a time, when he will return to the asylum.

Lieutenant-Colonel James Streater, of the Tenth Regiment, N. G. P., whose punishment of Private Iams has occasioned so much comment, is a prominent Democratic politician of Westmoreland County. Colonel Streater bears the reputation of being the tallest and one of the strongest men in the Pennsylvania Guard. Of his gigantic strength, of which he made a striking exhibition, this is told: During the division encampment at Mount Gretna in 1890, one night, while he was officer of the guard, he ordered some roistering militiamen, six in all, back to their quarters. They refused to go, and one of them insulted Streater, who thereupon picked up the offender by main force and, swinging him like a club, dashed him against his friends with such effect that they were glad to beat a retreat.

The millionaire is becoming far less important a factor in Congress than formerly. The aggregate wealth of members of the Senate and House is at present fifty million dollars less than it was a few years ago. Many men of great wealth, such as "Joe" Brown, Hearst, Plumb, Farwell, Spooner, Scott, and Spinola have died or left Congress, and their successors have, for the most part, been men of moderate means. What great fortunes remain are to the extent of seventy-five per cent. the possession of members from the Pacific Slope or the West. Another curious fact about these great Congressional fortunes is that their owners are mostly men whose names begin with the letter S—Sanger, Stewart, Stanford, Sanders, Sherman, Shoup, Squire, Stockbridge, Stahl-necker, Stevens, and Stephenson.

## MADAME ROWLEY'S TOILET MASK OR FACE GLOVE.

The following are the claims made for Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask, and the grounds on which it is recommended to Ladies for Beautifying, Bleaching, and Preserving the Complexion.

1st. The MASK is SOFT and PLIABLE and can be EASILY APPLIED and 9th. It is a NATURAL BEAUTIFIER for BLEACHING and PRESERVING the SKIN, and REMOVING COMPLEXIONAL IMPERFECTIONS.

2d. It is durable, and does not dissolve or come asunder, but holds its original shape.

3d. It has been ANALYZED by EMINENT SCIENTISTS and CHEMICAL EXPERTS, and pronounced PERFECTLY PURE and HARMLESS.

4th. With ordinary care the MASK will LAST FOR YEARS, and its valuable properties NEVER BECOME IMPAIRED.

5th. The MASK is protected by letters patent, has been introduced ten years, and is the ONLY GENUINE article of the kind.

6th. It is RECOMMENDED by EMINENT PHYSICIANS and SCIENTIFIC MEN as a substitute for injurious cosmetics.

7th. The MASK is as UNLIKE the fraudulent appliances used for conveying cosmetics, etc., to the face as day is to night, and it bears no analogy to them.

8th. The MASK may be worn with PERFECT PRIVACY if desired. The CLOSEST SCRUTINY can not detect that it has been used.

TRADE-MARK  
Regd.



The Toilet Mask (or Face Glove) in position to be worn.

TO BE WORN THREE TIMES IN THE WEEK.

### A FEW SPECIMEN EXTRACTS FROM TESTIMONIAL LETTERS:

"I am so rejoiced at having found at last an article that will indeed improve the complexion."

"Every lady who desires a faultless complexion should be provided with the Mask."

"My face is as soft and smooth as an infant's."

"I am perfectly delighted with it."

"As a medium for removing discolorations, softening, and beautifying the skin, I consider it unequalled."

"It is, indeed, a perfect success—an inestimable treasure."

"I find that it removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and gives the complexion a soft, smooth surface."

"I have worn the mask but two weeks, and am amazed at the change it has made in my appearance."

"The Mask certainly acts upon the skin with a mild and beneficial result, making it smoother and clearer, and seeming to remove pimples, irritations, etc., with each application."

"For softening and beautifying the skin there is nothing to compare with it."

"Your invention can not fail to supersede everything that is used for beautifying purposes."

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"For bleaching the skin and removing imperfections I know of nothing so good."

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"The Mask should be kept in every lady's toilet-case."

10th. The MASK is sold at a moderate price, and one purchase ends the expense.

11th. Hundreds of dollars uselessly expended for cosmetics, lotions, and like preparations may be saved by those who possess it.

12th. LADIES in every section of the country are using the MASK with gratifying results.

13th. It is safe, simple, cleanly, and effective for beautifying purposes, and never injures the most delicate skin.

14th. While it is intended that the MASK should be WORN DURING SLEEP, it may be applied, with equally good results, at ANY TIME, to suit the convenience of the wearer.

15th. The MASK has received the testimony of well-known society and professional ladies, who proclaim it to be the greatest discovery for beautifying purposes ever offered to womankind.

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May be hidden imperfectly by cosmetics and powders, but can only be removed permanently by the Toilet Mask. By its use every kind of spots, impurities, roughness, etc., vanish from the skin, leaving it soft, clear, brilliant, and beautiful. It is harmless, costs little, and saves its user money. It prevents and REMOVES

## WRINKLES,

And is both a complexion preserver and beautifier. Famous society ladies, actresses, belles, etc., use it. VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET, with proofs and full particulars, mailed free by

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Apply NOW, while you have our address before you, as this advertisement appears only occasionally. Please mention the Argonaut.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The London *Author* keeps rolling the ball of discussion 'twixt the British publisher and writer; and all the newspapers take, now and then, a hand in the game. The *St. James's Gazette* scoffs at the writer. If authors, it says, "are too lazy or too careless to manage their own business aright, can they wonder if other men manage it for them and take more than a fair share of the profits?"

Colonel R. M. Johnston's collection of stories, which the Appletons will bring out, has the title "Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims, and Other Stories."

In a note to the *Critic*, devoted principally to typographical errors, Colonel Higginson says that his "old friend, the late Professor Longfellow, after having the proofs of his 'Dante' read by at least three different persons, finally received the published book with delight at the breakfast-table, and at once opened upon a very serious misprint."

Bret Harte has just concluded a new story, entitled "Susy." Admirers of his "Waif of the Plains" will find the new story an account of the further doings of that most interesting creation, Clarence.

M. Guernay de Beaurepaire, Procureur-Général of France, famous for his prominence in connection with the trial of the anarchist Ravachol, and with the case of General Boulanger a few years ago, is the author of the new novel "The Woodman," which has been translated into English by Mrs. John Simpson, and will soon be published.

The Appletons announce a handsome new edition of Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century." It is to be published in twelve volumes, 12mo., seven volumes being given to England and five to Ireland.

Frances C. Baylor has completed a new novel called "Claudia."

Mr. J. M. Barrie's book, "The Little Minister," shares with Mr. Hardy's "Tess" the honor of selling as well through the stress of the English elections as they did three months ago. They are the only books of which this may be said.

J. M. Barrie is now engaged on two more books—one about Tammas Haggart, who is his favorite among his creations, and one a story of London life.

Disraeli had a most convenient and comfortable fashion of acknowledging presentation copies of books. "Mr. Disraeli," he would write, "presents his compliments to Mr. X, and will lose no time in perusing his interesting work." This is decidedly a model to imitate.

Colonel Knox has written a new "Boy Traveler" book, the fourteenth in the series. It is a story of adventure in a by-gone time.

A new edition of W. H. Herndon's "Abraham Lincoln" is to be published by the Appletons. The work has been thoroughly revised, and will be brought out in two volumes, with new illustrations and an introduction written by Horace White.

James G. Blaine is said to be at work on a "Hand-Book to Politics," projected more than three years ago.

The Rev. Mr. Milburn, the blind preacher, recently completed his book on the early history of the Mississippi Valley. It will be published in St. Louis in a volume of seven or eight hundred pages, with illustrations.

Marion Crawford's new novel is to bear the title of "Laura Arden."

John Macgregor, whose death is announced in England, was the author of several books relating to canoe voyages, among them, "A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy," "The Rob Roy in the Baltic," and

"A Voyage Alone in the Rob Roy." The first was published twenty-five years ago, and went through several editions.

## New Publications.

"The Three Feathers" is the latest volume of the novels of William Black to be issued in the new and revised edition of his works. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 90 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Hungarian Girl," a novel translated from the German of Miriam Tenger by S. E. Boggs, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mrs. D. M. Lowrey has translated from the eighth German edition Paul Lindau's novel, "Mr. and Mrs. Bewer," which is published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Letter of Introduction," another of those delightful farces, in which W. D. Howells pictures the amusing uncertainties of the New England woman, as exemplified by Mrs. Roberts, has been issued in the Black and White Series, in which the other farces of the set have appeared. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest number of W. M. Griswold's "Descriptive Lists of Novels and Tales" treats of those dealing with France. In each entry are given the title of a novel, the author's name, publisher's name, date of publication, and a brief resumé of the story. The novels mentioned number three hundred and fifty-seven, and the folio concludes with a full list of the authors whose works are mentioned in the entire set of "descriptive lists." Published and for sale by W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass.; price, post-paid, \$1.00.

"Young Lucretia and Other Stories," by Mary E. Wilkins, contains thirteen tales of child-life in New England, intended primarily for the readers of juvenile magazines; but they are characterized by the same sure drawing of the modern Puritans that gave their charm to her stories for more mature minds. The illustrations, by the way, are excellent, and show how high a standard is maintained in the best grade of young folk's periodicals. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Thomas Carlyle," by John Nichol, is the latest issue of the English Men-of-Letters Series, of which John Morley is editor. It is both biographical and critical: after an introductory summary, Professor Nichol devotes the first half of the book to Carlyle's early days, the period from his marriage to his residence in London, then to the death of Mrs. Welsh, then to the death of Carlyle's mother, then to the death of Mrs. Carlyle, and finally the period of Carlyle's decadence; and the four remaining chapters are "Carlyle as Man of Letters, Critic, and Historian," "Carlyle's Political Philosophy," "Ethics, Predecessors, Influence," and "On Carlyle's Religion." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop have taken a short story, "Check and Counter-Check," which they wrote in collaboration for one of the magazines in 1888, and, enlarging it to the proportions of a brief summer novel, have published it in the Appletons' Summer Series under the title "A Tale of Twenty-Five Hours." The plot begins with Paul Stuyvesant's discovering, among the checks he has drawn in the past six months, one drawn to his friend Charles Vaughn—to whose sister Stuyvesant is engaged to be married—given in payment of a poker debt, which bears four indorsements. Vaughn had given it to one Zalinski, he to one James Burt, and he to Eliphalet Duncan, a lawyer and friend of

Stuyvesant. With the aid of the morning paper, he learns that Duncan is defending Burt, a burglar; that Zalinski is a pawnbroker; and that a Titan that had been stolen, cut from its frame in Paris, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, has been recovered by a millionaire. Going to Vaughn's studio—for Vaughn is a wealthy and successful artist—he finds in the studio the recovered picture. Thereupon, being a lawyer and the author of a book on circumstantial evidence, he sets about unraveling this complication. The dramatic skill of Jessop and the sprightly wit of Matthews have made this a clever and amusing tale of the kind one likes to run across in summer. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

## Journalistic Chit-Chat.

That the proprietorship of a newspaper should pass uninterruptedly from father to son for a century and a half is a rare and noteworthy event in the annals of journalism. Such, however, is the case with the *Schlesische Zeitung*, which was founded by Johann Jakob Korn, at Breslau, in 1742.

The New York *Sun* "learns credibly that the *Recorder*, of New York, is now printing and selling over one hundred thousand copies of its Sunday paper. This is a very remarkable achievement for a comparatively young newspaper, and can be the result only of uncommon energy and industry."

The New York *Times* has finally settled upon a fixed head-line for its column of jocosse clippings from its exchanges. Up to within a short time, the heading of this column was changed every day. It was a matter of pride in the office that this should be done, and done it was. Doubtless, the readers are even more relieved than the editors.

Julian Ralph is a native of New York city, a little under forty years of age. He learned the printer's trade, published three weekly newspapers without success, and then became a reporter for metropolitan papers. He has the reputation of being able to write more on a given subject than any other man in the profession. It is said that in describing General Grant's funeral, and on other occasions, he wrote a whole page of the *Sun* in a day.

Stephen Bonsal, of Baltimore, well known to American newspaper men, is to-day the hero of the British journalistic world, and his name is bracketed with those of Forbes and Stanley. A London correspondent thus gives the reason:

"He was in Morocco when Sir Charles Evan Smith and the members of the British Mission started out to negotiate a treaty with the Sultan of Fez, and Bonsal joined the caravan. The conferences resulted in a number of tragic incidents. Negotiations were finally broken off, and the mis-

sion started to Tangiers. Bonsal, striking out for himself, rode across the desert, keeping in the saddle eighteen hours a day, and beating the caravan by nearly a week. From Tangiers he cabled his dispatches, and on his arrival in London he was summoned to the Foreign Office for conference with Lord Salisbury. Bonsal was fired at on his way to Fez, and promptly made a representation to the Sultan on his arrival. Five thousand dollars' compensation was offered to him, but was declined, and then the Sultan wrote a letter of apology, praying him to accept a jeweled sword of honor. This was accepted."

The New York *Herald* first saw the light nearly sixty years ago in a dingy Wall Street cellar. In a short time it will be issued from a magnificent structure at Thirty-Fifth Street and Broadway. The building is thus described:

The new *Herald* building will cover an entire block, with unobstructed views from four different quarters. It will be a business building, devoted exclusively to the use of the *Herald*. Its style will be pure Renaissance, the general plan being modeled upon the palaces of Verona, Padua, and Venice. The clock, bell, and chimneys of the clock-tower of the Piazza San Maria in Venice will be reproduced as nearly as possible, and will surmount the facade of the building facing the square. On either side of the clock will stand two colossal figures, representing type-setters with uplifted maces, to strike the hours, the quarters, and half-hours. Statues of Minerva will surmount the cornice at and near the corners. Figures of owls will take the place of Minerva at all other points. Electric lights will be fixed in the eyes of the owls. The foundation of the press-room will be the solid rock of the basement. The press-room will extend to the second story. The presses in position will be in full view from the Broadway side. The arcade of that side will be of plate-glass. The building is designed to be fire-proof. It will be constructed of solid masonry and iron work. The height to the eaves will be fifty-two feet, and to the crown of the pitched tile roof, fifty-four feet.

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"We heartily commend 'A Queen of Curds and Cream' for its naturalness, and for the skill with which the various characters are portrayed.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette*."

"'A Queen of Curds and Cream' is a singularly original, interesting, and powerful novel, which can not fail to augment the author's already well-established reputation."—*London Figaro*.

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August 29,			
Tuesday,	Emerson,	The Poet and Thinker,	Fifty Cents
September 6,			
Wednesday,	Shakespeare,	The Poet and Artist,	One Dollar
" 14,			
Thursday,	Longfellow,	The Poet and Friend,	One Dollar
" 22,			
Friday,	Raphael,	The Poet and Painter,	One Dollar
" 30,			
Saturday,	Lincoln,	The Poet and Statesman,	One Dollar
October 8,			
Sunday,	Jesus,	The Poet and Man,	Two Dollars
" 16,			

Special announcements will be in this paper weekly until this course of lectures is finished.

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1892.

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The lectures will commence each evening at 8 P. M.

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1st hundred, \$1.00; 2d hundred, \$2.00; 3d hundred, \$3.00; 4th hundred, \$4.00; 5th hundred, \$5.00 each.

JNO. N. PHILAN, the Agent, 211 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal., has charge of the subscription list, which is now open.



## VANITY FAIR.

Ward McAllister, writing of extravagance in the Four Hundred, says: "The winter of 1891 was the most extravagant era in women's dress that we have ever known. The waste of money in tea-gowns was unparalleled. Every fashionable woman must needs have three or four. Their cost would buy a modest farm. Their slippers have made the fortune, we know, of at least one shoemaker. The buckles to these slippers alone cost thirty dollars a pair. The invisible of a woman's toilet is the most costly extravagance. 'That article of ladies' dress which the Countess of Salisbury has rendered immortal is a special extravagance at the present time, costing, in many cases, four hundred and fifty dollars. A lady's opera-cloak now costs her from three to five hundred dollars. The most expensive luxury is dogs; accomplished black poodles cost five hundred dollars each, a Japanese pug three hundred dollars—a fashionable woman having two or three of these pets lying on satin cushions to match her robe. Every fashionable woman feels she must have a bonnet for each costume she wears; this necessitates eight for summer and four or five for winter. The jewelry given a bride, when the couple are to enjoy the income of a moderate fortune, would be as follows: Engagement-ring, three thousand dollars; her jewels, twenty thousand dollars, not at all an over-estimate; her lace veil, costing her parents two thousand five hundred dollars; her bridal trousseau, six to ten thousand dollars, not at all an unusual price for a fashionable woman to pay. Is it not then surprising that marriages still continue to take place? I have only treated of people of moderate incomes and the waste they practice. To leave them and to consider the waste of money practiced by the multi-millionaires would be an endless theme."

It is interesting to contrast with the above this example of economical dressing: Providence has a club of working-girls which, like New York's Sorosis (says the *World*) has undertaken to settle by grave discussion all problems relating to the material welfare of the better half of creation. Its latest discussion related to the possibility of a woman dressing on \$50 a year. Only one of the fair debaters ventured to declare that the feat could be accomplished. She knew, she said, because she had tried and succeeded. She expended her \$50 as follows: Four hats, \$10; gloves, \$4.50; shoes, \$5; winter coat, \$10; making over dress, \$5; new blue Henrietta, \$11; underwear, laces, etc., \$4.50; total, \$50. It would be rude to draw inferences from the fact that \$10 was spent on hats and only \$4.50 on "underwear, laces, etc." Men can not understand women anyway, and besides the economies were probably practiced on the "etc." The young woman explains that she dressed herself on \$50 a year because she had to. Were her name made public the necessity would exist no longer than the time requisite for a multitude of industrious young bachelors to make suitable proposals.

A great deal has been said about the morals and manners of this *fin-de-siècle* period on our side of the Atlantic, but we have something to learn yet before we can approach the freedom of London life. To sit in the Savoy restaurant at dinner or supper-time and observe the medley of ranks and classes assembled there is a lesson in itself. Ladies of rank, parties in which ambassadors and cabinet ministers are distinctly prominent, with any number of Americans, all in full-dress, and many of them eminently handsome, are seated at tables in the immediate neighborhood of *demi-mondaines*, to whom the golden youth of the day bow as profoundly and respectfully as they would do to duchesses. The notorious Marchioness of Ailesbury, formerly "Dolly Tester," who has left her husband and resumed her old vocation, holds high court at the Savoy, and is never without three or four well-known men about town in her train, who are not forbidden to leave her side and hold converse with ladies of their acquaintance in other parts of the rooms.

The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has just rendered a decision upholding the bequest made by Benjamin Franklin, a century ago, to promote early marriages. Franklin bequeathed one thousand pounds sterling each to the cities of Philadelphia and Boston, to be lent, upon matrimony, to apprentices who wished to establish themselves in business. The rate of interest to be charged was five per cent., and Franklin calculated that at the end of a hundred years the fund in each city would amount to one

hundred and thirty-one thousand pounds. He directed that the odd thousand pounds should be spent by each city in public improvements and the remainder lent to young married couples for another hundred years. It was then to be divided between the city and the State. A year ago last fall, the first century had rolled around, and the Philadelphia fund amounted to a little less than a hundred thousand dollars, while the Boston fund amounted to nearly four hundred thousand dollars, or almost as much as Franklin estimated. Meanwhile, however, the apprenticeship system had died out, while the Franklin family had not, except as to public spirit. Two of the descendants of the great thinker seized the occasion to bring suit to set aside the will and have the funds turned over to Franklin's natural heirs, viz.: themselves. There were several grounds upon which the heirs brought this suit, the chief being that the will established a "perpetuity," without being essentially charitable, inasmuch as interest was charged to each recipient of the fund. It was also urged that the will should be set aside because it was no longer possible to carry out one of its main provisions, since apprentices had ceased to exist. Both of these grounds and all others the court rejects as inadequate to sustain the claim of the contestants. The two funds will, therefore, go on compounding for another hundred years.

The New York milliners are alarmed at the onward, successful march of the sailor-hat. Some years since, when all the women wore pot-bats, it became a serious matter to the ribbon and feather fraternity. Finally, one milliner advertised a great sale of pot-hats, at ten cents apiece, "to colored people only." Her scheme was a success, and that style of hat was no longer worn. Apropos of this, a story is told of a prominent yachtsman who is conspicuous for never wearing a yachting-cap, when every man, woman, and child sports one. When asked why he did not wear it, he replied: "Because I own a yacht."

"Never marry, my dear," observed an experienced matron, "until you can find a man who has served his apprenticeship for matrimony by working one term at least on the house committee of his own club. I tell you, after wrestling with the servant problem has chastened his haughty spirit, and he has meekly swallowed wholesale abuse for general incompetency, that man is tame enough actually to eat out of your hand, and you grow almost ashamed to henpeck such a meek animal. I have seen that discipline curb the proudest spirits, for they always rush into club housekeeping with a self-assurance that would be pathetic except for the conceit it shows. Poor souls! they are very funny, composing menus, buying dish-towels, studying plumbing, and thumping mattresses to be sure they are turned daily. Every man in the place finds fault with them; they dare not eat when too many of the other fellows are around. Then, my dear, is your golden opportunity," this shrewd adviser added; "take him when he realizes what poor stuff he is, and knows how to stand punishment without losing his temper."

Stolen kisses may be sweet, but they are rather dear at the present market price at Valparaiso. Señor Talca, of that town, kissed a lady without asking permission while walking in the Plaza. The lady appealed to the law, and the gay Talca suffered imprisonment for sixty days. In an evil moment he also appealed, and was kept in jail two hundred days, while his appeal was being considered. The result of that consideration was the addition of thirty days more to the original sentence.

Thackeray, who detested "wasp-waisted women," once told a young relative, who was much in love, to take his betrothed to a physician before purchasing the engagement ring. "What for?" his companion inquired, in considerable astonishment. "To see whether that wasp waist is an inheritance or a consequence," he replied. "Consequence!" exclaimed the young man; "what do you mean?" "Corsets," said Thackeray, laconically. "Miss ——— has the most beautiful figure in England," said the infatuated lover. "She is deformed," Thackeray responded; "if it is a natural deformity she may be a moderately healthy woman. Even humpbacks are not always delicate, you know. Mind, I say moderately healthy. But if that girl's figure is the result of corsets, you might better go and hang yourself rather than risk the evils that will inevitably follow." Abraham Lincoln once remarked that every man about to marry should stand over a doctor with a

club and make him tell the truth in reference to the chosen partner for life, if there was no other way of getting it out of him; also, that the parents who would allow a girl to marry a man without knowing, as nearly as could be known, his physical as well as his moral condition, deserved to be scalped. "The whole marrying business is wrong," said Mr. Lincoln; "fashionable girls have too often foolish mothers, who care for nothing but to sell their flesh and blood to the highest bidder."

An average waltz takes one over or about three-quarters of a mile, a square dance makes you cover half a mile, and a galop equals a good mile, at a run, too. Count up for yourself how much the girl with a well-filled programme traverses in an evening. Twenty dances is the average, you know. Of these about twelve are waltzes. There, at once, are nine miles. Three galops, and she has done twelve miles. Five other dances at a half-mile apiece, which is hardly a fairly big estimate, brings her to close upon fifteen miles, to say nothing of the intermission stroll in the garden and the trips to the dressing-room to renovate one's gown and complexion. At Monterey, it is probable that the girls must frequently dance as much as half a mile in an evening.

"The universal criticism of the American girl in Europe," declares H. Panmure Gordon, in "The Land of the Almighty Dollar," "crudely describes her as beautiful, rich, strange; with alas! one defect, to be dilated upon later. I have rarely heard the first descriptive epithet omitted; indeed, one is astonished to see the remarkable beauties who come out of unheard-of 'districts' in America. It seems a new immigration of the human race; for in London, Paris, or at Nice or Homburg, one runs against a blonde beauty of such surprising lustre, or a brunette so tall, so superb, so flashing, with such hands and feet, that the proverbial duchess, who is supposed to have a monopoly of these appendages, is nowhere; then to find that this glorious Helen has come from Denver, or Kansas City, or still further West! There is no doubt that the mixture of race, or atmosphere, or whatever makes beauty—that subtle but most desirable alchemy—is floating like thistle-down in the air of the United States of America. It is also a question which must puzzle those who pretend to write on heredity why these children of men and women who have labored with their hands, men and women who have never known luxury, possess hands which rival those of the Venus di Medici, feet of Chinese smallness, and the Spanish instep, and little, shell-like ears which would point to an ancestry of a thousand earls. The one defect—deferentially I state it—is the American pronunciation, most unmusical and unpleasant to us, who love the low, soft, caressing voice of their Southern sisters, who murmur *Io l'amore* so sweetly."

"A lady of fine artistic taste has discovered," remarks the London *Graphic*, "that at church parade her prayer-book, by its incongruous color, entirely ruined the effect of a carefully conceived costume. It struck a discord in an otherwise perfectly harmonious dress. This has been remedied by having a cover to her prayer-book which shall be perfectly in accord with the leading tone of her garments. The prayer-book cover will henceforth receive as attentive consideration as the bonnet, the gloves, and the sunshade, and no jarring note of color will be introduced by means of a volume bound in blue velvet or in scarlet morocco. If this rule be applied to every-day garments and to any volume that a lady may feel inclined to read, the business in fancy book-covers can not fail to be extensive. For it is easy enough to imagine that the most artistic arrangement of color may be at once ruined by its wearer happening to take in hand some garishly hedged novel of today."

A woman makes this wail to a writer in the New York *World*: "I've been shopping again, and I haven't a vestige of self-respect left. In the first place, I wanted a blouse of yellow crepe, and I told one of the saleswomen so in as meek a manner as possible. She eyed me with a sort of contemptuous indifference and asked me if it was for myself. When she heard that it was, she stated that they had none in stock, but that she thought she could give me something much more becoming. 'You see,' she volunteered, 'it requires a very clear skin to stand yellow. Something less trying would suit you better. How would you like a dark blue?' I told her that I didn't care for a dark blue, and went off in high dudgeon. In the corset department I asked for my favorite health waist, but was informed by a young person with a bored air and a narrow chest that I was much too stout to wear one of those reform garments, as she called them. And she recommended to my notice somebody's extra long-waisted, flesh-reducing stays. In the shoe store a jocular salesman said that he could undoubtedly suit me if I would take fives instead of fours, and facetiously added that he guessed I wouldn't find them much too large. Another woman said that a sailor was too youthful-looking for me—when my own mother wears one!—and, to crown all, my dressmaker asked me if I was quite sure my shoulders were even, for my bodice didn't fit, and she was sure it ought to."

For the debilitating effects of August weather, nothing is so good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Horton-Wright Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. John Wright, 1615 Jackson Street, his eldest daughter, Miss Jessie S. Wright, was married last Wednesday at noon to Mr. Edward H. Horton, secretary of the J. C. Johnson Company. Only a few relatives and very intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The young couple stood in the bay-window, amid potted palms and trailing vines, with a true-lovers' knot of white roses overhead. The parlors were decorated with choice flowers and appeared very attractive. After the congratulations were received, a bounteous breakfast was served under the direction of Ludwig, and the remainder of the afternoon was most happily passed. In the evening, the newly-wedded couple left to make a tour of Southern California. They were the recipients of many valuable gifts.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford are at Lake Thun, in Switzerland. They will leave Europe on October 1st to return to America.

Miss Mae Diamond will leave to-day for West Point, N. Y., where she will visit friends for two months.

Mrs. B. F. Sherwood and Miss Jennie Sherwood, who have been passing the season in San Rafael, have gone to Monterey, where they will remain until September.

Miss Annie Hook and Miss Bessie Shreve have returned from a visit to Mount Shasta.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will return from Santa Cruz next week, after passing the summer there.

Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings will sail from New York to-day for Europe.

Colonel E. A. Belcher has gone to Spokane, Wash., where he will reside permanently.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding left San Rafael last Monday to pass a few weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. E. P. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. George Easton, Miss Fanny Danforth, and Miss Hattie Tay have returned from a two weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. O. G. Miller returned to Oakland last Sunday, after making a tour of Europe.

Mr. A. A. Moore, Jr., who is passing a couple of weeks at Paso Robles, will go to Yale College in September.

Mrs. A. G. Kinsey and Mr. Griffith J. Kinsey have been enjoying a visit near St. Helena.

Mr. E. V. Judd is passing the season in San Rafael.

Judge and Mrs. O. P. Evans and Miss Mabel Reed have returned to the city, after passing a month in San Rafael.

Mrs. William Edwards and Miss Daisy McKee returned to the city last Tuesday, after a short visit at Santa Cruz. Colonel Edwards will return on Monday.

Mr. Thomas J. Vivian, formerly of San Francisco, has been made a Chief of Division in the Census Bureau, of the Department of the Interior, at Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham are passing a couple of weeks in Lake County.

Mrs. E. R. Garber and Miss Belle Garber have returned from their visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Tubbs, Miss May Tubbs, Miss Ethel Tubbs, Mrs. F. P. Fowling, and Mr. W. A. Powning, of Oakland, are attending the triennial convale in Denver.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean and Miss Ethel McBean are at Monterey for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre have gone to Monterey for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. S. F. Gashwiler have been visiting in the vicinity of St. Helena.

Miss Alice Mau and Miss Tillie Feldmann are enjoying a protracted visit to friends in Helena, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. John Gillig returned to Virginia, Nev., last Wednesday after passing six weeks here.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Thorn have been at Hazel Creek, Shasta County, during the past week.

Mr. Benjamin Wooster returned from China last Saturday on the steamer *Oceanic*.

Mrs. A. L. Bancroft and family are passing the season at their country place, Aloha Farm, near Walnut Creek.

Mrs. Belle Dwyer and Miss Marguerite Wallace were in Vienna when last heard from.

Miss Mary F. West has returned from her Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. Rideout, of Marysville, are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott and Miss Alice Scott have gone to Monterey for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. A. O. Haselhurst and her sister, Miss Grace Gorman, have gone to Auburn for two or three months.

Mrs. O. W. Childs, Miss Ruth Childs, and Mr. Stephen Childs, of Los Angeles, are at Monterey for the season.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, are at Monterey for the season.

Mrs. M. A. Wilcox and her daughter, Mrs. M. W. Longstreet, will remain at Monterey all of this month.

Mrs. A. W. May and her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Hayes, will leave for Lake Tahoe to-day and will be away about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel returned to the city early in the week after passing the season in San Rafael. They will soon go to Monterey to remain there until after the shoot of the Country Club.

Mr. Edward G. Schmiedel has gone to Monterey from San Rafael on his backboard.

Mrs. E. B. Ryan and the Misses Daisy and Ruth Ryan will return to-day from a two weeks' visit at Hazel Creek, in Shasta County.

Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknall will be at Monterey during the outing of the Country Club.

Mr. Fred W. Sharon passed last Saturday and Sunday in San Rafael.

Mrs. Charles F. Mullins and Miss Maud Mullins have returned from their visit to Coronado Beach, and Mr. C. F. Mullins has returned from San Rafael where he remained during the absence of his family.

Mr. Adolph Suro and Mr. Charles Suro have returned from a visit to Oregon.

geles, are here on a two months' visit to Mr. S. Arrillaga at his residence, 2315 Jackson Street.

Captain D. A. Smith will return to the city on Monday after passing a fortnight at Santa Cruz.

Mr. John N. Featherston has returned from a two weeks' visit in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adele and Ethel Martel are passing the summer in Santa Cruz.

Miss Agnes Burgin has returned to Littons after a brief visit to San Rafael.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Keeney are passing the season at Santa Cruz.

Mr. Louis Greenbaum visited friends in San Rafael last Saturday and Sunday.

Dr. and Mrs. B. W. Haines are occupying their new home at Belvedere.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Mae and Clare Tucker, of Oakland, are at Stuttgart, Germany.

Miss Jennie Denver and Miss Jessie Dayton are the guests of Mrs. Hubbard in Santa Cruz.

The Misses Carroll have returned from Europe, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland have returned from a prolonged visit near Mount Shasta, and will go to Monterey next week.

Miss Ethel Clement is the guest of Miss Virginia Fair at Newport, R. I.

Colonel and Mrs. F. S. Chadbourn are enjoying an outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mrs. William M. Gwin, and Miss Gwin have returned from Monterey after passing the season there.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Miller and Miss Lillie Pass have returned from a pleasant visit in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Miss Mamie Burling has returned from a visit to Mrs. George Loomis at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook will soon leave to pass a week at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford and family are at Monterey for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. J. E. Wright and family, of Sacramento, are at Monterey, where they will remain during this month.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon will remain in San Rafael until September 1st. Last Saturday and Sunday they entertained the Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon, Miss Agnes Burgin, and Mr. J. Fred Burgin.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank have returned from their trip to Oregon and are now at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Havel were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James Phelan at Phelan Park in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Birdsell, of Sacramento, are at Santa Cruz for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Woodworth, of Fresno, have been in Santa Cruz during the past fortnight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Crooks, *nee* Case, will remain in San Rafael during this month.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert have been in Santa Cruz during the past week.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles H. Hock and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht have returned from a delightful visit at Lake Tahoe, where they remained three months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease, Jr., will remain at their cottage in Santa Cruz until September 1st.

Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan are passing several weeks in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland E. Wallace and Mrs. George L. Bradley have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Miss Grace de Fremery has returned to Oakland after a pleasant visit at Pescadero.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton is at the Hotel Thorndike, in Boston.

Mr. Joseph S. Tobin is at the United States Hotel, in Saratoga.

Mr. Herman Shainwald is at the Grand Hotel, in Paris.

Mr. John D. Tallant is at the Gilsey House, in New York.

Miss Anna Wainwright will return home in the latter part of August, after passing the month in Southern California.

Mr. J. Franklin now will return to the city next week after a visit of a few months in London. He will be accompanied by a party of English friends.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman, of Oakland, left on Thursday to pass a couple of weeks near Mount Shasta.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean passed several days of this week at the Palace Hotel, but have since returned to Monterey.

Miss Emelie Hager has returned to Monterey, after passing the early part of the week here.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Armer, formerly of this city, who have been in Guatemala during the past two years, will arrive here on August 14th. They will receive at 1611 Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lasell will leave for Mount Shasta next Tuesday, and soon afterward will proceed East.

Mrs. Walter McGavin and Miss Alice Ames have returned from a visit to Mrs. D. M. Delmas, at Santa Cruz.

Miss Kate Clement has returned to Oakland, after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Page, at Belvedere.

Judge and Mrs. J. H. Boalt and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis are expected to return in a few days from Alaska.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, of Oakland, have been passing the week near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and Miss Millie Ashe are enjoying a visit at Napa Soda Springs.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis and Mr. Norris Davis left last Saturday to visit in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. W. W. Foote, Jr., of Oakland, has gone to Mississippi to pass his vacation.

Miss Farrier, of Oakland, is visiting Santa Monica.

Dr. E. C. Caglaris left New York last Saturday on the steamer *La Touraine* for Havre, France.

Mrs. F. W. Spencer and Miss Clark sailed from New York, August 6th, on the steamer *Wieland* for Hamburg.

Dr. E. Schwabacher, of this city, is at the Hotel Maurice in Paris.

Mr. Edward M. Greenway returned from Monterey last Monday.

Mr. James T. J. Archibald and Mr. Ernest Peixotto passed a few days in San Rafael during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. John F. McCall returned last Thursday after a three months' visit to China and Japan.

Miss Sally Maynard is visiting in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Miss Nellie Hillier has returned from a visit to Miss Josephine Cone at Red Bluff.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo has been passing the week at Santa Cruz. Mr. Trumbo is entertaining her mother, who is here from Salt Lake City.

The sash has struck the fashionable young men of London this season, but it appears in a somewhat remarkable combination costume. One critic noticed at least six or eight young men in Hyde Park a few days ago, dressed in "irreproachably fitting frock-coats, worn open and flying free to the wind, and exposing an ample expanse of snowy shirt-front, girdled around the waist with broad silk belts, rather after the fashion of the feminine 'Empire belt.'" To the London mind this is "undeniably sensible summer attire."

James McLeod, of Vancouver, B. C., is believed to be the youngest great-grandfather in America. He is not yet fifty-one years old.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND MONOGRAMS: latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourn Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

— NOVELTIES AND ARTICLES OF SURPRISE, FOR CARD-PARTIES and souvenirs, at Leo Zander & Co., 116 Sutter Street.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Render unto Caesar.

ASSOCIATION LITTÉRAIRE ET ARTISTIQUE INTERNATIONALE. FONDÉE EN 1878.  
Secrétaire perpétuel: JULES LERMINA, 19, boulevard Port-Royal.

PARIS, 22 JULY, 1892.

O Sir, I just receive the *Argonaut* of the 4th instant, containing a tale—The Phantom—which is—it is said—translated from the French of Jules Lermine.

I beg to inform you that I never wrote that novel neither in French nor in any other language; sometimes we complained for piracy of our works, but here it is quite different. I complain for a gift, and I wish to give back to X what belongs to him.

Please excuse my wrong English, etc., believe me  
Your devoted,  
JULES LERMINA.

[The translation came to us "from the French of Jules Lermine." "The same translator had made adaptations from other French writers, as well as from M. Lermine, and evidently got his MSS. mixed. We will endeavor to find out who M. X—is, and give him proper credit.—EDS.]

## European Letters.

31 WINTERFELDT STRASSE, IV.,  
BERLIN, GERMANY, July 20, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: As a constant and appreciative reader of your excellent journal (compared with which I can find nothing in Europe), pray let me say a word in praise of your European letters. I know, from personal experience, a good deal about European society of the better kind, and I assure you that your correspondents' letters show an intimate knowledge of big-class society that is refreshing after the vulgar, sensational rubbish with which the generality of the American press teems, from the pens of penny-a-liners. And now, while I am writing, may I respectfully inquire from your New York correspondent, "Van Gryse," what he means by "thorough-bred" when speaking of New York society girls? We have plenty of them (New York girls) here on the continent, but I must confess that I can discover nothing that fills my idea of the term. It takes several generations of refinement, quite irrespective of money, to make anything "thorough-bred"—that is to say, if the term has any real meaning.  
H. P. I. W.

## Coincidence or What?

SAN FRANCISCO, July 28, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: It is the proud boast of the leading New York magazines that such quantities of choice and original manuscripts are sent to them that it is often the case that years elapse before they can find space for accepted contributions. In the June number of the *Century Magazine* there is an original poem, by Orelia Key Bell, entitled "Love," which reads thus:

"Two spots in all the world there are for me:  
The one bright, radiant spot  
Where beams her face—  
The one broad, dreary space  
Where she is not.  
Two spots in all the world there are for me."

This is very like, but no improvement upon, the same idea, expressed in similar language, by Tom Moore in his "Loves of the Angels," written seventy years ago:

"Though gross the air on earth I drew,  
'Twas blessed while she breathed it too;  
Though dark the flowers, though dim the sky,  
Love lent them light while she was nigh.  
Throughout creation I but knew  
Two separate worlds, the one that small,  
Beloved and consecrated spot,  
Where Lea was, the other all  
The dull wide waste where she was not."

If the *Century* editor had kept his poem a few more years, it might have reached the literary world at an era when all the old-time readers of Tom Moore's poems might have been dead. W. E. B.

## Society Train-Robbers.

VISALIA, CAL., August 9, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Much indignation is felt by the best people of this town concerning a false report published in Sunday's *Examiner*. The article referred to, states that the recently captured train-robbler, George Sontag, during his residence here, repeatedly forced into decent society a person ostracized by those claiming that distinction, though this was only accomplished in the face of opposition and at the point of a pistol. Our quiet town has been discovered to be the home of desperate outlaws, but our society has never recognized, much less been ruled by them. Had they followed the course described by the *Examiner*, they might not have gone so long unsuspected of their true natures and crimes. This remarkable article further states that Chris Evans, the accomplice of this Sontag, was a "prominent" citizen in Visalia. This also is a mistake. He has lived here fifteen or twenty years, but while considered an inoffensive man, has never attained any degree of prominence.

It is to be regretted that an account of so tragic an

affair needed lengthening by false statements, which, while reflecting so greatly upon this much-belied community, could not interest the general public.

A RESIDENT OF VISALIA.

Wells, Fargo & Co. have been making some changes in the administration of their Banking and Express Departments. The two have now been consolidated into one, under the presidency of John J. Valentine, who for many years has ably filled the position of President of the Express Department. A new office has been created, that of Manager of the Banking Department, which will be filled by Homer S. King. Mr. King is thoroughly familiar with the business of Wells, Fargo & Co. For a number of years he was their head man in Virginia City, when Nevada was more thriving than she is now. Subsequently he was cashier of their bank in this city, which position he resigned to go into the stock business. For years his firm was at the head of the brokerage houses of the San Francisco Stock Exchange, and did the largest business. Some months ago Mr. King retired from business, intending to devote himself to travel and recreation. But to a man of his energetic temperament, inactivity is irksome. Hence he is again at a desk. He is thoroughly equipped for his new position, and from his knowledge of men and affairs on the coast will prove a conservative and successful manager.

The Duke of Edinburgh has a fleet of fifty silver ships, presented to him at different times by admiring cities and towns.

REFRESHING	DELICATE		IMPERISHABLE
	MURRAY & LANMAN'S		
	PURE SWEET LASTING	RICH RARE PUNGENT	
			
	<b>FLORIDA WATER</b> STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. <b>FRAGRANT</b>		

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## HAVE YOU SMOKED?

CARL UPMANN'S FAMOUS CIGARS,

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## SOCIETY.

## The Magee-Hush Weddings.

Fruit Vale was the scene, last Wednesday noon, of two interesting weddings, the contracting parties being two daughters of Hon. and Mrs. Valentine Goldsmith Hush, of Fruit Vale, and two sons of Mr. Thomas Magee, of this city. One couple was Miss Estelle Woods Hush and Mr. Thomas Magee, Jr., and the other couple was Miss Harriet Louise Hush and Mr. William A. Magee. The brides are both charming young ladies, and are beautiful and accomplished. They are especially talented musically, possessing exceptionally fine voices and an excellent knowledge of piano and violin music. Their instructors have been Mme. Camilla Urso and Sig. Errani, in New York city, and Mme. Julie Rosewald and Mr. Sigmund Beel, in this city, under whose tutelage they made rapid advancement. In the East they have a large circle of friends, and during the short time they have resided in California they have made many friends and admirers. They are descended from an old family of Scotch and English origin. Their genealogical tree dates back to the time of John Knox, the Scotch reformer, and has an almost continuous line of eminent divines and educators. Rev. James Findley, the first Presbyterian minister west of the Alleghenies, was their great-great-grandfather. Rev. Samuel Findley, fifth president of Princeton College, was their great-uncle. Samuel Findley Morse, the inventor, David Rittenhouse, the philosopher, and Rev. James Power and Rev. Samuel Woods, both prominent divines and educators, were among their ancestors. The grooms are young men occupying a high station in commercial and social circles here, and are greatly esteemed.

The wedding took place at precisely twelve o'clock noon, when, to the sweet strains of the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," the bridal party entered the spacious and beautifully decorated parlors. First were Mr. Walter Magee and Mr. Fred Magee, acting as best men for their two brothers, the grooms, then Miss Jean Mary Hush and Miss Florence Beal Hush, who were the maids of honor for their two sisters, the brides. Then came the grooms and the brides and their parents. They formed in a semi-circle beneath an exquisite arch, wrought of white sweet peas, smilax, and maiden-hair ferns, with a cluster of rose-bud bells over the heads of the happy couples. The marriage ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. McLain, of the Congregational Church, of Oakland, was simple but impressive, and the usual pledge of the marriage ring was interchanged from the grooms to the brides and from the brides to the grooms. The dresses worn by the brides and maids of honor were imported, and were models of beauty, elegance, and simplicity. They are described as follows:

Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., wore an elegant gown of cream-colored satin covered with beautifully embroidered crepe lisse. It was made with a demi-train and trimmed around the bottom with a puff of crepe chiffon, filled in with Cupid-winged knots of white satin. The round bodice was gracefully designed with a half-high corsage, long sleeves, and an artistic blending of lisse, chiffon, and satin.

Mrs. William A. Magee appeared in a strikingly handsome gown of lace-trimmed satin, made with a demi-train, which was bordered around the bottom with a full ruching of mousseline de soie, filled in with Cupid-winged bows—the latest fad in wedding gowns—of white satin. The graceful bodice was beautifully designed, cut half high at the neck, with long sleeves finished at the top with Cupid-winged bows. A ruching of mousseline de soie was at the neck, falling in graceful folds over the plaited bodice. Both gowns were extremely becoming and were fashioned to accord with the youthful beauty of the brides. The veil of Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., was neatly arranged and fastened to her soft, brown hair with a lovely diamond star, the gift of her husband. Mrs. William A. Magee's veil was adjusted in the same manner and fastened to her slightly waved, brown hair, with an exquisite diamond fleur-de-lis, the gift of her husband. The grooms also gave each bride an elegant marquise ring—one with a large emerald in the centre and diamonds clustering around, and the other with a fine ruby as the centre gem, also surrounded with diamonds. The brides carried Niphetos roses.

Miss Jean Mary Hush wore a pretty gown of Nile-green crepe de Chine, and Miss Florence Beal Hush appeared in a lovely gown of light pink crepe de Chine. They carried bouquets of La France roses.

After the ceremony, a delicious wedding-breakfast was served, the table being artistically laid and handsomely decorated with white and yellow ribbons and marguerites of the same colors, which were the class colors of the brides while at school in New York. Only a few relatives and intimate friends were present, owing to the recent death of the

grooms' mother. In the evening the two happy couples left for the East en route to Europe, where they will travel extensively. When they return they will reside in this city, and will occupy homes that were presented to them by the father of the grooms. They were especially well favored in the way of wedding-gifts from friends here and in the East, the array including cases of silverware, elegant china, paintings, etchings, and other articles of value.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean gave a delightful dinner-party last Monday evening at the Palace Hotel and entertained Mrs. W. P. Morgan, Miss Ella Morgan, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, and Mr. Walter L. Dean. Afterward they went to the theatre and witnessed "Alabama."

A party, comprising Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter, Miss Leiter, Miss A. Leiter, Miss Daisy Leiter, Mr. Clarence Winthrop, of Chicago, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. Charles Baldwin, and Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, of this city, left Monterey last Tuesday for San José. On Wednesday they visited the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton and, en route, stopped at Mr. Grant's ranch near San José, where he entertained the party most hospitably. They returned to Monterey on Friday.

The wedding of Miss Jennie S. Marshall, daughter of the late S. A. Marshall, formerly president of the American Bank and Trust Company, of this city, and Mr. Philip S. Bates, receiving teller of Lodd & Tilton's Bank, of Portland, Or., will take place on Monday, August 22d, in St. Luke's Church. The affair will be very quietly celebrated.

The amateur play at Monterey has fallen through, owing to the sudden departure of an English gentleman who was chiefly concerned in it.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Bertie V. Bostwick, daughter of Lieutenant and Mrs. F. M. Bostwick, U. S. N., to Mr. Robert F. Carney, U. S. N. Lieutenant J. J. Knapp, U. S. N., arrived from the East last Sunday. He has been ordered to duty on the *Baltimore*.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., and family are residing temporarily at the Palace Hotel.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, U. S. A., are enjoying a visit to Monterey.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Richardson Clover, U. S. N., are residing in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant-Commander W. L. Field, U. S. N., and Chief Engineer Wilson, U. S. N., gave an enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening on the *Charleston*, having as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. A. Chesebrough, and Mr. R. H. Pease, Jr.

Lieutenant-Commander W. W. Goodwin, U. S. N., will sail next Tuesday for China, where he will relieve Lieutenant-Commander J. J. Hunter, U. S. N., as executive officer of the United States flag ship *Marion*.

Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., has returned from a three months' visit to the East, and has been ordered to duty as a member of the board of inspection and survey in this city.

Lieutenant R. A. Brown, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is at the Fremont House, Asbury Park, N. J.

Lieutenant D. D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Colden L. H. Ruggles, Third Artillery, U. S. A., son of Lieutenant-Colonel George D. Ruggles, U. S. A., of the Adjutant-General's Department, on duty at Governor's Island, N. Y., to Miss May Milder, daughter of Major Marcus P. Milder, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., now at Fortress Monroe.

## An Ode to Pommyery Sec.

With cautious hand I coax thy cork,  
That long o'er thee hath been protector;  
And as it comes to touch of fork,  
Thou bubblest forth, divinest nectar.

Among contemporary peers—  
Most insignificant survivors—  
Those veterans of the early years,  
Are none whom thou dost reckon rivals.

And when to our expectant lips  
Thy flavor comes, thou dost dedicate;  
Thy anthems are our votive sighs—  
Thy obsequies are celebrated.

Take at our hands this votive psalm,  
There's nothing finer than we know  
In dubbing thee, our "Grand Old Cham,"  
Divinest wine, O Pommyery Grendo!

—London World.

A methodical man died in Berlin, a few days ago, aged seventy-three. At the age of eighteen he began keeping a record, which he continued for fifty-two years, and then closed, with the words: *Omnia tentavi, multa perpexi, nihil perfecti*. This book showed that in fifty-two years he had smoked 628,715 cigars, of which he had received 43,692 as presents, while for the remaining 585,021 he had paid about \$10,433. During the same period he had had 85 pairs of trousers made, 74 coats and waistcoats, and 62 pairs of boots. He wore out 298 shirts and "fronts" and 326 collars. In car-fares he spent not far from \$428. In fifteen years, according to his bookkeeping, he had drunk 28,786 glasses of Bavarian beer, of which, however, 21,261 were only small ones. For this beer, and 35,081 glasses of cognac and spirits, he spent \$5,350. He gave tips amounting to \$1,305.

A woman walking in St. John's Wood, London, saw on the walk a small snake wearing around its neck a ring studded with gems, to which was fastened a slender gold chain that had another jeweled ring at its end. She was startled at first, but she afterward recognized the bediamonded reptile as Sarah Bernhardt's favorite stage snake, and restored it to the tragedienne.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Richard King owns one of the largest ranches in the world. It lies about forty-five miles south of Corpus Christi, Tex., and contains about seven hundred thousand acres.

The *Leavenworth Standard*, a daily newspaper of considerable influence in Kansas politics, is edited and published by Mrs. Sarah Blair Lynch, a handsome widow of thirty.

Mrs. Frick, the wife of the Carnegie manager at Homestead, is the daughter of a Massachusetts man. Her father was Asa P. Childs, who, between 1828 and 1838, was engaged in the wholesale shoe business in Pittsburgh.

Queen Liliuokalani has an income, as Queen of Hawaii, of twenty thousand dollars, and a revenue from the crown lands of two hundred thousand dollars more. Her standing army consists of sixty-four men, three of whom are generals.

The Empress of Austria, who spent the early part of the present month at Carlsbad, is said to be greatly improved in health. She has suffered from nervousness for some time, and dislikes crowds and the curiosity of the masses. Nothing pleases her more than to be allowed to come and go as she chooses, without being subjected to the honors and receptions ordinarily forced upon royalty.

Few writers of magazine literature have been longer or more favorably known to the reading public than Rose Terry Cooke, who died at Pittsfield, Mass., on the eighteenth of the present month. A brief resumé of her career is as follows:

Mrs. Cooke was born at West Hartford, Conn., in 1827, and graduated from the Hartford Female Seminary in 1843. She began writing for the press while still in her teens. She was married in 1873 to Rolin H. Cooke, a banker of Winsted, Conn.

The beautiful ex-Queen Natalie, of Serbia, has another grievance against the people over whom she once ruled. Her book, "The Mother," recently published in Europe, has been suppressed in Belgrade, so that the booksellers dare not import copies of the work. The book, as is partly indicated by its title, gives an account of the queen's unhappy life, and her attempts to retain control of her boy, the young king of the country.

Mme. Carnot, wife of the President of France, is the antithesis in physical and mental attractiveness of the preceding mistress of the Elysée, Mme. Grévy, for, whereas the latter was a plain and practical old lady, devoid of the graces which the French demand of women in official station, Mme. Carnot is as charming as she is clever. She is also one of the best-dressed women in Paris, and though she is deaf and wears eye-glasses she fascinates.

Another heiress is gone in the person of Miss Elizabeth B. Garrett, who was recently married to Dr. Edward H. White, a well-known physician in Baltimore. She is the daughter of the late John W. Garrett, the enormously wealthy Baltimore railroad king, and inherited a large fortune from him, which has been increased by a large inheritance from the estate of her brother, Robert H. Garrett, whose insanity was the sensation of the day some years ago.

The daughter of a Mormon bishop has eloped with a pugilist, Herbert Slade, known as "the Maori." She is the only child of Bishop John Sneazly, autocrat of Movia, a town about one hundred miles from Salt Lake. Being pretty, as well as an heiress, she was a great belle. But she fell in love with the "slugger," and though she was kept under lock and key when her infatuation became known, they managed to escape paternal vigilance and fled twenty miles to a justice of the peace, who made them one.

Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott has gone abroad with her mother, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, and also her niece, the eldest daughter of Mrs. Laura B. Richards. The entire party will pass some weeks in London and Paris, and will then go to the Tyrol Mountains, where they will be joined by Mrs. Terry, sister of Mrs. Howe. Mrs. Terry is the mother of Marion Crawford, the famous novelist, and since her marriage to the artist, Terry, has lived in Rome, where they have a beautiful home and are among the most popular of the foreign residents.

A dispatch from Washington stating that the wife of Senator Hale had been invited to baptize, with a bottle of champagne, the war-vessel known as the *Ammerman*, was a surprise to the officers at the navy-yard. Said one of the officers:

"It is an ancient tradition that no married woman may baptize a new vessel. Such an innovation could not be tolerated, inasmuch as a superstition would follow the vessel that might make it difficult, if not impossible, to get a crew. It is likely that, as in the case of the cruiser *Baltimore* four years ago, so many protests—not against Mrs. Hale, but against the departure from the time-honored custom of having a young maiden perform the act of baptism—will be sent to the Navy Department that some one else than a married woman may be selected. When the day had been set for the *Baltimore* to be launched, it was announced that Mrs. Wilson, the wife of Naval-Constructor T. D. Wilson, would break the bottle of champagne over the *Baltimore's* bow and give her her name. As Commodore and Mrs. Wilson were about to start for Philadelphia for the launch, they were notified that the launch had been postponed. Before another twenty-four hours had passed it was reported all over Washington that the postponement was due to the objection made by naval officers against the vessel being baptized by a married woman. Secretary Whitney was amazed at the action of the officers, but the launch was postponed for a week; and when the cruiser slid down the ways, on October 6, 1885, she was baptized by a comely young maiden."

## BAD COMPLEXIONS

Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful finger ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



## CUTICURA SOAP

Most effective skin-purifying and beautifying soap in the world, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps. The only medicated Toilet soap, and the only preventive and cure of facial blemishes, because the only preventive of inflammation and clogging of the pores, the cause of minor affections of the skin, scalp, and hair. Sale greater than the combined sales of all other skin and complexion soaps. Sold throughout the world. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., BOSTON. 427 "All about the Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

## HOW MY BACK ACHES!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strain, and Pains relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the only pain-killing strengthening plaster.



Has one specialty and pride, and that is the Table. It is supplied from the best market affords in San Francisco. Our Butter, Eggs, Cream, and Vegetables come from the Marin County dairies and farms in the vicinity. The train and boat service from San Francisco is superb—ten trains daily—making it very convenient for gentlemen to be able to pass the evening with their families or friends, and derive the benefits of country air and still be able to attend to business daily in the city. "Commuters" \$5 per month; Ladies and Children, \$3.

Telephone 38. Telegraph or write, or better still, call and see us any day, and satisfy yourself beyond question. Take Sausalito Ferry and Cars to Larkspur. Round-trip, 50 cents. Respectfully, Hepburn & Terry.



## HOME COMFORTS ARE

Not enough. Every lady wants to feel comfortable in society, but she can not with her face disfigured by wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, moth-patches, etc. Lela Molex Cream, the Skin Food, restores the complexion to youth. Price, 75 cts. per pot—pot lasts 3 months. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary St., S. F., Cal. Sold by all Druggists.

## TO OWNERS

—OF—

## CARRIAGE HORSES

The Souther Farm has every facility for taking good care of carriage or road animals that may need a rest from city pavements. Rates reasonable, and the best of care and attention given. Send for particulars and references.

GILBERT TOMPKINS,  
Souther Farm, San Leandro, Cal.

## DETERMINED

To sell the remainder of our Spring and Summer Stock of

Men's, Boys',

and Children's

## CLOTHING

—AND—

## FURNISHING GOODS

You are invited to call, it will be a saving of dollars for you.

THE OLD, RELIABLE HOUSE OF

## ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37 Kearny St.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



## THE PIRATE SUIT.

SCENE.—*The Midget Emporium—"Clothing for Children of all Ages and Sizes."*

[Enter, much flurried, and bearing numerous flimsy bundles and paper-bags, THE DARLING, THE DARLING'S MOTHER, THE DARLING'S AUNT, THE DARLING'S NURSE-GIRL, and THE DARLING'S FATHER.]

THE DARLING'S FATHER—Now, for gracious sake, Maria, get this thing done in a hurry! We ain't got more'n an hour to catch the train, and if I ain't back in Ansonia to-night, there'll be trouble at the shop. Hustle it through!

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Now, Eben, don't you be so impetuous! I'll be through in time, if you only don't get me so flurried. [To the POLITE CLERK.] Children's suits, please.

POLITE CLERK—Cert'nly, ma'am. Something a little fancy, I suppose. Got some lovely new styles this season. How does this strike you—the Prince George?

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Oh, I d'know! Sailor-suits ain't so stylish as they used to be.

THE DARLING'S AUNT—They're awfle common.

THE DARLING'S NURSE-GIRL—Oh, Mis' Hotch-kin! See what Stanley's doin'.

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Stanley, stop drumming on that glass case. [To POLITE CLERK.] Do you think he's too old for kilt-skirts?

POLITE CLERK—Not at all. Now, here's something real stylish this season—the Constantinople. Worn with a red fez.

THE DARLING'S NURSE-GIRL—Oh, my, ain't that reel el'gant!

THE DARLING'S FATHER—Why don't you put the boy into long pants? I was in long pants long 'fore I was his age.

THE DARLING'S MOTHER [indignantly]—Long pants! Now, Eben! I s'pose you'll be wanting me to cut his hair next.

POLITE CLERK—If you want knee pants, here's the Cornwallis—bargain, this season—only \$5.99, marked down from \$7.48.

THE DARLING'S FATHER—Ain't you got a George Washington?—I druther have a George Washington, even if I had to pay three or four cents more.

THE DARLING'S AUNT—English things are more tony, Eben.

THE DARLING'S FATHER—They wa'n't when George was round. Say, Maria, I guess I'll go out and look down street a little. You hurry this thing up.

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—My lands, Eben, you had a sasprilla this mornin'.

THE DARLING'S FATHER [winking at CLERK]—Dreffle thirsty town this is. [Exit.]

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—My sakes, I think men are awfle! [To POLITE CLERK.] I kinder like that one there.

POLITE CLERK—We're making a lead of that this season—the Pirate King—\$6.38. Would you like to have him try it on?

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Yes, please. Stanley, dear, go with this gentleman—

THE DARLING [shrilling]—I d'n'wanter!

THE DARLING'S MOTHER, THE DARLING'S AUNT, and THE DARLING'S NURSE-GIRL [in chorus]—Oh, do, dear! Mamma's boy, do! There's a love! Aunt'll give you a stick of candy! Stanley, go to please Hitty! Momma'll tell poppa! Please go with the nice gentleman, Stanley!—and so on for five minutes. [THE DARLING finally retires with his NURSE-GIRL, and shortly reappears, clad as the "Pirate King."]

CHORUS OF FEMININE VOICES—Oh, ain't he sweet!

THE DARLING'S FATHER [reentering with a clove in his lips]—Say, ain't you got those clo'es yet? Land o' Goshen! you ain't goin' to put a thing like that on him, are you?

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Eben, you never will know what's stylish.

THE DARLING'S FATHER—Well, if it's stylish to look like an organ-grinder's monkey, he's Ward McAllister. Well, are you ready. I wouldn't miss that train for a farm.

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Eben, you do fluster me so! There's lots of time. [To POLITE CLERK.] I'd like that first rate if you had a shade hat to go with it. The sun does hurt his eyes so.

POLITE CLERK—Certainly, ma'am. Only the pirate cap is all the style this season.

THE DARLING'S FATHER [winking at CLERK]—I like that New York sasprilla of yours first class. Guess I'll get another. Now, Maria, you be ready by the time I'm back again. [Exit.]

THE DARLING'S MOTHER—Eben, you'll make yourself sick. [To POLITE CLERK.] Try the one with the plush top.

THE DARLING'S AUNT—That's awfle el'gant!

THE DARLING'S NURSE-GIRL—Reel cute!

POLITE CLERK—\$7.24 with that hat. That's a new pattern this season.

THE DARLING'S MOTHER [after a long and anxious inspection]—Well, I guess it'll do; \$7.24 you say? That's more'n I'd meant—[extracts money from a small purse]. Well—that's right, ain't it! I do have to have to count change. Now, Stanley, go with the gentleman and let him take your new suit off, and poppa'll carry it home for you.

THE DARLING—I d'n'wanter! I want wear my new clo'es!

CHORUS OF FEMININE VOICES—Oh, Stanley, do take them off! Please, Stanley. There's a love! Momma's darling!

[Ten minutes of this. THE DARLING weeps and fights. Is finally prevailed upon to let his trousers be removed.]

[Reënter DARLING'S FATHER, in haste, with a red face.]

DARLING'S FATHER—Say, there ain't one second to spare. We've just got to put in our best licks! We'll miss that train, sure! Oh, dern it all. Hurry up there, Maria! [Clock strikes three.] O Great Scott! [Catches DARLING up, tucks him under his arm, and rushes madly for the door.]

THE DARLING'S MOTHER [wildly]—Eben! Eben! He ain't got his pants on!

[Exit, bearing the Pirate pants, followed by the rest of the family, bearing the paper bundles and shrieking in agony.]

—H. C. Bunner in Puck.

## INTAGLIOS.

## Half-Way in Love.

I think my love like this is—  
It buds between two sighs,  
It flowers between two kisses,  
But when 'tis gathered—dies.

I love Matilda Mary—  
Clear eyes and tresses brown—  
But Jane's the winsome fairy  
Who laughs my passion down.

If I were sure of neither,  
How wretched I should be!  
Were I beloved of either,  
I'd love who loves not me.  
—Isa C. Cabell.

## The Enchantment!

I did hut look and love a while,  
'Twas but for one half-hour;  
Then to resist I had no will,  
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;  
Sighs, which do heat impart  
Enough to melt the coldest ice,  
Yet can not warm your heart.

Oh, would your pity give my heart  
One corner of your breast,  
'Twould learn of you the winning art,  
And quickly steal the rest.  
—Thomas Otway.

## "Let the Dream Go."

I was so fain to love, dear!  
Let the dream go.  
The brightest vision dies of dawn,  
The rose, of snow;  
And blossoms all dry, from the tree  
When June winds blow.

I was so fain to live, dear!  
Let the dream go.  
Who heeds the faded blooms of May  
That fall below?  
And though Spring's self should weep for them,  
They would not know.  
—Anne Reeve Aldrich in August Century.

## Barter.

"Give me the gold from off thy hair,  
The rose upon thy cheeks that lies,  
Thy singing voice that everywhere  
Makes laughter in the trembling air,  
The young joy in thine eyes."

"What wilt thou give to me, oh, say,  
Thou gray old man with restless wings,  
For love's entrancing morn of May,  
For dawn and freshness of the day,  
And life that leaps and sings?"

"Lo! I will make thy footsteps slow  
Across the flowers that bend and wave;  
And for thy gold will give thee snow,  
And silence for thy laughter low,  
Darkness, a grass-grown grave."  
—Julie K. Wetherill.

## King's Prisoners.

Love in his net has taken us and bound us,  
Hath pinioned hands and feet right fast within;  
Our master's mesh of gold goes round and round us  
Cunningly wrought, and fairy fine and thin,  
To hold us in.

O Love Divine, O larger Love, come take us,  
Weave thy sweet net outside our house of love;  
Prisoners of Love, O Love Divine, come make us,  
Caught in thy snares, and seeking not to rove  
Outside thy Love.  
—Katharine Tynan.

## Narcotic Sleep.

The dim Narcissus flickers in his dreams,  
And fulsome lilies cast a veined shade  
Across his lids; a murmurous magic braid  
Of lights and sounds and yellow purple gleams  
Of pansies rains about him; and methemses  
The rich-lipped poppies have him all the while,  
A Hermes-wand doth touch his lips to smile,  
And angle in his soul's sweet-water streams.

His brow a sleep-fraught seashore where a sea  
Of dreams breaks, lullaby on a land of smiles,  
The violet candelabra of wan Dis  
Lilac illumine all the magic isles  
Of slumber in him; and in troops they flee—  
The shadowless dreams—and as they flee, they kiss.  
—The Critic.

## An Interlude.

Sighing, she spoke, and, leaning, clasped her knees:  
"Well hast thou sung of living men and dead,  
Of fair deeds done and far lands visited,  
Sing now of things more marvelous than these:  
Of fruits ungathered upon wondrous trees,  
Of songs unsung, of gracious words unsaid,  
Of that dim shore where no man's foot may tread,  
Of strangest skies, and unbelov'd seas!"

"Full many a golden web our longings spin,  
And days are fair, and sleep is oversweet;  
But passing sweet these moments rare and fleet,  
When red spring sunlight, tremulous and thin,  
Makes quick the pulses with tumultuous heat  
For meadows never won or wandered in."  
—R. Armytage.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate

MAKES DELICIOUS LEMONADE.

A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and sweetened to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.

## A LITTLE BUSINESS LETTER.

25 PARK STREET, AVONDALE, MASS.

Dear Sirs: Please send me a fifteen-cent box of hair-pins, with bill. I am staying here at a friend's, and want them in time for a party. Yours truly,  
ROSE EVELETH.

17 COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

July 1, 1892.

MISS ROSE EVELETH,

25 Park Street, Avondale, Mass.—

Dear Madam: We have your favor without date, ordering a box of hair-pins, with bill. We do not like to make a charge for so small an amount, and will ask you to send us fifteen cents in postage stamps, on receipt of which we will at once fill your order. Yours truly,  
NEEDLEMAN & CO.

PUTNAM, CONN., July 5th.

Dear Sirs: I send you fifteen cents, and remain, Yours very truly,  
ROSE EVELETH.

17 COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

July 6, 1892.

MISS ROSE EVELETH, Putnam, Conn.—

Dear Madam: We have your favor of the fifth, inclosing fifteen cents, for which accept our thanks. Yours very truly,  
NEEDLEMAN & CO.  
Per A. S. W. [Cashier.]

PUTNAM, CONN., July 15th.

Sirs: Nearly three weeks ago I sent you fifteen cents for a box of hair-pins, and have not yet received them. You got my money, and that is all you care about. I think you are just as mean as you can be!  
ROSE EVELETH.

17 COURT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.,

July 17, 1892.

MISS ROSE EVELETH, Putnam, Conn.—

Dear Madam: We have your favor of the fifteenth, and regret that you have been annoyed by a failure to fill your order. We find on investigation that in your first letter you asked us to fill a fifteen-cent order "with bill," without giving us your permanent address, since you were visiting a friend; nor did it occur to you that, since you were a stranger to us, it would have been proper to mention the name of some other firm in Boston with whom you were in the habit of dealing, from whom we might obtain your address or other information in case the indebtedness should subsequently escape your mind. We therefore asked for a remittance before filling the order.

In your second letter you made no reference to your previous order, and our mail reader naturally thought that the remittance was sent us as payment for some previous charge, as he dimly remembered, from its peculiarity, that he had seen a former letter from you among the thousands received daily. He therefore entered its inclosure upon the cash ticket under the heading, "Money to be passed to the credit of the sender," and it was duly entered upon the ledger in your name, the fact that it came from another State than the original letter having something to do with the mistake. The cashier then sent you a receipt.

After some hours of search among our letter files, we have brought the original letter to light, the filer-clerk having made an error in interpreting its signature, as it seems to have been written somewhat hastily, and we mail you the hairpins to-night.

Trusting that you will pardon us for the delay, we remain, Yours very truly,  
NEEDLEMAN & CO.  
—Youth's Companion.

Do not endanger your health by using quinine, when malarial fevers can be more effectively treated with Ayer's Ague Cure. Warranted.

Perdido—"Are you going to accept him, Pen?"

Penelope—"I really don't know, dear. Bradstreet reports very favorably on him, but the detectives have not completed their investigations yet."—Life.

## False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1847 Polk Street, near Jackson.

**HARTSHORN'S** SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS  
Beware of Imitations.  
NOTICE  
AUTOGRAPH OF  
OF  
HARTSHORN  
THE GENUINE

Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies  
—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the  
preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S**  
**Breakfast Cocoa**



which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more eco-  
nomical, costing less than one cent a cup.  
It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
**W. BAKER & CO.,** Dorchester, Mass.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16,600 FR

**QUINA.**  
**AROCHÉ'S**

**INVIGORATING TONIC,**

CONTAINING  
**PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,**

AND A  
**RICH CATALAN WINE,**

used with entire success by the Hospitals of  
Paris for **INDIGESTION, RETARDED  
CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA,  
SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &C.**

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the  
most powerful weapons known in the art of  
curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and  
forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark  
affords life to the organs, and activity to  
their functions. **Paris: 22 rue Drouot.**

**E. FOUGERA & CO.,** Agents for U. S.,  
30 North William St., N. Y.

I heard a "missionary" (that is a travel-  
ing man) once say that he would not go on  
the road for a firm that didn't advertise,  
for it took too much valuable time to ex-  
plain to every supposed buyer who he was,  
where he came from, and what the merits  
of his goods were. He said, moreover,  
that if the buyer had all this information  
beforehand he generally received him cordi-  
ally, was glad to see him and had been  
looking for him for some time.—Ex.

**HIGHLAND**  
**Evaporated**  
**Cream**  
A TABLE LUXURY,  
A CULINARY ARTICLE,  
AN INFANT'S FOOD.

Unsweetened and free from all preservatives.  
Keeps for any length of time in all climates.  
Its Uniform Quality, Convenience and Economy  
render **HIGHLAND EVAPORATED CREAM**  
preferable to all other forms of cream or milk for  
Coffee, Tea, Chocolate, Ice Cream, Charlotte Russe  
Custards and all uses to which ordinary cream or  
milk may be put.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere  
Write for our Infant Food circular and  
Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled  
"A FEW DAINTY DISHES."

**HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.,**  
Sole Purveyors, Highl'd, Ill.

THREE POINTS  
**Pozzoni's**  
**COMPLEXION**  
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.  
THREE White, 11  
Flesh, 12  
Brunette, 13  
**POZZONI'S** All Druggists  
Fancy Stores. TINTS



## STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At Colmar, a lawyer bequeathed the sum of one hundred thousand francs to the mad-house in that locality. "I earned this money," said he in his will, "from those who spend their life-time in lawsuits. This legacy is only a restitution."

A lawyer sent a very heavy bill to a woman whom he wished to marry. As she made some severe remark on the matter, the lawyer replied: "I wished to show you how lucrative is the profession of a barrister. You can now see for yourself in what a profitable business I am engaged."

A widow lady once married the tenth brother of her dead husband. One day a friend, who had not known the defunct party, saw his portrait in the drawing-room and asked the lady if it represented a relative of the family. "Yes," replied the bride, with a demure look, "it is the likeness of my poor brother-in-law."

A report of a French duel has the following interesting conclusion: "M. Melache having fired his shot, it was now the turn of M. Boboche to discharge his weapon. He waited calmly for a moment, brought up his pistol, awaited the word—and fired in the air. This was not, however, so great an act of magnanimity as might be supposed, for his antagonist had climbed a tree."

This from one of our San Francisco telephone girls: "I don't think that I am any more vain than other girls, but I am good-looking and know it, and take a good deal of pride in my beauty. One day I was called to the telephone, and being angry over something that had happened in the office, I snapped back at the party at the other end of the wire: 'Well, what is it?' in a very short manner. He replied with a low-drawn whistle: 'Whe-e-e-w, but you must be good-looking.' I can remember yet how my face burned."

A tramp stood on the platform of the Santa Fé Station at San Bernardino (says the Pasadena Star). A passenger train was all ready to leave. He gazed about the place sorrowfully, selected a soft-looking brake-beam and, swinging himself into a comfortable position on it, prepared for the first stage of his journey. "All aboard," sang out the conductor, and off went the train. After several hours' ride the train entered quite a large town and slowed up as it approached the depot. "San Bernardino," called out the conductor. "—," said the tramp as he climbed up from under the car and stood on the platform from which he had started a few hours before. He had taken a belt-line Santa Fé train over the kite-shaped track.

Judge B—n, of the law department of one of our railroad corporations, believes that a faulty hand is an attribute of genius, and those who have business with him have been put to a great deal of annoyance in the reading of his writings. One day, expecting a call from a client at his chambers in San Francisco, and being unexpectedly called away, he hastily wrote a note and left it on his desk for him. The client called, picked up the note, and, after many efforts, gave up all attempts at reading it. So, under the judge's hasty scrawl, he wrote: four or five unintelligible lines, and then in a clear hand: "This is in answer to yours of the fifteenth." It is needless to say that the judge was much wrought up, but was well paid in his own coin.

When Edmund Burke was preparing the indictment against Warren Hastings, he was told that a person who had long resided in India, but was now an inmate of Bedlam, could probably give him some useful information. He went to Bedlam, accordingly, and the maniac gave him, in a long, rational, and well-conducted conversation, the results of long and various experience of Indian affairs. On leaving the cell, Burke told the keeper in attendance that the poor man was as much in his senses as he. The keeper answered: "Sir, please step back to the poor gentleman's cell and ask him what he had for breakfast." Burke could not refuse. "Pray, sir," said he, "tell me what you had for breakfast." The man at once put on the wild stare of a maniac, and shouted, "Hohnalls, sir! It is shameful to think how they treat us. They give us nothing but hoh-

nalls!" and proceeded with a "descant wild" about the horrors of the cookery of Bethlehem Hospital. At the first pause Burke was glad to escape.

In 1852, Taglioni was at dinner at the Comte de Morny's. Just as they were sitting down to table, her former husband, Comte Gilbert de Voisins, came in and took the seat which was reserved for him. He was evidently not aware of the presence of his wife, for after a few minutes he asked his neighbor, pointing to her, "Who is this governess-looking old maid?" His neighbor told him it was Taglioni. He showed neither surprise nor emotion, but seemed to be consulting his recollection; then he said: "Is it? It may be, after all," and went on eating his dinner. His wife acted less diplomatically. She recognized him at once, and made a remark to her host in a sufficiently loud voice to be overheard. Nevertheless, Comte Gilbert, whether from devilry or from a wish to be polite, went up to her after dinner with a friend, who introduced him as formally as if he and she had never seen one another. Taglioni made a stately bow. "I am under the impression," she said, "that I have had the honor of meeting you before, about the year 1832." With this she turned away.

A favorite general officer of one of Gould's Western railroads was called to New York (says the World), a few years ago, and jumped on by the "Little Wizard" as follows: "They tell me you are broke and don't pay your debts. What is the matter?" The officer sputtered and stammered. "It costs me a great deal to live," he replied; "my family is large, rents are big, and doctor's bills have been considerable, but things are not so bad as you seem to think." "I'll see," said Gould, handing out a check for one thousand dollars; "take this over to Connor and tell him to put it in the market as he sees fit. Come back here when he tells you to." The man obeyed. It was an exciting day in Wabash, and he returned to Gould with six thousand dollars. "So you've been speculating!" exclaimed Gould; "don't do it again. That's what ails you fellows, who don't know what you are about. You'd better go home now." The unfortunate speculator bade Gould good-bye, with profuse thanks, and started. "Haven't you forgotten something?" called Gould. "I don't know." "Where's that thousand dollars I lent you this morning? It seems to be true that you don't pay your debts. Remember, my boy, the essential thing in business is to keep up your credit." Well, it is a pretty good story, anyway.

## Remember.

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SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN  
VIA  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, August 7, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.  
Extra trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:25, 3:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.  
From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fair, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—3:37, 5:15, 6:00, 7:02 P. M.  
Fair, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:50, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:30, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fair, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	8:45 A. M. Week Days
5:00 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes,	8:15 P. M. Sundays
	and Way Stations.	

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Tomes,	8:45 A. M. Mondays
5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Howard,	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Duncan Mills,	8:15 P. M. Mondays
	Cazadero,	
	and Way Stations.	

## EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.  
Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomes, \$2.00; Howard, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, and Point Reyes \$1.00; Tomes, \$1.50; Howard, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

## STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) on arrival of 7:30 A. M. train from San Francisco for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.  
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Aug. 15th, SS. San Blas; Aug. 25th, SS. City of Sydney; Sept. 5th, SS. San José.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Fort Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 18th, SS. Acapulco.  
When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.  
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking.....Saturday, September 17, at 3 P. M.  
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.  
Peru.....Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Belgie.....Tuesday, July 26  
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, August 16  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M. Aug. 27, 17, 22, Sept. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 27, 12, 17, 22, 27, Sept. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26.

For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 3 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month.

Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.  
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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at  
SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 25, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 8:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	* 10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Stockton and Livermore.	
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
* 7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
* 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:46 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 9:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:25 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:30 P. M.	and Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Ligon Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Picta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Calito, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

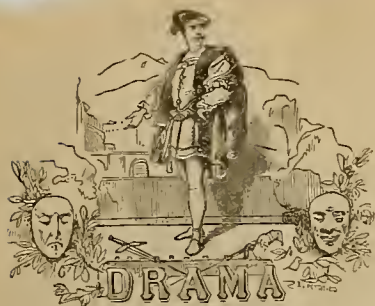
H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

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Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR





The recent production of Mrs. W. B. Bancroft's play, "Woman's Eyes," at a local theatre attracts fresh attention to the fertility of California as a breeding-ground for dramatists. With the possible exception of New York, there is, perhaps, no State in the Union which in the past twenty-five or thirty years has produced so many plays—we were going to say, so many fine plays. California playwrights constitute a battalion; it is difficult to make a roster of them which shall not omit some names which should find a place on it. Leave out Bret Harte, and our list of good fiction-writers will be short; we can not boast of over two or three fair writers of verse; but of playwrights we have a legion.

Many ladies have enrolled their names on the register of Thespians. Mrs. Pacheco will always be remembered by "Incog," and her new play, "Money," is highly extolled by those who have seen the MS. Her new play is to be preceded by a *lever de rideau* by Mrs. Verdenal, wife of the well-known mining-stock operator, who is now New York correspondent of a local paper; those who remember Mrs. Verdenal's sprightliness would not be surprised if her play proved a hit. Some years ago, Mrs. Dr. Bruner produced a piece called "The Mad World" at the Baldwin; it ran several nights. And Mrs. Alice Kingsbury Cooley, who was formerly a favorite soubrette, has written some bright little dramatic trifles. Five of the leading male playwrights of the day may be credited to California. These are Joaquin Miller, Mark Twain, Archibald Claverling Gunter, Clay M. Greene, and David Belasco. All five occupy a position in dramatic literature, which is acknowledged at the East. If Mr. Miller wrote the play called "The Danites"—which, we believe, he persistently denies, without convincing his hearers, although he certainly wrote the book—he must probably stand at the head of the list. Mark Twain would come next, though his chief piece, "The Gilded Age," was the joint work of himself and Gilbert Densmore, the former having written the novel, and the latter the play. Mr. Clemens got the money reward, which was large, and he will probably not grudge his collaborator his share of the literary glory. The chief merit of the piece was the opportunity which it gave John T. Raymond for a fine piece of character-acting as Colonel Sellers. It might be worth while to revive it, just to see whether it possesses the true elements of vitality.

Mr. Clay M. Greene's reputation is based rather upon his "M'iss," "Struck Oil," "Chispa," and pieces of that class—which had, in their day, a large and deserved success—than upon his more recent works. "The Golden Giant" made quite a hit; and Mr. Greene's facility and reputation are such that he can always sit down and write a play which is sure of acceptance, and sure of, when it is produced, at least a fair run. Another playwright, Mr. Archibald Claverling Gunter, is the author of many pieces; but the only ones which have achieved an unequalled success are the dramatization of his novels, "Mr. Barnes of New York" and "Mr. Potter of Texas." Mr. Gunter has by no means written himself out; he ought to produce something better than he has done before he retires to enjoy his fortune. Finally, David Belasco—whom old theatre-goers may remember as prompter at one or two theatres on this side of the mountains—has written, in collaboration with Mr. de Mille, some five or six plays which have been successful. Mr. Belasco, we believe, does not claim to be a writer; but he is a first-rate judge of dramatic effects and the business of the stage, and a theatrical constructor of no mean ability.

There are in this city quite a number of people who have written one good play, or several plays of merit, but which have failed to hold the stage. There is a tradition that a play called "Solid Silver," written by W. H. L. Barnes, was exceedingly bright. Why does not some manager revive it as a prehistoric reminiscence? Mr. George H. Jessop produced three or four farces, or librettos, for comic operas, which showed considerable wit and sparkle. Of Mr. Gilbert Densmore something has been said; his last piece was a dramatization of a novel by the author of "She." Daniel O'Connell wrote the words of "Bluff King Hal," which has been justly admired, and was one of the authors of an Irish play called "Na Modheroo." Peter Robertson, who has now a comic opera, called "His Majesty," on the stocks, has written a number of plays which are under consideration by managers. Mr. Howard P. Taylor, who is well remembered here, wrote an adaptation of "Fanchon" that made quite a hit. And Mr. Ben Teale, in "Niobe"—which is now

running in the East—made one of the great financial hits of last year's season.

There are almost as many California playwrights *in posse* as there are school-girls with a tendency to lyrical eruption. And this is the more curious as California can not be termed a land of letters, as the sales of the bookstores prove; and as of all forms of literary composition, play-writing is the most difficult and the most ungrateful. To write a good play requires the highest literary genius. It is the supreme effort of a creative mind, trained to a knowledge of character, and to the accurate delineation of passion. It exacts wit, pathos, sentiment, and an intuitive acquaintance with what will captivate the audience of the hour. The poet, the essayist, the historian, the novelist, the biographer, can bide his time; if his work is not successful to-day it may be luckier to-morrow; but the playwright must conquer in two hours, or be damned forever. Perhaps that is why so few of the great masters of romance ever succeeded on the stage. Who can name a successful play by Dickens, or Thackeray, or Collins, or Reade, or George Eliot? Bulwer stands out alone. But Bulwer's title to be a great master of romance would be questioned by many.

The rule does not apply so inexorably in France. Both the Dumas, Victor Hugo, the Goncourts, and others who might be named, were equally famous as novel-writers and playwrights. But the great dramatic authors of France, in the present century—Scribe and Sardou—were failures as authors of romances, and the greatest novel-writer of the century—Balzac—never could write a play.

It is not encouraging to aspiring candidates for success on the boards to reflect that no man living—neither manager nor author—can predict the success of a play in advance. There lives no one—there never has lived any one—who can take up a manuscript and say: This play will succeed, or this play will fail. "I give you my honor," said a veteran manager, "that I never know when I put a piece on the boards whether it is going to make a hit or to be damned. It all depends on the way it happens to strike the audience, and the stage-carpenter can guess at that as well as I." Colman was probably quite honest when he told Goldsmith that "She Stoops to Conquer" would be hissed. Daly, who has produced more plays than any other American manager, always feels that it is a gamble, and that he can not trust his own judgment. He produced "Divorce"—which ran two hundred nights—with trepidation; he was sure that "The Foresters" would take, but it fell flat. The manager who produced "Jim the Penman" had serious thoughts of withdrawing it after the second night; "The Gilded Age" was only produced because the manager had nothing else on hand, and he was playing to empty benches. Success and failure are both a matter of luck, chance, and almost accident.

That is why the average manager will always prefer a piece by an author who has a previous success or two to his credit to one by an unknown writer, no matter how bright it may seem. Reputation is not a sure guarantee of success. Long after their fame was established, both Sardou and Dumas the Younger produced pieces which were failures. But there is more chance that an experienced writer will write a good play than that some budding Sheridan or Scribe will be evolved out of the ranks of ambitious but unknown wielders of the pen. This is one obstacle to the development of dramatic literature in this country. There is practically but one city in the United States where new plays are produced. Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago do occasionally give birth to a piece, but the parturition is so difficult that the work is seen to be out of their line. The young man who writes a play and wants to have it acted must go to New York. There he will find that there are just about five buyers of the merchandise he has for sale. Indeed, if he can not deal with either Daly, or Palmer, or Frohman, or French, his best chance will be to sacrifice everything in his piece to one part, and sell it to a star. But both managers and stars have secured pieces generally by well-known authors for long periods ahead. One manager lately stated that he had accepted pieces enough to run his theatre for three years.

This is a very different state of things from that which prevails in Paris, where there are seventy theatres in full blast, all of them eager for novelties and hungry for original work. A young Frenchman can devote himself to play-writing without error of judgment. Whether as much can be said of the Californian who sets his heart on winning fame and fortune by dramatic composition, is a question not so easily answered.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 15th: Palmer's company in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"; Nellie McHenry in "A Night at the Circus"; the Tivoli Company in "The Little Duke"; "Hearts of Oak"; and "Forget-Me-Not."

When Professor Asaph Hall discovered the two moons of Mars, he showed his appreciation of the fitness of things by naming them Deimos and Phobos, after the two Homeric attendants of the god of war from whom the planet takes its name.

— H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

Verdi has completed the score of his new opera, "Falstaff," and it is to be produced at La Scala in March.

"The Little Duke," a sprightly comic opera that has long been a favorite in San Francisco, is to be sung at the Tivoli this week.

Jeffreys Lewis has bought a new play, "A Bitter Past," by Arthur Marsh, and will soon produce it at one of the local theatres.

Carmencita, who is now with a small opera company in the South, had a birthday, not long ago, and coyly confessed to twenty-three summers.

Mrs. James Brown-Potter is having a play made from Emile Zola's story of "Therese Raquin," and will present it in New York in a few months.

Patti's tour, under the management of Marcus R. Mayer, commences November 10th, and the forty concerts will not be finished before May of next year.

The Kendals' next farewell tour will take place in 1893-4, and the information is promulgated by their manager that they are to have some new plays in their repertoire.

An Englishman has evolved a somewhat novel idea as to the regulation of the prices of admission at theatres. He suggests that it vary according to the excellence of the play.

Mme. Modjeska will give "Henry the Eighth" an elaborate "revival" this winter. Maurice Barrymore is to be her leading man. Henry Irving, too, whose American tour will begin in this city, will have the same play in his repertoire.

J. K. Murray and his pretty wife, Clara Lane, who created a stir by running off and getting married when Carleton's company were singing "Dorothy" here, are going to desert light opera and appear as stars in an Irish drama, "Glendalough."

"A Trip to Chinatown," Hoyt's San Francisco farce, is in its fortieth consecutive week in New York—a sad commentary on the taste of the Gothamites and their many visitors from the backwoods. When it is sent out to tour the country, Burt Haverley will replace Harry Conner as Welland Strong.

"Colonel Carter of Cartersville," was not considered a successful dramatization of the delightful old Southerner's experience in New York, and so the Palmer Company puts it up here only tentatively. It is to be given on the first three nights of the week, and "Alabama" will fill out the remaining performances.

The Herald gives some interesting particulars about "The Mountebanks," which is to be given its first American production at a local theatre next month. It says:

"Manager T. Henry French says that before the curtain goes up on Gilbert and Cellier's work he will have spent thirty-five thousand dollars on it. Handsome as was the production of the opera at the Lyric Theatre, London, the American production, he says, will be much handsomer and vastly superior. The opera will be seen with Miss Lillian Russell as Teresa, Miss Laura Clement as Nita, Hayden Coffin as Joseph, Louis Harrison as the clown, William Carleton as Bioto, and Charles Dungan as the brigand captain. There will be twenty-five young women in the ballet, and sixteen men and twenty-six women in the chorus. All the costumes have been designed by Percy Anderson, of London, and the properties have been made in Sicily. The opera is in two acts and three scenes. The ballet will be given in a room lined with red silk."

Duncan Harrison has forewarned the management of the pugilistic star, and, associating himself with his brother-in-law, E. M. Bell—Maude Harrison's husband—he has got together a very fair company of comedians, among whom are Bell, Charles Bowser, Henry Allen, and Mabel Bert, a handsome actress who left here with McKee Rankin's company at the close of the old California Theatre. They are to be here in another week, in a comedy entitled "Little Tippet," adapted by the Paulsons from that spicy French vaudeville, "Les Joies de Paternité." The play is, of course, prepared for American ears; whether it is good or bad, however, is not known, except so far as favorable reports from Omaha and Denver go.

The Casino in New York is to be changed from the American home of light opera into a music-hall on the European plan, and its rival, the Broadway, is going to follow suit. This is notable in two ways. It indicates that variety shows pay better than comic opera, for which the star gets eight hundred dollars a week, while Tony Pastor and Koster & Bial have made fortunes in the past two or three years by giving variety shows. Then, too, the new move brings up the question of how the feminine part of the audience is to be. Will American ladies rub elbows with the big-eyed females who infest music-halls and chat with casual strangers? At the Eden and Folies Bergères in Paris, women of all classes swarm all over the place. At the Pavilion in London, there are certain restrictions on "unaccompanied ladies," and in the Alhambra and Empire such women are strictly confined to certain lobbies. It is probable that respectability will feel that it trespasses where angels fear to tread, and lurk in curtained boxes.

A second edition of Mmc. Julie Rosewald's little book, "How Shall I Practice?" has just been issued by The Bancroft Company, showing that the value of its practical suggestions to students of vocal music has been recognized and appreciated.

#### The Chefs d'Œuvres of Modern Art.

It is by no means the impossible thing that most people imagine, to have the walls of your house hung with really fine pictures. It can be done at an astonishingly small expense, as a visit to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s art-gallery, on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue, will convince the most skeptical. In the show-windows just now the firm has been exhibiting a pair of pictures by Becker—"A Petitioner before the Doge of Venice" and "Romeo and Juliet at the Friar's." They are master-pieces in drawing and color, and they are magnificently framed—not gaudily, but handsomely, as such pictures should be. They look as if one thousand dollars would not buy the pair, but Sanborn, Vail & Co. sell them for little more than one-tenth of that sum. How can they do it? The pictures are colored photographs. That may sound cheap and tawdry, but the pictures are not; they are the world-famous and expensive Berlin photographs, and they are colored in oils by good artists. Naturally, such pictures are not sold for a song.

But if you do not wish to pay fifty or sixty dollars for a picture, they have smaller ones of the same kind and art-prints by all manner of processes, to say nothing of fine etchings and engravings. The art-gallery is a forest of easels on which stand these beautiful works of art, and the walls are literally covered with them. And, by the way, among them, too, are some very elegant pier-mirrors on gilt stands, such as are seen in the handsomest houses of the city. No more delightful place for a person of taste to spend an hour could be imagined.

—THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN DOWN TO CYPRESS Lawn Cemetery, just over the San Mateo County line, on the electric cars, have been very much pleased with the beauty of its situation and the taste and care expended on it. Now that the removal of the old cemeteries in this county is only a question of a short time, people are beginning to look for a place where their own and their family's remains may rest undisturbed; they will do well to communicate with the superintendent of Cypress Lawn Cemetery, Mr. W. J. Blain.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KRELING BROS., PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Bauer and Wilson's Great Spectacular Burlesque. Also Several New Specialties.

#### BEAUTY AND THE BEAST!

Monday, August 15th,

#### THE LITTLE DUKE!

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

## The Argonaut

DURING THE

### NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Up to the close of the campaign, ending December 1st, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

#### WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.  
Agents for the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the California Line of Packets from New York; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Bulwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vliam & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Rahtjen's Composition.



## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Something new under the son: A patch in his trousers.—*Boston Courier.*

"You are the only girl I ever loved." "Then we would better part—I don't want to marry a freak."—*Life.*

*Snooper*—"Do you know the freshman class-yell at Dwight?" *Swayback*—"No. What is it?" *Snooper*—"Hic, hic, hic, hooray!"—*Judge.*

"How did you know so quickly that he is a reporter?" "Because he is acting in such a patronizing way toward all the great men who are here."—*Puck.*

*He*—"Will you marry me?" *She*—"No." *He*—"Whom are you going to marry?" *She*—"I shall marry whom I please." *He*—"Well—you please me!"—*Puck.*

*Mrs. de Smythe* (*nouveau riche*, to *Mrs. Van der Bloo*, *ancien pauvre*)—"How sweetly you are looking this afternoon, dear. I always admired that gown; I hope it will never wear out."—*Life.*

Why Hicks hates Boston: "Didn't you tell me that when the robbers entered the car each passenger held up their hands?" asked Hicks. "No," said the Bostonian; "each held up his hands."—*Truth.*

*Jack Lever*—"How you do neglect Reggy West-end!" He brought you here, and you haven't danced with him once." *Helen Hyler*—"Oh, he doesn't mind; it's enough for him to be in the room with me!"—*Puck.*

*Miss Ethel* (innocently)—"Why, Mr. Brown, how sober you are to-night." *The Rev. Brown* (in some alarm, absent-mindedly)—"To-night, yes; but"—recovering himself, and with much dignity—"have you ever seen me otherwise, *Miss Ethel*?"—*Ex.*

*Von Schribbel*—"I just wish to leave those few short stories with the editor. What is customary? I've never done any work for the papers before." *Office-boy*—"Well, it's the general custom to leave 'em, an' then come back in a day or two—an' get 'em."—*Puck.*

*Bunker*—"I thought your son, after graduating from college, was going right into business, but I hear now that he is to take a post-graduate course." *Hill*—"Yes; we thought it necessary." *Bunker*—"What is he going to study?" *Hill*—"He's going to learn how to spell."—*Life.*

*Lusher* (the tramp, to professor of natural history)—"What yer lost, pard?" *Professor of natural history*—"Why, I saw a very curious sort of a snake here just a minute ago." *Lusher* (who has seen curious reptiles, too, in very awed tone)—"Ye ain't a-tryin' t' find him agin, are ye, pard?"—*Judge.*

*Deacon Verigood*—"I wonder what Brother Bluchips meant when he spoke to me to-day?" *Mrs. Verigood*—"What did he say?" *Deacon Verigood*—"I was so wrapped up in meditations on the sermon that I forgot to take up the collection, and he poked me and said: 'Don't forget the kiddy!'"—*Puck.*

The encouragement of art: *Wealthy amateur*—"Since you spoke to Jones and me about this picture, Cadmium, we have arranged that one of us shall have it." *Cadmium* (brightening)—"I am glad of that, very glad—glad on your account, too. Which of you has it?" *Wealthy amateur*—"Well, we are going to pitch up for it, and the one that loses takes the picture."—*Ex.*

"There is a splendid echo in this wood, Herr Lehmann; it repeats your call four times, and after a long interval, too!" "There's nothing in that, mein fräulein. When I go to bed at nights, at my villa in the Grünewald, I shout into the wood, 'Willem, wake up!' and the echo wakens me at five prompt the next morning."—*Tagliche Rundschau.*

At the annual meeting of the stockholders of Wells, Fargo & Co., held last Thursday, August 11th, the officers elected were:

Board of Directors—Lloyd Tevis, John J. Valentine, Leland Stanford, Oliver Eldridge, James C. Fargo, George E. Gray, Charles F. Crocker, W. F. Goad, Dudley Evans. Chief Executive Officers—President, John J. Valentine; First Vice-President, W. F. Goad; Second Vice-President, Dudley Evans; Secretary, James Heron; Assistant-Secretary, H. B. Parsons; Treasurer, Henry Wadsworth; Manager, Banking Department, Homer S. King; Assistant to President, Aaron Stein.

Managers of Express—Atlantic Department, Dudley Evans; Central Department, Amador Andrews; Pacific Department, E. M. Cooper; General Auditor, J. S. Bunnell.

A new guard against accidents from taking the wrong medicine has been adopted in Germany. The idea is not a new one, but, so far as is known, this is the first time it has ever been adopted as a legal regulation. Commencing with January 1, 1892, all druggists in Germany are obliged to dispense liquids intended for internal use in round bottles, while those preparations for external application must be put up in hexagonal bottles.

A French scientist declares that the domestic pets of the world carry at least thirty per cent. of the common contagious diseases from house to house.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## What he Got.

There was a man in our town,  
And he was wondrous wise;  
He bought a lottery ticket,  
And felt sure he'd draw a prize.

He waited the important day,  
With mien as pale as death;  
He got the list, he scanned it well,  
And then he drew—his breath.

—*Boston News.*

## A Sick Fancy.

Then the nurse said:  
"During the night I saw her stir,  
Tossing her fevered head;  
So I put the coverlet on the bed,  
Knowing it would comfort 'er."

This is no pun,  
And I say it again—  
Put the white spread on the sick one's bed;  
It acts as a counter pain."—*Truth.*

## Out of the Tailor-Made.

When in her bathing-suit she trod  
The ocean's sandy hed,  
Young Cupid, without smile or nod,  
Just turned his back and fled.

—*Washington Evening Star.*

## The Cost of a Kiss.

I came, I saw, I pressed her hand;  
I heaved her for a kiss.  
She blushed, looked down—I stole the prize,  
It was a dream of bliss.  
I've wakened from my dreams since then—  
That kiss has cost me dear.  
I'm paying alimony now  
For it twelve times a year.

—*Providence Telegram.*

## An Epitaph.

The King of the Cannibals nothing could save,  
He passed from earthly labors;  
And kind missionaries wrote over his grave,  
"A man who loved his neighbors."—*Life.*

## His Proposal.

"I have no lot," said the city clerk;  
"I've not cash enough for that;  
But to cheer me on in my life work,  
Say, dear, will you share my flat?"—*Puck.*

## Disenchantment.

She sat at table opposite  
The seat I always occupied.  
Her dress was silk, a perfect fit,  
With frills of lace attached to it;  
Her silvery speech was full of wit;  
Her face by smiles was beautified.

I marked her eyes, her satin skin,  
The while my heart gave many a throb;  
Her snowy brow, her dimpled chin,  
And wished that I her heart might win.  
Alas! why did she then begin  
To eat her corn from off the cob?

—*New York Press.*

## The Seaside Girl.

It is a treat to see her walk the beach  
A yard or two from the water's reach,  
And to observe the modesty with which she shows  
The painted blossoms on her black-silk hose.

—*New York Press.*

## The Lax of the Impecunious.

The birds put forth their notes,  
The little brooks with gentle murmurs flow,  
I, too, put forth my notes,  
The tradesmen, murmuring, say they do not go.

The south winds fan my brow,  
The roses scent the air; the sunbeams dance;  
But try, all I know how,  
I can not raise the wind and huy new pants.

The earth is glad and gay,  
The birds and frogs and toads are full of glee;  
Happy, indeed, are they  
To have the earth and leave the pants to me.

—*S. G. & Co's Monthly.*

The famous Myra Clark Gaines case has at last been settled after so many years' litigation that many have forgotten what it was all about. Appended are some particulars of the contest:

The case grew out of a dispute over the genuineness of the will of Mrs. Gaines's father, Daniel Clark, who died in New Orleans in 1817, leaving a large estate. The fight in the courts did not begin till 1856, for Mrs. Gaines had not been able till then to secure the reception by the courts of the will in her favor, the Clark property having been administered upon under a will of 1811. In 1861, this property was estimated to be worth \$35,000,000. In 1877, Judge Billings of the United States Circuit Court, rendered a decision in favor of the genuineness of the will made by Daniel Clark in 1813. The decree ordered the city of New Orleans and the other defendants to account for all the income of the property during their possession, and deprived them of their titles and all accumulations therefrom. This case was taken to the supreme court, and there it lingered until after Mrs. Gaines's death, when a decision was given affirming the decree of the lower court. Meantime, however, many of the defendants had compromised their cases, and Mrs. Gaines, up to 1874, had received as much as \$6,000,000. The most of this was used in fighting the case to the conclusion now reached by the filing of the administrator's report. That person has just received a check from the city of New Orleans for \$223,788 in full settlement. The estate recognizes claims against it for legal services of \$279,087 and disputes claims to the amount of \$379,000. The following are some of the claims for legal services: Estate of General Walker Jones, of Washington, \$20,000; estate of the Hon. Bailey Peyton, of Kentucky, \$65,000; estate E. Sabers, \$30,000; estate M. E. Randolph, \$12,000; estate E. O. Moise, \$12,000; estate W. R. Mills, \$68,000; estate I. C. Campbell, ex-Justice United States Supreme Court, \$10,000. All of these lawyers, who managed the case in its earlier days, are dead. Messrs. T. J. Semmes and Alfred Goldthwaite, the latter dead, who managed the case during its latter days, have filed a claim for \$120,000 for legal services, which is now on appeal in the United States Circuit Court.

## To Bob Up Serenely

In the morning, feeling refreshed, light-hearted, sprightly—as if you could sing a stave or two, for instance, your digestion should be good, your liver and bowels all right, your nerves vigorous. These endowments of the healthy are conferred by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews digestion, establishes regularity of the liver, bowels, and kidneys, and averts malaria and rheumatism.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN S, 213 Sutter St.

## DCLXXVIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 14, 1892.

Okra and Tomato Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Fried Smelts. Saratoga Potatoes.  
Green Peas. Corn.  
Roast Turkey.  
Lettuce, French Dressing.  
Frozen Peaches and Cream.  
Lady Cake.

LADY CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, half-pound of butter, whites of eleven eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two of cream of tartar, nearly half a pint of sweet milk; cream the butter and add the sugar to it, beating diligently; sift the cream of tartar into the flour, so that it will diffuse itself through the mass; add the soda to the milk last of all; season with a teaspoonful of extract of bitter almonds, and put in to bake without delay.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

Herr Schaffmeyer, of Germany, pronounces the American husband "a beast of burden, always at work and trying to make money, without a thought of resting or enjoying the fruits of his labors in his old age. The woman knows how to enjoy; she pays much attention to her dress, and, even in straightened circumstances, she can appear to greater advantage than the women of any other nation." The compliment in the last phrase is, doubtless, intended to sugar-coat the pill, but how the writer can pronounce our women as "cool and calculating, rather than of passionate and overflowing heart," is not easy to understand. Another phase which seems to disturb the phlegmatic serenity of our German friend, is that "the darning of stockings is an unknown art to the American woman, and that their lack of thrift speedily contaminates the careful German house-frau who takes up her residence in this country."

The scarcity of water in Paris is indicated cleverly by a Parisian journalist, who represents a scene in a restaurant; time, the year 1895. A diner calls for a bottle of pure water. The waiter, aghast, goes to consult the patron, as Parisian proprietors like to be called. There is only one bottle of pure water in the house. Its date is 1872, and the price is fabulous. The patron hesitates to serve it to a stranger, but the sight of a large bank bill in the customer's hand is reassuring. The pure water of 1872, in a wicker-covered bottle, is brought out carefully and set before the stranger. Other customers look on with envious eyes, and one asks who the stranger is. "I believe," responds the patron, "that it is the Prince of Wales."

A writer in the current *Quarterly Review* takes up the cudgels in behalf of modern tamperers with ancient hymns, the expurgation and rewriting of which have caused much protest. "Who," he asks, "could use with devotional seriousness Herrick's 'Litany to the Holy Spirit,' intended in all good faith for a solemn and pathetic invocation in the time of fear and distress, yet containing such petitions as these:

"When the artless doctor sees  
No hope, but of his fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

"When his potion and his pill,  
His, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing but to kill,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me."

On Friday last, it was just two hundred years since Rebecca Nurse was hanged at Salem, Mass., on account of her religious convictions and because she would not confess to being a witch. The anniversary was observed in what is now the town of Danvers. For a long time her tomb was without a mark, her body having been stolen by her sons from the gallows for internment. Her later descendants have just unveiled a memorial tablet, suitably inscribed, in honor of the forty persons who maintained the innocence of this New England martyr before the court which condemned her.

Travelers who return from a visit to France tell their stay-at-home American friends curious stories of the peculiar and attractive "odor of Paris," which is said to greet the nostrils of the tourist the moment the train deposits him in the capital and which he misses with regret when he leaves. The Parisians themselves, it appears, do not like this odor, for an enterprising firm recently brought out a new scent called "perfume of the streets" and found it unsalable.

The design for a statue of Hans Christian Andersen, to be erected by the Danes of Chicago, and accepted by the committee in charge, represents the great fairy-story writer seated on the stump of a tree, in a contemplative mood; a book in his lap, and a swan on the ground at his side. The sculptor, Johannes Gellert, was a fellow-countryman of Andersen's, and was familiar with his appearance.

Nero was not the only famous man addicted to fiddle-playing at critical moments. Immediately after the Battle of Polotsk, the great French general, Saint-Cyr, shut himself up in a Jesuit convent and fiddled for two days. But he had won the battle.

Indian newspapers tell of a school-teacher, in Lackhababad, who was attacked by a lion, and kept the animal at bay with a common broom until assistance arrived.

Is your blood poor? Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

## Educational.

## The European School For Girls

2127 Jackson Street.

Special advantages and terms to boarders. Kindergarten, Intermediate, and Academic Department. French and German taught and spoken from lowest grades upwards. Teachers of acknowledged ability only. New term begins July 11th. Coach calls for pupils.

MISS BOLTE, Principal.

## MISS LAKE'S

## Boarding and Day School for Girls

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 8, 1892.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.



## PERALTA HALL, BERKELEY, CAL.

In important respects the best equipped Seminary for Young Ladies in America. Term opens August 9th. Send for circular to Dr. HOMER B. SPRAGUE, President.

## ZISKA INSTITUTE,

1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.

French, German, and English. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children. The 26th year opens August 1, 1892.

MME. E. ZISKA, A. M., Principal.

## SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES

2524 CALIFORNIA STREET.

Removed to 1810 Gough St., bet. California and Sacramento. MISS EMILY EDMUNDS (Mrs. J. M. Hatchings) is relinquishing her school and will in future only undertake Private Tuition at her own and Pupils' residences.

## MME. SYLVAIN SALOMON,

Having returned from Paris, will resume her Singing Lessons on August 1st.

1842 SUTTER STREET.

## MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,

2014 Van Ness Avenue.

Term begins August 17th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received.

## MISS ADIE'S SCHOOL

FOR YOUNG LADIES AND CHILDREN

2012 Pine Street, bet. Laguna and Buchanan. Literature Class for Grown Persons. A few Boarding Pupils received. Re-opens August 1, 1892.

## MISS M. S. HUBBELL,

Teacher of Piano-Forte.

801 LEAVENWORTH STREET.

## MISS ELLA PARTRIDGE

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 8.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 22, 1892.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

It is extraordinary that the workingmen of the United States can not see that such a course as some of them have been pursuing of late can lead to but one thing, and that is the establishment of a militarism by the Federal Government analogous to that which obtains in Germany and elsewhere on the continent of Europe. It is becoming apparent that the powers of the several States are not sufficient to

meet an emergency such as has occurred more than once recently, and the only resource is to vest the Government of the United States with full power and authority to maintain order, always and everywhere, whether on State or Federal soil.

Take the three incidents that have attracted so much attention during the past two months: the Homestead strike, the Cœur d'Alene strike, and the Erie and Lehigh Valley Railroad strike. In each and all of these the conduct of the strikers was characterized by the same lawlessness, the same rioting, the same destruction of the property of the employers with whom they had differed. Regardless of consequences and careless of the rights of third parties, the strikers in each case seem to have been animated by a common purpose, the desire to destroy property, presumably for revenge.

If the United States is to have a government at all, it is evident that this mob law must be stopped. As soon as a body of strikers commence the work of destruction, the issue is no longer one between labor and capital, but between anarchy and law. The whole question resolves itself at once into one of ways and means—that is, of maintaining the social order and preserving to society the inalienable right which every individual claims for himself and exercises—the right of life, liberty, and the peaceable pursuit of his calling.

It is not improbable that the Constitution of the United States already contains a sufficient warrant for the creation, by Congress, of a force of national troops, police, or constabulary to operate as occasion may require within the several States. The fourth section of Article Four provides that the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government. That form of government depends upon the submission of the minority to the will of the majority, as expressed by constitutional and legal methods; and if the minority attempt to usurp the power of the State, and set itself up against the lawful acts of the majority, it is not only the right but the duty of Congress to see that the republican form of government is maintained. This view must be modified, probably, by the rest of the section, which provides for protection against domestic violence, on the application of the legislature or executive of the State; but even interpreting that clause strictly, there is nothing in it to prevent Congress from placing in any State, where danger of domestic violence is apprehended, a body of troops or armed police to meet any emergency that may arise, and to maintain within that State a republican form of government.

If the leaders of the strikers think they can rely on political dissension or ambition to prevent such legislation, if the necessity for it becomes pressing, they are grievously in error. They must remember that although they seem formidable with rifles and torches in hand, the striking workmen form an almost infinitesimal portion of the population of the United States, and that the pressure of an angry and determined people on their representatives in the two Houses of Congress would be so strong that the two great parties would vie with each other in their eagerness to meet the wishes of the nation, and to maintain peace, order, and the rights of property. In the face of an overwhelming danger, partisan politics would disappear, and legislative acts for the suppression of anarchy and misrule under the powers of the Federal Government would pass without dissent.

No good citizen can contemplate with equanimity the prospect of militarism in the United States, but if it come to a choice of evils, we must take the least. It is infinitely better that we should be ruled from the national capital than not ruled at all. It does not seem probable that the States can be relied upon to guarantee to their citizens the rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, if we are to judge by the tardy way in which Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, performed his obvious duty, and, in default of such adequate protection, it is certain that the people will demand that Congress carry out the Constitution of the United States in spirit as well as in letter, and insure to the citizens of every State the reign of law.

If such a state of things shall come to pass, the strikers

and their demagogue leaders will be responsible for it, and the American workingman will sink from the plane he now occupies to the level of the laborer in other and less favored lands. If the workingman shall persist in defying the law and violating the basic rules which underlie all modern civilization, he must take the consequences, and one of them will be his own ruin. The world will not consent to turn back the car of progress at the demand of any class of men, and if they insist on trying to hock its advance, they will be crushed beneath the wheels.

Our revered friends, the Catholic clergy, are having a warm time of it over "Cahenslyism" and matters growing out of the Vatican's approval of Archbishop Ireland's Fari-hault and Stillwater mixed-school plan. These brethren in the Lord, it grieves us to say, are not conducting their disputes with that loving meekness which the worldly are taught to look for in those of the household of faith. That humble follower of the Lamb, Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, is being rolled around with a vigor that has disarranged his mitre and made his temper as twisted as his crook. He has been trampled upon by Brother Ireland, rebuked by the Pope, and danced on by some of the Catholic journals with a grace and vigor that could not have been excelled by David when he performed before the ark. But Corrigan's tribulations are a minor matter. It is Cahenslyism, which, despite the frowns of the Vatican, is still alive, that is breeding strife of a very serious sort in the Catholic church of America.

The Rev. Father Conway, editor of the *North-Western Chronicle*, a Roman Catholic journal, contributes an article of much interest to the *Review of Reviews* for August, in which he gives a detailed account of the efforts that have been made, and are still making, by foreigners to capture the machinery of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States and turn it to the use of European governments. Herr Cahensly, the Austro-Hungarian representative at the Vatican, is the leader of the scheme to which his name has been given. Briefly stated, his desire is that the Catholic Church in America should be divided into departments according to nationality—German immigrants to be turned over to the spiritual care of the German department, Poles to the Polish department, Irish to the Irish, and so on. Father Conway points out that the scheme has an important political aspect, and, shedding his cloth, calls on all Americans, whatever their religious faith may be, to antagonize it. The following extract from the memorial presented last year by Herr Cahensly to the Propaganda, in favor of his proposition, is denounced by Father Conway as "treason against this country," and we quite agree with him:

"Moreover, this question affects the interest of the countries from which emigration takes place. Through their immigrants the nations are acquiring in the great republic an influence and an importance of which they will one day be able to make great profit. These nations are so well aware of this that they are doing everything in their power to have those of their nationalities settled in the United States develop and strengthen themselves in every respect. The time has come when governments can no longer remain indifferent to this grave and important question. For example, is it a matter of no consequence to England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Canada, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and other governments, that they number in a youthful country, and one full of prospects, millions of fellow-citizens, forming part of the nation, and taking an active part in industry, commerce, politics, social life, and public affairs? It must not be lost sight of that the American nation, the people of the United States, is not a people of one race only, but of all races, of all nationalities. Every race, every nationality may take its place in the sunlight. Precisely owing to this fact, and because religion is the corner-stone and the key-stone of every social edifice, the nations have an immense interest in their immigrants being represented in the episcopate of the United States by bishops of their own. And therein lies the reason why all the nations, whose populations are emigrating to the great republic, are expecting from the paternal solicitude of the Holy See the bishops whom their dearest interest call for."

"Is it not treason against this country," asks Father Conway, "to invite foreign powers to settle an American question, and to offer these powers, by way of compensation, a profitable influence and importance here?" It certainly would be treason were Herr Cahensly an American citizen. And there are plenty of American citizens, wearing priestly



robes, who follow this foreign priest and are intriguing to induce the Vatican to grant their demands. The great majority of these men are Germans. The German-American Catholic press is with them heart and soul. This press is moved by the instinct of self-preservation, for if English and not German shall become the language of all parochial schools, a fatal diminution in the numbers of German-reading subscribers is obviously inevitable. It is contended by the Cahenslyites that the struggle is simply one between the Irish and Germans. There is probably an element of truth in this. Speaking largely, the Catholic Church of the United States is in the hands of the Irish. But it would seem in this contest as if the Irish Catholics are standing for the principle of America for the Americans. It is, indeed, a novel pleasure to find this alien race, the most abject in its loyalty to the foreign potentate who sits enthroned at Rome, standing up for a principle with which every American must sympathize heartily. That the Irish are animated by a selfish motive is of no importance. Though they do not themselves speak it, it is a great thing that their interests have impelled them to become the defenders of the English language as the tongue to be spoken in the parochial schools.

Herr Cahensly complains that all the archbishops of the United States, "with the exception of Archbishop Corrigan, of New York," did their utmost to defeat the appointment of Mgr. Kater, a German, to the See of Milwaukee. It is easily conceivable that Archbishop Corrigan, born and reared on Manhattan Island amid an enormous Irish population, which has practically swallowed up there all other nationalities, should not be averse to the segregation of the church. The ambition to wear a cardinal's hat and be in effect the Pope of America, is not an unattractive one to a man of his make-up. But it is not likely, whatever may be the fate of Cahenslyism, that Mr. Corrigan will ever be a cardinal. He has got himself into serious trouble with the Vatican through his contest with Archbishop Ireland over the Faribault and Stillwater schools. It appears that a copy of the latter's memorial to the Holy Father on the subject of these schools came into the possession of Corrigan. The New York *Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register* charges that the copy was stolen from the private and oath-bound printing-office in the Vatican. It insinuated that Brother Corrigan was privy to this theft, but later—under spiritual pressure, no doubt—withdraw this insinuation. Nevertheless, the *Register* insists that the theft was perpetrated, and there appears to be question about the archbishop's having the awful document. His grace is also under accusation of having been guilty of the incredible enormity of "showing disrespect to the Pope." It is declared that the archbishop and the bishops of the New York province sent to the Pope a communication, in which they said it had come to their knowledge that a threat had been made to him "that a kulturkampf would break out in America if the Pope condemned Archbishop Ireland's Faribault plan." The Pope replied that no threat of that kind had been made to him. Then it is affirmed that Corrigan, in order to prove his point, collected quotations from the stolen memorial of Archbishop Ireland, and from a letter of Cardinal Gibbons, who is Ireland's friend and co-worker, and forwarded them to Rome to the members of the Sacred College, wrapped up in separate copies of the letter of the Pope, in order to show by contrast the mistake of the Infallible One. The Vicegerent of Christ on earth made this tart response to the presuming Archbishop of New York :

"To return to the matter which troubled you and moved you to write, we wish you to be assured that we have had no fear that any molestation would threaten Catholics in case we had condemned what had been done by the Archbishop of St. Paul concerning the schools at Faribault and Stillwater. Since neither our venerable brother, nor any one else, has made mention of this danger, it is evident that you were led into an erroneous opinion by some false report."

Archbishop Corrigan is an American. He was born in Brooklyn and votes without naturalization papers. Yet in answer to this rebuke of the Pope's he wrote a letter protesting his willingness to submit his mind and action in all things to Leo, and closed with this language :

"Meanwhile, prostrate at the feet of your Holiness, we again profess our obedience to your beatitude, and beg the apostolic benediction."

An American citizen who is willing to prostrate himself at the feet of a foreign ruler, and derive his opinions on the subject of popular education in the United States at the point of that potentate's toe, ought to be deprived of his vote. But Corrigan's attitude—on his intellectual belly at the Pope's impeccable feet—is the normal attitude of every devout Roman Catholic in this country as elsewhere. That is why there is political danger in Catholicism. The fight against Cahenslyism and Archbishop Ireland's position on the school question, however, are signs of the growth of a spirit which ultimately may lead to the Americanization of the Catholic mind in America. When that is accomplished, it will no longer be "prostrate at the feet of your Holiness" and the

crawling candidate for the "apostolic benediction." It is possible that the American Catholics of the next century may set up in business for themselves and have a Pope of their own, even though he may not fulfill the noble democratic vision of Father McGlynn, the accursed, and "walk down Broadway in a plug hat."

It is a political maxim that in our Presidential elections the party in power has the advantage of its opponents in the proportion of six to four. This comes, not from the votes or influence of the Federal office-holders, for there are always quite as many people out of office who want to get in as there are people in office who want to stay in, and, as a rule, the outs work harder than the ins; but it proceeds from the natural conservatism of a prosperous and contented people, who are loth to make radical changes tending to produce a revision of business conditions and relations.

We may assume, then, that the prospects of success of the Republican party this year are to the Democratic as three to two; but it will be easy to show, we think, that the odds are much greater in favor of the Republicans, and that the betting ought to be two to one instead of three to two.

In the first place, the news of the past two weeks from the great cereal States of the West and North-West has taken the wind completely out of the sails of the Democratic calamitarians and robbed them of the jeremiads which are so large a part of their stock in trade. The yield of wheat will be the greatest ever known; rye, barley, and oats will show a yield above the average; and corn will fill the farmers' bins to repletion. The Western farmer will not vote the Democratic ticket in a good year. When the people of that section are prosperous they are not ready for revolt.

The Homestead tragedy, which was seized upon by all the small-caliber Democratic politicians as a direct interposition of Providence in behalf of the Democratic party, has turned out to be a weapon which cuts both ways. The intemperate declarations of Senator Palmer, followed up by Cleveland's demagogic allusion to the labor troubles as the result of a policy of protection, have set people to thinking, and the more they think, the more they are disinclined to uphold a party or a candidate that can condone murder and excuse anarchy for the sake of making political capital.

Then, the Alabama election came along and knocked the bottom completely out of the Force Bill business, for Jones, the Democratic candidate, was elected solely by the vote of the so-called "black belt" of counties, meaning, of course, the counties in which the colored vote was predominant, and this ends the contention that the negro of the South is hindered from voting as he likes.

The most amusing feature of the campaign thus far is the complete collapse and downfall of the Billion-Dollar Congress argument which was to be so conclusive in favor of the Democrats. William S. Holman, who seems to have exchanged his rôle of "Great Objector" for that of "Great Explainer," is laboring manfully to convince the country that \$463,000,000 is more than \$507,000,000, but the \$44,000,000 difference in favor of the Republican administration continually rises before him, like Banquo's ghost, and obstinately refuses to be explained away. He is forced to admit that the record of the party that took the House under solemn pledges of retrenchment and reform is not in all respects satisfactory.

But even if we can imagine all these obstacles removed from Cleveland's path, the question still remains: What about New York? The *Argonaut* has demonstrated conclusively, from figures furnished from Democratic sources, that without New York Cleveland can not be elected, and it is a very simple matter to show that his chances of carrying that State are not nearly so good as they were in 1888. Then he had a solid and determined party behind him; now the party is divided, and the working end of it, the political machine, is under the control of those who will unquestionably use it against him.

Seventy-one of the New York delegation to the Chicago convention, speaking for the thirty-four congressional districts and for the State at large, and embracing such dyed-in-the-wool Democrats as Roswell P. Flower, General Sickles, Perry Belmont, Henry W. Slocum, Amos Cummings, Bourke Cockran, De Lancey Nicoll, Samuel J. Tilden, Jr., James H. Manning, Hugh J. Grant, Lieutenant-Governor Sheehan, and many others, equally prominent in the party, said over their signatures, on the twentieth day of June:

"In reply to inquiries addressed us by delegates from four States instructed to vote for Mr. Grover Cleveland, of New York, the delegates of New York, with a due sense of responsibility to the Democracy of the United States, are constrained to make answer that, in our best judgment, Mr. Cleveland's nomination would imperil the success of the party, and would expose it to the loss of the electoral vote of the State."

Nothing has occurred since the twentieth of June to make Grover Cleveland any stronger in New York than he was then. If this was the way things looked to the Democrats in

June, let us see how they look in August. On the fourteenth of this month, the New York *World*, an acknowledged Democratic organ, published the following editorially:

"A situation confronts the Democratic party which must be met and mastered. New York is a doubtful State at best. More than 1,500,000 votes for Presidential electors will be cast in this State on November 8th. Who can foretell the result? Cleveland's plurality in 1884 was only 1,047; Harrison's plurality in 1888 was only 13,002. There is every reason to believe that New York will remain to the day of election a doubtful State. To stake all upon New York would be worse than folly, because it is not necessary. There is hope in the great West. Intelligent, resolute, and persistent efforts may change that hope to a practical certainty. Organization is imperfect. Means are lacking for the advancement of educational work in an educational campaign. They will need men later. They need money now. The *World* means that they shall have it. To-morrow we shall lay the foundation of a Western Democracy fund to be built up by popular subscription. It will be a national fund. Let Democrats of the East lend their moral support and material aid to the Democrats of the West. The time for action has come. The next President must be a Democrat."

Mr. Joseph Pulitzer then starts off his "popular" fund with a donation of \$10,000, followed by two other Democratic editors, Mr. Taylor, of the Boston *Globe*, and Mr. Singlerly, of the Philadelphia *Record*, for \$1,000 each.

There could be a more frank admission of the desperate condition of the Democracy. The Democratic organ, published in New York city, is evidently convinced that New York State is hopelessly lost to the Democrats. Thus believing, it is engaged in beating the drum, passing around the hat, and making an effort to raise Eastern money to buy Western votes. Could anything be more frankly immoral, more ingenuously Democratic?

The successful attempt to save the neck of Colonel H. Clay King, a convicted Memphis murderer, is a curious chapter in the long and bloody history of Southern "difficulties." Henry Clay King was a lawyer of high standing; he had been a distinguished soldier in the Confederate service, and, after the war, he had compiled a digest of the laws of Tennessee, and the work had raised him to the front rank of the bar in his State. He had married, and had children; his professional income enabled him to move in the first social circles. One day he met a woman of forty-one or forty-two, who was the widow of the late Gideon Pillow, of the Confederate army. With this mature person, Colonel Henry Clay King fell in love—in love to such a degree, that he deserted his wife and family, and went to live openly with Mrs. Pillow as his mistress. It does not appear that he was led astray by love alone. Mrs. Pillow had inherited from her first husband property, and property has charms.

He borrowed from her ten thousand dollars, which he invested in Arkansas land. In order to secure her, he executed a deed of the property in her favor, but stipulated that she should not place the deed on record. When lovers, and especially lovers of mature age, begin to do business with each other, and to exchange deeds and checks, they are pretty sure to quarrel. The colonel and his middle-aged Dulcinea were no exceptions to the rule. A cooling time came, and then a bitter time of reproaches and counter reproaches; and in one of these times the lady duly recorded the deed for the Arkansas property. Colonel King was so beside himself with rage that he returned to his wife and children. Not content with this, he filed a bill in equity to compel the lady to cancel the record, and to reconvey to him the property which, according to their agreement, she was only to have at his death. He carried the court with him, recovered his property, and branded Mrs. Pillow with the stamp of a foiled adventuress.

But the trial had led to shameful disclosures. According to the lady defendant, Colonel King, in the wild abandon of their guilty loves, had confessed that his wife had been unfaithful to him, and that he had obtained evidence of the fact from a negro servant. This confession he denied after his reconciliation with Mrs. King. But her lawyer, King's friend and chief rival at the bar, David H. Poston, pressed him so keenly on cross-examination that the truth of Mrs. Pillow's statement became evident to every one. King had warned Poston not to touch upon this matter in his conduct of the case: but Poston, deeming his duty to his client paramount to the dictates of friendship, had brought out the facts one by one, and had not spared his friend in the smallest particular. If King had branded Mrs. Pillow as an adventuress, he stood branded himself as a man who had habbled to his mistress foul stories about his wife, and who afterward had gone back to live with her.

King had given Poston warning, but the latter heeded it not, knowing that his old friend had been drinking hard and was not responsible for all he said. Poston met him in the street with outstretched hand. King drew his pistol, placed the muzzle on Poston's abdomen, and fired, killing him. The murderer's arrest followed instantly, and the trial ended in a verdict of murder in the first degree. King was sentenced to be hanged on August 12th. But on August 9th Governor Buchanan, of Tennessee, "for reasons which were satisfactory to his conscience, and for which he had to



account only to his God," commuted the penalty to imprisonment for life.

In Memphis, wild commotion followed the announcement. The newspapers denounced the governor as an abettor of murder. A mass meeting was called to consider what course the people should pursue. Threats of lynching were heard at every street corner. The danger, indeed, was so imminent that the sheriff had to take his prisoner surreptitiously out of town, and hurry him to the penitentiary at Nashville.

The narrative is of interest as a picture of life in Southern cities since the war. A very remarkable change in Southern feeling must have taken place, when the people of a city like Nashville want to see a gentleman banged for shooting another gentleman. Such "unpleasantnesses" were of constant occurrence before the war, and the survivors of them were never hanged. If King had shot Poston before 1861, the verdict of Memphis would have been that the latter had been too unguarded in his language, and had met the fate which, after all, he might have expected when he probed the recesses of a sensitive Southern heart. If a son of Poston's had shot King, the account would have been called square. Now, it seems, the Memphis people want to follow the fashion of the rest of the world, and to hang their murderers in an orderly way. On such evidence of moral progress, our friends at the South are to be congratulated.

But their societies will not become ideal until they visit departures from the moral law with censure. This Colonel King, who had deserted his wife and children to live with a mistress, not from love of her but for the sake of the money she lent him, appears nevertheless to have moved in the best social circles in Memphis, and to have retained the leading practice at the bar. His moral turpitude seems to have aroused no indignation and to have involved no ostracism. That carries us back to the old slavery days, when the law forbade miscegenation, but society had no frowns for the planter who cohabited with his slaves and sold his sons and daughters. It seems that there is a little of the old leaven left, and that occasionally it works still.

The seaport of Odessa, in Southern Russia, is one of the youngest seaports in the world, being less than a hundred years old. But it is the outlet of a rich grain-growing country in the Valleys of the Dneiper and the Dniester, and it has grown more rapidly than might have been expected from the sluggishness of the Russian character. In Russia, everything is done by the government or by its officials, or is not done at all. There is no initiative or enterprise among the people. What Odessa is, it owes to the energy of Governor Noroutzoff, who ruled the province half a century ago, and to the enterprise of foreign merchants, who settled there when it received from the Czar, in 1863, a municipal constitution, with an elective mayor and municipal assembly. These, together with the completion of the Moscow Railroad, which opened up the steppes, imparted such life to the place that its population increased from about 100,000 at the time of the Crimean War to about 250,000 to-day.

The bay is almost an open roadstead, being exposed to the full force of the east wind from the Black Sea. Moles have been run out to serve as breakwaters, and ships gather under the lee of these. But in the "practical harbor," where most of the grain-ships lie, there are but two fathoms of water at low tide. In 1888, the wheat export of Odessa was 3,439,193 bushels, somewhat more than San Francisco ever exported in a single year. This was carried to market in about 1,000 freighting steamers, averaging 1,000 tons each, and about 125 sailing vessels of small tonnage.

The consumption of foreign goods at Odessa is small, the back country being too poor to consume many imports. Hence there, as here, many of the vessels enter the port in ballast. The total importations only amount to about \$25,000,000 a year, the chief articles being coal, tea, coffee, tobacco, cotton, iron, and fruit. The new Russian tariff, which imposes prohibitory duties on a number of articles that the Czar proposes to produce at home, includes a variety of importations from the United States.

At Odessa, as elsewhere in Russia, trade, industry, and labor are disorganized, and it seems that it has never been any one's business to try to organize them. Odessa is admirably situated to become a great seaport. It is midway between the mouths of the Rivers Dniester and Dnieper—the former of which flows through the fertile plains of Podolia and Bessarabia, while the latter is the outlet for the three Russias—West, Little, and South. The steppe region, which with proper culture is susceptible of large productiveness, extends across the valleys of these rivers, and stretches to the Volga itself. But populous as Russia is, when there is a good crop, there is never labor enough to handle it. The normal price of labor, in Southern Russia, is seventy-five cents a day; but in the harvest season, farm-hands sometimes command five dollars a day. This makes wheat-raising a mere gamble.

Again, the railroad to Moscow traverses Great Russia

from north to south. This is a vast alluvial plain, with a deep soil; in the worst seasons, it produces good cereal crops without manure. But the railroad is quite often incapable of moving the crop to Odessa, and the farmer is none the richer by the fertility of his fields. Moscow is some 940 miles north of Odessa, and for more than half the distance the rails are laid through wheat-fields; but the traveler often sees wheat rotting on the field, while ships at Odessa are lying idle for want of cargoes. Efforts have been made, of late years, to promote the commerce of Odessa by increasing its lines of communication with foreign ports; and their effect is seen in the growth of the population of the port. Odessa is not only in communication with all the leading seaports of the Black Sea and the Mediterranean, but it has regular lines of steamers to Hull and London, and a company, known as the Russian Navigation Company, runs steamers, at regular intervals, through the Suez Canal to the ports of India, China, and Australia. It is evident that the enterprise which started and carries on these lines will presently extend itself to the interior. When it does, Odessa may prove another example which San Francisco might profitably imitate. It will not be glorious to take lessons from so backward and benighted a people as the Russians; but it will be better to learn from anybody than not to learn at all.

The strike of the railroad switchmen at Buffalo, N. Y., is the same old story. Differences having arisen between the railroad companies and the switchmen they employ, the Switchmen's Union ordered its members to go on strike. The effect of this was to prevent the running of trains, to impede the movement of merchandise, to paralyze business, and to endanger the lives of passengers. Without an hour's delay, the companies supplied the places of the strikers with non-union hands. But the striking switchmen, like the striking iron-workers of Homestead and the striking miners of Cœur d'Alene, do not believe that this is a land of liberty, where a man is free to get work without belonging to a union. They assaulted the non-union men, drove them off, beat the railroad employees, set fire to some freight-cars, looted others, and endeavored to burn down the great trestle-bridge of the Lehigh Road. On this, the New York militia was promptly called out, and business was resumed on the railroads under military protection. "Grand Master" Sweeney, of the Switchmen's Union, now accuses the railroad companies of setting fire to their own cars to "gain sympathy." But this is so puerile a lie that it is scarcely worthy even of a striking switchman.

Workmen are slow to learn the lesson that this is a free country, where every man has a right to work, whether he belongs to a union or not. They will have to learn it, however, and when it is learned, they will have to be careful not to forget it. Twenty times since the war has it been necessary to call out the militia in Pennsylvania, to put down attempts by labor unions to deny the right of free labor in that State. The people of Pennsylvania will go on calling them out just as often as may be necessary, and so will the people of other States. The workingman who wants to work must be protected in his natural rights against the workingman who does not want to work—against the demagogue and the agitator. He will be protected, too, if the fight takes all this summer, and the next, and the summer after that.

An amendment to the election law of California will be submitted to the voters of the State at the general election, November 8th, this year. The amendment is the requirement that every voter must "*be able to write his own name, and to read, in the English language, any section of the Constitution of the United States.*" This has come to be a necessary safeguard to the elective franchise. It involves the paramount question whether intelligence or ignorance should prevail in the election of officers—municipal, State, and national. It is not a question of property qualification. It is simply and solely the question of adequate intelligence to be possessed by the voter. It is preposterous to exact that the voter who can neither read nor write, and who does not understand English or comprehend the constitution, shall make solemn oath to observe its obligations. As well swear a woman upon her beard.

In the elective franchise is involved the administration of the government, the safety and perpetuation of the republic and the States, the bond of the Union, and the care of our Territories. In every State the voting privilege is denied to any who have forfeited it by express transgression of the laws, upon conviction, regardless of conditions, as to property, or intelligence, or otherwise.

The loose and vicious naturalization practices of some of the State courts have, of recent years, shamelessly disregarded and vitiated the law, in the interest of parties and politicians, until the large cities have become, as Jefferson characterized them, scabs on the body politic. It is notorious that in New York thousands are every year admitted to

citizenship by the Tammany judges, who are not qualified, either by residence or by character. Freshly landed from an emigrant steamer, incapable of speaking English, ignorant and unable of understanding the constitution and laws, and many of them interdicted by law as paupers, criminals, and dangerous, they are, by perjured witnesses regularly employed, sworn through the process of naturalization and invested with the franchise as voters, at the rate of one a minute. The record is before the public of one of these courts which passed through the naturalization mill over five hundred persons in a session of five hours—one hundred an hour, or less than forty seconds to every alien voter. A similar process is going on in San Francisco. Account is published of one department of the superior court, holding evening sittings for naturalization, in which seventy-five alien adult males, speaking no English, unable to write their names, and having no comprehension of the American system of government, were admitted to citizenship and the voting privilege upon their own declarations on oath and the oaths of two witnesses as to their residence and other required qualifications. All of these were passed through the mill in less than three hours—twenty-five an hour; although the proper examination of the applicant by the court and the declaration of citizenship can not be performed in less than ten minutes. The process in court, all through, was a mockery of law, a fraud upon the people. In this manner ignorant aliens, unworthy of the ballot, are made into voters.

The enormously increasing flood of debased and ignorant Europeans, daily arriving by steamers at American ports, with the very large proportion of alien birth already in the country, is a menace that should not be disregarded by native citizens. The proposed amendment of the statutes in California should be voted for by all good citizens. Do not forget it. It means that all voters must be able to write their own names and read the constitution in English. See that you vote for it.

The "People's" party, in New York at least, is showing that it is not the party of the American people. Of its thirty-six candidates in nomination for Presidential electors, but one is of American nativity. Thirty-five of the candidates are of alien birth. Yet they are nominated to vote directly for the two highest officers under the constitution, which ordains that only native-born citizens shall be elected to either of the two exalted positions. If such a party as this "People's" party comes into power, it will, in time, strike out the clause which ordains that "no person except a natural-born citizen shall be eligible to the office of President," and change the great charter so as to allow the election of one of alien birth as President. This action of the "People's" party in New York is significant. Let the American people beware of them.

From the annual report of the San Francisco Employers' Association, it appears that the favorite weapon of the labor unions—the boycott—has ceased to be effective in this city. Stores which have been boycotted find that they have gained rather than lost business. The association throws business in their way. The employers are beginning to understand the way to fight strikes. A union which, without actually ordering its men on strike, contributes to the support of strikers, and gives aid and comfort to the enemy, must be regarded as his ally. It is not enough for employers to enforce a lock-out against strikers in their own employ; the lock-out must be enforced against those who furnish the strikers with the sinews of war. If the members of every union which contributed a dollar a day to each striking iron-molder in this city, had themselves been thrown out of employment till they came to their senses, the strike would not have lasted long, and San Francisco would not have lost an industry which the founders are now painfully striving to regain.

We hope that those vicious newspapers which encouraged the Homestead strikers in riot and murder are satisfied with their work. The torch of anarchy bids fair to set the entire East in flames. Three great States—New York, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee—have practically their entire militia force under arms. Eight thousand troops in New York State are engaged in guarding railroad tracks and yards, preventing the ditching of passenger-trains and the burning of freight-cars. In Pennsylvania, three thousand troops still overawe the sullen strikers at Homestead. In Tennessee, a bloody war is raging between the State troops and a mob of miners. There can be little doubt that these outbreaks have spread from the Homestead riot, and are directly due to the demagogic press and to the cowardly way in which Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, at first tried to temporize with criminals. Governor Buchanan, of Tennessee, attempted the same despicable rôle, and his State is in a whirlwind of rebellion. Out upon such craven governors!



## THE ACCIDENT TO THE "CYGNUS."

From the "Central African Daily Phonogram."

The recent accident to the *Cygnus*, which has been briefly referred to by the press, has been the subject of frequent inquiry during the past week, the unaccountable reticence maintained by the management of the company tending to increase rather than to allay public anxiety. This vessel, which is one of the swiftest flyers belonging to the Aerial Navigation Company, is engaged in carrying the mails between the United States and the Central African Republic, the termini of the line being Chicago and Ugamrri.

From a gentleman who was a passenger on the *Cygnus*, the following particulars were learned in regard to the affair.

The *Cygnus* left Chicago on the morning of the twelfth instant, carrying the mails and her full complement of passengers, being under command of Captain Wise, who is one of the company's most skilled and trusted officers. He has a well-earned reputation, having had command of the *Castor* some years since, during her celebrated race around the world against the *Pollux*, when the phenomenal time made by the former vessel was said to have been due chiefly to his skill as a navigator, and to his knowledge of aerial currents.

Captain Wise raised his vessel to an altitude of about twelve thousand feet, thus securing the advantage of the south-west current, and also enabling him to avoid the eastern current, which was then blowing with considerable force at the surface; the general course of the vessel being south-east. Under these favorable conditions, the *Cygnus* was able to maintain nearly her maximum speed of five hundred miles an hour. As the morning was clear and the bulletin of the weather bureau indicated fair weather over the territory to be traversed, Captain Wise had every reason to anticipate a prosperous voyage.

The passenger-list contained the names of several persons of more than usual distinction, one being a colonel in the African cavalry, returning home on leave, having completed a tour of observation of the military systems of the Western States. He is said to be a lineal descendant of a celebrated chief who was slain by Stanley during one of his expeditions upon the Congo, a century or more ago. There was also a high dignitary of the African civil service, with others of some prominence in social and political circles. Both passengers and crew were in buoyant spirits.

It is remarkable how sanguine confidence characterizes an aerial voyage, which would otherwise, especially with the timid, be attended with intolerable disquietude. Opinions differ as to the cause of this immunity from apprehension, some attributing it to disassociation from all objects beyond the cabin, the elevation and speed of the vessel not being apparent to the passenger; others maintain that the high electric tension of the atmosphere at great altitudes imparts increased energy to the nervous system. Probably both conditions contribute to the result.

All had proceeded well with the *Cygnus* until some time after sunrise, when the rapid formation of cirro-cumuli made the situation somewhat hazardous, inasmuch as the only safeguard against collision is an effective lookout. During daylight and by the electric search-light at night, a vessel may be seen at a great distance, in clear weather, and her course can be pretty accurately determined by observing her signal-standards. At night, also, by means of the system of light-beacons adopted by the International Congress a few years since, the distance of an observed vessel can be accurately measured by the Thompson apparatus. A technical description of this instrument would be out of place in this narrative, but it may be briefly stated that a standard light on one vessel, received upon a mirror on the other vessel, is reflected upon a screen, provided with a scale whose unit of measurement represents a known intensity, according to distance of the luminous object. But while these safeguards are practically useless when the course of the vessel is obscured by clouds, Captain Wise entertained but little apprehension of danger, since the Transcontinental Line, plying between New York and Rio, was the only one from which he had any reason to fear casualty at so high an elevation (the local American lines seldom flying at a greater altitude than five thousand feet) until later in the day, when he should cross the course of the European lines. As the time occupied in passing a given point is no more than a second, when moving at ordinary speed, it will be perceived that the probability of collision was infinitely small. Hence the *Cygnus* continued on her course with unslackened speed, and, as she darted from sunlight to cloud and from cloud to sunlight, the rapidly varying flashes of light and shade made fantastic play upon the walls of the saloon and upon passengers and crew, resembling the aurora as seen from high latitudes.

The passengers had assumed that quiescent attitude which is generally acquired after a few hours' travel, some conversing upon social and political questions of the day, and others engaged in pleasant reverie, in anticipation of rejoining families and friends in Ugamrri in the evening. Several hours had passed in this manner without any incident worthy of note, when the officer at the look-out gave a signal, at once sharp and ominous, which caused every one on board to spring to his feet with an exclamation of alarm—a signal the most startling in the manual of navigation: "Sail ho!"

During the old days of sail and steam, although collision was considered one of the greatest hazards of travel, the casualties were not numerous on land, considering the vast numbers which then, as now, composed the traveling public; while on sea there was always a chance for rescue, either by the vessel which might suffer least in the encounter, or by the life-boats carried by all vessels conveying passengers, and several hundred persons have been known to be saved by such means from a sinking ship. But the present age, with its improvements in speed and method of travel, has also developed dangers in corresponding degree. As the soldier becomes accustomed to the hazard of battle, regarding death as something that must be faced, so the traveler has become inured to the constant presence of danger, and has learned

to accept, with partial resignation, whatever of peril may attend him upon a journey, knowing that in the event of collision with another vessel there is the smallest chance of escape from instant destruction. It is no wonder, then, that the signal of danger above stated should have stricken with horror hearts which, but an instant before, had beaten with glad anticipation of rejoining home and friends.

One of the first qualifications of a commander is the faculty of acting quickly and with unerring judgment in an emergency. This seems to be possessed by Captain Wise in a remarkable degree, and when the alarm was sounded upon the *Cygnus* he instantly ordered her engines stopped and reversed. This was proper, under ordinary circumstances, but he could not have known how imminent the danger was until he had repaired to the lookout, when he discovered through an opening in the clouds a vessel bearing in a northerly direction and displaying the colors of the Transcontinental Line. Had the human mind been so constituted as to meet any emergency in the best possible manner, accidents would be reduced to a minimum and the *Cygnus* had in all probability passed on to her destination without accident. When Captain Wise reversed his engines upon the signal of danger above stated, as required by the manual, he merely exercised ordinary discretion, and had not similar action been taken by the unknown vessel, which observed the *Cygnus* almost simultaneously with Captain Wise's order, the subsequent catastrophe had been averted.

Although but a few seconds had elapsed from the alarm upon the *Cygnus* to the meeting of the aerial forces, this had been sufficient greatly to reduce the speed of each vessel and to render less disastrous the subsequent collision. The vessel seen from the *Cygnus* proved to be the *Comet*, of the Transcontinental Line, bound for New York. Notwithstanding the commander of the *Comet* is regarded as a thoroughly competent officer, he seems not to have managed his vessel in this crisis with the best skill, probably owing to the excitement incident to the peril of the moment, since it appears that he might have changed his course in time to avoid the *Cygnus*. Nevertheless, it is easier to criticize from a comfortable situation on terra firma than to conduct successfully a drama enacted among the clouds, wherein seconds only are allotted to decisions of vital importance.

The *Comet* struck the *Cygnus* amidships, her sharp-pointed prow penetrating the starboard reservoir of the latter, and liberating the hydrogen in this reservoir, breaking her starboard propeller-shaft and rendering her engines, as well as the apparatus employed in extending her great parachute, practically useless. The collision caused a rapid rotation of the vessels (moving as one), which maintained them in partial equilibrium for a few seconds and prevented the *Comet*, which had been but slightly injured, from being detached from the *Cygnus*. During this time the *Cygnus* was partially supported by the *Comet*, at considerable hazard to the latter vessel, as the great weight upon her prow caused her to incline at a dangerous angle; but as soon as her engines could be set in motion she was withdrawn from the wreck, leaving the less fortunate *Cygnus* to her fate.

As soon as the *Cygnus* had become detached from the *Comet*, she commenced to descend with alarming rapidity, and, her parachute having been rendered useless, all hope was abandoned by the despairing passengers and crew.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the morning when the *Cygnus* left Chicago, the Australian ram *Meteor* was leisurely cruising at a low elevation over the Central American States. Whether the fact of her being at the locality stated upon this particular day was merely fortuitous, or that the necessity for her assistance had been foreseen by an Omniscient Power, is a metaphysical question which we shall not try to solve.

The officers of the *Meteor* had breakfasted, and Lieutenant Sheephead, her commanding officer, was slowly promenading the deck of his vessel, enjoying his morning cigar. The fresh air, ozone-laden and aromatic from the tropical verdure beneath, together with the grand panorama presented to view, was enough to expand the heart of a stoic, to say nothing of a young and gallant officer in search of the "bubble reputation."

He was possibly speculating upon the prospect of war between his government and the African States, as a result of the present dispute upon the ivory question, with its opportunities for distinction and advancement—always a favorite theme with the young officer having in view the creation of vacancies, overlooking the chance that he himself might be offered as the first sacrifice upon the altar of the war-god—when his attention was attracted by the approach at right angles of two vessels, displaying, respectively, the colors of the Aerial and Transcontinental Lines.

When there is no prospect of danger, the flight of these swift messengers is an object of no special concern to the navigator, other than that interest which arises from fellowship in calling; but now the risk of a collision was so imminent as to engage Lieutenant Sheephead's instant attention. He watched with intense interest the attempt of each commander to stop his vessel, and wondered why neither thought of changing his course. Upon witnessing, a moment later, the impact of the *Comet* upon the sides of the *Cygnus*, and without waiting to learn the result of the encounter, Lieutenant Sheephead acted with that prompt and clear-sighted appreciation of the situation which will doubtless commend him to the favorable consideration of the Australian War-Office. He immediately ordered the *Meteor* forward at full speed, the magnificent vessel responding to her engines like a sentient being.

When the mechanical ingenuity of Rome adjusted the crane and grappling apparatus to the galley, by means of which the vessel of the barbarian could be lifted out of the water and let fall to its destruction, the artificer hardly anticipated that he had furnished an idea which would be utilized in the equipment of the war-vessel of then unknown lands, after a lapse of twenty centuries. By means of the grappling apparatus attached to the *Meteor*, having arrived at

the line of descent of the *Cygnus*, two or three seconds in advance of that vessel, Lieutenant Sheephead was enabled to secure her, being aided by the thoroughly trained crew of the *Cygnus*, and to bring her safely to rest under the *Meteor*.

Only those who may have been rescued from a like desperate situation can fully appreciate the grateful feelings of the passengers and crew of the *Cygnus* when the tautened lines of the *Meteor* assured them of rescue. After the *Cygnus* had been thus secured, she was slowly towed to the company's nearest repair-station, at Columbia, where the passengers were safely landed.

While the mails were being transferred to the *Mercury*—a vessel also belonging to the Aerial Navigation Company, which had but recently undergone repairs and was held in reserve—the rescued passengers formulated a hastily prepared tribute of appreciation to Lieutenant Sheephead, which was received by that officer with a modesty characteristic of the true gentleman. The passengers then re-embarked upon the *Mercury*, which rapidly ascended, and soon disappeared as an elongated, dark object, speeding through cloudland toward Africa.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1892.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## My Partner.

"There is, perhaps, no subject of more universal interest in the whole range of natural knowledge than that of the unceasing fluctuations which take place in the atmosphere in which we are immersed."—*British Almanac*.

At Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill  
Of folly and cold water,  
I danced, last year, my first quadrille,  
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.  
Her cheek with summer's rose might vie,  
When summer's rose is new;  
Her eyes were blue as autumn's sky,  
When autumn's sky is blue;  
And well my heart might deem her one  
Of life's most precious flowers,  
For half her thoughts were of its sun,  
And half were of its showers.

I spoke of novels—"Vivian Grey"  
Was positively charming,  
And "Almack's" infinitely gay.  
And "Frankenstein" alarming;  
I said "De Vere" was chastely told,  
Thought well of "Herbert Lacy,"  
Called Mr. Bannin's sketches "bold,"  
And Lady Morgan's "racy";  
I vowed that last new thing of Hook's  
Was vastly entertaining;  
And Laura said: "I dote on books,  
Because it's always raining!"

I talked of music's gorgeous fane,  
I raved about Rossini,  
Hoped Ronzi would come back again,  
And crucified Pacini;  
I wished the chorus-singers dumb,  
The trumpets more pacific,  
And eulogized Brocard's *a plomb*,  
And voted Paul "terrific!"  
What cared she for Medea's pride  
Or Desdemona's sorrow?  
"Alas!" my beauteous listener sighed,  
"We must have rain to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;  
Of ever-boiling fountains,  
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,  
Vast forests, trackless mountains;  
I painted bright Italian skies,  
I lauded Persian roses,  
Coined similes for Spanish eyes,  
And jests for Indian noses;  
I laughed at Lisbon's love of mass,  
Vicenna's dread of treason;  
And Laura asked me where the glass  
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broached what'er had gone its rounds,  
The week before, of scandal;  
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds  
And Jane take up her Handel;  
Why Julia walked upon the heath,  
With the pale moon above her;  
Where Flora lost her false front teeth,  
And Anne her falser lover;  
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.  
Had crossed the sea together;  
My shuddering partner cried: "'O Ciel!  
How could they—in such weather?"

Was she a Blue?—I put my trust  
In strata, petals, gases;  
A boudoir pedant?—I discussed  
The toga and the fasses;  
A cockney-muse?—I mouthed a deal  
Of folly from "Endymion";  
A saint?—I praised the pious zeal  
Of Messrs. Way and Simcox;  
A politician?—It was vain  
To quote the morning paper;  
The horrid phantoms came again,  
Rain, hail, and snow, and vapor.

Flat flattery was my only chance:  
I acted deep devotion,  
Found magic in her every glance,  
Grace in her every motion;  
I wasted all a stripling's lore,  
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling,  
And wildly looked upon the floor,  
And wildly on the ceiling;  
I envied gloves upon her arm,  
And shawls upon her shoulder;  
And when my worship was most warm,  
She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land;  
And she will have the giving  
Of an extremely pretty hand,  
Some thousands, and a living.  
She makes silk purses, broiders stools,  
Sings sweetly, dances finely,  
Paints screens, subscribes to Sunday-schools,  
And sits a horse divinely.  
But to be linked for life to her!  
The desperate man who tied it,  
Might marry a Barometer,  
And hang himself beside it!

—Winthrop Mackworth Praed.

Lord Beaconsfield told Lord Ronald Gower that no man who was in a position to confer on a woman so pretty a title as "My Lady" had any business to remain single.



## INDOLENT MILLIONAIRES.

"Van Gryse" discusses Newport's Latter-Day Lotos-Eaters.

There is no doubt about it that at Newport wealth, luxury, pride of life, completeness of sumptuous existence, reaches its climax. This is the place where the rich and splendid life of America achieves its summit. This is the goal the inglorious struggler for social glory has ever in view. This is the apotheosis of the fashionable existence. This is the best that money, and idleness, and luxury can get and give.

The dwellers in this enchanted lotos-land seem to lead a sort of owl life, coming out in gorgeous array as the sun sinks toward setting; but, for the rest of the day, drowsing over books and newspapers on deep-leaved, vine-hung balconies, or taking siestas in the golden-moated gloom of darkened boudoirs. In the very shank of the afternoon all is quiet, hushed in a warm somnolence. The close-growing ampelopsis trembles down all its green length where it clings to stretches of red stone wall, the dogs lie about on verandas and under thick shrubs, a servant or two in striped vest and black coat peers out from unknown doorways or obscure, back-looking windows, gardeners bend over the velvet turf, extracting obtruding weeds—but the great houses stand shuttered, dreaming, silent, in their vines, huge, straggling piles in the centre of stretches of green-enameled lawn, jeweled with brilliant-hued flower-beds.

One by one they pass like the palaces of a hundred sleeping beauties. The awnings droop like lowered eyelids against the sun, giving the houses the air of being asleep. The faint sea-breeze, touched with the finest savor of the salty ocean, makes the vines shiver and twinkle. The huge palms, standing in line along the terraces, clack their fringed fans together, and rustle with a dry, melancholy sound. Between them grow giant hydrangeas, the popular colors being bright blue and lilac, some of the bushes so thickly flowering that they look like blue mounds. Here and there a bed of the stunted pink geraniums lies on the grass like a dropped pink cloak, and the long beds of scarlet geraniums follow the carriage-drive, curving as it curves, one winding line of broad, bold red.

Now and then a man or a woman may be seen sitting on the balcony, languidly reading. At the cottage of Mr. Os-good, of Newport, there are two people on the veranda, just to be glimpsed at under the awnings. This cottage—it is, by the way, a massive stone structure—has a façade of low, rounded arches, and a stairway that sends forth two branches from a broad landing. On the stone balustrade, under every arch, a superb, varnished palm, in a great colored pot, spreads its fans, and on the landing, palms, and broad-leaved plants, and tall rubber-trees, with their thick, drooping, lustrous leaves, and masses of jewel-bright flowers, stand on the coping of the balustrade in immense gilded pots.

Back of this house, in the village proper, stands the residence of James Gordon Bennett, deserted for years by its erratic owner, but always kept up. The house is big, of gray stone, evidently a house built before the fashions in architecture became exacting—a comfortable, great, handsome, solid house, veiled in trees and shrouded in vines. At the gateway two immense owls stand guard, and, at night, electric lights are lit in their heads, and their wide, weird eyes light the traveler home with long yellow beams.

A little bit further along is Mrs. Isaac Bell's house. She was Mr. Bennett's only sister, Jeanette Bennett. Her husband, Isaac Bell, is now dead, and she is a widow, with two sons. Mr. Bennett, who lives quietly in Paris, is devoted to these two boys, and is spending his time and his money in having them educated as becomes the future custodians of his immense fortune. Mrs. Bell's house was built some time since, before the days of marble palaces and Vanderbilt and Astor feuds. It is a big, fine house, with rounded balconies, and long, cushioned wicker chairs, and lowered straw jalousies. There were two idle gentlemen sitting on the balcony, reading papers. Below them, in the grass, were three gardeners, crouched together, weeding out—if Newport lawns are the same as other lawns—dandelion roots. The gardeners dived silently in the sun, the gentlemen returned their papers on the balcony above. No one spoke. The passer-by, peering over the wall, looked and meditated. It was quite a scene to provoke meditations. Those men weeding might be Jacques Un, Jacques Deux, Jacques Trois, and the man reading the paper might be the Marquis.

But away with revolutionary memories, here is something a good deal nicer. A great, wrought-iron gate swings back, a clap and clatter of boofs sounds on the drive, and out sweeps a very stunning tandem, driven by a very good-looking young man. He is perched up in the air in his high cart, his tiger, small and smug, sits up behind. The two smooth and satin-skinned horses prance and sidle out of the arched gateway, and, with a raising of knees and a bridling of proud necks, go dancing down the avenue in a nervous frenzy. The white lash of the whip flies out like a thin line of light, cracks, snaps, and away they go at a tearing pace. Inside the gates, on the cottage balcony, a beautiful being views the departure from the shadow of the vine-leaves. She is in pink muslin and yellow lace—there is just a glimpse of her through the vines, a flash of her pink, thin draperies, and then the great gates close on that high-bred, rosy-white vision, who vanishes like the princess that lived in the enchanted tower.

On each side of the avenue, the big houses are set close and thick. Behind some, the sun strikes on the gleaming curve of long grapevines, where the purple bunches swell daily and the lower green-houses skirting long stone walls. Every one is set in a garden as perfectly kept, as beautiful, as rich in color and bloom, as money and time can make them. Some of the houses are shut in by trees—huge elms and small oaks shelter them, the rich, claret-hued foliage of the copper beech glows darkly in the summer brightness of pale green. One place, called "The Elms," had a short, curved avenue passing between two rows of Norway spruce. The spruces were dusky, solitary, and sad,

seeming out of place in this brightness, sighing with a noise like the sea—that very wild, tempestuous sea of their native land, across which the long-haired Vikings, in their iron-beaked ships, sailed to the discovery of this very coast whereon the spruces now grow in gloomy beauty.

Beyond The Elms comes a splendid house. This is Townsend Burden's, once the property of Levi P. Morton. It is one of the finest of the Newport palaces—an immense, red, low, broad house, spreading over a large area of ground, looking big enough to accommodate an army, with a hundred windows throwing out awnings to the sun, and backward-reaching wings and long, rambling balconies. It stood well up, without many trees, looking red and hot in the midst of its far-reaching lawns, but looking every inch a house for fine doings, for perpetual entertainments, for princely hospitalities and sumptuous feasting, and guests ever coming and going, and hordes of well-trained menials.

The Astors and the Vanderbilts are all crowded together on the same side of Bellevue Avenue. William K. Vanderbilt is sandwiched in between the William Astor estate and John Jacob Astor's place—"Beaulieu." When the outskirts of the white-marble palace heave in sight, one feels a prayerful and tearful mood coming on, so much do they remind one of cemeteries and mausoleums. If William Vanderbilt ever wants a family vault in a hurry, all he will have to do will be to move the white-marble palace to a convenient cemetery and store his ancestors inside its chilly walls. It looks like a cross between the Capulet's tomb and a Greek temple.

In some respects the house would be beautiful. If it were set in the middle of a great park, its pallid façade would look stately and splendid. If it were densely surrounded by trees, it would loom up in square, white magnificence from masses of greenery. But it is really on a comparatively speaking small piece of ground, too small a piece for so great a house. The building itself is immense, rigidly classic, with a severe row of fluted columns reaching from the foundation to the roof, a flat top, and a broad, high front, broken by long windows. It is of a whiteness that is blinding, glaring—a snow palace could be no whiter. Against a sky of a pure, deep blue, its level roof, edged by a marble balustrade, stands out as if it were carved from chalk, dazzling in the afternoon sun.

But William Vanderbilt has evidently desired to keep himself unspotted from the public eye. Around his stately marble home he has built a stately marble wall that the most daring and curious little boy who ever went barefoot would be unable to scale. It is tremendously high, formed of great blocks of marble, and surmounted—to enhance the funereal impression of the whole—by marble urns, each one crowned with an oblong object which the sculptor may have intended to represent either a pine-apple or a Stilton cheese. In breaks in the wall come the two gates, tremendous affairs of long iron bars, surmounted by gilded arrow-points and backed by plates of iron, which transform them into two huge, iron doors. These are kept tight shut. At the hours when Mrs. Vanderbilt receives, they are swung open; but only then. At other times, it takes a matter of something like twenty minutes to get into the house—there are so many servants between the outer gates and the inner sanctums, and the etiquette of getting an audience with the chatelaine is so extremely elaborate. There are porters at the outer gates, who pass you along to the Swiss—a fashion copied from the Russians—of the house entrance, who, in turn, pass you along to footmen, who take your name, and, finally, usher you into the Presence.

The other Vanderbilt houses are more comfortable-looking and a good deal less pretentious. Frederick Vanderbilt has a beautiful place, out on a point looking over a sea as blue as a gentian flower. The trees are all shorn of their lower branches, and between their dark boles one looks over a cropped lawn, dappled with sun and shade to the sparkle of the ocean, heaving in the fresh sea-breeze. Such an air! It comes salty and crystalline over a thousand miles of sea, with never a sign of life in its path but a rolling ship or a low-flying sea-bird. It sweeps along the Newport cliff for the health and comfort of a long line of idle cottagers. This cliff, by the way, has a walk skirting its edge and passing in front of the houses on the edge of the bluff. It is a public path, upon which all the world may walk, and goes on for several miles without an obstruction. In the State of Rhode Island, there is a law forbidding any property-holder from obstructing the cliff-walks. If your land goes to the sea and you wish to fence it to the margin of the waves, you must leave the cliff-walk always open.

Newport is a good place to spend money in. In the little town there is a street full of New York milliners, and tailors, and jewelers, and confectioners, and curiosity shops. Luxury has brought them down in its wake, and they batten on it in return. Most of the swell dressmaking places from New York have a branch at the city by the sea. Belles can not only furnish up an old wardrobe, but buy a complete new one without crossing the Providence River. The shopkeepers keep their prey well in sight, tracking them to the water's edge. There are the most fascinating places where they sell china and glass, there are the most distracting places where you can buy veritable antiques; but the most charming of all are the shops where they sell real old New England relics and curios. The windows of these tiny, dingy places are set out in a bewildering array of battered old silver spoons, and forks, and tankards, and seals; there are old clocks and old mirrors hanging on the walls. Looking in you may see antique, dull mahogany dressing-cases, raised high on spindle legs, with brass handles and claw feet, and narrow, shallow jewel-drawers, also thin-legged chairs, with backs shaped like a lyre, and faded tapestried seats. Whether they are genuine or not, everybody buys these antiquities for enormous prices. It is the height of style to have your rooms furnished forth in these dim relics of the days of Bunker Hill and the Boston Tea-Party.

NEWPORT, August 10, 1892.

VAN GRyse.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The only American baron, Baron Fairfax, lives in Virginia. He is a physician and practices his profession.

Bismarck has orders enough, if worn three deep, to cover the breast of a man six feet across the shoulders.

Professor Bell, inventor of the Bell telephone, does not enjoy being regarded as a millionaire, according to report.

A neighbor and contemporary of Sir Walter Scott and James Hogg was John Douglas, of Selkirk, who died recently at the age of ninety-three.

Messrs. W. K. Vanderbilt and Seward Webb are going to the World's Fair in their steam-yachts, provided the canal locks on the route are sufficiently deep to float their vessels.

Robert Louis Stevenson has started a social and literary club in Apia, with Mrs. Stevenson as its president. It is supposed that Robert Louis is for the present the rest of the club, mostly.

Governor Peck says that he "likes his job real well," and finds it "much nicer to be Governor George Peck, of Wisconsin, than to be just plain old George Peck, of Milwaukee." This is the Peck person who perpetrated "Peck's bad boy."

Mr. Gladstone was to have been asked, when at a Scotch meeting, whether he would eschew pluralities of office and consent to take but one office in his government; therefore, only to receive \$25,000 a year, instead of the \$37,500 which he has been in the habit of receiving for his extra-labors as the filer of a plurality of offices. The chairman of the meeting declined to permit Mr. Gladstone to be asked this question.

The Duke of Fitzjames, who is at present visiting the Comte de Paris at Stowe Palace, in England, uses as his armorial bearings the royal coat-of-arms of Great Britain. They are, however, traversed by a bar sinister, as the first Duke of Fitzjames, who received his dukedom from King Louis the Fourteenth of France, was the illegitimate son of King James the Second of England and of Arabella Churchill, sister of the first Duke of Marlborough.

When Admiral Shufeldt went to Corea to arrange for a treaty, Miss Shufeldt missed a valuable bracelet, the theft of which was duly reported to the proper authorities. Suspicion rested on two natives, who were taken before the tribunal and subjected to a rigorous examination. The officials found that no incriminating evidence could be obtained against the suspected culprits, and informed Miss Shufeldt of the fact; but added, in a spirit of courtesy, that "if madame wishes, however, we will at once cut off the heads of both men."

The late Jasper Livingston, who died recently in Florence, where he had lived voluntarily expatriated for thirty years, was well known in that city for his eccentricities, and is best remembered, perhaps, for his remarkable equipages. In the days when Florence was governed by a grand duke, Mr. Livingston, in a fit of pique at not being invited to court, determined to outshine the grand duke, who was accustomed to drive to the Casino with six horses. He put eight horses to his break, and the grand duke, not to be rivaled, put eight to his. The contention for superiority continued until each was driving twelve horses, when the grand duke abandoned the contest. Mr. Livingston, however, continued to add horses to his break until he had eighteen attached, and commonly drove about with sixteen.

Old Miami University, at Oxford, O., which is receiving so much advertising at present from the publication of the fact that it is the *alma mater* of President Harrison and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, is a college entitled to be called fortunate in its graduates. Among its students who subsequently became distinguished in public life were the war governors of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois—Dennison, Morton, and Yates; several other governors of Western States: Professor Swing, Chicago's foremost divine; Senator Brice; Secretary Noble; Attorney-General Miller; and Caleb Smith, who was Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior; besides several supreme court justices, and a host of others of high but less conspicuous place in life. The university was chartered in 1809, and is in a flourishing condition.

Parliament opened on August 4th, at two o'clock in the afternoon. Lord Randolph Churchill was returned unopposed. Sir Charles Dilke is called by the cynical members of the Carlton Club "one of Gladstone's moral victories." One of the youngest men in the House is J. A. Chamberlain, son of the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, a youth of twenty-four. Mr. Naoroji, a Hindoo member, travels under the name of "Lord Salisbury's black man." He is not black—only he is not white—but his election is the outcome of Lord Salisbury's unfortunate speech, in which he spoke of him as a "black man," and thereby enraged all the people with whom we are acquainted through Mr. Kipling. Mr. Naoroji won in Central Finsbury, and all the dignitaries of the empire have been simply delighted with the victory, enriching the telegraph company by deluging the Hindoo member with congratulations. There are two representatives of labor among the members—John Burns, the agitator of Hyde Park, and Kier Hardie. This latter person came to Parliament dressed as a laborer and driving a four-in-hand, accompanied by a howling crowd and a brass-band that played the "Marseillaise." He wanted to take the oath without removing the cloth cap he habitually wears, but the Speaker made him uncover. Mr. and Mrs. Henry M. Stanley, who watched the proceedings, seemed tired and weary—as they undoubtedly were after their late experience. Michael Davitt is a member, but it is a question whether he stays so, because the Conservatives think his involuntary service as a convict disqualifies him. He took the seat Parnell used to occupy, which seemed in the eyes of the other Irish members as being ore sumptuous and promising trouble.



## EUGÉNIE'S COURT.

The Caprices of the Beautiful Spaniard who Wrecked the Empire.

In the second volume of "An Englishman in Paris," (Appletons) generally ascribed to Sir Richard Wallace—the first volume was noticed in these columns a fortnight ago—there are many interesting details and anecdotes of the Second Empire, of the court of the Empress Eugénie, and of the personages who took part in the downfall of the third Napoleon.

Referring to Louis Napoleon's "intentions" toward Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo, Sir Richard says:

"He had not the least intention of making an empress out of a Mlle. Eugénie de Montijo. Mlle. de Montijo, on the other hand, was determined not to be a Mme. de Maintenon, let alone a La Vallière or a Pompadour. At any rate, so she said, and we may safely assume that the lady's virtue would have been proof against the blandishments of the future emperor, even if she had not had the advice and guardianship of her mother, whose Scotch blood would not have stood trifling with her daughter's affections and reputation. But, to make the fortress doubly impregnable, the Comtesse de Montijo scarcely ever left her second daughter's side. It was a great sacrifice on her part, because Mlle. Eugénie was not her favorite child; that position was occupied by her elder sister, the Duchesse d'Albe."

Of the fêtes of the Elysée, Mlle. de Montijo became the guiding spirit. She and her mother had traveled a great deal, so had Louis Napoleon, the latter not enough, however, to have learned the wisdom of the French proverb: "Gare à la femme dont le berceau a été une malle, et le pensionnat une table d'hôte" ["Beware of the woman whose cradle has been a trunk, and whose school has been a table d'hôte"]. In the spring of 1852, scarcely any one suspected that the handsome Spanish girl, who was galloping by Louis Napoleon's side, would be in two months Empress of the French. Only a few knowing ones offered to back her for the imperial stakes at any odds; the author took whatever odds were offered, and, of course, lost heavily. As the various European sovereigns declined the honor of an alliance with the bouse of Bonaparte, Mlle. de Montijo simply walked over the course. One evening, the rumor spread that Louis Napoleon had uttered the magic word "marriage," in consequence of a violent fit of coughing, which had choked the word "mistress" down his throat. Thus the stories ran:

"The day before there had been a hunt, and between the return from the forest and the dinner hour Napoleon had presented himself unannounced in Mlle. de Montijo's apartments. Neither I nor the others who were at the château at the time could satisfactorily account for the prodigy to this visit. Though the first dinner-bell had already rung, Mlle. de Montijo was still in her riding-habit, consequently on the alert. Nay, even her dainty hunting-crop was within her reach, as the intruder found to his cost; and reports were rife to the effect that, if the one had failed, the mother, who was in the next room, would have come to the rescue of her injured daughter. The Comtesse de Montijo, however, was spared this act of heroism—Lucretia sufficed for self-defense; nevertheless, the mother's part was not at an end, even when the decisive word had been pronounced. According to her daughter, she objected to the union from a sincere regard for her would-be son-in-law and from an all-absorbing love for her own darling. The social gulf between the two was too wide ever to be bridged. 'And, though it will break my heart to have to obey her, I have no alternative,' added Mlle. de Montijo—if not in these self-same words, at least in words to that effect; 'there remains but one hope. Write to her.' Louis Napoleon did write. The letter has been religiously preserved by the Montijo family. In less than three months afterward France was semi-officially apprised of the Emperor's intended union; but, of course, the news had spread long before then, and a very varied, though, on the whole, a very unpleasant, effect it produced. The lower classes, comprehending the ultra-democratic, would have perhaps applauded the bold departure from the old traditions if the bride had been French, instead of being a foreigner. The bourgeoisie was disgusted. The Voltairean bourgeoisie was biting in his sarcasm. In his speech to the grand officers of state and the corporations, Napoleon, referring to the empress that was to be, said: 'I cherish the firm hope that she will, while occupying a similar position, revive once more the virtues of Josephine.' This reference to the undoubtedly skittish widow of General de Beauharnais provoked a sneer from those familiar with the *chronique scandaleuse* of the Directoire. Said one: 'It is a strange present to put into a girl's trousseau—the virtues of Josephine; the Nessus-shirt given to Hercules was nothing to it.' The daughter had to bear the brunt of the mother's reputation. It is significant that public securities went down two francs at the announcement of the marriage."

We are thus told of the extraordinary difficulties encountered by Louis Napoleon in obtaining for his future wife a suitable *entourage*:

"Even the Duc de Bassano, whose family were mere creatures of the Bonapartes, went about repeating that he could not permit his wife to figure in the suite of the daughter of the Comtesse de Montijo, 'who [the daughter] was a little too much of a posthumous child.' He not only relented with regard to the duchesse at the eleventh hour, but accepted the office of grand chamberlain, which office he filled to the end of his life. It is certain that honors and titles went absolutely begging in those days. There were plenty of men and women ready to accept both, and to deck out their besmudged escutcheons with them; but of these the empress, at any rate, would have none. She would have willingly thrown overboard the whole of her own family, with its doubtful antecedents, which naturally identified it with that brilliant and cosmopolitan society, 'dans laquelle en fait d'hommes, il n'y a que des *déclassés*, et en fait de femmes que des *troupières classées*.' As to Louis Napoleon, but for dynastic and political reasons, he would have willingly dispensed with rigorously virtuous women at the Tuileries, then and afterward. At that moment, however, he was obliged to make overtures to ladies to make part of his court, but the rebuffs received were taken with a *sang-froid* which made those who had administered them wince. At each renewed refusal, he was ready with an epigram: 'Encore une dame qui n'est pas assez sûre de son passé pour braver l'opinion publique'; 'Celle-là, c'est la femme de César, hors de tout soupçon, comme il y a des criminels qui sont hors la loi'; 'Mme. de —, il n'y a pas de faux pas dans sa vie, il n'y a qu'un faux papa, le père de ses enfants.' Not only could Louis Napoleon be witty when he liked, but his wit gained from the manner in which he delivered his witticisms. Not a muscle of his face moved—he merely blinked his eyes. 'Si on avait voulu me donner une princesse allemande,' he said to his most intimate friends, 'je l'aurais épousée; si je ne l'avais pas autant aimée que j'aime Mlle. de Montijo, j'aurais au moins été plus sûr de sa bêtise; avec une Espagnole on n'est jamais sûr.' 'If they had been willing to give me a German princess, I would have married her; if I had not loved her as much as I love Mlle. de Montijo, I would at least have been more sure of her denseness; with a Spanish woman, one is never sure.' Mlle. de Montijo was not witty. There was on her part a kittenish attempt at wit now and then, as when she said: 'Ici, il n'y a que moi de légitimiste'; but intellectually she was in no way distinguished from the majority of her countrywomen, of whom Mérimée declared that God had given them the choice between love and wit, and they had chosen the former. On the other hand, Mlle. de Montijo had an iron will and was very handsome."

The new empress, with a strange blindness to evil omens, was especially anxious to model her surroundings and her mode of life upon those of Marie Antoinette:

"Mon type," as she familiarly called the daughter of Marie Thérèse. If, in fact, after a little while some one had been ill-advised enough to

tell her that she had not been born in the imperial purple, she would have scarcely believed it. When a daughter of the house of Savoy had the misfortune to marry Napoleon's cousin, the empress thought fit to give the young princess some hints as to her toilet and sundry other things. 'You appear to forget, madame,' was the answer, 'that I was born at a court.' The Empress Eugénie was furious, and never forgave Princess Clotilde.

"She had paroxysms of mawkish philanthropy, as when she insisted that the prostitute inmates of Saint-Lazare should have dessert after their dinner. The same woman would, at the end of a hunt, deliberately jump off her horse, plunge a gleaming knife into the throat of a panting stag, and revel in the sight of blood. Many who saw her do this argued that in the hour of danger she would as boldly face the enemies of herself and her dynasty. The event proved that they were utterly mistaken. She slunk away at the supreme hour; while the Princess Clotilde, whom she had presumed to teach the manners of a court, left Paris like a princess, in an open landau preceded by an outrider."

We are told that at Compiègne the guests were rather giddy, as witness this:

"The ladies' costumes were wonderful to behold. The cloth skirt, which had been recently introduced from England, and the cloth dress draped elegantly over it, enabled their wearers to defy all kinds of weather. As they went tramping down the muddy roads, their coquettish little hats daintily poised on enormous chignons, their walking-boots displaying more than the regulation amount of ankle, the less sophisticated Compiègnais stared with all their might at the strange company from the château, and no wonder."

"Among the amusements at Compiègne, at one time, when the future Emperor of Germany was there, the ladies hit upon the idea of giving a surprise to the emperor and empress on the occasion of the latter's fête day. A ballet-master was sent for in hot haste and 'Le Diable à Quatre' put in rehearsal. The emperor professed himself exceedingly pleased, and the ladies, among whom was Princess von Metternich, were sent for from the imperial box to be complimented by the sovereign. At the ball which followed the entertainment, they appeared in their ballet skirts and tights. Every one was delighted. 'Après tout,' said Napoleon, blinking his eyes, 'avec cette manie des hommes de courir après les danseuses, il vaut mieux leur en fournir de bonne maison.' [After all, with the mania men have for running after ballet-girls, we might as well give them some of good family.]

"Napoleon himself, however, only admired dances on the stage. 'L'esprit de la danseuse est dans ses jambes, et je n'aime pas les femmes bêtes,' he remarked; for the emperor, like other members of his family, did not scruple to use the right word when talking with his familiars. Nevertheless, while fully recognizing the importance of brains, he was, until he was assured of a woman's stupidity by intimate acquaintance, too much inclined to be attracted by the first handsome face he saw. The moment he was seated by the side of the empress in the imperial box, he swept the house with his opera-glass, and the glass stopped unerringly at what was really the handsomest woman in the house, whether she was seated on the tier with him or in the upper one—the handsomest woman, that is to say, among the strangers, because on such occasions the emperor paid but little attention to those who were habitually around him. The empress was fain to put up with these peccadilloes. She could not be always running away to Swabach or to Scotland; besides she knew that she would have to come back again. Some months before the performance of 'Le Diable à Quatre,' she went to the former place to hide her mortification. William of Prussia was at Baden-Baden at the time, and he immediately left the delightful society and the magnificent roudles of Pauline Luca to offer his sympathies to the Griselida who had fled from her home troubles."

The author gives many examples of the maleficent influence exercised by the Empress Eugénie on the fortunes of the Second Empire. One of these is mentioned in connection with the Emperor Maximilian's death:

"When the news of this event reached Paris, there was the rumbling of a storm which boded no good. For days before there had been vague rumors of the catastrophe. It had been whispered at the annual distribution of prizes at the Collège de France, where one of the young Cavaignacs had refused to receive his reward at the hands of the Prince Imperial. The empress, on hearing of the insult, had burst into hysterical tears and been obliged to leave the reception-room. Whether or no Napoleon and his wife were blameless in the Mexican affair, it is certain that appearances were against them, and that the discontent expressed was, so far, justified. Napoleon himself looked at it in that way; he bowed to the storm; he regretted, but did not resent, people's interference. Not so the empress. The truth was only welcome to her when it flattered her; she really fancied herself an autocrat by the grace of God, as the preceding Bourbons interpreted the phrase. In spite of all that has been said about her amiability and charity, Eugénie was, in reality, cruel at heart. She was vindictive, also, and what was worse, blindly vindictive. She not only fretted at her inability to avenge herself on the people at large when they reviled her, but would often vent her wrath on the first victim that came to hand, albeit the latter was generally the innocent medium through which the voice of the people reached her. M. Hyrvoix, in virtue of his function as chief of the secret police, had frequently to be the echo of that voice. He was usually the first of all the officials to present his daily report, and the emperor would give him his cue by asking: 'What do the people say?'

"On that particular morning, after the death of Maximilian had become known, the answer came not as readily as usual. After keeping silence for a while, M. Hyrvoix said: 'The people do not say anything, sire.' Napoleon must have noticed the hesitating manner, for he said at once: 'You are not telling me the truth. What do the people say?' 'Well, sire, if you wish to know, not only the people, but every one is deeply indignant and disgusted at the consequences of this unfortunate war. It is commented upon everywhere in the self-same spirit. They say that it is the fault of — 'The fault of whom?' repeated Napoleon. Thereupon M. Hyrvoix kept silence once more. 'The fault of whom?' insisted Napoleon. 'Sire,' stammered M. Hyrvoix, 'in the time of Louis the Sixteenth, people said, 'It is the fault of the Austrian woman.' 'Yes, go on.' 'Under Napoleon the Third, people say, 'It is the fault of the Spanish woman.' The words had scarcely left the lips of M. Hyrvoix, when a door leading to the inner apartments opened, and the empress appeared on the threshold. 'She looked like a beautiful fury,' said M. Hyrvoix to his friend (from whom our author got the story); 'she wore a white dressing-gown, her hair was waving on her shoulders, and her eyes shot flames. She hissed rather than spoke, as she bounded toward me, and, ridiculous as it may seem, I felt afraid for the moment. 'You will please repeat what you said just now, M. Hyrvoix,' she gasped in a voice hoarse with anger. 'Certainly, madame,' I replied; 'seeing that I am here to speak the truth, and as such your majesty will pardon me. I told the emperor that the Parisians spoke of the Spanish woman as they spoke seventy-five or eighty years ago of the Austrian woman.' 'The Spanish woman!' The Spanish woman! she jerked out three or four times, and I could see that her hands were clenched. 'I have become French, but I will show my enemies that I can be Spanish when occasion demands it.' With this she left the room as suddenly as she had come, taking no notice of the emperor's hand uplifted to detain her. When the door had closed upon her, I said to the emperor: 'I am more than grieved, sire, that I spoke.' 'You did your duty,' said he, grasping my hand."

As a matter of course the empress's threat to show her enemies that she could be Spanish when occasion required, was in this case an empty one, because the enemies happened to be legion. Says the author:

"A scapegoat was, however, found in the honest functionary who in the exercise of his duty had frankly warned the emperor of the ugly things that were said about his wife. Next morning M. Hyrvoix was appointed receiver-general for one of the departments—that is to say, he was exiled to the provinces. This system of ostracism was indiscriminately applied to all who happened to offend Eugénie. Unfortunately the slightest divergence of opinion on the most trifling matter was construed as an offense, hence in a few years the so-called counselors around the empress were simply so many automata moving at her will, and at her will only."

Lest the author should be taxed with exaggeration in this matter, he offers some instances, such as this:

"One evening, in the course of the charades acted at Compiègne, some of the performers, both men and women, had thrown all decorum to the winds in their improvised dialogues. A young colonel, by no means strait-laced or a hypochrite, and who was a great favorite with the emperor and empress, professed himself shocked in the hearing of the latter at so much license in the presence of the sovereigns. In reality it was an honest but indirect comment upon the empress's blamable attitude in that respect. The empress took up the cudgels for the offenders. 'Vous n'êtes pas content, colonel; hé bien! je m'en fiche, répondez, et contrefaitez.' [This is about the equivalent of saying: 'If you don't like it, colonel, you can lump it, or 'rats,' or 'go chase yourself.']] The emperor laughed and applauded his consort; the colonel took the hint and was seen at court no more. Shortly afterward he went to Mexico, where all who saw him at work concurred in saying that he was not only a most valuable soldier, but probably the only one in the French army of those days capable of handling large masses. Nevertheless, when the war of '70 broke out he was still a colonel, and no command was offered to him. The Republicans have been wiser in their generation at this hour; he holds a high position in the army, and is destined to occupy one still higher. It was he who counseled Bazaine, in the beginning of the investment of Metz, to break through with the rest. According to the best authorities of the German general staff, the advice, had it been followed, would have materially altered the state of affairs."

Sir Richard places the blame for the terrible war of 1870 at the feet of the beautiful, frivolous Eugénie, sometime Empress of the French.

## A GAIETY GIRL.

"Piccadilly" on the Earl of Orkney and his Music-Hall Countess.

The marriage of the Earl of Orkney to "Connie" Gilchrist on Tuesday is not without precedent in the annals of our ancient aristocracy. Within the last century and a half, many an actress was raised from the stage to the peerage. There was Mrs. Jordan, whose marriage to William the Fourth is hardly to be disputed; Mrs. Melton, who married into the great ducal house of St. Albans, whose founder was another actress, Nell Gwynn; Miss Stephens, who became the Countess of Essex; Lavina Fenton, the Duchess of Bolton; Louisa Brunton, the Countess of Craven; Miss Farren, the Countess of Derby; Maria Foote, the Countess of Harrington; and Edith Brandon who married Lord Berkeley.

The tendency of our young sprigs of nobility to democratic alliances of the same sort has certainly not lacked illustration during the past few years; but it is very noticeable that, when they ally themselves with ladies from the stage, as a rule, singers and dancers seem nowadays to have the best chance of becoming countesses or duchesses, and rather than the great actresses, young women from the music-halls, who frequently make up for the indefiniteness of their ancestry by the notoriety of their past, are preferred. The Countess of Euston, formerly Kate Cooke, will become the Duchess of Grafton if her husband outlives his father, which is not improbable; Dollie Tester, who sang in the chorus, has the barren title of Aylesbury; Nellie Leamar married the Hon. Hubert Dunscombe; a French lady well known on the London stage, Miss Camille Dubois, is married to the Hon. Wyndham-Stanhope; Lillie Earnest became Lady Mansel, and since her husband's death has come back to the music-hall boards; while it seems only yesterday that the Countess of Clancarty, who figured in the law courts as Lady Dunlop, was the delight of a motley music-hall crowd as the popular Belle Bilton. Society's door will now be shut to Lord Orkney and his bride.

The engagement of this young earl to the once "bright, particular star" of Gaiety habitués, has been a subject of conversation for some time past; but the wedding date was known to only a privileged few. The marriage took place at All Souls, Langham Place, and a fair sprinkling of people attended. There was, however, a conspicuous absence of the theatrical profession, and, as might be expected from their strenuous opposition to the marriage, none of the Fitzmaurice family were present, while the Duke of Beaufort, who gave his protégé away, was the sole representative of the bridegroom's own order.

Ten years ago, Miss Gilchrist was at the height of her fame. To catch a glance or a word from her, the "tooth-pick and crutch brigade" literally besieged the stage-door; in her honor the flame-colored sporting chronicle of the day printed columns of amorous and spirituous eulogy; her portrait, as a "Symphony in Skipping-Ropes," was painted by Whistler, who, known to have come from "the other side," was at that time regarded in British Philistia as a red Indian savage, who produced his pictures in the wood and wampum with which he adorned his body; and the "Gold Girl" was everywhere petted and admired.

Her career altogether has been a very varied one. She began life, one might say, as a "cherub," posing frequently in that character to the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who inaugurated the angelic and religious style of Christmas cards. Then she sat for the nude to several painters, at the usual price of one shilling and sixpence an hour, and also as a model to Sir Frederick Leighton—first for the child in his celebrated picture, "The Music Lesson," and later for "The Reading Girl." Her first appearance on the stage was at the Adelphi Theatre, where she played the harlequin in a children's pantomime, and afterward she was seen at music-halls, where she made a distinctly artistic triumph in her skipping-rope dance. She was at this time known as a "song-and-dance artiste"; but her abilities attracted so much attention that, at the age of fourteen, she was engaged for the Gaiety Theatre, where she remained ten years, and appeared, with more or less success, in all the burlesques—some thirty-six in number—produced during that period. She was, therefore, only a child when she reached the top-most pinnacle of her popularity, and it was as "The Child" that she was known to the *jeunesse dorée* who used to crowd the stalls on the strength of a personal acquaintance. She had a most innocent, simple, child's face, with smooth cheeks and a ripe mouth, and big, trusting eyes—indeed, a beautiful girl; and great people—in particular a highly placed nobleman—soon took deep interest in her, and



showered upon her marks of favor and appreciation. Her only dramatic success was as Libby in "The Almighty Dollar," which the late Mr. W. G. Florence produced here; but she never had any true liking for the stage, and since her retirement—seven years or so ago—has devoted herself to field sports and has become an excellent whip as well as a plucky and graceful horsewoman.

Hers is a figure familiar to the New Forest, and the followers of Mr. Fernie's hounds have had no more regular companion than Miss Gilchrist, for hardly a "fine hunting morn" ever dawned over Leicester without a trim little figure, very quietly habited and veiled and superbly mounted from Beaufort's stables at Badminton, appearing at the meet, only to disappear across a flying country, leaving many of the sterner sex far behind. The character of "Connie" Gilchrist has rather suffered, for her name was closely coupled with that of the late Lord Lonsdale, who presented her with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, while, since his death, she has had the protection of the Duke of Beaufort, who took her to Badminton, and has taken a parental interest in her welfare.

Of the Earl of Orkney, there is little known. He is not at all bad-looking, and by birth is, of course, entitled to move in the best circles. Though his title is Scotch, he has little connection with the northern part of the kingdom, for what property he has is in Ireland, where he owns some eleven thousand acres in Tipperary, Queen's County, and Roscommon, with a rent-roll of about thirty thousand dollars a year. He has no connection with the ancient Scandinavian earls bearing the same designation, nor even with Bothwell, Queen Mary's favorite, who was Duke of Orkney, but descends from a younger son of Lord William Douglas, who, upon his marriage with a Duchess of Hamilton, was made Duke of Hamilton for life. The first Earl of Orkney, after figuring in the Irish wars two hundred years ago, distinguished himself in Queen Anne's reign, and the third countess, marrying a brother of the first Marquis of Lansdowne, the family name, originally Douglas-Hamilton, became Fitzmaurice. A peculiarity about the title is that it is one of those peerages, so rare in modern times, which descends on females, failing male heirs, and there have been already three Countesses of Orkney in their own right.

The uncle of the present earl was a very eccentric peer, who, in his will, mentioned that his coronet would be found in the coal-cellar of his town-house, in Sussex Place. This house, with certain pictures and other properties, he bequeathed to his heir, unless he married "a lady named," in which case all was to pass to another nephew. At the present time, it would be most interesting to be able to read between the lines and learn who "the lady named" was. Among his last requests, the last earl expressly forbade his executors to allow any flowers to be put on his coffin, and, also, wished to be carried to the grave in a closed bier, to prevent any one seeing what was inside. The Countess of Orkney, recently dead, was this nobleman's second wife and the widow of a Portuguese peer. Baroness de Worms is her daughter, and inherited the greater part of the magnificent jewels for which her mother was famous; but she entailed on Lord Orkney, on his promise to keep them in the condition in which he would receive them, a matchless set of pearls, which includes a necklace of one hundred and ninety superb stones in three rows.

Lord Orkney, who is also Viscount Kirkwall and Baron Dechmont, is the seventh earl, having succeeded to the title in 1889, and holds a lieutenant's commission in the Third Battalion of Oxford Light Infantry. He is not a representative Scotch peer, and so his future children will not sit in the Upper House. He is a member of White's and the Carlton Clubs, and his country seat is Glenmore Templemore, while he has another residence at Leighton Buzzard. He has owned one or two race-horses, and his face is well-known at Sandown and Kempton, but his lordship's racing-colors—dark-green, pink sleeves and cap—have not been very fortunate. He rides very straight to bounds, and it was at Melton Mowbray, whither the attractions of hunting had taken both, that he made the acquaintance of his wife. He has seen only some five-and-twenty winters and summers, and so is several years his wife's junior, but the countess is still a young woman, though she has been before the public a good many years. So far as money goes, the young couple are very comfortably off, for besides the income Miss Gilchrist had in her own right, the Duke of Beaufort is said to have given her a very handsome *dot*; and as she has always been known as an economical person, with their similarity of tastes, it is very possible the earl and his countess may live very babbly together, despite the frowns of Mrs. Grundy.

LONDON, July 29, 1892.

PICCADILLY.

Some of the Parliamentary contests in the recent elections in England turned on very insignificant incidents. This was particularly the case in the defeat of Captain Penton, which was brought about by a child, which unluckily sprawled beneath a passing carriage and received slight injuries. The carriage belonged to a lady who was conveying three voters to the polls, and who, on observing the accident, took the youngster upon the seat, and drove to a neighboring hospital. It was then late in the afternoon, and by the time the carriage reached the polls, they had closed. So close was the voting, that these three ballots would have made the race between Captain Penton and the Parsee merchant, who defeated him, a dead heat, to be decided by the returning officer's casting vote.

Thackeray had a free pass over the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company's lines. Carlyle genially observed that penny ferry-boats in Scotland always allowed a blind fiddler to cross for nothing to amuse the passengers. Thackeray never liked Carlyle much after that, and Carlyle said that for his part he could not understand why.

The Shah of Persia has left Teberan for his annual sojourn at his summer palace, accompanied by a retinue of three hundred wives and regiments of infantry, cavalry, and artillery.

## HER LAST POSE.

A Color Study in the Grays and Violets of Death.

Toward evening the sick woman moved feebly in a last convulsion of agony, a gasping sigh rattled in her throat, and she died. And for hours afterward, beside her pale, quiet body, the husband, the illustrious painter, Jean Barnez, crouched dazedly, with set face and wide, uncomprehending eyes, unable to believe that death could have come like that—so quickly, to tear his wife from him.

Swept away in three days! In three days, she, so beautiful, so glowing with life! All her glorious coloring, her rich flesh tones, gone; gone her magnificent form, with its outline so pure, so correct, so *renaissance*. In three days, she, who had posed in such exquisite, such classic attitudes for all sorts of courtesans, nymphs, saints—she, who had brought him that first medal for his "Death of Agrippina." In three days! Why it was less than a week ago she was there, lying on the model-stand in a mass of yellow silks and scarlet cushions, posing for the "Cleopatra" which would surely have commanded the medal of honor, even—who knows?—the coveted seat at the Institute.

Before his eyes swam a vague vision of round arms, heavy with barbaric, jeweled bracelets, of gleaming, disheveled hair, the dazzling whiteness of her flesh in its gauzy swathings, the swelling bosom, the soft rise of her hips, the satin smoothness of her perfect limbs. And in three brief days, all that lost—extinguished. It was hideous, impossible!

"Mathilde, my little Mathilde," murmured the unhappy man, "speak to me. It is not true—ah, tell me it is not true—that you are dead. You are posing for an Ophelia, for a Juliet; but you are not dead, you breathe. Speak to me!"

He bent over her with passion, but recoiled before the chill of the dead lips, a chill that burned him like a red-hot iron. Then he fell full length upon the bed beside her, buried his face in the pillow, and burst into bitter weeping. "My God! My God! She is not posing; she is dead—dead!"

Friends came with condolences and offers of assistance. The undertaker—terrible person—came. But Jean Barnez closed the door on them all. No one should be permitted to approach the body of his angel, or even to enter the room where she lay.

With his own hands he made her ready for the grave. About her still form and over the bed he scattered great odoriferous bunches of white lilac, like balls of snow. Robed in white, and reposing on her flower-strewn couch, Mathilde seemed to sleep.

The year before, Barnez had lost a child, his only son—a rosy, handsome boy—who, young as he was, posed bravely when his father painted infant loves and angels. Last year the child, and now the mother, had been taken from him. In all the world there remained not one creature for him to love. He was alone—so alone that for an instant the thought of death occurred to him as a refuge. Life—why live it? For whom? To what end!

Everything perished at last, everything—love, hate, ambition, all we work and suffer for—honors, medals, decorations, fame's self. All the joyous egoism of art, the delicious agony of creation, even those divine enthusiasms, those sublime frenzies which, inspired by a warm flesh tone, a distance lost in mist, the blush of sunset over the sea, surge, surge and palpitate, into songs, poems, and dreams of deathless beauty.

The idea came to him of a large coffin—a double coffin—in which it would be sweet to lie down with her forever. His dear, lovely wife, his Cleopatra, his Agrippina—my God! my God! And he, the little Georges—naked and dimpled, his blonde hair flying, a rose between his teeth, a quiver over his shoulder, strewing flowers and laughing—into what gray distance had he flown, on those gauzy wings? Ah, God!

Overcome at last with fatigue, and spent with emotion, he fell heavily asleep.

When he awoke, the sun was high and the death-chamber was alight with its yellow glory. A pang of remorse, of self-reproach, shot through his heart.

"And I have slept, while she— Ah! my beloved, pardon, forgive me! For it was not all a wretched dream—she is dead! Ah, why did I awake? I have nothing left to live for, nothing. Art?"

He made a gesture of loathing.

"Art! Ah, yes, art—what have I sacrificed to it? The love of wife and child; yes, for had I been anything but a painter—a lawyer, a bookkeeper, a tailor, no matter what—these two loved beings whom my neglect has murdered—murdered—would still be living. No, no, I shall never paint again—never, never! I will destroy my palette, burn my brushes."

Pale and haggard with grief, his swollen eyes rested long and tenderly on the face of the dead.

"I am a miserable man," he murmured. "I have nothing left, nothing left to love."

Slowly the expression of suffering left his face, and little by little his gaze, lately obscured with tears, became concentrated, and fixed with that tension of all the visual forces which dilates the eye of the artist when he stands before an interesting bit of nature.

"What a tone!" he cried, softly. "Sacristi, what a tone!"

With the tip of one fascinated finger, he gently traced the white half-circle which marked the brow, the cheek, and a portion of the pillow, saying half to himself:

"The beauty of that—ah, the originality of it, the finesse, the delicacy, the *modernité*! Mazette? scarcely—it's a perfect Manet."

He touched the nose, whose pinched nostrils were only two narrow streaks of violet.

"The tone of that—unheard of!"

His eye caught the shadow under the pointed chin, a transparent shadow of warm blue, infinitely delicate.

"And that blue—how fine! Subtle as mist, that blue."

Again he touched the forehead and the loose rift of hair on the pillow.

"And the harmony, the *rapport*—what a composition!"

With a circling gesture, as though preparing to draw, his hand followed the entire length of the body and rested on the flower-strewn coverlet.

"What whites and lilacs! And that gray—ah, that gray! Superb!"

One flower, trembling on the edge of the bed, dropped softly to the carpet. Barnez picked it up and laid it carefully in its place. He rearranged other blossoms here and there, straightened a fold in one sleeve. Then he stepped back in critical scrutiny, squinting up his eyes, and measuring with both hands the proportionate space the subject would occupy on canvas. At last he said, decisively:

"A six-by-nine—that will fit it like a glove, like a glove."

His feet beat the measure, and he nodded his head in the cadence of an old student-song that rose to his lips.

"Like a glove, like a glove, like a glove, Carolus Duran."

Having moved an easel into the room, he set to work furiously. For the rest of the day no sound broke the stillness of the room where the quiet body, every hour deepening with the violet tints of death and decay, lay among its flowers—no sound save the steady brush-strokes upon the canvas, the rattling of paint-tubes, and, now and then, a verse of an absurd old atelier song which Barnez hummed to himself as he worked:

"Said Monsieur Bonnat to Monsieur Gérôme,

Said Monsieur Bonnat to Monsieur Gérôme,

Jaune de Chrome!

Tra deri, dera! Tra la la, la la!"

The next morning, so soon as it was sufficiently light, he flew back to his work, feverish and impatient, uttering curses against the sharp little chin of Mathilde, which he could not seem to bring into value.

"What's the matter with that miserable chin? Yesterday the tone was distinctly lilac, to-day it's orange. I'll have to change the entire *rapport*. Very well, some green, then. Ah, my poor Mathilde, you never posed like this before. Poor Mignonne—and your left cheek that you can't turn, and the lines of your poor face so stiff. Pshaw! It's too bad! These beautiful things, if they could only be raised up at those *séance* humbugs. But that's not bad, that—zut! I'm out of cadmium."

And rummaging through his color-box, he began again the atelier song:

"Said Monsieur Bonnat to Monsieur Gérôme,

Said Monsieur Bonnat to Monsieur Gérôme,

Cadmium!

And tra deri, dera! Tra . . ."

The entrance of a servant put an abrupt end to the song. Barnez looked up annoyed.

"Well, what's the matter? I thought I told you I was not to be interrupted."

"The—the funeral is here," stammered the servant.

"The funeral—what are you talking about? The funeral, indeed! Well, tell it to go to the devil."

"But, monsieur," persisted the maid, "it's for—madame."

"The devil take you! Madame! Don't you see I haven't finished yet? I want at least two bours more. Just take care of those tiresome people, can't you? Give them something to eat; show them the studio, or, better still, listen;" he beckoned her to approach, and, with a mischievous smile on his lips, a grimace, he whispered: "Tell them that they are mistaken in the house—that it's in the side-street yonder."

And then he turned placidly to his colors.

That evening, on returning from the cemetery, Barnez shut himself up in the room. He rested his head on his hands, and, with contracted brows and sombre eyes, sat motionless before the canvas which held all that was left to him of his beautiful Mathilde. Hours passed, and it grew dark in the room. He lifted his head sadly.

"Ah, I can see there is much work on it yet," he sighed; "it is not more than half done, but what—"

He glanced at the empty bed, where a few forgotten flowers lay withering. Suddenly his gaze grew more intense, and a strange light came into his eyes.

Seizing palette and brushes, he sat himself before the canvas, and began to work away feverishly, glancing now and again at the empty bed.

In the morning they found him there, staring stupidly at the great canvas that was now a mass of grays and violets, blurred and chaotic as the poor painter's mind.—*Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Octave Mirbeau by Rheta Louise Childs.*

Thomas Jefferson suggested the idea of tobacco-leaves as a substitute for the leaves of the acanthus in the capitals of the columns that support the noble porch of the rotunda of the University of Virginia. It was characteristic of his vigorous, original, and intensely American mind that he should substitute for the conventional acanthus-leaves, which had decorated the capitals of Corinthian columns since the days of Hellenic architecture, the leaves of the plant to which, in his time, Virginia owed the greater part of her wealth. The architecture of the University of Virginia was under his personal supervision.

Inquiries as to the speed at which the overwhelming mass that recently caused such great destruction in the St. Grevais district, traveled down the valley, have resulted in settling upon twenty miles an hour as very nearly the actual rate. Professor Forel says it was the most gigantic example of a glacier avalanche.

Alphonse Daudet says that "at forty-five a man no longer lives physically upon his income, but begins to draw upon his capital of days and of health."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

R. L. Stevenson's history of Samoa will be succeeded by a volume containing his two South Sea stories, "The Beach of Falesa" and "The Bottle Imp." The serial publication of his new eighteenth-century novel, "David Balfour," will begin in the autumn.

Ex-Senator Ingalls's volume of political recollections is rapidly approaching completion.

The volume on General Sherman, in the Appletons' Great Commander Series, is to be the work of General Manning F. Force. General Henry E. Davies is busy with a biography of General Sheridan; and Dr. Henry Coppee is engaged upon one on General Thomas.

A book, with the title "What America Owes to Woman," is in preparation by Lydia Hoyt Farmer for the Woman's Department of the Chicago Exposition.

After the publication of "Le Docteur Pascal," on which he is now at work, M. Zola intends to write a book based on studies he will make at Lourdes. In September, he intends to visit the place, going on one of the "pilgrim's trains," and taking notes from his own observations. He made a similar visit to Lourdes last year, and was amazed to find people who were dying around him retaining their faith till the last in the healing power of the waters.

There is a rumor that Mr. Hardy's book, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," is to be dramatized and played in London.

D. Appleton & Co. publish immediately "Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon: A Manx Yarn," by Hall Caine, the well-known author of "The Scape-Goat," "The Deemster," etc. (the latter of which has run through twelve editions). Also a new volume in Appleton's Summer Series, by John Seymour Wood, entitled "Gramercy Park: A Story of New York."

Princess Pauline Metternich, who is well known in aristocratic circles on the continent, and especially in Paris and Vienna, is said to be about to publish her reminiscences.

Mr. Edward Bok reports in his literary gossip that "in the year 1855 three men lived together in the four rooms on the ground floor of the first division of the cadet barracks at West Point." One of them—the adjutant of the corps—was Captain Charles King, the popular military novelist; another was "a long, lank Californian," R. H. Savage, author of the much-read novel, "My Official Wife"; while the third was Professor Arthur S. Hardy, of Dartmouth College, author of the greatly admired "Passe Rose," "But Yet a Woman," and "A Wind of Destiny."

Surgeon George M. Sternberg, U. S. A., will have a paper on "Infectious Diseases: Causation and Immunity," in the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, giving the facts that have been established in this field up to date.

There has been a marked and curious change in reading habits in one of our American cities. It is stated that in the great St. Louis Public Library the proportion of books of fiction drawn for home reading has fallen from 62 per cent. to 52 per cent. In the same time, the percentage of cyclopædias and magazines used in the reference department has increased from 5.11 to 15.41 per cent. of the books drawn, and there has also been an increase of nearly 7 per cent. in the ratio of books on social science drawn in the total.

Mr. Bret Harte finished, some time ago, a new story called "Sally Dows."

Dr. Edward Eggleston has edited "The Story of Columbus," written by his daughter, Mrs. Seelye;

and the book, illustrated with nearly a hundred drawings by another daughter, Miss Allegra Eggleston, will shortly be issued by the Appletons.

Mr. Frank Stockton, it is reported, intends to write a book about England as a result of the long visit he is paying to that country. He has made a special study of the London cabman and is much struck with the amount of humor he finds in that worthy.

Miss Woods, the author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," has been writing a new novel which the Appletons will soon publish. It is to be called "From Dusk to Dawn"; and it partly turns upon the relation of the individual to the community.

## New Publications.

Dr. Winslow Anderson's "Mineral Springs and Health Resorts of California"—noticed in a previous issue of the *Argonaut*—which received the annual prize of the Medical Society of the State of California in 1889, is published and for sale by The Bancroft Company, San Francisco; price, \$1.50.

Among recently published educational works are "A Supplementary First Reader," by Rebecca D. Rickoff; "Trees of the Northern United States," by Austin C. Aggar; and "The Sloyd System of Wood-Working," by B. B. Hoffman. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price: 25 cents, \$1.00, and \$1.00, respectively; for sale by the booksellers.

"Marjorie's Canadian Winter," by Agnes Maule Machar, is a story of a little New York girl's experiences during a visit to her cousins in Montreal. In addition to telling a story, the book describes such Canadian institutions as the ice palace, the winter carnival, tobogganing, canoeing, etc., and contains not a little historical information. Published by the D. Lothrop Company, Boston; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"Sense and Sensibility," in two volumes, is the latest addition to the dainty new edition of the novels of Jane Austen. They are pretty little books, tastefully bound and clearly printed, though in small type, and each volume is furnished with four illustrations, of which one is a portrait of Miss Austen at the age of fifteen years. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, \$2.00, for the two volumes; for sale by William Doxey.

The half-dozen essays on American book-plates, Grangerism and the Grangerites, the portraits of Mary Queen of Scots, portrait inscriptions, poetical inscriptions, and poetical dedications, which Laurence Hutton has contributed to recent magazines, founding them on the treasures of his own library, have been revised and, in some cases, notably expanded by the author, and are now issued, uniformly with Howells's, Warner's, and Curtis's essays, with a portrait of Mr. Hutton, by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Man's Conscience," by Avery Macalpine, is the story of a young Englishman who wins the love of an American farmer's daughter, has to return to England on family affairs, is cut off from communication with the girl by an enemy's machinations, falls in love with an English girl, and learns that the American girl is dying of grief at his seeming desertion. He solves the problem by following the dictates of his conscience; but when he returns to America he finds that the girl has married the village clergyman and he himself is free again. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Julian Ralph, one of the best informed and cleverest of American journalists, has collected the papers descriptive of our Northern neighbors which he has contributed to various periodicals in the past few years, and they are now issued in a goodly volume entitled "On Canada's Frontier." They include sketches of history, sport, and adventure, and of the

Indians, missionaries, fur-traders, and newer settlers of Western Canada, and are copiously illustrated by Frederick W. Remington, whose vigorous drawings are not more clear-cut and graphic than are Mr. Ralph's pen-pictures. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"That Wild Wheel," by Frances Eleanor Trollope, is a long story of English middle-class life, presenting a number of well-drawn characters, the incidents of whose careers are not unusual. Some of them are content with the possession of aspirations toward high art, while others are satisfied with nothing less than deserting a wife to run off with a pretty young girl. The story, in brief, is that the elopement separates the fair eloper's sister from her lover; they both marry others and raise families; a properly assorted pair from their two sets of progeny fall in love; and the union of these new lovers is made possible by the repentant male eloper leaving a fortune to one of the pair. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Aunt Anne," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, is a study of a female Horace Skimpole, a buyer of gifts for which the presentee eventually pays the bills, a magnanimous borrower of money which she does not return, and an amiable dead-weight on a struggling young married couple. She marries a rascal young enough to be her son and already possessed of a wife, and makes innumerable self-sacrifices for him before she has to turn him off; but in the end she inherits the fortune for which the young man married her, and enjoys it only a short time before it reverts at her death to the young couple who had so long befriended her. She is an impossible creature, and yet Mrs. Clifford has made the impossible seem very real, as she did in her story of "Mrs. Keith's Crime." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

## Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York *Sun* says that Joseph Pulitzer has dispensed with the services of Ballard Smith as managing editor of the New York *World*. The *Sun* further remarks that this action was due to the heavy losses in advertising and circulation caused by the *World's* espousal of the anarchists' cause at Homestead.

Mr. Carl Hauser, who was on the editorial staff of *Puck* since 1876, has severed his connection with that paper, and is going to start a new illustrated comic weekly, entitled *Hello!* Mr. C. de Grimm is associated with Mr. Hauser, and will take care of

the pictorial part. *Hello!* will politically be independent.

In a recent letter to the New York *Tribune*, G. W. Smalley discusses the editors in the new British Parliament. He says:

"The number of journalists in the new Parliament is thirty-five, counting proprietors. Of these, twenty-two are English, thirteen Irish. Sir Algernon Borthwick is at the head of the list, the owner and editor of the *Morning Post*. He inherited a three-penny paper, preeminently the journal of London society. He turned it into a penny paper, and has quadrupled or quintupled its income. Mr. John Morley figures among the journalists. Mr. Newnes, proprietor of *Pick-Me-Up* and the *Strand* magazine, has originality, courage, shrewdness in judging of the public taste; in the House itself he is of little weight. Mr. Justin McCarthy, a good journalist, is nominally leader of his party. Mr. T. P. O'Connor can turn out endless columns of copy week by week. Mr. Sexton was a journalist, but proceeded from journalism to civic life. Mr. Henricker Heaton is part owner of several Australian papers and an indefatigable letter-writer to the *Times*. Mr. Labouchère has made himself almost better known in politics than in the newspaper world, where, nevertheless, he is a very considerable personage, by virtue of his proprietary share in the *Daily News* and his ownership and editorship of *Truth*. Others are: Mr. Leng, of the *Dundee Advertiser*; Mr. Ingram, of the *Illustrated London News*; Mr. Samuel Storey, ex-adviser to Mr. Carnegie in his effort to run the British Empire by help of seventeen daily papers; and Professor James Stuart."

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## WALT WHITMAN

## LECTURE- NO CHARGE

MAPLE HALL, PALACE HOTEL

MONDAY, AUGUST 29th

8 P. M.



## VANITY FAIR.

Berlin is amused by revelations concerning a society of married women of the upper class in that city. The society's constitution and records were communicated to an editor by a male victim of its methods. The society is called "The Association of Married Women for the Control of Husbands." The aim of the society is to enable members to prevent their husbands from going on sprees or associating with women of doubtful character. The society employs detectives, who, upon the complaint of a member against her husband, are sent out to watch the suspected man at night, and eventually to decoy the apprehended offender into a meeting of the association. At this meeting the husband is informed of the proof at hand against him, and he is threatened with exposure in case he does not promise to reform. All but one of the men arraigned by the society in the last year found it expedient to accept a reprimand and reform without uttering a protest. The one who refused to submit to the society's discipline betrayed its secrets to the newspapers.

Nothing in life is so ugly as a man in a bathing-suit (says a Narragansett Pier correspondent). He is bad enough when he is well made, ridiculous when he is scrawny, and appalling when his architecture is of the convex order. In the latter case, he always wears a horizontally striped suit. Then, when he sprawls on the sand at some girl's feet, half-dirty and wholly repulsive, you want to kick him. Men must have very little vanity. You never catch a girl doing anything of that sort. They make for the bath-houses the moment they leave the water, like stones out of a catapult.

Girl art students in Paris (according to a Pittsburg Leader correspondent) are, as a rule, older than the men, being from twenty-five to fifty. A few belong to wealthy families; more generally, however, they have taught art at home, and after patiently saving for years, have realized their dream of study in Paris. The most convenient way of living is in an apartment, usually selected in the Latin Quarter. For four rooms and a kitchen, prices vary from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a year, according to location and size. The furniture of the apartment is provided by the student and is generally of the most primitive description, soap-boxes forming a large proportion of it. Then there are a few chairs, picked up at a convenient second-hand shop. In fact, the only new article is the divan, which cost six dollars, and also serves as a bed. Yet the American girl usually contrives to give an air of comfort to her surroundings, and to make her one room cozy and home-like. For a single individual does not indulge in the luxury of a whole apartment, but shares it with several of her compatriots. They engage a *femme de ménage*, who sweeps, makes the beds, cooks, and whose wages are six cents an hour. Breakfast is prepared by the girls themselves, and requires only an alcohol lamp as fuel. The gas companies rent out stoves to these Bohemians at fifty cents a month. Nearly every vegetable, canned or fresh, can be bought already cooked, and in small quantities as desired; soup and meats can also be bought prepared for the table, and poultry is sent to the house steaming hot from the spit. Only Americans sojourning in Paris have any idea of the number of girl students who live there alone. Not one art student in fifty is with her mother or chaperon. She often crosses with friends, selects a *pension* or a private family, where she finds the terms too high or the food too scanty, and it is not long before she meets one or more congenial spirits in the studio, who are quite willing to take an apartment with her.

To a Londoner who imagines that he is not one of the populace, death would be preferable to the disgrace of being seen in London town without a tall tile (remarks the New York Sun). A clerk in the city, at a pound a week, puts on his gloves when he ascends the 'bus for his homeward journey from business, and proudly pulls over his brow his "at," which is always from one year to three hundred years earlier in date than the hats of the West End.

A number of New York clubmen received a letter a few days ago, which read as follows: "THE VAUDEVILLE CLUB. Dear Sir: Under the above title, a club has been regularly incorporated, which it is proposed shall furnish its members with an evening entertainment, consisting of music and high-class

specialties of a character at present unattainable in New York. The club-house will be fitted up in the usual way, with billiard-room, reading-room, grill-room, etc., and with a large concert-room, on the stage of which will be given performances between the hours of ten and one o'clock nightly during the season of thirty weeks, beginning on November 1st and ending on June 1st in each year. The concert-room will be arranged as a café, and will also contain a number of private boxes. Members can be served with a supper and other refreshments during the performances. No person residing within fifty miles of New York, not being a member of the club, will be admitted to any part of the club-house, except to the private boxes. Members will, however, have the privilege of introducing their wives and other ladies to the club-rooms. The membership of the club will be limited to two thousand. The annual dues will be fifty dollars, payable in advance. Your attention is particularly called to the fact that for the annual dues of fifty dollars, the club will provide its members not only with the ordinary club facilities, but, also, with a first-class performance nightly during a period of thirty weeks. The club being incorporated, no member is personally liable beyond the amount of his annual dues." Inclosed with the invitation was a card bearing the name of the president, Reginald De Koven, and the board of directors, Messrs. Elisha Dyer, Jr., Preble Tucker, John C. Furman, James Otis, Theodore Frelinghuysen, Oliver Sumner Teall, T. Mayhew Wainwright, P. Lorillard Ronalds, Jr., Prescott Lawrence, Leon Marie, and Stanford White. It is proposed to make the organization one of the most select and unique in the United States. While no site has yet been chosen for the new club, there seems to be a strong predilection for the Madison Square roof-garden. It is understood that Mr. Stanford White is already engaged in making plans, by which the present agreeable spot in the air can be transformed into a kind of winter garden. The plan suggested is to place the entire roof under glass, erect a new gallery around the sides for boxes, lay out an attractive promenade shaded and adorned by palms, flowering plants, and tropical trees, and change the situation of the stage. The plan in detail is enormous, and, if carried out, will provide New York with a novel institution.

In the hierarchy of the affections, women place love before friendship; men place friendship before love, as did the man of whom Alphonse Karr told, who, on being refused by a lady who offered to remain his friend, replied: "Thanks, madam, but I do not know you well enough. I love you. I desire to marry you, but my friend—no. Friendship implies knowledge, respect, congeniality of tastes. I would have to know you better before accepting you as a friend."

The Earl of Dysart, writing to the London Times of July 9th, calls for modification of the strict rule that governs dress at the opera—as well as in most other theatres—in London. He says: "Owing to the present ridiculous system of compulsory evening-dress, which exists nowhere else in the world, and also the uncertain delays between the acts and the impossibility of ascertaining the time of finish, thousands are practically prevented from going to the opera at all, as the inconvenience of such useless restrictions to persons like myself living out of London, but within the twelve-mile radius, is obvious. At present many are compelled to leave before the end in order to catch the midnight trains. That every one should have to appear in evening-dress at the Italian opera may be perfectly right, with its star system, where fashionable people go to see their friends. I venture to suggest that art should be democratic, as it is on the continent, and I, therefore, feel sure you will agree with me in thinking that such rules are altogether out of place at the German opera, which is, or ought to be, resorted to for the sake of art and not for fashion. I appeal to those who think with me in this matter to use their influence to abolish these dress restrictions. Sir Augustus Harris has already done something in this direction, and would doubtless do more were it not for British insular prejudice. In Germany, the opera is a popular institution, owing to the fact that people can go without ceremony. Let us hope that this will soon be the case in England."

The single young woman in London, who has to live economically, and who is, by the way, much better off than a young man in the same circumstances, will soon have nothing to complain of in the

matter of residence if London builders continue to be as attentive and generous as they are at the present moment. Single rooms at the moderate rental of ten dollars a month are obtainable in many of the new apartment houses in London, and their tenants, as well as those who have more expensive sets, are entitled to the use of the general dining-room—in one instance, a splendid apartment, with salmon-colored walls and granite arches.

The statistic fiend has been at it again, and, as the result of his researches, he says that of all the civilized countries in the world, Russia has the largest number of women criminals, especially of the upper class. Going still further, he makes a statement which should deeply interest the American women who are addicted to the cigarette-smoking habit. He says that these Russian women who are so very bad have rendered themselves susceptible to the instincts of inherent crime by their intemperate use of tea and cigarettes. They begin these evil practices at an early age, and work themselves up to a state of nervous excitement, in which they gradually lose all sense of morality.

A certain woman (says a writer in the *Delineator*), who is quite as charming in the water as out of it, recently told me how she dressed to produce this very desirable result. She never wears a bathing-suit of light color. If you make this mistake you will at once feel as though you were the most conspicuous figure among all the bathers, and as though everybody were looking at you, and you only. Choose a suit of dark blue, or, better still, of black material. In dressing for the water, this tasteful woman first dons a thin undervest, and over that an old pair of corsets from which the bones have been removed. Then she puts on a pair of long black-yarn stockings, for woolen stockings look much better when wet than cotton ones, and, besides, are never too thin, as cotton hose are likely to be. Elastics about the knees keep the stockings in place. Then comes the under part of the black bathing-suit, the waist and knee trousers being, as usual, in one piece. The waist has a sailor-collar, and the sleeves reach nearly to the elbows. The short skirt, which, by the bye, would extend nearly to the shoe-tops if shoes were worn, is buttoned to the waist; and over it is arranged a white-canvas belt well drawn to the figure. She arranges her hair in two tight braids and pins them closely to the head. Then she ties on two false braids, which hang down the back with quite the effect of natural hair. The cap is made of black stockinet lined with rubber, and under its edge is sewed the suggestion of a fringe of hair, the bang being put in papers. Half an hour from the time the wearer leaves the water, her hair, beautifully curled and quite dry, is the envy of all her friends.

The most serious defect in woman's character is the lack of pockets in her clothes. In the absence of pockets she never has a pencil or a pocket-knife. She impairs her sense of veracity every hour by carrying a bogus bit of "soft, clinging fabric," a few inches square, edged with holes of some sort, and openly pretending that it serves the purpose of a handkerchief, and is, in fact, that useful and necessary adjunct of the toilet. Then, again (as the *World* points out), when she walks, for ever so brief a time, with a male acquaintance she makes use of his pockets, and goes away leaving her impedimenta there as something which he, poor fellow, must explain to his wife when he innocently draws them out at dinner while looking for the letter which he has forgotten to deliver to the head of his house on the day before and now pretends to have just received. Reflection would easily add other evidence of the truth that the moral quality of a pocketless gown is thoroughly bad.

Ignorant, flippant men are fond of saying that ladies' fashions have nothing to do with common sense. But there is one fashion—at first sight a very ugly and rather vulgar one—which is based on reason. Not many years ago it was considered vulgar to wear diamonds in the day-time. Now you may see them sparkling in dainty ears and under well-bred chins. And it is rumored that, if the prying eye could look under cloaks and bodices, it would discern stars, and necklets, and bracelets. The fact is, that women put on their jewels when they go out because they dare not leave them.

"If a woman would only take me in from head to foot, instead of from heel to crown," said a pretty girl, "somehow this street criticism wouldn't seem so insulting, but you positively feel like a wooden doll under that searching glance that cares not for your features, but only the details of your gown." And how observant most women are! That swift, passing look reveals every defect and likewise takes in every charm, and the critic can tell her escort how many shoe-buttons are missing, or whether the shoe-laces are silk or not, as well as the sort of trimming and its arrangement on your gown, and whether you wore flowers or feathers in your hat. This staring is rude, but it certainly sharpens the perceptions.

Ayer's Pills cure headache. Send a two-cent stamp to Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a set of their attractive album cards.

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL, February 13th, 1892.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Plum-Bachelor Wedding.

Mr. Charles M. Plum, Jr., son of Mr. C. M. Plum, of this city, was married last Wednesday evening to Miss Lillian M. Bachelder, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alvah H. Bachelder, of Oakland. The wedding was pleasantly celebrated at the residence of the bride's parents, 545 Hobart Street, in Oakland. Rev. J. K. McLean performed the ceremony in the handsomely decorated parlors, at half-past eight o'clock, in the presence of a limited number of relatives and intimate friends. Mr. William Coleman acted as best man, Miss Grace Holt was the maid of honor, and little Edith Holt was the flower-bearer. In the enjoyment of music and a delicious supper the remainder of the evening was made pleasant. Some beautiful gifts were sent to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Plum left on Thursday for a trip to Mount Shasta and Portland, Or., and will be away a couple of weeks.

## The Weihe Matinée Tea.

Miss Florence Weihe gave a charming four-o'clock tea last Tuesday afternoon at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Weihe, 2225 Jackson Street. The affair was given particularly as a farewell compliment to Miss Roberta Nuttall, who will leave for Europe next Wednesday with her mother. The young ladies who were invited to meet her and participate in the pleasures of an hour of social chat were Miss Eleanor Wood, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Josephine Cone, of Red Bluff, Miss Wethered, Miss Schussler, Miss Theller, Miss Silent, of Los Angeles, Miss Tantau, of San José, and Mrs. Charles H. Gardner. The rooms were prettily decorated with bright flowers, foliage, and potted plants, and were made very attractive. Delicious refreshments were served, under the direction of Ludwig, after which music was enjoyed.

## Notes and Gossip.

Information has been received here of the engagement of Miss Aileen Ivers, daughter of Mrs. Richard Ivers, of this city, to Mr. Edward Moore Robinson, of the banking firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York city. They became acquainted last summer while on the Continent and the betrothal resulted. It is understood that the wedding will take place in New York city next January. Miss Ivers is at Aix-les-Bains now with her mother, and they are soon to go to Carlsbad.

The wedding of Miss Anita Plum, daughter of Mr. Charles M. Plum, and Mr. James Irvine is announced to take place on Thursday, September 1st, at the home of the bride, 308 Page Street. It will be an afternoon wedding, and will be celebrated quietly. After the affair, the happy couple will enjoy a northern tour.

The wedding of Miss Belle Garber, daughter of Judge and Mrs. John Garber, and Mr. Whitney Palache, son of Mr. James Palache, will take place at the residence of the bride's parents, at Claremont, near Temescal, on Tuesday afternoon, August 30th. Owing to the fact that Mr. Palache's family have recently met with a double affliction in the loss of near relatives, the wedding will be a quiet one.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Florence Currier, and Mr. Arthur F. Barnard, which will take place on Monday evening, September 5th, at the residence of the bride's parents, 2725 Jackson Street.

There will be a pretty wedding in St. Luke's church next Thursday evening when Miss Jane Larooka Marshall, daughter of Mrs. Mary Marshall and the late Mr. S. A. Marshall, will be married to Mr. Philip Stephen Bates, receiving teller for the American Bank and Trust Company, of this city. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. E. B. Spalding at half-past eight o'clock. Miss Elizabeth C. Wickersham, of Petaluma, and Miss Ellen W. Williams, of Portland, Or., will be the bridesmaids. Mr. John Farren Jr., of this city, will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Frank D. Willey and Mr. Andrew Farren, of this city, Mr. Fred H. Hood, of Santa Rosa, and Mr. Daniel Brown, of Fresno. Mr. William A. Marshall, the only brother of the bride, will give her into the keeping of the groom. No formal invitations have been issued, nor will there be any reception.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Lightner have issued cards announcing the wedding of their daughter, Miss Marie Louise Lightner, and Mr. Fred A. Colley, which took place on Wednesday, August 10th. Mr. Colley has been prominently connected with The Bancroft Company for the past twenty-five years.

The jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held on Saturday, September 3d, at the new grounds of the club in Sequoia Valley. As was first stated in the *Argonaut* several weeks ago, it will be a Buddhist jinks with Mr. Fred M. Somers as Sire, Mr. Marion Wells and his assistants are now upon the grounds engaged in the construction of a mammoth image of Buddha, sixty-five feet in height. Altars will be arranged near it, from which the high priests will read their addresses and poems and preside over the various ceremonials under the supervision of the Sire. The indications are that the affair will be highly successful.

It is now an established fact that the Friday Night Club will be in the social arena during the coming

winter. The membership will be curtailed somewhat and only five cotillions will be danced, instead of six as heretofore. There will be two Germans in December, two in January, and one in February. The winter season will be a short one, as Lent commences on February 9th. It is understood that the list of membership has been closed. Mr. Edward M. Greenway will act as manager.

A charming lunch-party was given last Wednesday by Miss Rosalie Meyer at her residence, 1730 Pine Street, as a compliment to Miss Simon. The table was exquisitely decorated with flowers, and an elaborate menu was served under Ludwig's direction.

A paper published in Switzerland records the arrival, at a health-resort, of "Hon. Sir Senator Stanford, of San Francisco, and Lady Stanford, with servant, also of San Francisco." The Swiss journal doubtless meant well, but its use of titles is rather mixed.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, who are now in New York city, will soon leave for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Will E. Fisher have returned from a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag is now at Langen-Schwalbach, a health resort in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Boyd are passing several weeks at Paso Robles.

Miss Jessie Rohson has been enjoying a visit to Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith at Sunshine Villa, in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Samuel Stanley, of Los Gatos, is passing several weeks here as the guest of Miss Mahel Love.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Boal and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tevis have returned from Alaska and are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Mae Dimond has gone East to pass a couple of months with friends at West Point, N. Y.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding are passing a few weeks in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. E. K. Folger, of Oakland, will return to Yale College early in September.

Mrs. Pedar Sather, of Oakland, has been visiting near Mount Shasta during the past two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hume left for Chicago and New York last Saturday, and will be away about five weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer left for New York Friday and will be away several weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore and the Misses Moore are passing several weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Moore will go to Monterey next Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jesse P. Mehan have returned from a visit near Mount Shasta.

Mrs. J. J. Knapp arrived here last week from Washington, D. C., and is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Randolph Harrison, at 2135 Pine Street.

Dr. S. Mann, of this city, was in Lucerne when last heard from.

Miss Edith Cohen, of Alameda, will soon return from her Eastern trip.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Miss Edith Crane have left San Rafael and are now at Monterey.

Misses Maud and Lillian O'Connor are enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. George J. Bucknall left last Wednesday to pass a couple of weeks in the vicinity of Mount Shasta.

Mr. Fritz Gamble has been paying an enjoyable visit to Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Livermore at their country residence, Monteroli, in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Warring Wilkinson and Miss Wilkinson have returned to Berkeley after a year's absence abroad.

Mr. M. Theodore Kearney, of Fresno, is at Kissingen, in Germany.

Mrs. William F. McNutt and the Misses Mamie and Ruth McNutt have returned from a prolonged visit near Mount Shasta.

Miss Emily Hughes has been enjoying a visit to Mrs. John H. Jewett at Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. L. Z. Leiter and the Misses Leiter, of Chicago, have been passing the week at Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine left last Tuesday for Alaska, and will be away about a month.

Mrs. J. D. Redding and Miss Myra Redding have returned from their European trip.

Mr. Earl T. Kerr is at his residence in Santa Cruz, convalescing after his recent painful accident. It will be several months before he will fully recover.

Mrs. John Martin, of Weaverville, has been passing the week here as the guest of Mrs. R. G. Warfield at 825 California Street.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker has been passing the week in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell will leave for Monterey on Monday.

Captain Robert R. Seale and Mr. William H. Chambliss have returned from a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Mr. James Brett Stokes, who has been passing the summer in the Yosemite Valley, has returned to the city. He will soon go to Monterey to remain there a few weeks.

Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Sarah Dean, who have been passing the season at Santa Barbara, will return to the city in September.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward H. Horton, née Wright, have been visiting Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers, who have been passing the summer in San Rafael, will return to the city next week.

Blythedale on September 1st, after passing the season there.

Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones will return from San Rafael next week and go to Monterey.

Mr. James Bonnell is visiting friends in Eureka, Humboldt County.

Mrs. Alphonsa Wigmore has returned to the city after passing two months pleasantly in the country.

Dr. and Mrs. E. O. Cochrane have returned to their residence, after an absence of three months.

Dr. J. Franklin Brown has returned from a three months' visit to England.

Mrs. John W. Coleman and Miss Jessie Coleman will return from Mount Shasta next week to go to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Lasell have gone East after passing the winter here.

Mr. Charles Adler and the Misses Alice and Irma Adler have returned to the city, after passing the summer in San Luis Obispo, and are residing at 711 Jones Street.

Dr. L. Neumann and Mr. George S. Mearns returned from Santa Cruz last Sunday.

Miss Helen Schweitzer is enjoying a visit near St. Helena.

Mr. Benjamin Arnold will return from Lake Tahoe today, after passing two weeks there.

Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Magill, of La Crosse, Wis., are here on a visit to Mrs. Judge Moore, at the Palace Hotel, and Mrs. Dr. Crowley, of Oakland.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

A benefit concert has been tendered to Signor Antonio Baglioli, late of La Scala, Milan, which will take place next Tuesday evening. His friends have made up an interesting programme, in which will appear Miss Marie L. Williams, soprano; Miss Emma A. Haas, contralto; Signor D. C. Rossi, tenor; Signor A. Baglioli, tenor; Signor de Cruvelli, basso; Ad. Locher, pianist; R. Forster, pianist; Signor G. Minetti, violinist; Mr. Dan Polk, banjoist; and Signor G. B. Galvani will be the musical director.

Otto Bendix, a pianist whom many San Franciscans will remember as having been prominent in local musical circles six or seven years ago, has returned to this city after having spent several years at the Conservatory in Boston, and will devote himself to teaching. He will give a series of concerts in the near future.

"Christopher Columbus," a new opera by Mr. Hinz and Mr. Waldeck, will be given at the San Francisco Vercin on Saturday evening, October 22d.

The members of the Loring Club will give their first concert of the sixteenth season in Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, September 7th.

By the will of the late Mrs. Maria Coleman, who died recently in Paris, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The approximate value of the estate is six millions of dollars. The sum of one hundred dollars was left to Archbishop Riordan to be expended in charity. Ten thousand dollars was left to the trustees of the Roman Catholic Asylum for Girls in San Francisco. Five thousand dollars was left to the trustees of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum for Boys at San Rafael. Other legacies were as follows: To the trustees of the Old Ladies' Home in San Francisco, five thousand dollars; to the trustees of the House of the Sisters of the Holy Family in San Francisco, two thousand dollars; to the priest who, at the time of the testatrix's death, is pastor of the Catholic Church at Menlo Park, for the use of that church, two thousand dollars; to a former servant, Mrs. Ann Gregory, of Menlo Park, two thousand dollars; to Margaret Ryan, the testatrix's maid, two thousand dollars; the library is left to her son, Mr. James V. Coleman; all the jewelry and ornaments for personal use are given to her two daughters, Mrs. Cecilia C. May and Mrs. Isabella C. May to be equally divided; to her niece Agnes L. Macdonough she left such jewels as she may select; her diamond watch and point lace were bequeathed to her granddaughter, Miss Isabella Louise May; the furniture in the new house in London was left to her son, and her silverware was left to her three children to be equally divided; the three children are to select what pictures and statuary they desire, and are then to give the remainder to the Georgetown College to be placed in the Coleman museum; all the rest of the estate is left, share and share alike, to the three children. Mr. James V. Coleman and Mrs. Cecilia C. May are made executor and executrix of the will, without bonds. The will is dated February 9, 1892, and is witnessed by Mr. William May, Mr. Charles A. Sackett, and Mr. M. F. Morris. By a codicil to the will dated six days later, the sum of fifty thousand dollars is left to Mr. James V. Coleman for the erection of a residence; fifteen thousand dollars is left to Mrs. Cecilia C. May, to complete her residence in Valparaiso, D. C.; four thousand dollars is left to the president and directors of Georgetown College; and to her son are left her silver card-case and such articles of jewelry as he may select. The codicil was witnessed by Mr. M. F. Morris. In this city Mrs. Coleman owned the Hansford Block, bounded by Market, Front, and California Streets, which is a piece of property valued at more than eight hundred thousand dollars, the O'Brien Block, occupied by W. W. Montague & Co., and a block of valuable land near the Pacific Mail Dock. She also owned two hundred acres of ground and a villa at Menlo Park, a summer residence at New London, Conn., valued at over two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, several choice lots in Oakland, and other valuable property distributed here and there. She also had several hundred thousand dollars' worth of government bonds.

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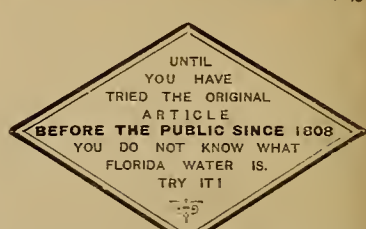
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Situated in San Mateo County, between the Holy Cross and Home of Peace Cemeteries and reached in thirty minutes by the Southern Pacific and Electric Cars.

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For sale in any size required. The cemetery is non-sectarian and is laid out on the lawn plan, thereby saving the lot-owners the great and useless expense of coping, at the same time making it a beautiful burial place.

For further information apply at the office, 325 Montgomery St., or at the cemetery of W. J. BLAIN, Superintendent.



## SOCIETY.

## The Country Club.

The most talked-of affair of the season will be the third annual pigeon shoot and outing of the Country Club, which will be held at Monterey on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, August 26th, 27th, and 28th. Of all of the out-of-town excursions that the society people of San Francisco have made, this one will probably be not only the most elaborate but the most enjoyable. The members of the club have been as a unit in the preparations for the festivities and there is no doubt as to the complete success of the affair. Competent committees have attended to the preliminary details, and their forethought has been such that not a suggestion can be made that would in any way enhance the pleasure of the hundreds of guests who will be present. Mr. Frederick R. Webster, the president, and Mr. J. M. Quay, the secretary, respectively, of the Country Club, have been the moving spirits in this pleasure-giving enterprise, and their efforts have been most ably seconded by Mr. F. S. Dooty, the secretary of the Pacific Improvement Company.

Guests are requested, if possible, to take the club's special train at half-past one o'clock on Friday afternoon, which will land them at Monterey at four o'clock. A sufficient amount of extra assistance will be on hand to attend to the proper transportation of baggage, and it is expected that every trunk and parcel will be in its proper room at five o'clock, which will allow ample time for ladies to dress for dinner, *en grande tenue*. On Friday evening, at eight o'clock, the shooting team will convene to arrange sides for a match between the reds and blues, and select captains, etc. At nine o'clock there will be a dance in the ball-room to the music of Brandt's orchestra of fifty pieces.

Saturday morning at nine o'clock, the club shoot for yearly prizes and medals will commence at the shooting-grounds, about one mile distant from the hotel. Vehicles will be provided for the transportation of guests to the grounds. At one o'clock a lunch will be provided for all of the guests at the shooting-grounds, where there will be ample seating accommodations for everybody. The grounds are situated in a natural amphitheatre, and are well sheltered. The Park Band of fifty pieces will play during the contest, and much new music will be introduced. During dinner, from six until eight o'clock, Brandt's orchestra will play in the dining-room, and from eight to ten o'clock the Park Band will give a concert, after which there will be a ball and a midnight supper. On Sunday morning there will be a sacred concert by the Park Band. At noon the members of the club will meet at the shooting-grounds, where a picked team will shoot against another club. On Sunday evening at eight o'clock, there will be a grand illumination and display of fireworks at Del Monte Lake, near the hotel, and a concert by the Park Band. This will conclude the festivities. The grounds surrounding the hotel will be illuminated each evening by colored incandescent electric lights. Every room in the hotel has been engaged, and now it is impossible to secure accommodations there. The railroad company will send down about twenty Pullman palace-cars, in which those who have not secured rooms at the hotel may stay. The Cosmos Club has engaged two cars for the use of its members.

The first match will be a contest of twenty-four birds to each man, between sides, to be designated as reds and blues. The first twelve birds shot at shall score for the season's prizes. Five prizes will be given for the five highest scores made by the members contesting in five out of the seven shoots of the season, shooting at twelve birds each month since February. The shooting will be conducted under the Country Club Pigeon-Shooting Rules. Mr. Kyle will act as referee. The prizes, which are on exhibition at a jeweler's in town and will be awarded on the grounds immediately after the contest, are as follows: First prize, silver chafing dish; second prize, silver decanter; third prize, Winchester rifle; fourth prize, silver flask; fifth prize, silver wine cooler.

Five medals will be given for the five highest scores made in the twenty-four-bird match at Monterey on August 27th. Mr. A. C. Tubbs will act as field-captain.

The possible prize winners, and their present scores, are as follows:

Edward Donohoe.....	41
Frederick W. Tallant.....	41
Richard H. Sprague.....	40
Frederick R. Webster.....	38
Ramon E. Wilson.....	37
Robert B. Woodward.....	35
William S. Kittle.....	34
Robert Oxnard.....	34
George Crocker.....	34
Austin C. Tubbs.....	32
Edward L. Bosqui.....	31

The officers of the Country Club are as follows:

President, Frederick R. Webster; vice-president, Austin C. Tubbs; secretary and treasurer, J. M. Quay; directors, F. R. Webster, A. C. Tubbs, J. M. Quay, Ramon E. Wilson, and Richard H. Sprague.

The members of the club comprise:

William Alvord, F. D. Atherton, Harry Babcock, William H. L. Barnes, C. H. Belknap, T. B. Bishop, Gordon Blumling, A. H. Boomer, Edward L. Bosqui, William B. Bourn, A. J. Bowie, Nathaniel J. Brittan, Emile A. Bruguiere, Spencer C. Buckbee, James W. Byrne, Joseph Clark, George Crocker, W. C. Crocker, E. P. Danforth, Walter E. Dean, Walter L. Dean, Peter J. Donahue, Edward Donohoe, Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., R. A. Eddy, Charles P. Eells, Thomas Ewing, John G. Follansbee, Arthur W. Foster, Byron Gilman, Daniel G. Gillette, Jr., Joseph D. Grant, Robert R. Grayson, Louis T. Haggin, Henry E. H. Haggin, J. Hamilton, M. Hamilton, John Hays Hammond, Richard E. Hammond, Jr., Robert Harrison, Jerome A. Hart, J. Downey Harvey, William R. Hearst, Horace L. Hill, William H. Howard, Andrew Jackson, Charles Josselyn, L. O. Kellogg, Homer S. King, W. S. Kittle, F. W. Lawler, J. B. Lincoln, W. O. Macdonough, R. E. Mann, Ward McAllister, Jr., Frank McMullin, R. McMurray, W. S. McMurry, Jr., Eusebius J. Molera, J. J. Moore, W. C. Murdoch, Daniel T. Murphy, D. M. Murphy, Walter S. Newhall, Robert Oxnard, Charles Page, Louis B. Parrott, Theodore F. Payne, James D. Phelan, Edgar F. Preston, Joseph M. Quay, Joseph D. Redding, C. O. Richards, R. P. Rihet, James A. Robinson, George H. Roe, A. W. Rouse, John I. Sabini, Baron J. H. von Schröder, Frederick W. Sharon, R. H. Sprague, Frederick W. Tallant, John W. Taylor, W. S. Tevis, Austin C. Tubbs, Alfred S. Tubbs, William B. Tubbs, James E. Tucker, H. Henry Veue, John E. Watless, Frederick R. Webster, George Whittell, W. E. Wilshire, Ramon E. Wilson, J. Scott Wilson, William S. Wood, Henry W. Woodward, Robert E. Woodward, Fred L. Wooster, Clinton E. Worden.

Limit of membership, 100.

WAITING LIST.—July 1, 1892.  
George D. Boyd, William Berg, E. J. McCutchen, William Babcock, R. H. Delaford.

Annexed is a complete and accurate list of those who have secured accommodations at the hotel during the Country Club outing:

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. H. B. Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Atherton, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Allison, Mr. D. E. Allison, Jr., Mr. E. R. Allison, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguiere, Mr. E. A. Bruguiere, Jr., Dr. and Mrs. George J. Bucknell, Mr. W. S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Boud, Mr. and Mrs. D. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Brittan, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. K. Elden, Mr. S. C. Buckbee, Mr. William Berg, Mr. W. Bigelow, Mr. J. W. Byrne, Major and Mrs. Blunt, U. S. A., Mrs. Henry Barroilhet, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Burke, Mr. and Mrs. John Burton, Mrs. E. B. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Butler, Mrs. E. L. Bee, Miss Mamie Burling, Mr. Josiah Beldey, Mr. Robert C. Bolton, Miss L. M. Bolton, Mrs. W. Boling and family.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Carolan, Mrs. Eugene Casserly, Miss Daisy Casserly, Mr. W. N. Clark, Mr. George O. Clark, Mrs. W. Childs, Miss Childs, Mr. Stephen Childs, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. R. S. Coleman, J. R. Carroll, Mrs. Colburn, Miss Colburn, Miss Cahill, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Mr. J. O. H. Cosgrave, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Miss Chapin, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham, Miss Cunningham.

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## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Colonel and Mrs. Isaac de Russy, U. S. A., have returned to Fort Whipple, A. T., after a visit here.

Lieutenant Thomas Ridgway, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a brief leave of absence.

Lieutenant William G. Haan, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been visiting the Sequoia National Park.

Lieutenant Harry C. Benson, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has returned to the Sequoia National Park where he is on duty.

Mrs. B. J. D. Irwin and Miss Amy Irwin are at Crans-ton's Hotel, in West Point, N. Y.

## New Art Treasures in San Francisco.

The pictures that Mr. Sol. Gump bought during his recent visit to the art capitals of Europe are beginning to arrive in San Francisco; quite a number have already been framed and are now being exhibited in the Messrs. Gump's Art-Gallery at 581 Market Street. Judging by the new canvases now shown and by the names of the artists from whom pictures are expected in the near future, the collection will even exceed in value those that the Messrs. Gump have imported in previous years. As was the case before, each picture was bought only after personal inspection by Mr. Sol. Gump.

Paris, Munich, and Rome, the centres of the three great schools of modern art, have contributed to this collection some of their finest pictures. Among the most notable canvases of the French school are four sheep pieces by F. Brissot, three of them being the three last pictures he painted before he was seized with his last fatal illness. Brissot stood in the front rank of painters of sheep, and these four pictures are splendid examples of his style. Then there is a new Lesrel, showing three Spanish cavaliers playing upon guitar, mandolin, and bassinet—brilliantly colored, marvelous in presentation of textures, and boldly grouped. Still another striking French picture is a companion-piece to Bisson's "Printania," which the late Mrs. Fair bought. It shows a flower-girl—as beautiful in her *blonde-cendrée* style as was the raven-tressed Spirit of Spring—being pelted with petals in a storm of roses; it well deserves the encomiums it won at the Paris Salon this year. Still another style of French art is shown in two exquisite little *genre* pieces, water-colors by V. de Parades, which represent two groups of Parisiennes, one in the Bois and the other in front of the Café de la Paix.

One of the most famous names in the gallery, so far, is that of A. W. Kowalski, whose "Start for the Hunt" is powerfully conceived and painted with the swift, sure skill of the born artist. It is a scene pregnant with possibilities—hunters with dogs setting out in a heavy wagon over the Russian steppes, evidently after wolves. Another very famous name, Leo Herrmann, is signed to a picture that may be called the gem of the collection. It is entitled "Between Mass and Vespers," and tells an amusing story, as well as being a marvel of technical skill. It shows a priest in his dining-room, leaning back in his chair and gazing with entire satisfaction on the charms of the undeniably pretty maid who is poking the fire on the hearth. It has the accuracy of a photograph, and yet is instinct with the feeling that the real artist always puts into his work. In "Between Mass and Vespers," Herrmann has painted a picture that gives him the advantage in his race with Vibert for first place in his line of painting.

The Munich school is well represented. Max Scholz and G. Kotschenreiter seem to divide the honors of the figure painters, the former with two companion pieces—the head of a cardinal and another of a lesser functionary of the church—and Kotschenreiter with a Tyrolean peasant, as hardy, free, and merry a mountaineer as ever Deffregger put on canvas. A Schröder is represented by two fine *genre* pieces, one portraying the courtship of a pretty maid and dashing young blade of the past century, while the other takes us back another hundred years and shows a swash-buckling soldier shouting a drinking-song. Among the scenes of nature in the Munich school, one of the most interesting is the "Sheep in the Storm," by E. Meissner. Then an excellent marine by Theodore Weber represents a party of fishers' wives watching from the quay the departure of their husbands, who are embarking on their fishing schooners. The clearness of the sea air after a storm and the changing tints of the sea are strongly reproduced, so much so that one almost snatches the salt air and sees the vessels roll as one watches.

There are few water-colors in the gallery as yet; but there will soon be many. Mr. Gump bought some of the daintiest pictures in this style of art while he was in Rome and Paris, and these are now being framed. They will make a charming and most welcome addition to the exhibition, which has already made the Gump Gallery one of the show-places in the city.

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Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



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## LOOSHA'S LOVERS.

Loosha's disposition is not of the soft and melting kind; her demeanor toward the sterner sex is uniformly sharp, incisive, and superior. She has no patience with the men, she is wont to say—their ways are such. Yet she possesses swarms of followers. The lovers of the most audacious wooers turn to water at her frown. Her cousin Dave was a full private in the Foot Guards and a steady-going soldier enough, though there were times when, as his aunt, Mrs. Hemmans, said, "his spirits got the better of him." Whether the article in question was naive, Irish, or Scotch, she did not explain—perhaps because, throughout the duration of that thirsty madness, to recurrent attacks of which the young defender of his country was subject, he would cheerfully avail himself of any beverage that came in his way, provided it possessed the simple qualifications of burning in the gullet as it went down and getting into the head afterward. It was while under the influence of some such potable that Private Hemmans conceived and executed that project of desertion from his regiment which heaped upon his family irretrievable disgrace.

The recreant was sought, officially and formally, without success. It was surmised that he had left the country—that he had been waylaid and murdered even; but this theory Loosha indignantly refused to accept. A young fellow who could bend a kitchen-poker on the muscle of his forearm and bite a neat semicircle out of a pewter pot was not, Loosha averred, to be kidnapped and "galoted" (by which we will presume she meant garroted). Let others abandon hope who would. Something told Loosha that Dave was only lying low, and that she should set her eye on him yet. It may be mentioned that Loosha's eye is not to be joked about. It possesses gimlet-like attributes of boring through mysteries. She is conscious of its power, and boasts of it. She did not underrate its abilities in the case of Dave. It pounced on him falcon-wise, and singled him out from among a knot of loafers at the bar of a shady public-house. There was Dave, basely oblivious of his queen, his country, and his cousin, arrayed in kaleidoscopic attire, and gloomily standing drinks all round.

"To a pretty lot!" as Loosha said afterwards; "most of 'em lookin' as if they'd dosed in their clothes for months past, and done with a dry polish by way of washin'." As for Dave, I should 'a' considered my kitchen tongs defiled with his contact. His uniform clothes was gone, an' he'd a old pair o' velvet knee-kickers on as must 'a' belonged to a railway wheel-tapper out o' luck as had smothered himself in his own grease-pot. And he'd a shoddy tweed jacket out at elbows, buttoned up tight to 'ide 'is arse, an' an old Scotch cap. 'E was lookin' 'angdog enough when just I clapped my eye on 'im; but when I calmly bounced in and stood before him like a avengin' angel, cheap was not the word for what that feller felt. I b'lieve if he could 'a' shrunk up small enough to 'ide in a spittoon he'd 'a' done it."

"Good-afternoon, Private Hemmans," I says, throwing 'im a sneer. "You're 'avin' an enjoyable furlough, ain't you?" "Furlough be busted!" sezee, seein' that there was nothin' for it but to bounce. "I've cut the old gal's service, and I'm a free man. Not a 'bloomin' white nigger pipeclayin' belts on a shillin' a day, and blowin' myself out on chaff-bread and cheap taters, cow-cabbage an' bileed beef, to the tune that the old 'orse died of. If every 'orse as 'as been consumed by the reg'ment since it was a reg'ment," 'e says, "was to drag me, I ain't a-goin' back. Blow on me if you like," sezee; "but I know you 'aven't the 'art to do it."

"I ain't goin' to blow on you," I says, fixin' him with my eye. "You're a-goin' to blow on yourself." "Wot words are these, Loosha Hemmans?" sezee.

"Simparily," says I, "that you're a-goin' to come along with me, now directly minute, to barracks and give yourself up."

"Ho!" sezee, "is that your little game?" "My little game," I answers, "and yours likewise."

At that a fussy old party in drink and an oil-skin cap—as was treating two females who couldn't call nothing else were you put on your oath to it to gin an' peppermint—puts 'is oar in. "Are you a nian or ain't you?" sezee to Dave, "to allow yourself to be overrode by a petticoat in this here way. Pluck up your 'art and stop 'er mouth for 'er."

"Stop 'er mouth!" says Dave; "I'd like to know 'ow you'd set about it."

"I'd begin by kissin' it," says the old vulgarity; "an' if that didn't do I'd pour some drink down it; an' if that didn't do I'd put my fist into it, I would!" An' 'e grins 'orrid.

"Would yer?" says Dave, frin' up, an' landed 'im one as felled 'im on the spot.

"Ere, you gal and feller," says the landlord, bustlin' round the bar, "I ain't a-goin' to 'ave no assaults. This is a respectable 'ouse. D'jeer?"

"I 'eer," I says; "but should never a-guessed it from the company you encourages. Loafers and deserters—that's your mark."

At that 'e goes for me, and similarly the potman for Dave; but Dave jest waved 'is arms as if 'e was swimmin', and them two went to look for the fust

one in the sawdust. Then Dave opens the door for me as polite as polite, and out we goes.

"Now," I says, "you come along o' me to barracks, nip, and no mistake about it."

"All right," says Dave; "I've surrendered to you, Loosha, an' I'm on my parral not to hook it; but one condition I will make, and that is that you never let me yer the word deserter from your lips no more, for that I will not put up with."

"All right," I says, and motions 'im to walk on a'd, being such a scarecrow as would demean any young woman as valued 'erself to be seen in company with. And we goes in procession to the barracks. I never see a sentry more on the broad grin than that one at the gate when he see Dave brought in a prisoner. "When you can shut your face, young nian," I sez to him, sharp-like, "per'aps you'll give Miss Hemmans's compliments to the sergeant on duty, and say as she's brought in his—" and I'd nearly said the word; but something in Dave's eye warned me, so I ended up, "the missin' private of Compy C."

The sentry shakes 'is bearskin an' grins, meanin' as 'e's on dooty; so I calls out, "Guard!" and out tumbles the sergeant an' a corporal and file. They saw Dave, an' was goin' to 'url themselves on 'im like tigers; but I throws myself between.

"No violence," says Dave, a-droirin' 'is finger up, and stretching out 'is right arm, commandin'-like—"no violence. I take you all to witness as I've surrendered—to my Cousin Loosha! Take me to the black-ole, Sergeant Mappin, an' report me in the mornin'; but mind you tell the colonel that I surrendered to my Cousin Loosha fust of all." An' to the last 'e kep' repeatin' that as they 'ustled 'im away; an' I b'lieve it 'ad somethin' to do with 'is gettin' off so easy.

Our butcher's foreman is the victim of a hopeless passion for Loosha, manifested by the laying of votive kidneys and propitiatory sweetbreads on the shrine. But the warmth of his affection does not atone in Loosha's opinion for the suet with which he lubricates his hair. There was a fireman; but Loosha would not allow her affections to dwell upon him, in consideration of the perils attending his profession. To marry a husband who, when one was going about one's household duties, might be slowly a-roasting to a cinder, would be wearing to the nerves, she says. The elderly married porter, who looks after Middle-class Flats, has never repeated the daring act of unlawful osculation which was visited with such summary retribution by our dragon of domestic virtue. It happened, if I remember, when the miniature lift dedicated to the tradesmen's parcels and coal-scuttles went wrong—stuck four feet below the level of our landing and refused to budge. So, with the intention of ascertaining the nature and extent of the local complication, Jellans got into it, Loosha having undertaken to lighten his labors with conversation and a composite candle. Alas for the frailty of mankind! Then it was that, undeterred by the fear of scalding grease or boiling indignation, our porter attempted to wrest a kiss from the lips that were near. And, as the indignant Loosha thumped him on the head with the candlestick, the temporary mechanical obstruction yielded to the impulse of undervalued virtue, and the porter, with one wild cry, shot swiftly downward and disappeared. He arrived, ultimately, in the coal-cellar, to the relief of our bandmaid, who had had awful visions of his sticking in the shaft and suffocating slowly, with blood-curdling groans, while masons were pulling down the building to get at him.—*St. James's Gazette.*

It is difficult to make everybody careful in regard to the use of drinking-water, but comparatively easy to make the principles of hygiene generally known. Some persons dislike pure water, because it is insipid. Others find it inconvenient to boil the water they use, and troublesome or ridiculous to employ a filter. In some industries impure water is preferred, as in that of the baker—the bacteria in the water uniting with those in the yeast and producing rapidly the desired tightness. Does any one in America ever trouble himself about the quality of water used in making his bread, or of that in the so-called mineral waters he drinks, or is he strenuous in regard to the quality of the ice furnished him, which, even when comparatively clear, often abounds in microbes? Bad water is often the cause of epidemics of typhoid fever.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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O Manuel garcia alonso,  
Colorado especial de Clay,  
Invincible flora alphonzo,  
Cigarette panatella el rey,  
Victoria Reina selectas—  
O twofer madura grande—  
O conchas oscura perfectas.  
You drive all my sorrows away.  
—*Bazar.*

## The Professor and the Pin.

When our professor entered school  
Ere class-time did begin,  
And unsuspectingly did sit  
Upon a lurking pin,  
He leapt into the air so high  
There surely were no grounds  
For any one to say of him  
His anger "knew no bounds."  
—*Boston Courier.*

## Grover's Wall.

I wandered by the seaside,  
I wandered sad and chill,  
I could not see the yacht come;  
Which carried David Hill;  
I had no heart for fishing,  
I could not write a word,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.  
He came not, oh, he came not;  
I watched the livid day  
Prepared to swift embrace him  
And show him Buzzard's Bay;  
I paced the beach in silence—  
I must have looked absurd—  
And the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.  
—*New York Tribune.*

## A Warning to Little Boys.

Now is the time when little boys  
Partake of little round green apples,  
And little rural funerals  
Ensnare from little rural chapels.—*Life.*

## An Exception.

I like to watch my wife when she's  
Crocheting.  
Or when she's tattling mysteries  
Essaying.  
I often note complacently  
Her shirring.  
Nor does her damning prompt in me  
Demurring.  
But I am spurred, I must allow,  
To quitting,  
When she her abductor brow  
Is knitting.—*Boston Courier.*

## The Recording Angel up to Date.

He stood at the celestial gates  
With fear and wonder fraught,  
Of twenty million candidates,  
The man the office sought.  
"And this," quoth he, "will be my plea,"  
And fair it did bespeak him.  
To think, where all for office call,  
In walked the world to seek him!  
But the recording angel's head  
A question formed to trip with,  
And, shaking it, he gravely said:  
"Friend, how much did you skip with?"  
—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## Why it has not Shrunk.

She has the nattiest bathing-suit  
This season at the shore;  
The sweetest, daintiest costume that  
They showed her at the store.  
The clerk assured her, when she bought it,  
That it wouldn't shrink,  
No matter how much she might sport  
Upon the ocean's brink.  
She's worn it now a score of times,  
And still it looks as new,  
And fresh, and bright, as when it first  
Appeared to public view.  
The clerk was right. It hasn't shrunk  
Or changed its color yet.  
One reason possibly may be  
She's never got it wet.  
—*Somerville Journal.*

## How Far It Was.

"How far is it around the world?"  
In girlish innocence asked she.  
"Ah, I will measure it," he said,  
"If you'll permit me, love, to see."  
Then when his strong right arm he'd placed  
Around her waist so small and trim,  
He found it wasn't very far—  
For she was all the world to him.—*Puck.*

## The College Graduate.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?  
With muscle and intellect richly endowed,  
He starts out in life with hopeful intent,  
Expecting at least to become President;  
But wrestling awhile with life and its ills,  
He's content if he settles his grocery bills.  
—*Kansas City Journal.*

## His Sorrow.

His life's serenely happy and the world might envy him,  
Yet pitying glances everywhere he sees;  
For a man seems sore oppressed at every turn with sorrow  
When his pantaloons are baggy at the knees.  
—*Washington Star.*

Unlike the Dutch Process  
No Alkalies

—OR—  
Other Chemicals  
are used in the  
preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s  
Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure  
and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength  
of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot  
or Sugar, and is far more economical,  
costing less than one cent a cup. It  
is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
DIGESTED.

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LAROCHÉ'S  
INVIGORATING TONIC,  
CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, and  
Pure Catalan Wine.  
Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of  
Paris, as the Best Remedy for  
LOSS of APPETITE,  
FEVER and AGUE,  
MALARIA, NEURALGIA  
and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in exper-  
imental analysis, together with the valu-  
able aid extended by the Academy  
of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M.  
Laroche to extract the entire active  
properties of Peruvian Bark (a result  
not before attained), and to concen-  
trate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest  
degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free  
from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

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## RAMBLER BICYCLES

BEST C. & J.  
—AND—  
MOST PNEUMATIC  
LUXURIOUS TIRE  
Leads Them All.

Catalogue free.

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A NEW COAL.  
NONE BETTER. TRY IT. WELL SIZED,  
READY FOR YOUR STOVE, RANGE, OR  
GRATE. WE GUARANTEE IT.

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\$9.00 PER TON, DELIVERED TO  
YOUR BIN. SEND A POSTAL-  
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WAINWRIGHT & EASTON,  
131 and 133 Folsom Street.

THREE	Pozzoni's	POINTS
COMPLEXION		
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.		
THREE	POZZONI'S	TINTS

White, 1  
Ivory, 1  
Rose, 1  
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All Druggists  
Fancy Stores.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A small girl, apparently about five years of age, entered a drug-store in Lockport, N. Y., the other day, and asked for a bottle of cod-fish cordial, "the smallest you's got." The amazed drug-clerk could not interpret this unfamiliar term, so he called on the proprietor, who, after naming over the list of proprietary preparations, decided that Godfrey's Cordial was the article wanted.

It was a Sunday-school class (says the New York World), and the teacher believed in asking questions to see how clearly the scholars understood their lessons. The widow of Ham was the subject, and the teacher thought she would be quickly answered when she asked: "What is a widow?" There was a silence until she nodded to the small boy at her left, and said: "You know what a widow is, don't you?" for she knew the boy's mother was one. "Yes'm," he answered; "it's a lady what takes in washing."

When Bismarck first went to Dr. Schweninger for treatment, he grew very angry at the physician's searching questions. "I am tired of your interminable questions," he said, at last; "can't you cure your patients without so much annoyance?" "You find my questions annoying, eh?" roared the doctor, who was as fiery as the chancellor himself; "very well, then; you may go to the doctors who treat their patients without asking them questions; you may go to the horse-doctors." But Bismarck saw the justice of the physician's stand, and they became firm friends from that time.

A story is current in London about two Waterford merchants and hatters who once obtained an audience with the present Pope's predecessor. They were old-fashioned men and good, pious Catholics, and when, after much formality, they were ushered into the room where Pius the Ninth, in all his Papal splendor, was waiting to receive them, both were so overcome with emotion that they could do nothing but stare in blank amazement, trembling all over. At last one of them found his tongue. Throwing himself on his knees he shouted out loud enough to be heard in every corner of the vast chamber: "O Holy Father, we're from Waterford!"

Vernet, the French painter, was once traveling from Versailles to Paris in the same compartment with two ladies whom he had never seen before, but who were evidently acquainted with him. They examined him very minutely, and commented upon him quite freely. The painter was annoyed, and determined to put an end to the persecution. As the train passed through the tunnel of St. Cloud, the three travelers were wrapped in complete darkness. Vernet raised the back of his hand to his mouth and kissed it twice violently. On emerging from the obscurity, he found that the ladies had withdrawn their attention from him, and were glaring contemptuously at each other. Presently they arrived at Paris, and Vernet, on leaving them, said: "Ladies, I shall be puzzled all my life by the inquiry, 'Which of these two ladies was it that kissed me?'"

Years ago (says Art in Advertising), when Helen Hunt Jackson was engaged on "Ramona," and was otherwise agitating the Indian question, she delivered a lecture on the subject in Boston, and, two days later, came over to New York to consult with her publisher, the late Dr. Holland. Greatly to her disappointment, she did not find the New York public much interested. In fact, it was difficult to get a hearing at all. Crossing Union Square, she met a good Boston friend, who had followed her course in Boston, and, naturally, the first question he asked was how matters were going. "To tell the truth," said the gifted author, "matters are not going well at all. In fact, they are moving very slowly—very slowly, indeed." "You don't tell me," said the Boston man, in astonishment; "why, I thought after that editorial in the Advertiser last Monday, New York would be at a fever heat."

One M. Bidoche has recently been fined for the illegal practice of medicine in Paris, his specialty being a mystic water, "Eau des Peres de la Montaigne-Sainte," which contains "the germs of universal foundation," and which one of his patients found all too successful. She had been married twelve years and had no children; so, she had, she explained before the correctional tribunal, a satisfactory interview with the doctor, and took a bottle of the wonderful water. Two months afterward she found herself in an interesting condition, and a son in due time made his appearance. "But, M. le Président," she exclaimed, in tragic tones, "then I had another, and a third, and I went to M. Bidoche and implored him to stop; that the water was acting too powerfully; and he tells me he can not, I may have a dozen children—"; when an explosion of laughter in court drowned the rest of the plaintive story. The defendant was fined two hundred francs, when they ought, in view of the steady depopulation of the country, to have handsomely rewarded him.

A physician had, as presiding genius in his culinary department, a negro woman of a social disposi-

tion, but of a somewhat irascible temper. One night a youthful admirer, who was accustomed to make frequent evening calls upon the ebony Maria in her kitchen, prolonged his visit to a tiresome length. After Maria had worn out every topic of conversation of which she was mistress, she essayed to give him a delicate hint as to her mental and physical weariness by a prodigious yawn. Through some miscalculation as to the stretching capacity of her mouth, however, she dislocated her jaw in the process. The doctor was hastily summoned from above stairs by the distracted young man, who stood diffidently in the background while Maria's jaw was put into working order again. The first use she made of her recovered power of speech was to turn wrathfully upon the trembling visitor, and say, in a tone of withering scorn: "Praps de nex' time yo' goes a-calling, an' stays an' stays till de lady gapes an' suffocates her jaws, yo'll tak' it fer a hint dat it's 'bout time to be a-gwine home!"

Dr. Frith, in his "Reminiscences," relates a story of the late Mr. Beckford, the author of "Vathek." This eccentric gentleman lived at Fonthill Abbey, a few miles from Bath. Every picture in the abbey was a gem, and the gardens were unrivaled by any in England; but the owner was a recluse, and this palace of art was surrounded by a formidable wall seven miles in circuit, twelve feet high, and crowned by a *chevaux-de-frise*, and the gates were kept carefully closed. At last Mr. Frith's cousin, an ardent connoisseur in art, found them unguarded. He slipped in, and wandered about the enchanted domain till he met a man with a spade in his hand, presumably the gardener. This personage politely showed him over fruit-gardens, hot-houses, etc., then the house, with its pictures, bric-a-brac, suits of armor, and other glories, and ended by asking him to dinner. "No, really, I couldn't think of taking such a liberty. I am sure Mr. Beckford would be offended." "No, he wouldn't. You must stop and dine with me. I am Mr. Beckford." The dinner was magnificent, served on massive plate, the wines of the choicest vintage, rarer still Mr. Beckford's conversation. They talked till a fine Louis Quatorze clock struck eleven. Then Mr. Beckford rose and left the room. The guest waited for his return, till he started to find the room in semi-darkness, and one of the solemn, powdered footmen putting out the lights. "Mr. Beckford has gone to bed," said the man. The guest rose and followed the footman to the front door. That functionary opened it wide, and said: "Mr. Beckford ordered me to present his compliments to you, sir; and I am to say that, as you found your way into Fonthill Abbey without assistance, you may find your way out again as best you can; and he hopes you will take care to avoid the bloodhounds that are let loose in the gardens every night. I wish you good-evening." The guest spent the night in the branches of the first tree that promised a safe shelter, and it was not till the sun showed itself that he made his way, terror attending each step, through the gardens into the park, and so to Bath.

## Make Yourself a New Body.

Purge away the old, diseased, and worn out body, said Dr. Brandreth. Replace the discharged matters of the system with good, simple food and thus build up a new and sound body in place of one feeble and diseased. Every man should know that he must be "renewed" at least once in two or three years, else he would soon break down completely. This renewing process is easily brought about by purging with BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They put new life into old bodies.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless, and safe to take at any time. Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.

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## WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....August 24th  
Germanic.....August 31st  
Teutonic.....September 7th  
Britannic.....September 14th  
Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in New York.

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## MERCHANTS' LINE

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1897 tons register, REED, Master, is now on the berth at New York, and having large engagements will receive quick dispatch. To be followed by the A. J. Clipper Ship EMILY REED, Simmons, Master. For freight apply to J. W. GRACE & CO., 430 California St., S. F. W. R. GRACE & CO., Hanover Square, N. Y.

# GEO. H. FULLER DESK CO. MANUFACTURERS. BANK OFFICE AND CHURCH FURNITURE 638-640 MISSION ST.

## SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, August 7, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.  
Extra trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:06 P. M.  
(Sundays)—3:37, 5:15, 6:00, 7:02 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.  
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	8:45 A. M. Week Days
5:00 P. M. Week Days	Tacoloma	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes	8:15 P. M. Week Days
	and Way Stations.	
	Tamale, Howard	
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Duncan Mills	8:45 A. M. Mondays
5:00 P. M. Saturdays	Cazadero	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Sundays

## EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates. Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday; Tacoloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tacoloma, and Point Reyes \$1.00; Tomales, \$1.50; Howard, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

## STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Sausalito (Sundays excepted) on arrival of 7:30 A. M. train from San Francisco for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, F. E. LATHAM,  
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General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Aug. 25th, SS. City of Sydney; Sept. 5th, SS. San José; Sept. 15th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports via Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—August 18th, SS. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

City of Peking.....Saturday, September 17, at 3 P. M.

China.....Tuesday, September 27, at 3 P. M.

Peru.....Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharfe at 10:00 P. M. for Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6

Belgic.....Thursday, September 16

Oceanic.....Tuesday, October 25

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For Freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, 27, Sept. and Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 25, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
9:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
9:30 A.	Sacramento River Steamer.	6:00 P.
1:00 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Ebersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, and Los Gatos. Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Monterey, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, \* Sundays excepted, † Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:30, 8:00, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 5:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. Santa Rosa 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Santa Rosa 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Litton Springs, 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Cloverdale, and Way Stations.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Ukiah 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Sonoma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Glen Ellen 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1.10; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3.10; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1.10; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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DRIFTED SNOW FLOUR





"Colonel Carter of Cartersville" was a pleasant pastoral sketch of Southern life, by Mr. Hopkinson Smith, to which the *Century Magazine* gave shelter and hospitality. It was a picture of the conventional ex-Confederate brigadier, the genial old chap who is the soul of honor, and yet whose life is devoted to cheating his creditors and fighting duels with his friends. By the brigadier's side figured the inevitable faithful darkey, who brings out the weaknesses of his master by contrast with his own shrewdness. In the days of our fathers, the brigadier used to be an Irish landlord, profuse, spendthrift, and reckless, and the darkey was a whole-souled old butler, whose heart rejoiced at an opportunity to lie for his master, or to weep bitter tears over the fallen fortunes of the family. Boucicault used to play the broken-down squire or the emotional butler with equal vigor and pathos.

As a matter of fact, neither the Irish squire nor the stage brigadier have ever been types of a large class. Such freaks undoubtedly have existed. Even Harold Skimpole is said to have had an original in real life. But Gradgrind is too numerous nowadays to co-exist with a race of beings who presume to emancipate themselves from the law which requires every one to earn his daily bread, and, so far as possible, to live at peace with his neighbors. The tribe of Jeremy Diddlers never becomes quite extinct; but the prejudices of a hard-hearted age are inimical to the production of well-developed specimens. The first impulse of the spectator is to laugh sympathetically at the tricks by which Beau Brummel cheats his tailor and at the aristocratic courtesy with which Colonel Carter foils his grocer's attempt to collect his bill; but second thought reveals the operation in the light of common swindling, and the spectator feels that he can not afford to sympathize.

It was hardly fair for Mr. Hopkinson Smith to paint the survivors of the lost cause as swaggering dead-beats. There are, no doubt, dead-beats among them, and some of them probably swagger. But they are no truer representatives of the gallant band of warriors who held the nation at bay for four years than Palsy Fairchild is a type of the Union soldier. These unfortunate sons of the South lost everything—their kith and kin, their fortunes, their lands, their prestige, and their power—through their adherence to a delusion; is it fair, or generous, or kindly to paint them as having dwindled after their defeat into a race of Robert Macaire's? Colonel Carter of Cartersville is incapable of earning an honest dollar, and does not chafe at his incapacity; Judge Kerfoot is a red-nosed, fuddled old fool; Major Yancey is a cross between Sir Lucius O'Trigger and Bombastes Furioso. Does modern Southern society consist of disputabilities like these, spending idle lives in the arrangement of duels and the absorption of mint-juleps? If so, God help the South.

Mr. Augustus Thomas stands high enough in the ranks of dramatists to warrant the application of the severest rules of criticism to his work. It is, therefore, not captious to say that his dramatization of Mr. Smith's story was unwise. There is not material in it for a good play. There is practically no action in it. There is no love-thread, for Colonel Carter's servile love for his ward provokes nothing but indulgent ridicule. There are but two characters—the colonel himself and his body-servant, Chad. All the other personages, male and female, might be eliminated from the piece without injury. Mr. Thomas has experience enough to know that it is impossible to build a play on two parts, both male. In these Southern plays, in which he made his reputation, there is always a love-affair, of more or less intensity, between a Northern soldier and a Southern girl, or *vice versa*, and the audience delights in watching how their true love is eventually made to run smooth in spite of obstacles. This is an element which can not be dispensed with in this class of plays. Why did Mr. Thomas try to get along without it in "Colonel Carter of Cartersville"?

Holland as Colonel Carter and Harris as Chad are delightful. The former is one of those actors whom the public are always glad to see—he is such a finished artist, and he always fills his parts so completely. His Southern colonel is perfect in language, accent, and deportment. In his hands the colonel is a model of Southern chivalry, in the best sense of that term, overflowing with geniality, and living up to his sense of honor, which, unhappily, does not redeem him from utter irresponsibility. Mr. Holland has trained his tongue to the Southern accent; he clips his words, and there is a mellifluous sweetness in his tones. Such gentlemen are still met with in the rural counties of Virginia and Georgia. Stoddart, perhaps, would have put more pathos into the part, but he could not have touched

Holland in the accent. That grand old actor, who will rank with Jefferson and John Gilbert, has never forgotten that he hailed from the land o' cakes.

Hardly second to Holland is Harris as Chad. He, too, has imbued himself with the accent of the well-bred darkey servant, and he faithfully impersonates the unselfish devotion of the ex-slave, who is more loyal to his master than the master is to himself. The character is, to some extent, conventional, like the saints in medieval pictures; such unreasoning love and affection are more frequently observed on the stage than in real life. But Harris gives us the picture, real or supposititious, with all its lights and shadows, its flashes of humor and its touches of pathos; the play of his features is very fine, indeed, and was closely followed by his audience. Indeed, if it had not been for the drollery of the servant, the spectators might have wearied of following the high art of the master through five acts.

The success which has attended the production of a succession of plays based more or less directly on the Civil War, suggests some reflections. This country has waged four wars: the War of Independence, the War of 1812, the War with Mexico, and the War of the Rebellion. Dramatic incidents and dramatic characters were not wanting in any of the four. Yet only one of the four has furnished topics for treatment on the stage. There was infinite romance in the War of Independence. Thrilling episodes were not wanting in the War of 1812. In both, heroes and heroines were brought to the surface by circumstance, and did great deeds which stirred men's souls and awoke the emotions on which the drama feeds. Yet it is not easy to name a single play based on incidents in these conflicts. Such plays have doubtless been written and possibly performed. But they long ago went to the bourne from which no play returns. Why?

It seems that people are not going to tire of pieces based on incidents of the Civil War. They are all pretty much alike. There is a gallant young soldier who bestows his heart upon a daughter of the enemy. She has an obdurate parent, who will not listen to the lovers. The young man's father revolts at an alliance with the foe. The troops go to battle, and the young soldier saves the life of his lady-love's father, or is all shot to pieces, and is taken to be nursed at her house; and while the agony of separation is impending, Richmond falls, Lee surrenders, and the curtain drops on a general reconciliation. There is some monotony in these plays, but they all appeal to simple instincts, and take with the general public. Something of their success has been due to the contrast between the Southern character as developed by slavery, and the Northern character as developed under freedom; but there was quite as sharp a contrast between the English of 1786 and 1812 and the Americans of those periods.

One of the greatest American actors now living was asked why a successful drama could not be built on some episode of our early history—as, for instance, on the life of General Jackson? He replied that General Jackson was too recent. He had not yet aged into a hero. The people who would go to see a play turning on an episode in Napoleon's career, like "The Lady of Lyons," would not pay a dollar and a half to hear the hero of New Orleans swear "By the Eternal!" or to see him cram Mrs. Eaton down the throat of Washington society. In the case of Napoleon, distance answered the purpose of the lapse of time. The Civil War is much more recent than the career of the Master of the Hermitage; yet people will always go to hear plays based on its incidents. Perhaps the inherent dramatic quality of the workings of slavery may account for the difference.

At the theatres, during the week commencing August 22: Sol Smith Russell in "A Poor Relation"; the Tivoli Company in "Girofé-Girofla"; Harrison and Bell's company in "Little Tuppitt"; Jeffreys Lewis in "Divorce"; "My Partner"; and Nellie McHenry in "A Night at the Circus."

#### Mechanical Drawing Instruments.

Now that the colleges and the schools of engineering and architecture are beginning their work again, it may not be out of place to give a word of advice to those whose work will include mechanical drawing in any of its branches. The first essential in mechanical drawing, where measurements and lines must be mathematically exact, is that the instruments shall be perfect. A "wobbly" compass, weak-jointed dividers, and a bad ruling-pen make the work ten times harder; indeed, the fact that architects and engineers use only the best instruments shows the importance of having them of good, standard makes. For some years the architects have been buying all their drawing materials at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store—now located on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. The firm carries in stock drawing-papers of all qualities and sizes, excellent drawing-boards, T-squares, parallel rules, curve scrolls, etc., and now their supply of drawing instruments, including everything from the simplest ruling-pen to elaborate sets of German-silver instruments, is the most complete in the city. And, doing such a large business in this line, they are enabled to sell their goods at the very lowest prices.

To get the best goods at the lowest prices is what every one desires, and that those who need drawing material, whether for mechanical or free-hand drawing, and have been buying them long enough to know where they get the best treatment—that such people invariably make their purchases at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s is the best proof that beginners in this line can not do better than to trade at the great Market Street store.

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#### STAGE GOSSIP.

Sol Smith Russell begins a two weeks' engagement, on Monday night, with a "A Poor Relation," which will be run throughout the week. The second week will be devoted to "Peaceful Valley."

Sardou, who is said to get twenty thousand dollars, besides royalties, for every piece he writes, has a new play on the stocks, which is entitled "Une Belle Americaine," and is supposed to be founded on the Deacon tragedy.

Manager John F. Bragg announces that George Riddle is to give a series of readings at Irving Hall, commencing on the evening of September 5th. He was very successful on his former visit here, and should meet with a hearty welcome.

Fanny Davenport has enough money to buy a castle in Wales as Patti did, but she merely rents one and is spending the summer in it. She will not return to the stage until after the November elections—and several other actors and actresses, who can afford to do so, are also postponing their reappearance on account of the political excitement.

Here is the latest news about M. Jean de Reszke, who is at present holiday-making at Mont Dore:

Mr. Lenox Browne, the eminent surgeon to the Royal Opera, is absolutely positive that there is no real lung trouble. An American specialist from Paris is understood to disagree with his learned English colleague. It is certain that M. Jean de Reszke is suffering from want of rest, and it is said to be quite possible that the fact that, by some not unusual error of the voice-trainers, he was first taught as a baritone, may have something to do with it.

A matinee is to be given Thursday, October 27th, the proceeds to be devoted to the sick benefit fund of the German Press Club of California, a branch of the National Association of German-American Journalists and Authors. The performance will be in English and German. The committee in charge consists of M. Greenblatt, Judge Julius Reimer, George Schleyer, N. Kollmann, and Dr. H. Muhr.

Lecocq's popular opera, "Girofé-Girofla," will be given at the Tivoli this week, with the following cast:

Girofé-Girofla, Gracie Plaisted; Aurora, Grace Vernon; Paquita, Emma Vorce; Pedro, Tillie Salinger; Don Bolero, Ferris Hartman; Marasquin, Phil Branson; Mourzouk, Geo. Olmit; Pirate Chief, Ed. N. Knight; Matamoras, George Harris.

A new opera, "Virginia," will be produced on the following Monday night.

Signor Mascagni, the composer of the "Cavalleria Rusticana," has political ambitions. A correspondent writes:

"In Livorno, where he lives, he was a candidate recently for election to the town council. So earnest was his desire to be a city father, that he laid aside his musical work for fourteen days to devote himself to the less harmonious task of electioneering. But the good people of Livorno, who defy the young man as a composer, evidently did not wish to see him waste his time with politics, and failed to elect him. Mascagni, it is said, feels the defeat keenly."

Henry E. Abbey's new opera company will comprise some notable singers. Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Jean Lasalle, the trio who made the success of the last season in New York, will be the principals in male rôles, and the prima donnas will be Misses Emma Eames, Margaret Reid, and Mme. Melba. The new-comers include Mme. Calvé, who is a stage beauty as well as a dramatic singer, and Signor Francesca Vignas, who created the tenor rôle in "Cavalleria Rusticana" in London, and sang it for a year there.

Under the title "The Dramatic Peerage," two hundred and sixty brief biographies of contemporary actors, written by Messrs. Erskine Reid and Herbert Compton, are gathered into a single volume. The *Tribune* says of it:

"The alphabetical arrangement has been followed, and among the sketches are mentioned Henry Irving, Terry, Ada Rehan, J. L. Toole, Charles Wyndham, Ada Cavendish, John Drew, E. S. Willard, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, H. Beerbohm Tree, Sarah Bernhardt, Arthur Cecil, William Farron, John Hare, Henry Howe, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Langtry, W. H. Vernon, Herman Verin, Mrs. John Wood, and Genevieve Ward. The lives are not always accurate. The account of Mr. Drew, for example, is comically incorrect. The style is sometimes inflated and sometimes is deformed with slang. Mention is made of performances that 'did not catch on,' and of 'a dramatic scale of characters that ranged from the deep bass of tragedy to the piping soprano of farce.' Not much critical judgment is displayed, and place is found for memoirs of various players who are nobodies. Nevertheless, the book contains biographical material that is of value, and those persons who collect theatrical publications should not omit this one."

The advance sheets of Tevis & Fisher's *Real Estate Journal* for August—which will be issued on Monday—show that this lively little paper is keeping up its reputation.

#### For Sleeplessness

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Dr. C. R. Dake, Belleville, Ill., says: "I have found it, and it alone, to be capable of producing a sweet and natural sleep in cases of insomnia from overwork of the brain, which so often occurs in active professional and business men."

Arthur Jule Goodman, the artist, held an exhibition of his aquarelles and drawings during the month of July at 57 Alexandra Road, St. John's Wood, London. The catalogue named about eighty-five studies.

There is only one man of American birth among the thirty-six men nominated by the Socialist party as Presidential electors for New York State. We are very glad to hear it.

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#### DCLXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 21, 1892.

Mullagatawny Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Fried Pompano. Cucumbers.  
Broiled Chickens. Potato Croquettes.  
Fried Egg-Plant. String Beans.  
Roast Lamb. Mint Sauce.  
Tomato Salad.  
Coconut Pie. Fruits.

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—THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LOT IS BECOMING a happier one every day, as the number of articles which are conveniently and daintily put up in cans in a wholesaler and more appetizing form than in the raw state, is increased every day. We are led to this remark, as we had occasion to test on our table a pure, unsweetened, concentrated milk, called Highland Brand Evaporated Cream, which, in our estimation, is a culinary beauty and a real table luxury. It thoroughly solves the question of how to obtain perfect cream at all seasons.

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## The Argonaut

DURING THE

## NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

Up to the close of the campaign, ending December 1st, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

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#### FALL STYLES.

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## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Mrs. Edison is said to prefer the light of ordinary candles to that of the finest incandescent lights.

Here are some interesting facts about the champion woman tennis-player of the United States:

Miss Mabel Cahill is a native of Dublin, and has been for only four years a resident of New York. She is a woman of small physique, but full of spirit, and accomplished in horsemanship and other outdoor sports besides tennis. One secret of her success on the tennis-court is the facility with which she executes a strong back-hand stroke, which surprises her opponent, and usually wins the point in play.

Mrs. Robert Anderson, the widow of Major Anderson, of Fort Sumter fame, lives quietly in Washington, D. C. Among her most cherished possessions are the flags that were on Fort Sumter when Major Anderson defended it.

Mrs. Ayer, the wealthy New York widow, who had her portrait painted by Carolus Duran, probably now regrets it very much. A correspondent says:

"The lady is seated on a sort of throne, covered with antique tapestry. She is robed in heavy velvet of an indescribable hue, and a heavy purple mantle, bordered with Russian abysses, falls from her shoulders. Velvet shoes are on her feet, and the artist's love of color is further illustrated by the revealing of a bright red pair of stockings. The English papers allude to the picture as 'Queen Crissus,' and criticise Duran adversely."

The five chains of pearls forming the necklace worn on state occasions by the Baroness Gustave de Rothschild are valued at a million dollars. The most valuable collection of black pearls in the world is owned by the Empress of Austria.

Mme. Marchesi, the celebrated Paris music-teacher, who has trained a score of prima donnas, is not noted for the courteousness of her manners, as the following anecdote indicates:

On a young American woman, who appeared before her attired in a gown that shocked her sense of color, Mme. Marchesi vented her displeasure by saying: "What do you mean by coming into my class with such a dress? It is horribly inharmonious, and as bad as your voice." Overcome by the savage criticism, the luckless offender burst into tears and left the room, vowing never to return.

At Woolwich, Edith Brill, ten years of age, has received the Royal Humane Society's medal for saving one of the two little boys who fell into the King William Dock. The child she rescued was two years and a half old. The other boy, whom she tried also to save, was drowned.

That the republic is not ungrateful for a woman's bravery this paragraph shows:

Miss Bertie O. Burr, of Nebraska, has been awarded the government's gold medal for her heroism in rescuing two young companions from drowning in the Blue River, near Omaha, Neb., last summer. Plunging boldly into a swift current, she brought a drowning bather, who had sunk at a depth of twenty feet, safely ashore; then swam out a second time for another young woman, who, in the excitement of the scene, had been swept off her feet and carried off by the current. Miss Burr learned to swim at the Eastern seminary where she was educated.

The influence of Queen Christina of Spain is constantly exercised against the national pastime of bull-fighting; but her example of absenting herself from the royal box at the arena has as yet had but little effect. Every Sunday at least sixteen thousand people witness the bull-fighting in Madrid.

The mother of the Shah of Persia, the Sultanah Valideh, according to foreign papers, died in Teheran a short time ago. Of her it is said:

She was the widow of the Shah Mohammed, whom she survived more than forty-seven years. The princess occupied a palace of her own in the Persian capital, where each Friday she was accustomed to receive her son. The monarch never failed at these visits to bring his mother either a basket of fruit or a basket of flowers from his private garden. The dead woman was said to be extremely clever, and was often consulted by the Shah regarding important questions of state.

A paragraph is now floating about in the papers stating that the two pretty daughters of James Epps, the cocoa-manufacturer, are referred to by their suitors as "grateful" and "comforting." The ladies were so called ten or a dozen years ago, when Mr. Epps first advertised his cocoa as possessing those qualities; but for some years they have been Mrs. Alma Tadema and Mrs. Edmund Gosse.

A rather incoherent correspondent gives this account of Mlle. Duclera, the dancer of "Ta-ra boom-de-ray!" in Paris:

"She reminds one of a strawberry and vanilla ice-cream in ankle, skirt, and portion—lower portion necessarily—of a waist, built of finely accented-plaited gauze in broad stripes of cream and pale pink alternating. On the left shoulder, a pale-blue satin bow did its best to hold one side of the corsage on, but it had a peculiar knack of always slipping down, while the lady had an equally peculiar knack of constantly hitching it up. Not a bad habit, seeing that she owns most perfectly formed arms."

Mme. Vacaresco has sent an impertinent letter to the Duchess of Edinburgh about the engagement of the Crown Prince of Roumania to the Princess Marie, as she is exceedingly angry, having hoped that he would, after all, marry Mlle. Hélène Vacaresco. The Roumanians are furious with the whole Vacaresco family, more especially as Mme. Vacaresco has, it is said, among other things, threatened to intrigue in Paris against the present royal family of Roumania.

Of Mme. Dieulafoy, the wife of the distinguished French explorer, who accompanied her husband on all his expeditions, the *Bazar* says:

"She wears men's clothes, having become accustomed to them in her journeyings through wild regions, and she has obtained from the French Government a special authorization to wear male attire upon the streets of Paris. To gain this she and her husband affirmed that, to the best of their belief, it was absolutely necessary to her health to continue to wear the garments to which she had become accustomed. At the same time she does not approve of women making this change in their apparel unless circumstances force them to it."

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"I think most men are fools to marry." She—"Yes, that is true; and we poor girls have nothing else to marry."—*Truth*.

Marie—"If you don't love Algernon, why do you not break the engagement?" Elsie—"He hasn't given me the ring yet."—*Jewelers' Weekly*.

Penelope—"Nelly's father is not as rich as Laura's father." The duke (who knows what he is here for)—"No, but he's more consumptive."—*Ex*.

Mrs. Isaacs—"How you got your clothes so full of cotton?" Mr. Isaacs (brushing himself)—"I was showing a customer dose all-wool goods."—*Life*.

"Why were you not at the ball at the Neptune last night, Miss Hicks?" "I was." "I didn't see you. Where did you sit?" "Down on the beach."—*Bazar*.

She—"And how did you feel toward him when he married the girl you were engaged to?" He—"I felt as the man did toward his substitute who was killed in the war."—*Life*.

Mr. Snoodle—"It appears that in railroad accidents the first and last cars are always the ones injured." Mrs. Snoodle—"Why not leave them off the train?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

The joys of a bridegroom: Mr. Troomer—"Where on earth is my new silk hat? I've looked everywhere for it." His bride (sweetly)—"You said you wanted it ironed, dear, so I sent it out to the laundry."—*Truth*.

Housekeeper—"No, no, no; I don't want anything. This is the tenth time I've had to say this this morning." Tramp peddler—"Don't you want ter hire me to stay here an' say it fer yer, ma'am?"—*Bazar*.

Kingley—"Old man, I hear that you have a new addition to your household. Allow me to congratulate you. What is it, a boy or girl?" Bingo—"Neither. It's my cook's sister from Ireland."—*Truth*.

Presence of mind—the girl in the doorway has just interrupted a proposal: He—"Well, as I was saying—" Girl in chair (hurriedly)—"Oh, no, Mr. Watkins, it wasn't that; you were talking of yachting."—*Bazar*.

Chumley—"I want to get a present for a young lady." Clerk—"Would a nice box of candy suit you?" Chumley—"No; I want something more lasting." Clerk—"How would chewing-gum do, then?"—*Bazar*.

Deacon Jones—"Before your husband embarks upon this new enterprise, I trust he will ask for divine guidance." Mrs. Smith—"It is evident you don't know John. He wouldn't be dictated to by anybody."—*Boston Transcript*.

"How awfully wet the ocean is!" said she, during a lull in the conversation. "Yes," said he; "it's natural, though. It's out there in the hot sun all day and constantly in motion, and of course must perspire a great deal."—*Bazar*.

She—"Do you take nothing yourself?" He—"No. They've passed a law here that no man can have a glass of whisky unless he's been bitten by a rattlesnake, and the only snake in town is six weeks behind his orders now."—*Life*.

Miss Flynn—"I don't believe that a woman should marry her opposite." Miss Trivet—"Don't you?" Miss Flynn—"No, I don't. Do you suppose I could be happy with a man who possessed neither beauty nor mental attainments?"—*Judge*.

"I gathered those leaves at Newport last autumn," said Ethel, showing her collection of leaves to young Saphead. "Really? How interesting! Just think, perhaps some of our best families have walked on those leaves!" said Saphead.—*Bazar*.

Her mother—"You think it is serious between you and him?" Herself—"Yes, mamma." Her mother—"Then I'll try to get acquainted with his mother at the reception this evening." Herself—"Please don't, mamma; it's too serious."—*Truth*.

Farmer Sassafras—"What are you putting a barb-wire fence around your farm for? Isn't it awful expensive?" Farmer Medderrass—"Yes, the fence costs a heap o' money, but the hired men don't fool away any time sittin' on it."—*Ex*.

She (anxiously)—"Have you asked papa, Reginald?" He—"Yes." She (nervously)—"What did he say?" He—"He didn't say anything; but I know he gave his consent, for he looked at me in a sort of a pitying way, don't you know."—*Life*.

She—"I wish I could understand figures of speech." He—"For instance?" She—"Well, here is a reference to a 'harmonious whole.' What is a harmonious whole?" He—"Mrs. Shaw's mouth when she is whistling."—*Pittsburg Bulletin*.

Dallas—"I hear that you proposed to Miss Testy last night and got a refusal." Callous—"Well, as to that, she didn't bluntly refuse me; she wouldn't wound my feelings by doing that, yet the inference of her remark was plain enough." Dallas—"What reply did she make to your proposal?" Callous—

"She said if I was the last man on earth she might consider it."—*Boston Courier*.

Catkin—"What did you marry her for if you intended to apply for a divorce so soon?" Barlow—"She threatened to sue me for twenty-five thousand dollars damages for breach of promise, and I knew I could get a divorce a good deal cheaper than that."—*Truth*.

Servant (in an intelligence office)—"How many in family?" Husband—"Three." Servant—"What do you pay?" Husband—"Five dollars." Servant—"Where do you live?" Husband—"Oh, don't bother about that; we'll move anywhere you wish."—*Life*.

Irate guest—"Here, sir! I telegraphed you to save me the coolest room in the house, and you haven't done it." Polite clerk—"Well, sir, I have given the coolest room in the house to two hundred and fifty people already, and I thought you might not like to be crowded."—*Elmira Gazette*.

Mrs. Van Schlesinger—"I think the Sweetly Brothers are thoroughly charming. They belong to that nearly extinct genus, 'In the world, but not of it.'" Miss Sharp—"Do you, indeed? I always considered them rather a common species—of the world, but not in it, you know."—*Ex*.

I used to know an Englishman (says Labouchère) who had a fancy for short names, made up chiefly of vowels. He lived in Portugal, and gave to his six daughters the names of Ava, Eva, Iva, Ova, Uva, and Uiva. Poor Ova used to be fearfully teased by some Etonian cousins, and had her name declined in all sorts of dreadful ways, to her great mortification. She was "a bad egg" when they were displeased with her, or "an added egg" when she blundered, and sometimes "a freckled egg." Her father never suffered her to call herself by her second name of Maria.

The Mother of Cities is, in some respects, the newest of them all. One-half of Rome is as new as a backwoods settlement, and strenuous efforts are being made to furnish up the other half. But with the latest innovation in Rome there is not much need to quarrel. The city is now lighted by electricity, generated by the cascade of classic Tivoli. Such things, in such a connection, sound appallingly modern; but nothing of that kind is too strange not to be true, now that we seem likely before long to hear the cry of "Change here for Damascus!"

The German Emperor's latest notion of vanity has taken the form of ordering and designing an imperial crown for himself. It is to be composed of pure gold, thickly studded with pearls and diamonds, surmounted by a cross in which will be set some of the finest diamonds in the famous collection of the Hohenzollern family.

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Is attractive, but its hue in the skin and eye-balls is repulsive, and indicates biliousness, a malady, however, easily remediable with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nausea, sick headache, pains through the right side and shoulder blade, are manifestations of liver complaint, dismissable with the Bitters, which also banishes malarial, rheumatic, and kidney complaints, nervousness, and constipation.

The governor of Natal has a level head and never allows any good thing to get away from him if he has a chance to keep it. Recently, at a governmental ball, there were eighteen pretty debutantes presented to his excellency, and he had the excellent taste and diplomatic assurance to kiss every one of them.

## Good Cooking

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Not long ago, a Boston physician of eminence wondered how the New York doctors could dare to go to their clubs during the day. If he were seen entering the Somerset Club, in Boston, in broad daylight, he said, his practice would suffer disastrously.

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An enterprising English firm desire to put boardings along the banks of the Suez Canal and lease these accommodations for advertising purposes. They have an idea that a considerable revenue can be derived from this novel source. The Egyptian Government is now considering the proposition.

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The late Professor Freeman's reputation for accuracy is mercilessly attacked by a writer in the current *Quarterly Review*, who takes up that part of the deceased historian's "Norman Conquest" covering the Battle of Hastings, and pulls it completely to pieces.

If out of order, use BEECHAM'S PILLS.

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28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

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One publication, with an alleged circulation of one hundred thousand copies per issue, and with an actual circulation which must have been quite near to its claims, devoted to a particular specialty, brought numerous inquiries to the advertisers therein, but almost no sales. The publication had secured its enormous circulation by declaring in favor of lower prices, emphasizing the practical rather than the fancy side of its specialty, and by the offer of prizes greatly in excess of the value of its subscription list. Another publication, with a circulation not exceeding one-tenth, and, perhaps, one-twentieth of the former, but which had secured its circulation in a more legitimate manner, and which was devoted to the "fancy" rather than the practical side of its specialty, brought to the advertiser comparatively few replies, but nearly every reply meant a sale. Here, then, were two specialty papers, one with a circulation of 75,000 to 100,000, the other with a circulation of 5,000 to 10,000, and yet the latter was a hundredfold more profitable to the advertiser. Other things equal, the paper with the largest circulation is best; but it is seldom that other things are equal, and the advertiser needs to know something more than the number of copies issued to select successfully his medium.—H. S. Babcock.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 9.

SAN FRANCISCO, AUGUST 29, 1892.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

When an American who has the money-making faculty is also bitten by social ambition, his fate is a hard one. After the best years of his life have been given to the rolling up of millions, which he is persuaded can buy anything, he awakens in his old age to the knowledge that in this he has erred. They may enable him to build a fine house crowded with everything that can be purchased with coin anywhere in the world; they may confer upon him the satisfaction of cutting all his old friends and associates, and of filling his drawing-rooms with people as rich and ostentatious and stupid as himself; they may empower him to deck his

females in fine raiment and jewels; they may even admit him to the awful society of the Astors and Vanderbilts and purchase the approval of Ward McAllister for him and his. But when this has been accomplished, when he has shut himself and his family in a cottage at Newport and hedged himself about with the jail-like exclusiveness there prevalent, all has been achieved. There is no loftier height to be won in this democratic republic. That this limitation upon ambition should gall our plutocracy—a plutocracy as opulent, gorgeous, and aspiring as any the world has known—is but natural. It is but natural, too, that the eyes of the plutocrat should range abroad in search of that which is denied him at home. On the other side of the Atlantic he beholds a class of people of the same flesh and blood as himself who have all that he possesses, and something besides. That something is birth, which carries with it titles and privileges which are not to be had for the buying by the American male. It is true that in Germany one may by expenditure become a baron, that the Italian Government sells patents of nobility over its thrifty and cynical counter, and that the Pope, for a consideration, will make an Irish-American a Knight of the Holy Ghost.

But titles so obtained, such is the irony of things, are deemed of no worth. It is only titles to which men are born that have value. Those of England are most highly prized. Nowhere else in Europe does the ownership of one set its possessor so markedly apart and raise him so far above the rest of the community. This is due to the circumstance that there is more servility to the square foot in England than to the acre on the socially more civilized continent. The soil of England appears to be as favorable to the production of snobs as that of Ireland is to American Democrats and policemen. There is no snob like an English snob. To grovel at the feet of any one whom accident, not merit, has made his superior, is a law of his being, to obey which is his greatest pleasure. It is inevitable, therefore, that the American plutocrat should gaze with desire upon the fortunate few who form the aristocracy of that happy island, and that, being himself debarred from entering by purchase into this charmed guild, he should avidly avail himself of a graciously extended privilege and buy admission for his daughters through marriage. This entitles him to a certain tolerance, both as the parent of a female recruit and as a gold-mine that can be worked. It is a proud position for an American citizen.

Yet it has to be confessed that it is not easy to discern the reasons why those who have conquered everything attainable in American social life should hunger for the recognition of the British aristocracy, even as the parched wanderer on the Mojave Desert thirsts for a spring. Assuredly it can not be the greater refinement of the aristocracy, since there is no class, not even our own plutocracy, that sets greater store by money. The English nobles seek openly for opportunities to marry their daughters to coin, and Tranby-Croft is a proof of the lengths that Englishmen of the highest caste will go to get a little of it for themselves. Her majesty the queen sets an example to her people by holding on to her pounds and pence with a grip that must excite the respectful admiration of Russell Sage and Asa Fiske. Is it the morality of the British aristocracy that lights the fire of adoration in the American plutocratic breast? Hardly, we should say. Our Four Hundred may not be children of light, but they have not had their money and leisure long enough to become rotten. The Prince of Wales, although he does not yet wear the British crown, is the social monarch of the realm, and it would be stretching the truth to say that his highness is a moral model. Lady Jeune has recently told us that the authority of the Ten Commandments, especially the seventh on the list, is no longer recognized in British society. Albeit that statement has been resented, some recent events give it irrefragable confirmation.

It is not necessary to revert, even by the vaguest hint, to the fearsome stories of Cleveland Street, in which a prince of the blood, as well as sundry earls and marquises, were involved. The requirements of decency forbid a frank discussion of British morality. A truthful biography of the

Duke of Manchester, for instance, who ended his loathsome life in one of his Irish castles the other day, would send the author to deserved imprisonment, with hard labor. The marriage of Miss Consuelo Yznaga, of New York, to his rollicking grace, when he was but Lord Mandeville, caused her to be the envy of the daughters of our plutocracy. A few days before the life of this foul blackguard went out, his lady mother—the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester, who is more than sixty years of age—punctuated a scandal, which began long before her husband's death, by marrying the Duke of Devonshire, one time Lord Hartington, and as conspicuous in British politics as any statesman is in ours. It is an index to the differing standards of the two countries that a man like Hartington should have been able to maintain his place in public life. His ability is undeniable; but no American of ten times his ability, weighted with a scandal like that which has coupled the names of Hartington and the duchess, could be elected constable in the United States. Against the estate of the late son of Hartington's ancient mate a suit of recovery is pending, brought by the music-hall singer, Bessie Bellwood, for money expended to maintain him during the years when she was his mistress, and when his American wife refused to furnish means to support him and his domestic side-shows. It has been found possible to reflect to Parliament Sir Charles Dilke, who, some years ago, had his private life exposed in a courtroom. The details of that exposure can not be permitted to soil the Argonaut's pages.

When the marriageable British noble is not ranging America in search of a rich wife, his favorite hunting-ground seems to be the London music-halls, which are just a grade above our "dives." The Earl of Clancarty, when Lord Dunlo, won a world-embracing fame by wedding Belle Bilton, his present countess, who paid for his board and clothes and whisky by dropping her *k's* on the stage and dancing among them. The characters of Lady Clancarty and Miss Bellwood (who owes the misfortune of not being the Duchess of Manchester solely to the circumstance that Miss Yznaga was in prior possession by right of purchase) were, it is needless to say, in keeping with their professional status as dive-girls. The Earl of Orkney is the latest peer to take from the variety theatre a consort, in the person of Miss "Connie" Gilchrist. Miss Connie is not a chicken. It is a good many years since she made her living by sitting as a model to artists for nude pictures, and began her career as a skipping-rope dancer and the heroine of a succession of affairs with wealthy young men that brought her both notoriety and wealth. The late Lord Lonsdale was good enough to make her a present of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. After his death, she enjoyed the "protection" of the aged Duke of Beaufort, who is said to have been at least equally open-handed. The Earl of Orkney, of course, comes in for all this clean money, which ought to solace him for the maturity of his countess, who is a good many years staler than himself. It is an instructive incident of this pretty marriage that the shock which has been given the nobility by the marriage of the Earl of Orkney to a trull has been greatly mitigated by the announcement of the Duke of Beaufort that the trull is his bastard daughter. This explanation from the duke—who himself has a bar sinister or two to his 'scutcheon—will, it is cabled, smooth the way to the reception on a gracious footing of the Countess of Orkney by the British aristocracy, for whose countenance our own high-minded and honorably ambitious millionaires sigh in vain.

The members of the Amalgamated Trades at Homestead are beginning to feel the pinch of hunger. They are foaming with threats of what they will do when the militia are removed. They are throwing pictures of death's heads and cross-bones into the Carnegie works. They declare that no non-union man shall be suffered to live in Homestead. But every one sees that these are the ravings of beaten men. They began a fight which they have lost, and they gnash their teeth over their defeat. They have all lost their jobs. Some of them will presently lose their liberty. It is but



natural that they should lose their tempers. For many of them the lesson they have learned has come too late to be of service. The three hundred and twenty-five highly paid molders who induced three thousand eight hundred workmen to strike without the shadow of a grievance, are finding that they have made a mistake. No prudent employer will allow them about his premises. As for the others—the men who were coerced into striking by the orders of their union—they will probably recover their jobs after a time; but before then, they will have realized that the glory of belonging to a union is dearly bought by an empty stomach. They will reconsider their opinion that employment at a factory confers upon the workman part ownership in the works.

The demagogues of the unions are making a similar botch at Buffalo. Two years ago, the switchmen at that point, under the orders of their union, went out on strike. They were going to tear up the rails and sever the connections between the East and the West. But their places were taken by non-union men, railroad traffic went on as usual, and the strikers accomplished nothing, except to throw themselves out of their jobs. Most of them have been idle ever since. But with the fatuity which seems ineradicable from the workmen's mind, the non-union men who benefited by the strike of 1890 formed a union of their own, and this now has called them out. History will, of course, repeat itself. A new set of non-union men are taking the places of the new strikers; and there will be two sets of idle and hungry workmen in and about Buffalo.

Will the union spouters fare better in New York? Three or four years ago, the carmen struck in that city. They reckoned that they would carry their point by depriving New Yorkers of their usual conveniences for travel, and by overpowering the police by numbers. But when Inspector Byrnes called his police captains together, and bade them put down riots wherever they occurred, adding significantly: "If you have to shoot, shoot to kill: I don't want any wounded policemen brought back to me"—the strike collapsed in a single night. More recently, the men engaged in the building trades—twelve thousand in all—were ordered out on pretenses so frivolous that they were actually ludicrous. The employers stood firm, and the strike collapsed after two months of stagnation in business and starvation among the workmen's families.

We have had two strikes among miners—one at Cœur d'Alene, the other in Tennessee. The leaders of both strikes are now either in hiding or in jail, and work has been resumed at the mines. For the murders which were committed in both places, strikers have been held to answer, and whatever may happen in Idaho, there will be some necks stretched in Tennessee. Has the cause of labor made much by these strikes? Can any one doubt that the strikes, which have been ordered by unions in this country this year, have been as cruelly injurious to the workmen as the coal-miners' strike in England and the general strike in Australia?

No sensible person denies the right of workmen to coöperate for their mutual benefit, and when the present war is over, it will be timely to consider how such coöperation can be effected without injury to the workmen, or robbery of the employer. But it will not be denied by any impartial observer of passing events that the system of unions as at present organized is fruitful of nothing but mischief to both parties, and that there can be no peace till it is abandoned. No gang of men can declare that they hold a monopoly of labor, and deny to other men the right of earning a living. No gang of men can order into idleness the whole body of workmen in their craft on frivolous and trumpety pretenses. No gang of men can deny to the growing generation the right of learning a trade. No gang of men can assume to control a business in which they have no interest, and which is conducted at the risks of others.

In the meantime, employers of labor can learn a lesson from the experience of the New York Central. At the time of the last strike of railroad hands, the intelligent men who control that great corporation resolved to emancipate themselves from the despotism of the labor unions. They did not say in so many words that they would not employ a member of a labor union, nor that they would discharge a hand because he was a Knight of Labor. But as vacancies occurred they were careful to fill them with non-union men, and when new places were created, non-union men had the preference over union men. The company has adhered so steadily to this policy that the superintendent of the Buffalo division was able to report, when the recent strike occurred, that he did not think it would extend to his line, as he had three non-union men at work to every union man. It must have been no small comfort to the stockholders in the New York Central to reflect that their officials had had the nerve to break with the Knights of Labor before the trouble came.

The indications are that the Borden murder will have to be added to the long list of assassinations which have gone

unpunished. Clouds of mystery are settling round it, and there is some danger that those who are concerned in digging up the facts are committing themselves to theories which they may hereafter be more bent on confirming than on eliciting the truth. That has always been the trouble with these sensational murders. Officers of justice and detectives have jumped to conclusions on a hasty view of the circumstances first brought to light, and afterward they have been unwilling to confess that they were mistaken. This unfortunate habit has led to the escape of many a murderer who might have been punished if the detectives had not had preconceived notions of their own, which no new discoveries could shake.

In most of these cases, the detective officer who had charge of the investigation made up his mind almost at the threshold of the inquiry who was guilty, and from that moment bent all his efforts to procure evidence that would convict him, rejecting all the evidence that told in his favor. Thus the court and jury were often deprived of light which might have directed unbiased minds to other quarters. There is serious danger that a similar prepossession in the mind of the Massachusetts detectives may interfere with the discovery of the truth in the Borden case.

The facts may thus be briefly recapitulated: Andrew J. Borden, a man of seventy, and a millionaire, lived with his second wife and his two daughters by his first marriage—Lizzie, aged thirty-two, and Emma, aged twenty-nine—in his house at Fall River. Besides the persons named, there lived in the house a servant named Bridget, and a relative named Morse, who was visiting them. On the morning of August 4th, Borden rose as usual, breakfasted, and visited the bank, which probably opened between nine and ten o'clock. A few minutes after ten, he returned home, was let in by Bridget, and lay down on a sofa. His daughter Lizzie adjusted the cushions for him. A few minutes later, but before half-past ten, Lizzie's screams attracted to the room the servant Bridget from her attic bedroom, and a neighbor who was passing. Lizzie was standing by the sofa, on which the dead body of her father lay, with his head cut and battered by repeated blows of a hatchet. Some one ran upstairs to fetch Mrs. Borden. She was found lying on her face, dead, with her skull smashed as her husband's was, and evidently with the same weapon. She had been killed about half an hour before.

At the time of the murder, the only persons in the house were the daughter, Lizzie, and the servant, Bridget; and Lizzie said she had spent some minutes about that time in the barn, cutting sinkers out of sheets of lead. Her sister, Emma, was away visiting friends, and the man Morse was also absent. The hatchet with which the murder was committed was found under a heap of clothes in the basement or cellar. By the clothes stood a bucket of water and three new towels, one of which was stained. A motive for the deed was supplied by a story that it had come to Lizzie's knowledge that her father intended to execute a new will disinheriting her and her sister in favor of their step-mother. On the strength of these facts and presumptions, Lizzie Borden has been arrested, and the New England papers are busily engaged in trying and convicting her.

She may be the murderess, and if so, it is to be hoped that she will meet her doom. But the theory that she did put her father and step-mother to death involves some incongruities which are not easily explained. According to this theory, Lizzie must have attacked her step-mother about a quarter to ten. When she had finished her, she left her lying on the floor of the bedroom, where Mr. Borden was sure to find her if he had happened to go upstairs on his return home. Having slaughtered her, she appeared before her father, when he came in nearly half an hour afterward, cool and collected. She made him comfortable on the sofa, and then, as he dozed, she went in search of the bloody hatchet where she had left it, returned with it and chopped the old man's head to pieces, without fearing that his outcry might disturb the servant upstairs or the passers in the street. If Bridget had chanced to enter her mistress's bedroom, or to wander through the house, she would have seen the old lady's body, and probably the hatchet; according to the detectives' theory, Lizzie took this risk. Again, between the time when she completed her murderous work and the moment when her cries aroused Bridget and the neighbor, a very few minutes must have elapsed. When a head is battered with either the sharp or the blunt edge of a hatchet—and the assassin used both—it bleeds a good deal. The blood spurts and pours out in a flood. When Mr. Nathan was killed by blows on the head with an iron instrument, his blood covered the floor of the room and stained the feet of visitors. And blood-stains are not easily eradicated, either from cloth or skin. It takes a great deal of washing with chemical soap to efface them altogether. Yet when Bridget and the neighbor met Lizzie, a few minutes after Borden's death, they did not notice a stain either on her face, or her hands, or her

clothing, and she was surprisingly calm. She had evidently done no hasty laundry-work.

Before Lizzie Borden is tried for her life another theory may be ventilated by the lawyers. A woman, living in the rear of the Bordens, says that, on the night before the murder, she saw a man get over the Borden fence, and she afterward heard noises in the Borden barn. On examination of the barn, it was found, in effect, that there was an impress on the straw as if some one had slept on it. On the morning of the murder, a doctor, who was summoned to attend a patient at about seven o'clock, observed a suspicious-looking man, apparently in some agitation, loitering in the street opposite the Borden house. On these slight clues, it is quite possible to build a theory of a murderous burglar.

This theory may be as good as the other. If it is found on the trial to fit the parts as closely as the one which assumes Lizzie Borden's guilt, the odds are that the murderer of Andrew Borden will never be discovered.

There are many precedents. Nicholas Gordon never paid the penalty for the murder of Amasa Sprague in Rhode Island, while his brother John, who was less guilty than he, was hanged. So the murderer of Charles Lane, who was shot down in his own hall, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, was never found. So the Rev. Mr. Avery was acquitted of the murder of Sarah Cornell, and her assassin was never punished. So no one was ever convicted of the murder of Ben Nathan in New York. Almost at the same time, another New Yorker, stepping out of his house in Twelfth Street, at seven in the morning, in broad daylight, was met by a stranger, who slashed him across the bowels with a razor, so that he died on the sidewalk; no one was ever even arrested for the crime. In the last dozen years there have been no less than seven mysterious murders of young girls within a hundred miles of New York city—among them may be mentioned the Jennie Cramer murder, the Rose Ambler murder, the Mary Stannard murder, "the Rahway mystery," where an unknown girl was slain by an unknown hand, the Phoebe Paullin murder, and the "Perth Amboy mystery," where Mary Anderson, a pretty Danish girl, met a violent death at the hands of a mysterious murderer.

About ten days ago, the New York *World* published a heart-rending appeal for money "to win the West." We reprinted this curious document last week. Not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer headed the list with a subscription of ten thousand dollars. With the money collected, the *World* purposes conducting a "campaign of education" which shall convert the Republican States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, Kansas, and Nebraska from the error of their ways, and induce them to vote for Cleveland and free trade. No votes are to be bought, according to Mr. Pulitzer; but with all the force of italics he asserts, *the Democrats need money.*

Joseph Pulitzer ought to know enough about practical politics not to gauge a Presidential year by an off year, and not to draw the conclusion that because certain Western States elected Democratic congressmen in 1890, they are going to cast their votes for a Democratic President in 1892. The proper way is to revert to the Presidential election of 1888, and if that were done, the following table of Republican pluralities would appear in the States on which the *World* relies:

Illinois	22,104
Wisconsin	21,321
Michigan	22,923
Iowa	31,721
Kansas	80,159
Nebraska	27,875

These are the majorities which the *World* professes to be able to overcome. Can it have forgotten that only a very few months ago it undertook to deliver the State of Rhode Island to the Democracy, going so far as to induce Mr. Cleveland himself to stump the little State in aid of its contract, and that the result was the most decisive victory the Republicans have won in Rhode Island for many years? If it succeeded so poorly in Rhode Island, where the Democrats had won several victories in off years, by what process of reasoning can it expect to win in the Western States named where there has been only one wandering from the paths of Republicanism, and that occasioned chiefly by the versatility and fertility of resource of the tin-plate liar?

But there is one feature of the *World* address which is of interest. It says: "New York is a doubtful State at best, and it is unwise and unnecessary to stake all upon its verdict." It will not be difficult to show that when the *World* claims New York as doubtful, it states the case much too favorably for Cleveland. The figures we use, it may be said in passing, are taken from Democratic sources.

The normal Democratic vote of the State of New York is about 49½ per cent. of the whole, the Republicans be-



ing in a normal minority about as large as the Prohibition vote, the Labor vote being drawn almost equally from both parties. In 1884, Cleveland, instead of receiving the normal 49.75 per cent. of the total vote, got 48.24. His plurality was 1,047. Blaine got 48.15 per cent. of the vote, and lacked only nine-hundredths of one per cent. of success. These figures show that Cleveland lost almost the maximum of possible Democratic loss, for he got many Republican votes, and even then his vote fell  $1\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. below the normal Democratic vote, showing that he must have lost at least five per cent. of the Democratic vote of the State.

In 1888, Cleveland's percentage of the total sagged, while Harrison's increased to 49.10. Harrison had a plurality of 14,373. There was no reason why in certain counties Harrison should defeat Cleveland; but he did. Oneida County, for example, gave Garfield 1,946 plurality in 1880, Cleveland 33 plurality in 1884, and Harrison 1,965 in 1888. In Ontario County, Garfield's plurality was 1,007, Blaine's, 739, and Harrison's, 1,204. In Cattaraugus, Garfield had a plurality of 1,935, Blaine, 1,398, and Harrison, 2,413. These figures, from Republican counties, show that Blaine did not poll the full Republican vote, and that Harrison did; and if he could do it in 1888, why not in 1892, after four years of a successful administration?

Certain of the Democratic counties of New York showed in 1888 that the old dislike to Cleveland had returned. Otsego, which was carried by Hancock, gave Cleveland 436 plurality in 1884, but gave Harrison 855 in 1888. Richmond fell from 1,971 in 1884 to 1,664 in 1888; Rockland, from 1,104 to 927; Schoharie, from 1,867 to 1,310; Seneca, from 318 to 109; Queens, from 1,922 to 1,666; Suffolk, from 553 to 433; Sullivan, from 275 plurality for Cleveland in 1884 to 103 for Harrison in 1888; while Kings showed the surprising decrease of 3,300. These figures show a constant and increasing Democratic aversion to Cleveland, and that Harrison is acceptable to the Republicans whose votes defeated Blaine.

This, then, is why Joseph Pulitzer goes off chasing rainbows in the West. Let us see what he would gain if he captured some of his rainbows but lost New York.

In 1888, Harrison received 233 electoral votes, and Cleveland 168. New York's 36, if cast otherwise than they were, would have made the Harrison column 197 and the Cleveland column 204. The loss of New York defeated Cleveland, just as it will do again this year.

Indiana could not have elected him. Had its 15 electoral votes been for Cleveland, this would have been the result: Harrison, 218; Cleveland, 183.

Wisconsin and Michigan could not have done it. Wisconsin's 11 and Michigan's 13, if taken from the Republican column and added to the Democratic, would have given this result: Harrison, 209; Cleveland, 192.

Iowa and Kansas could not have done it. The first went Republican by 31,000 and the second by 80,000. Their 22 votes cast for the Democracy would have made this the result: Harrison, 211; Cleveland, 190.

The Republican States of the Pacific Slope—California, Oregon, and Nevada—cast their 14 electoral votes for the Republican candidate. Colorado, their nearest Eastern neighbor, cast 3 votes on the same side. If all 17 had voted for the Democrats, this would have been the result: Harrison, 216; Cleveland, 185.

Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut are three New England States which the Democrats claim as doubtful. The last went Democratic in 1888; the two others went Republican. Had all three been Democratic, this would have been the result: Harrison, 215; Cleveland, 186.

The electoral vote of the new States, as has already been shown, is strongly Republican, so the new apportionment can not give aid or comfort to the Democrats. It was easier for them to secure 201 electoral votes in 1888 than it will be to gain 223 this year. The conclusion of the whole matter must be summed up in this way:

1. The Democrats can not win without New York.
2. Cleveland, as a candidate, is weaker now than he was four years ago.
3. Cleveland can not carry New York against Harrison.
4. Cleveland, therefore, can not possibly be elected.

Hats and night-caps being so easily procurable, the utility of hair on the human head is not apparent. Custom, however, moves most of us to regard hairiness as necessary to pulchritude, and to afflict the bald with that annoying manifestation of disesteem which is classified as the merry jest. Yet a barren scalp is not a token of failure of either physical or intellectual vigor; but such is the vanity of man that, on the average, he would gladly pay the price of a distressing ailment for a full head of hair, provided the ailment did not mar his good looks. There are those who construe the comparative freedom of the female of the species from baldness as one of the many evidences that she is held in superior favor by the Creator. This inexplicable discrimination, how-

ever, is about to cease, if it be true, as has been extensively asserted in the local daily press (presumably at a dollar a line) that there exists a spring in the hills of San Diego which, as an irrigator, does as much for the scalp as the diverted waters of King's River have done for the once-desert plains of Fresno. Hundreds of men, among them some eminent San Franciscans, to whom mention of the glisten on a billiard-ball has been an irritating personal reflection, vouch for the virtue of the spring. The Chamber of Commerce of San Diego appointed a commission of three physicians to investigate, and these learned men have reported the spring's efficacy to be indubitable. Baldness is disappearing from San Diego, her best citizens taking pride in walking the streets uncovered to display fuzzy growths on their summits, ranging in length from a quarter of an inch to two inches. California, it is predicted, is soon to become the land of hope and hair to the bald of all nations, great pilgrimages of whom are expected to move hither, to the enrichment of San Diego County, the development of its resources, and the incidental material benefit of the entire commonwealth. Holders of real estate within a radius of one hundred miles of the spring have already advanced prices in anticipation of the boom.

This is all very well, and the *Argonaut* agrees in regarding as a benefactor of the race him who makes two hairs grow where but one grew before; moreover, it is not necessary to say that any scheme which has for its design the good of the Californian pocket at the expense of the rest of the world has in the *Argonaut*, now as ever, a firm and whooping friend. Nevertheless, the duty is laid upon the conscientious journalist, even in the hour of greatest popular enthusiasm, to sound a note of warning. Is it wise, we venture to ask, altogether to ignore the ultimate possible disadvantages of an invasion of our borders by the hairless hordes of North America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and the islands of the Pacific? In the opinion of physiologists, the immigration to Southern California, during the past fifteen years, of consumptives seeking either restoration to health or prolongation of days in that balmy atmosphere, many of whom remain as permanent residents, threatens to people California in time with a tuberculous race. Now, if, in addition to these one-lunged new-comers, we recklessly invite a multitude of the bald-headed, what will the Californian of the future be like? It is only needed to discover a spring that is good for defective teeth to complete the terrifying picture. If the representative Native Son of the Golden West hereafter is to be a bald-headed thing with one lung and no teeth, even the enhanced price of real estate in Southern California can hardly console the patriot who feels concerned for posterity. It may be objected that the Los Angeles climate and the San Diego spring, so far from presaging tuberculosis and baldness, are specifics for the removal thereof. This is shallow. Neither the air of Los Angeles nor the water of San Diego is potent to alter constitutional tendencies. If, in order to keep his lungs in his body, his hair on his head, and his teeth in his gums, the Californian of the future must pass most of his time laboriously breathing in Los Angeles and soaking his skull up in the San Diego hills, with excursions between times to the yet undiscovered dental spring to clamp his grinders, will life on this glorious Pacific shore be worth living? Under conditions requiring the expenditure of three-fourths of existence in efforts to retain the hair, teeth, and lungs, could any people reasonably be expected to attain any satisfactory degree of intellectual development? Would we not be in imminent peril of becoming a State a-swarm with impoverished Bill Nyes? Already well-founded complaint is made that California's fairest and most financially desirable daughters show an uncomplimentary disposition to marry the man of the East and Europe rather than the home-grown male. What would be our case should it be known to the girls that marriage with natives meant constant and anxious journeying between Los Angeles and San Diego, accompanied by the knowledge that unless the husbands led a half-amphibious existence, baldness and toothlessness would flank the wheeled home on one side and the consumptive's grave the other? There is reason to fear that California would early become an Eveless Eden.

We recommend to the thoughtful consideration of the next legislature, whether it be Republican or Democratic—for this is a matter which transcends mere partisan politics—the perils that we have pointed out. While it is not permitted to a State to exclude immigration by enactment, California has yet police powers which, it seems to us, might be exerted to advantage. It is lawful for us to quarantine against contagious diseases; why not, also, against transmittable nude skulls? The water of the San Diego spring, it appears, is as good in bottles as on the ground. If, therefore, we can, with the aid of the police and militia, keep from crossing the mountains the migrating masses of the bald-headed, we should increase our export trade and, at the same time, maintain that judicious distribution of the

hairless among mankind which is the obvious and beneficent intent of Providence, else they had not been so distributed. American taste does not object to the bald eagle as the national emblem; but God forbid that California should ever be so seduced by the lust for temporary gain as to paint the badger upon her banner. Better, far better, that the San Diego spring should dry up, and that the price of real estate throughout Southern California should decline. Posterity is entitled to its hair.

When the Farmers' Alliance first began organization in Kansas, it was applauded and encouraged by Democratic leaders and organs all over the Union. Kansas was, as she is, a Republican State. The election of Peffer, the success of Jerry Simpson, and the defeat of Senator Ingalls, alike gave spur and vim to Democratic rejoicing at the successes of the Alliance, which was heightened by the election of Senator Kyle, in South Dakota, and of seven other Alliance men as representatives, in 1890, in Kansas and Nebraska, both considered sound Republican States. The election of Alliance Watson, of Georgia, at the same time did not trouble the rejoicing Democrats of the North, because they still considered every State of the "Solid South" impregnable, and Watson was simply one of the ten representatives of Democratic Georgia. When the name of the Alliance was changed to that of the People's party, as it is known, still the Democrats patted it kindly on the back. They hailed it as an ally to enable the Democratic party to elect the Democratic candidate for President, either by the electoral vote or by casting the election into the sure and safe Democratic House. But since the State election in Alabama—one of the most solid States of the Democratic "Solid South," the Democrats have significantly changed their opinion, and now dread the People's party.

A review of political history shows that the party of greatest disintegration is the Democratic party. To go back, the Free-Soil party of 1848, which caused the defeat of Lewis Cass, by the larger vote of New York for Van Buren, was composed mostly of the anti-slavery Democrats, who were determined no longer to help in making victories for the South and the slavery-upholding Democrats of the North. The Free-Soilers of 1848 became the supporters of Lincoln, or were the Douglas Democrats of New York, of Pennsylvania, of Ohio, and of the North, in 1860, with Montgomery Blair, and Chase, and Sumner, and other noted former Democrats as leaders of that year to the fore in Republican ranks. The Know-Nothing party of 1855, strong as it was in Maryland, in Virginia, in Louisiana, and notably in California, was largely made up of members of the Democratic party. In California the party was led by ex-Governor Foote, of Mississippi, Colonel Ed. C. Marshall, former congressman, Judge David S. Terry, Chief-Justice Hugh C. Murray, Sam H. Brooks, W. T. Wallace, James T. Farley, General Estill, with other conspicuous Democrats, and its ranks were swelled by men who had left the Democratic party. It was the Democratic party of California that was thus defeated by the Know-Nothing party in 1855. Likewise were the victors deserters from the Democratic party, who plunged that party into its most mortifying and disastrous defeat in 1879. The Dennis Kearney Workingmen's organization of 1878 was composed of disaffected and disgusted Democrats, who rallied under the banner of the sand-lot. White, their candidate for governor in 1879, was a recreant Democrat. Dunn, Bradford, and others, subsequently elected or appointed to office under Democratic State or national administration, had been Democrats. The Workingmen's organization and the "Honorable Bilks," of 1879, were alike mostly made up of Democrats. The Democratic party always furnishes the membership, the organization, and the management of every third party or new political organization projected to lift into power, or elevate its managers to office, or give them a hack at the spoils. It is the same with the People's party. But it is Cleveland who will be defeated by Weaver's mock candidacy. The People's party is largely made up of disaffected Democrats.

Suppose that the officers, directors, and stockholders of the Erie, Lehigh, Lackawanna, and other railroads at Buffalo, accompanied by the stockholders of friendly railroads from all over the country, should start forth on an expedition against the striking switchmen: should order them to return to work on the company's terms; on their failure to do so, should attack them with deadly weapons, set fire to their houses, and burn them; should attempt to ditch trains in which they were riding; should attempt to kill them and their families—what a wave of horror would sweep over this broad land! What shrieking head-lines would decorate the pages of our daily papers! What tears would dim the eyes of their proprietors!

But with the striking switchmen doing the same thing to the railroad men, not a tear falls from an editorial eye.



## LISH, OF ALKALI FLAT.

A clump of scraggly cacti grew against the shack, and scratched its unpainted side when the wind blew hard. But it was not blowing at all now, and the same heat that throbbed over the desert and warped the sky-line was curling the shakes atop the shack and sending every breathing thing on Alkali Flat, even to the lizards, into the shade.

There were just three rooms in the shack, and 'Lish's was the end one, next to the kitchen. The little house was closed as tight as a drum to keep in whatever of the night's coolness remained in it, which was little enough.

'Lish—the whole of it was Alicia—sat in her room, and talked with her mother, who was peeling potatoes in the kitchen. Although in separate rooms, their sharp, Missouriian voices were clear enough to each other. There was just one thing to talk about, and nearly everything on earth that could be said about it had been said, so they had been going over it all again. It was pap's big strike.

"It ain't dead sure, ye know," 'Lish,' wound up the mother; "but it looks as near like it as one jack-rabbit looks like another."

"O' pap's workin' awful hard, ain't he, maw?"

"I reckon he is."

'Lish looked out through the small window. Her glance shot past the two rails that glimmered under the angry sun, down there by Alkali Flat Station, past the two scurrying dust demons that showed there was air in motion somewhere, even though sporadically, and away over to the blue buttes. There was a notch in the far butte—Scrub Cañon, they called it. Pap was working there in that notch, under that awful sun, in the restless way that pap always worked. He was there alone, digging his pick into the dry ground and scanning each clod and broken rock for the yellow specks that meant so much to him, and that were to put something better than a shake roof over their heads.

She felt for him that horrible heat; she saw the drops of sweat trickle from his brow and plash upon the rocks, making their dark mark there for an instant and drying up in another; she felt, as she put it, "the spring goin' out of her," just as it was going out of "o' pap."

"But he wouldn't let me help him—never would, even ef he was a-workin' his two han's off," she sighed.

Then she went and set the table for dinner. They ate in silence, 'Lish and "maw." There was no good talking it all over again. It would not do to count too much on it, anyway. Other strikes had been in promise, year after year, and nothing had come of them, absolutely nothing.

The afternoon wore on. The glare had gone out of the day. They opened the house to let in the growing coolness outside, watching for "o' pap's" dust meantime, and wondering what news he would bring. He was late; but he had been late before. They sat on the doorstep and glued their eyes to the notch in the butte, which had begun to blur as the sun had gone to make an oven of some other part of the world.

"There he comes," 'Lish would say; but it was only a dust demon trying to trick them.

And so the night grew on; but the full horn of an early moon shone down, and still they watched.

"Guess I'd better go over an' see ef I kain't raise him," said 'Lish. "An' ef he's a-goin' ter stay out all night, he'll need a blanket. I'll take him one, an' come back with the news, whatever it is. Git the blanket out, maw, an' I'll go an' buckle the sheepskin onto O' Jim."

The desert night told its secrets to the girl as she rode the slow mustang over the trail to the buttes. And the desert night holds many secrets for those who care to hear them; but it did not whisper the darkest of them to 'Lish that night. The air came warm and then chill, as she passed through the different strata that were from low, hot plain or frigid mountain-top. Old Jim was so slow. He minded no more the flicks from the strap-then than he did the brushing of the greasewood past his lean form. He did make a plunge now and then; but that was when a cactus-spine pricked his side.

At last the girl reached the cañon, which seemed to be done in black and white, so light did the moon make the exposed parts, and so inky were the shadows. It was frightfully quiet in there. As she went along, she heard the whinny of her father's horse, tethered beside the wall of rock. She left Old Jim to munch the mesquite near by, while she tripped up a steep trail, and came to the gash her father had made with pick and shovel in the lone cañon-side.

There he was, sitting on the ground and leaning against a rock. The moon shone upon his patched overalls and upon his dusty shirt; but she could not see his face, for his head was bent forward and was hidden by the brim of his slouch hat.

"Pap," her sharp voice stabbed the quiet, "I came up ter see ef you was ever comin' home. I brung a blanket, pap, case yer wanted to stay all night. You oughter 'a' come home hours and hours ago, 'stead o' workin' an' workin' till you was all fagged out."

He did not lift his head. A puff of cold wind came down the cañon, and, striking the girl's breast, made her shiver.

"Sleepin' on the rocks. Wal, I swun! Tuk too much outen the black bottle, I'll bet."

She stepped nearer.

"Hullo, pap! You ain't drunk agin, be you? Pap, pap, I'm clean 'shamed o' you!"

She leaped to the rock, gave him a dig in the side of his leg with her stoutly leathery toe, and then shook his shoulder.

"Pap, wake up! You'll catch yer death a-cold, sleepin' out this way. An' here we've be'n a-watchin' out fer ye, an' watchin' till our eyes was most give out, while you've be'n up here bavin' a good o' guzzlin' time, all by yerself, an' not carin' a cuss. It's playin' us darned mean, pap, an' you know it."

She shook his shoulder again. His head fell back. The face was chalky white.

"God, Pap! What is it?"

She felt his face. It was stone cold. The touch froze her. She felt his heart. The throb was gone out of it.

"Pap, pap!" and all the cañon heard her sharp, desolate cry; "my o' pap! He ain't dead?"

A big lizard went scuttering down the slope, an owl in a scrub-oak near by gave a dismal hoot, and the coyotes set up their throaty howls.

She gulped and gasped. Her breath seemed cut off. She would have fallen at his side, but that her ear caught the coyotes' howls and caught, too, their horrible meaning. She stayed herself by her two hands against the rock and tried to get her breath. The coyotes howled again, in awful chorus, and she shuddered.

"They shan't get you, pap; they shan't get you. I'll take you home."

Her breath came free as she spoke. She grasped the dead man's shoulders, and, keeping as much of his body from the ground as she could, she dragged him down the rocky trail, toward the spot where the horses were tethered. She winced when she heard his boot-heels scratch the ground, but she pulled and tugged with all her might, and, panting, she laid his form near Old Jim, who snorted and jumped and pricked up his ears. Then, with a glance backward from time to time, she went to her father's little camp, took his axe, and cut two poles, with which she made a "dust-trailer," the poles being bound to Old Jim's sides like shafts, with pieces of strap and bale-rope. She lifted the body again, to put it on the rude conveyance. The moon struck it full this time, and, as she rolled, it over gently upon the trailer, she saw a big clot of blood on the back of the dark shirt, and by it was a clean-cut bullet-hole. With a shudder, she let the body fall. Then she looked at her hands. There was blood upon them and upon the sleeve of her dress.

"Claim-jumpers!"

She set her teeth hard when she thrust forth the words, and clenched her hand till the nails dug into the palm.

They had killed him, then, while he was at work. He had crawled as far as the rock and had died. It was a strike—a big one—and it had cost him his life. But—

She looked up the cañon with awful eyes, and smote the air with the clenched hand.

Then she bent down, and, taking a long halter-strap, fastened the body securely to the top of the trailer, and, mounting her father's horse, she led Old Jim carefully down the cañon and out upon the night-chilled plain. The coyotes followed her, and almost rent her heart by their howls, but she kept on, and before midnight the sad little procession reached the cabin. The mother was still up, and she ran to the door when she heard the sound of the hoofs.

"Is that you, 'Lish?" she called out. "Did ye bring pap home? Is it a dead-sure strike?"

'Lish slid from her horse, and ran to the door.

"Maw, Maw, Maw!" was her cry. "Maw, they've killed him! They've killed poor old pap!"

It was a month after they had laid the old man in the white earth, and the wind was whispering through the sagebrush and scattering its gray leaves on his grave.

'Lish was up in the cañon, behind the very rock where she had found her dead father. The cañon draught was grateful to her after the hard ride over the heated plain. She drank in long breaths of it, but all the time her eye was on the hole where her father had made the one great strike of his life and had died for it.

"Strange he never comes 'roun'—that greasy-faced José Garcia. 'Twas him that did it. P'raps he's waitin' fer us to move away. He'll wait a long time—till he's dead."

She let her glance fall for an instant to the something that gleamed along the top of the rock. That something was the barrel of her father's rifle. The wind rustled a snake-skin on the rock at her side, and a "swift" darted into the shade and looked at her with unwinking eyes.

Then a dark, squat figure stole out of the cañon depths and up to the mine. The girl did not start, but a smile passed her lips. The figure moved about as silently as a shadow. It turned a swart face toward the spot where she lay hid, but there was more of interest for it in the hole in the cañon-side than for aught else, and on this the eyes were bent.

By moving the muzzle of the rifle two inches along the top of the rock, it covered the flap of the pocket in the left breast of the blue-flannel shirt.

"Farther than I thought for," the girl said to herself—"nearly a hundred and fifty yards. The middle sight's the best."

She squinted through the pin-point hole, and lowering the muzzle the smallest fraction of an inch, she smiled as the small round dot of light rested on the very centre of the pocket-flap. At that instant a dark shadow made an inky patch on the scarp near her, and looking up she saw a big buzzard wheeling in the air. She smiled again, and hugged the rifle-butt, which fitted closely against her shoulder. Her right hand went forward a little. Her slender forefinger, held straight, smoothed the black trigger lightly, almost lovingly. The man straightened up a little. The finger crooked, there was a sharp crack, and the man fell upon his face.

Then she pressed home another cartridge and clambered up the rock, rifle in hand. She leaned over the body. It was motionless.

"You oughter 'a' ben shot in the back, too," she said, grimly; "but 'Lish ain't no greaser."

She moved away, with light step, hugging the rifle under her arm. And the buzzard circled a little lower.

FRANK B. MILLARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1892.

Morehead, Ky., has been invaded by fleas to such an extent that, according to the *Sun* of that city, "it is not unusual to see the promenaders of both sexes stop on the sidewalks to scratch."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Austrian Emperor, in order to acknowledge a singular display of loyalty, accepted the sum of five florins, equal to about two dollars, which had been bequeathed to his majesty by a poor Austrian peasant recently deceased.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Daily Chronicle* says: "The Pope has decided to elevate Archbishop Vaughn, his intention of making another American cardinal having been frustrated by the differences between Archbishop Corrigan and Archbishop Ireland."

Louis G. Brennan, the Irish-Australian who refused an offer of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars from Russia for his famous torpedo, in order to sell it to England for five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, has been made a Companion of the Bath by Queen Victoria.

Chief Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, lives in a handsome house on Euclid Avenue, Cleveland. He was an engineer on the New York Central Railroad, in 1874, when he was elected to his present office, and since then has amassed a considerable fortune.

The Queen of England and the Prince and Princess of Wales have selected the designs for the tomb of the late Duke of Clarence. The marble to be used for the sarcophagus was presented to the royal family of England by the Empress of Austria. Mr. Gilbert is to be the sculptor.

Our "youngest congressman" is necessarily more than twenty-five years old, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution, but the British House of Commons has members several years younger. One of the newly returned members, William Allen, is twenty-one, and Frederick Smith and Mr. Dalziel are not yet twenty-four.

When the Bell Telephone Company began its prosperous career, Theodore N. Vail was the general superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, at a salary of three thousand five hundred dollars. He did not have a dollar in the world, but borrowed from his fellow-officials and bought a block of stock. He afterward resigned his place in the department to enter the service of the telephone company, and several other officials of the department were soon afterward taken into the employment of the telephone company. Mr. Vail is now many times a millionaire.

The Marquis de Morès, who killed Lieutenant Mayer in a duel in Paris, is engaged in litigation with his father, the Duke de Vallambrosa. He claims unpaid arrears of an allowance the duke had agreed to pay upon the marriage of his son to Miss Medora Hoffman, of New York; a further sum of close upon one hundred thousand dollars which his father had obtained through a power of attorney given him by the marquis, to obtain a legacy left him by a deceased god-mother, and certain sums which he says are due to him through succession to his mother, the duchess.

The Gladstone cabinet ministers exhibit an overwhelming preponderance of old men and old ideas. It includes, besides Mr. Gladstone, five men who are over sixty years of age: Mr. Mundella being sixty-seven, Lord Kimberley being sixty-six, the Marquis of Ripon and Sir William Harcourt each sixty-five, and Mr. Fowler sixty-two; Sir Charles Russell is fifty-nine, Lord Spencer fifty-seven, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman fifty-six, Lord Herschell fifty-five, and both Sir George Trevelyan and Mr. John Morley, fifty-four. Of the new men and younger men, Mr. A. H. Dyke-Ackland is forty-five, Mr. Arnold Morley is forty-three, and Mr. Asquith is forty.

Mr. Henry Livingston, well-known for his eccentricities died in Florence, Italy, recently, aged eighty-five years. The authorities objected to his feats of horsemanship, and have latterly prohibited his having above half a dozen horses attached to his carriage at one time. By his will, he left 2,000,000 francs to his nieces, 50,000 francs to the proprietors and 12,000 francs to the waiters of the café where he spent his evenings, 20,000 francs to the Omnibus Drivers' Society, a similar sum to the Cab Drivers' Union, 15,000 francs to his coachman, and 5,000 francs to the street-sweepers of the city. At his special request, his body was drawn to the grave on his phaeton by six of his favorite horses.

Suleiman Pasha, whose death was reported a few days ago was commander of the Turkish forces in the war with Russia in 1877. He tried to take Shipka Pass, in the Balkans, from the invader, and one of the bloodiest battles of the last twenty years resulted. General Ghorouk repulsed him, however. Later he tried, without success, to relieve Plevna, and was defeated by the Grand Duke Vladimir. Finally, in a three-days' contest, he was overcome by Ghorouk near Adrianople, and Constantinople was at the mercy of the Russians. He was degraded from his rank and sentenced to imprisonment for fifteen years; but the decree was changed into exile as Governor of Bagdad.

The President has named the commissioners of the United States to attend the International Monetary Conference to be held at the invitation of our government. They embrace Senator Allison, of Iowa, Senator Jones, of Nevada, Representative McCrery, of Kentucky, Mr. H. W. Cannon of New York, and Professor Francis A. Walker, of Massachusetts. Politically, they are three Republicans, one Democrat, and an Independent. Senator Jones represents the free-coinage element in the party of the administration. Mr. Allison is what may be called a conservative "silver man" as Mr. McCrery is understood to be. Mr. Cannon as President Walker are understood to favor international metalism, but to be heartily opposed to any effort by our government alone to maintain the free coinage of silver. There is no gold monometalist on the commission, and, considering the purpose of the conference and the position the United States Government, there is no reason why they should be. That side of the monetary question will have enough advocates from England, Germany, and Austria.



## AMERICAN WIVES ABROAD.

"Sibylla" describes Another Phase of Franco-American Society.

It has been already mentioned, in a preceding letter, that there exist in Paris two distinct classes of American women, both holding a high position in French society. The one is composed of American women married to French noblemen, who follow the customs and traditions of their adopted families so entirely as to have become thoroughly French, at least in manner. The Countess de Béthune, the Countess de Montgommery, the Duchess de Praslin, the Duchess de la Rochefoucauld, the Countess Etienne de Ganay, the Countess Jacques d'Aramon, the Countess de Kergorlay, are all Americans. The other class of Americans living in Paris is composed of American women, married to American bushands and the mothers of American children, who deliberately establish themselves in Paris regardless of their husbands' tastes or their children's welfare, simply because they amuse themselves more in Europe than in America, and generally with the excuse of marrying their daughters to French titles.

Thus Mrs. X. brought over two charming girls—now the Countess N. and the Princess B., both said to be wretchedly unhappy—and has lived in Europe ever since, spending six months alternately with her daughters. Mr. X. comes over every second year for a long summer holiday. Mrs. X. insists upon it that she sees more of her husband now than she used to at home, where he would be off down-town before she was up in the morning, and would come back for dinner so preoccupied with his day's business as never to give her a moment's chat. Now, at least, he writes long and frequent letters, and when he does come over to Europe, he really gives himself up to the enjoyment of his family for two whole months. Still it must be a lonesome life for the man, the husband, the father, and grandfather, who, perhaps, will be found dead some day in his office down-town, to be brought back to an empty, womanless house, and be hurried by the partners of his firm, who will telegraph the sad intelligence across the ocean. For all this, the X. family are a very united one, and as Americans are supposed never to criticize one another, no more than if they followed the Spanish rule: "Mas sabe el loco en su casa que el cuerdo en la agena" ("The fool knows more about his own house than the wise man about his neighbor's"), we must not be the first to do so.

Mrs. N. represents another type of the American wife settled in Paris. She has not even the excuse of daughters to marry, and has kept her only son, a handsome, gray-eyed boy, here until he has been morally ruined by Mme. de P—, and is now the "court minion" of the powerful P— family. The father of this boy comes over every summer for a two or three days' visit. Mrs. N. turns the time into a mock week of rejoicings, giving daily dinners and parties, at which her husband assists with a pitifully bored expression, longing for the moment of liberation to take his passage back to New York and throw off the strait-jacket of conventionality which his wife obliges him to wear in the presence of her new aristocratic friends, whose genealogy the poor man is incapable of appreciating.

The truth is, that the great ambition of most Americans residing in Paris seems to be that of bewildering their fellow-countrywomen by the number of counts and marquises, dukes and princes, they can scrape together at their receptions. Those who have not had their beads turned by this peculiar *folie des grandeurs*, and have stuck to old-fashioned, common-sense American notions, amuse themselves at these "aristocratic expositions" somewhat in the same way they do at the Louvre or Versailles Museums—with the difference that they savor fresh spiciness in contemplating live dukes instead of painted ones.

Since the Cannes tragedy, Americans on the other side seem to think that all French noblemen who visit their countrywomen in Europe do so with wicked intentions. Unfortunately, scandal exists everywhere—in America as well as in Europe. But the American woman belonging to Parisian society who has an *amant*, and leads the disgusting French *ménage à trois*, is certainly the exception. In the first place, she is so much taken up counting over her titles and trying always to get one more on her list than her neighbor, that she would find it very hard to give up all the counts and princes she might get to talk to her at a hall for the sake of a single *admirateur attitré*. On the other hand, the ambition of our Franco-American hostess being that of attaining a high social position, she must be more careful with regard to her own reputation than if she were French. How often do we not see women set under the ban of social displeasure on the ground of some thoughtless act of youthful imprudence, while so many others never seem to feel the had effects of the most flagrant misconduct. The causes of these social preferences are ever inexplicable. We may defy any *femme de monde* to give a reason for them. Yet they exist, and, therefore, the American lady who would fain play a conspicuous part in foreign society must be twice as careful as at home, lest her private reputation injure her position in the world, which is always less indulgent to strangers. Besides, the American woman is not naturally vicious as a rule. Her head, he it ever so flighty a little head, is always on the go, with too much sense or nonsense in it to have time for nastiness. The Deacon affair, therefore, must not be considered typical by any means. On the contrary, there is far less scandal among American women who mix in French society than among French women themselves. Some few, of course, have taken up a smart lover as a stepping-stone to social standing, especially if he be a fashionable young fellow who has already distinguished himself in the same capacity with such leaders of high life as the Princess de Sagan or the Countess de Ganay. But again I say, there are exceptions—a few silly exceptions, who are not much thought of by the French themselves.

It must be remembered, also, that Americans established in Paris do not always belong to the cream of society in

their own country, and have sought Paris as a neutral ground, where they find themselves on a level with their own country people of high standing, simply because all Americans are attracted to one another when abroad. Their own homes are so far away; they have such a number of petty antagonists over here; they are misunderstood by so many that they feel bound to stand by one another, and are glad to share the reminiscences of their childhood with their own fellow-country people, whatever may be the differences of position separating them in the new world. Genuine Knickerbockers seldom settle down in Paris. They are always "birds of passage," even though their "visits" sometimes last several years, and, if they feel that in Paris they may wait upon the rich shopkeeper they would have snubbed in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, it is because the rolling ocean is always ready to separate them again as soon as they wish.

In Switzerland, the great "European table d'hôte," where we meet England's proudest names and America's latest petroleum offshoots, it is curious to observe the difference of manner between English and American travelers, with regard to their respective countrymen. You may see there half a dozen lords and ladies as red as butchers, gotten up like so many guys, stuttering and stammering away at their servants, with boots as high as locomotives and green veils flapping round their hats like so many wrecked sails, who will be positively rude to the pretty English girl sitting next to them, simply because she is the daughter of a Sheffield manufacturer. They will snub her brother, if he be so imprudent as to offer them a dish of meat or a jug of water.

The American merchant-prince, on the other hand, no sooner hears a twang, however imperceptible, than his happy machine-like heart beats faster, and he soon manages to start a conversation with his compatriot that will end in a party made up of all the Americans in the hotel, who will club together, perhaps, for several weeks, dispersing only after the last excursion in small bands that may never meet again, or may develop into sudden and lifelong friendships, such as we come across among Americans only. Certainly it is not strange that Americans, who have attended the public schools as children and spent fully half their lives in summer hotels, should have grown into an essentially sociable race, and when they find themselves alone in foreign countries and foreign hotels, they are glad to accept invitations from their country folks living abroad, he they above or beneath them in social standing at home. Besides, in this small world of ours, one can not meet a dozen people without finding among them, if not old friends, at least, "the friends of our friends."

On the other hand, French people, who are always seeking the minutest of *renseignements* concerning everybody else, he they French or Europeans generally, never ask who Americans are, what their parents were, nor where their money came from. They see no difference between a Californian miner and a direct descendant of George Washington. To them, all Americans are the same. All American women are beautiful, or ought to be so. All American men are rich, or have no business coming over to Europe; and these qualifications once established, French society partakes willingly of the pleasures offered them by this jolliest of clever people; notwithstanding which, there is always an undercurrent of awe in their appreciation of Americans, that is peculiarly amusing to the Anglo-Saxon. There must necessarily be so many things in this new, fresh race, the French of our day will never be able to take in, yet dare not criticize—experience and statistics proving ever in favor of this go-ahead nation—that Americans may be said to have gained the hattle in Paris, for they are no longer laughed at, they are no longer condemned *en bloc*. They are simply considered original, *excentrique*. And French society amuses itself so much better in American houses that it is gradually passing over to these hospitable and "primesautiers salons," whence it is unconsciously carrying back many pleasant innovations to the stiff receptions of the Faubourg St. Germain. Thus during the fortnight preceding the Duke de Luynes's marriage with the daughter of the Duchess d'Uzès, the dowager duchesses permitted the betrothed couple to go in to Paris—an hour's ride by rail—alone! Such a thing had never been dreamed of before in an ordinarily respectable French family. There was a general outcry, and it was quite delightful to hear the comments whispered by the intimate friends of both parties and the ever-recurring anxiety concerning Mlle. d'Uzès, who would have had much difficulty in finding another husband had the marriage been broken off at the last moment by any unforeseen accident. This transformation of French society is naturally taking place very gradually, and a long time must pass before an escapade such as that of the young Duke and Duchess de Luynes may be repeated without causing the same ominous surmises from old relatives and "hest friends."

And now we would ask, how has the union, such as it exists between French and American society in Paris, been brought about? How comes it that such salons as Mrs. Moore's, filled by Americans only a few years ago, is now the rendezvous of the greatest names in France? Is Mrs. Moore a very intriguing sort of person, that she has got the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld-Doudeauville, the Princesse de Léon, a lot of German archdukes and princes, and the whole rignarole of high-sounding names into her apartment, without even the excuse of a splendid hôtel to receive her visitors? Society universally answers yes; but the truth is, that Mrs. Moore has only a greater amount of ambition, coupled with a good deal of money, than the other striving American women in Paris, and is more hard-working. Mrs. Moore is a commonplace American, who began by inviting a few of her country people and trying to make them have "a good time" while in her house. Gradually one French swell after another found his way to her door. They came in search of pretty American faces, gilded, of course, with bright American eagles, and all amused themselves so much that sisters and daughters soon followed, until, at last, "all Paris" has literally taken possession of Mrs. Moore's hospitable home. In the meanwhile, this pleasant hostess goes on amusing everybody with her funny and horrible French,

which she takes good care not to improve, because it permits her to make a lot of droll and piquant speeches, which she pretends not to understand herself. But what she does, with her sharp Yankee sense, understand, is a certain side of the French character; she knew that, in the case of Americans, money is the key that opens most doors, and so she loosened the strings of her purse to charitable works, and astonished French marquises by offering thousands of francs when they expected tens for their innumerable philanthropical works, and the result was that many members of the Faubourg St. Germain opened their portals in sign of gratitude.

The former Duchesse de Campo-Selice is the representative of Singer's sewing-machine money. Her first husband was the famous inventor. She then married a Frenchman, who was created Duke of Campo-Selice by the King of Italy. He, in turn, died, some four years ago, and she has married for a third time—a pure love match, *on dit*—one of the well-known Parisian clubmen, M. Soliège. She has married her youngest daughter to the young Duc de Cazes; her eldest daughter to a prince, who turned out to be no prince, and from whom she is lately divorced. The former Duchesse de Campo-Selice is universally beloved, and receives as charmingly as the oldest European duchess.

In other cases, Mrs. Ayer's, for instance, all she has had to do has been to buy a superb hôtel—formerly belonging to the Duc de Mouchy—and to open her money-chests and make the world's greatest artistic celebrities play and sing by the hour in her handsome dwelling, until much of the *grand monde* has flocked to her salons. The whole quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, in fact, belongs to Americans, who have learned by this time from the French to make the most of their money, he it much or little, live they on the first or fifth story.

Finally, we have those who have retired from the great struggle for precedence, and who remain simple spectators of the battle. These have the pleasantest time of all, assisting from their private boxes at the broad farce society is playing so recklessly in Paris. They have, of course, picked up a few acquaintances among the French aristocracy of both birth and talent, and teach them that there are still Americans who care for something better than amusement. And these, in their turn, render public homage to the good and clever woman who comes from across the ocean, and has, as Jules Clarétie says in his late novel, "L'Américaine," "charmed the French by their frankness and openness of character, their delightful disdain of all conventionalities, and their clear, decided notions on all subjects."

PARIS, July 30, 1892.

SIBYLLA.

A writer in the *Sun* gives the following curious hypothesis about Mars:

"The double canals on the planet Mars were used for the generation of water-power by keeping one of the pair relatively full, and the other comparatively empty, whenever practicable to do so. This is probably their condition at the present time, which renders one of the pair invisible, as reported from the Lick Observatory. In the spring-time, when both canals are flushed with water, both are visible; at other seasons, only one. When the people of the earth shall become wise enough to project their mountains into the seas, by force of gravity, and thus make roadways across them, with parallel canals between, they will discover an easy method of supplying themselves with electric energy for all industrial purposes, by utilizing natural forces which are now allowed to go to waste. Like Mars, we will have a network of canals, instead of wide seas and lofty mountains, and thus the proportions of land and water will be equalized. The extensions of national highways into the seas could be constantly utilized as shipping ports, while the canals between them would serve as safety harbors. Here is a work for engineers, compared with which the laying of ocean cables will be looked upon as child's play."

The American News Company refused last week to handle *Truth* on account of a colored lithograph. The picture, which is entitled "Peeping Toms of Ancient and Modern Days," is made up of two scenes. On the left hand is a modification of Bouguereau's "Satyr and Nymphs." A nude young woman, with a mass of wavy brown hair flowing down her back, is stepping from the stream in which she has just bathed, while another dark-haired nymph is sitting on the bank, with her hands crossed over her knees. The satyr is watching them from an adjoining glade. The other half of the picture shows the ocean beach of a summer resort. A pretty girl, in a blue bathing-costume, is trying to shield her face from the attacks of a camera, held by a young man, in a white-flannel suit, who is kneeling in the sand a few feet away. W. Granville Smith, who is twenty-three and the son of a Newark clergyman, is the artist.

Emigration to the United States from Bremen is increasing fast. The North German Lloyd steamer *Darnstadt* sailed recently for New York with 1,961 steerage passengers. The next day the steamer *Karlsruhe* left with upward of 2,000 passengers for Baltimore. The total number of emigrants that sailed for the United States from Bremerhaven during June is little short of 20,000—a figure which has never been reached heretofore.

The Catholic Smoke-Ball Company advertised that they would pay five hundred dollars to whomsoever used their smoke-hall and was then clever enough to catch influenza within a specified time. In London, recently, Mrs. Carill used the hall and succeeded in catching the influenza. Then she wanted the five hundred dollars. As the company refused to pay, she has gone to law and won her case.

There is a movement on foot in England to permit bearers of the minor title of "Honorable" to prefix this to their names upon their visiting-cards. The honorable movers hold that in these days, when there are so many honorables that the public can not remember who is honorable and who is not, their distinction will go unrecognized unless they are permitted to label themselves.

M. Roulez, who hoaxed the Parisians by pretending to have fought four duels in the Bois de Boulogne within forty minutes, has been sent to a mad-house.



## A POET'S LUCK.

How he Sent his Love the Wrong Letter, and What Came of It.

Noel Janvier was a poet. Being a poet, and living in Paris, it is scarcely necessary for me to add that he was poor.

He had, however, invented a system of existence which rendered it possible for him to mitigate the worst dolours of his poverty. He had divided his life into two distinct parts. He had trained himself to regard the day, with its shifts and privations, its meagre meals and its empty pockets, as a dream. The night, when he slept and dreamed such magnificent dreams as come to poets, he looked on as the reality.

By this ingenious and highly poetical fancy, he contrived to avoid suicide, though he could not always avoid being hungry. The control he exercised over his mind did not extend to his stomach.

It was while living this life, like an opium-smoker's, with its indefinite substances and its definite shadows, that Noel, one day, found himself halted, as he wandered by the portal of the Church of Saint-Sulpice, by a most enchanting and suddenly revivifying reality. As you will, of course, divine, it was a woman.

She possessed that inexpressible mixture of beauty, youth, and grace which poets rave over—a mixture, alas, less frequent in reality than the verses which glorify it are in number. She was coming from church, and the elderly lady, with the dignity of a duchess, who escorted her, preserved in her haughty face sufficient of her youthful traits to be readily recognized as her mother.

From that moment, Noel haunted the portal of Saint-Sulpice daily. He had never been a butcher of hearts. His nervous and delicate sensibility made him disdain the merry and vulgar girls of the beer-shops, whom his fellow-Bohemians made mistresses of; his poverty prevented his forming superior acquaintances. His comrades had christened him "The North Pole poet"; but they wronged him. His heart was as torrid in its passions as any one's; but his mind was pure. "Women!" he used to say, with a sigh; "I love them all, and they to me are all virgins."

The passion Noel conceived for his lady of the breviary was as overpowering and as absorbing as the hobby of a madman. It was his one thought, his one romance, the one adoration of his heart.

It required a great deal of preliminary self-encouragement to edge the poet on to anything more substantial than respectful and distant admiration, but after some days he contrived to gather sufficient courage to look at his enslaver without getting around a corner or behind a column. In response to one of these stolen glances, he received one from her blue eyes, so ardent, expressive, and sympathetic, that his heart mounted into his throat.

He ran every step of the way home, at the risk of being overhauled as a thief; mounted his five flights of stairs two steps at a time, and then succumbed to fatigue on an empty stomach, and spent an hour recovering his equipoise on his bed. When he did recover it, he did what poets usually do under such sentimental circumstances—sat down to write.

And to write poetry, of course. It has been remarked that the best of poets make the most abominable verses when they are in love. Such, at any rate, was the case with Noel. He wrote, corrected, rewrote, blotted out, and tore up till his ink-pot was nearly empty. Then he gave it up in despair, and devoted himself to seeking an expression for his feelings in vulgar prose. This is what he wrote:

MADemoisELLE: Who are you? I know not. I know only that you are happy—that is told me by your smile. I know, also, that you are kind of heart, for you have not repulsed the mute homage of my respectful admiration when I have enjoyed the bliss of seeing you at Saint-Sulpice—a bliss every minute of which made my life seem a week in paradise.

I myself am only a humble soldier in the battle of life. I have talent, perhaps—perhaps genius. But your image possesses me in all my thoughts. I would be unable to continue the tasks I have imposed on myself if, at the end of the road, I did not see you smiling-upon me encouragement and hope.

Wealth and fame have no value in my efforts, save to be conquered and placed at your feet. Otherwise, I would rather abandon an existence which would be without an aim. For you alone I find myself nerved to wrestle for the palm. Oh, you who are my strength and my inspiration, permit me to carry your colors in the fight and I am saved! On my knees I kiss the hem of your robe.

He signed this triumph of extravagant nonsense, enveloped it in kisses before submitting it to a closer covering, and awaited an opportunity to deliver it, with the feeling that a weight had been lifted from his heart.

As he went out next morning, a sharp rap on the window of the porter's lodge halted him. He stopped, and the Cerberus of the house, on whose face lurked a malicious grin, handed him an official-looking letter. He opened it. It was a notification from a court that a judgment had been granted his landlord against him, and that if he did not pay the three months' rent, for which he was in arrears, within three days, he would be set out in the street.

Poor Noel jammed the malevolent missive into his pocket, and with the humble bow of a lodger in arrears to the porter, hurried away.

He found the Church of Saint-Sulpice in the usual place, and the service in progress. He posted himself at the doorway, and finally saw her coming out. At sight of her, the old panic took possession of him. He trembled, and his sight grew dim. But his mind was made up.

He was so nervous, however, that his fingers proved treacherous. The letter, instead of sliding into her hand, dropped between them. The elderly lady turned, and Noel's heart stopped beating. But she apparently did not notice the by-play. The pair went on, Noel's idol giving him one glance that turned his blood to fire.

The young man stared after them with a blank face, when the beadle, who stood guard at the church door, touched him on the arm.

"Monsieur," he said, "you have lost something."

It was the letter, which the beadle had picked up.

"I?" repeated Noel; "no, not I. It belongs to the young lady."

The beadle hurried after her and said, touching his hat: "Miss, I think you dropped something."

"Thank you," she said, with a significant smile at the poet.

"What is it?" demanded the duenna.

"A little tract," replied the fair flirt, in a voice as pure as crystal, slipping it into her pocket.

Noel wandered home, how he knew not, like a man in a dream. That night he spent in visions, such as he would not have exchanged for the wealth of the Bank of France. He was awakened by a knocking at his door.

It was the porter, who held a letter in his hand—a letter which exhaled a perfume which filled the room.

"A little daisy of a servant left it here just now," he said, with the significant grin only a Parisian porter can call up.

"For me?" gasped Noel.

"Do you suppose I would bring it to you if it was for some one else?"

"No, of course not."

"My!" said the porter, "but doesn't it smell nice? He, he!"

The poet locked his door, and tore the envelope open with furious haste. But the moment he commenced to read, his face grew pale with horror.

It was not a love-letter, but the notification from the court which he had received the day before.

With a cry of rage he rushed to his coat. In the pocket was his declaration of adoration, the seal unbroken! He had mixed the letters up!

As the perfumed envelope dropped from the poet's nerveless hand, four slips of crisp paper flew out of it. They were three one-hundred franc notes, and a sheet of pink paper, on which was written:

"I am obliged to you, sir, for giving me the opportunity to perform a good action."

These words penetrated the heart of the poor poet like dagger-thrusts. They were too much for his famished stomach and his overstrung nerves. He pressed his hands to his temples and fell fainting to the floor.

Some weeks later, when the fever had left him, and he could go out, Noel hurried to the Church of Saint-Sulpice. The ladies were not among the worshippers—nor next day, nor the next.

They had changed their church!

But Noel's rent was paid, and before he received another summons he had found a place in a perfumer's establishment, writing advertisements in verse, at a comfortable salary.

He expects to publish a volume of poems some day. Meanwhile he is the widest read if not the best-known poet in Paris, and he gets enough to eat to keep him from dreaming.—*Adapted from the French.*

## SWINBURNE'S LATEST POEM.

## A Jacobite's Song.

Now who will speak, and lie not,  
And pledge not life, but give?  
Slaves herd with herded cattle:  
The dawn grows bright for battle,  
And if we die, we die not;  
And if we live, we live.

The faith our fathers fought for,  
The kings our fathers knew,  
We fight but as they fought for:  
We seek the goal they sought for,  
The chance they hailed and knew,  
The praise they strove and wrought for,  
To leave their blood as dew  
On fields that flower again.

Men live that serve the stranger;  
Hounds live that huntmen tame;  
These life-days of our living  
Are days of God's good giving,  
Where death smiles soft on danger  
And life scowls dark on shame.

And what would you do other,  
Sweet wife, if you were I?  
And how should you be other,  
My sister, than your brother,  
If you were man as I,  
Born of our sire and mother,  
With choice to cover and die  
And chance to strike and fly?

No churl's our old world name is,  
The lands we leave are fair;  
But fairer far than these are,  
But wide as lands and seas are,  
But high as heaven the fame is  
That if we die we share.

Our name the night may swallow,  
Our lands the churl may take;  
But night nor death may swallow,  
Nor hell nor heaven's dim hollow,  
The stars whose height we take,  
The star whose light we follow  
For faith's unfaltering sake,  
Till hope that sleeps awake.

Soft hope's light lure we serve not,  
Nor follow, faint to find;  
Dark time's last word may snite her  
Dead, ere man's falsehood blight her;  
But though she die they swear not  
Who cast not eye behind.

Faith speaks when hope dissembles;  
Faith lives when hope lies dead;  
If death as life dissembles,  
And all that night assembles  
Of dreams by dawn lie dead,  
Faint hope that smiles and trembles  
May tell not well for dread;  
But faith has heard it said.

Now who will fight, and fly not,  
And grudge not life to give?  
And who will strike beside us  
If life's or death's light guide us?  
For if we die, we die not;  
And if we live, we live.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## An Approving Democrat.

SENeca FALLS, N. Y., July 17, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Your editorial leader of June 13th pleased me so much I have for an irresistible desire to compliment you for the fearless and just criticism you gave the *World's* laudation of New York city and its government. I am what is termed an old man, in my seventy-eighth year, American born, revolutionary stock, with blood as blue as the best of them. Always voted the Democratic ticket, with one exception, and that was Abraham Lincoln.

Respectfully yours, I. L. RAWLINGS.

## A Curious Question.

DENVER, LOANO COUNTY, IDAHO, August 12, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: To settle a bet, would you be kind enough to favor an old subscriber and constant reader by answering the following question: Was there a proposition made by a wealthy Chinese (a merchant, I believe) to guarantee a subscription of five hundred thousand dollars to the Republican (Harrison campaign, four years since) election fund? If so, and the proposition having been entertained by the Republican party, is there, or was there, a Chinese in your community who, through his own wealth and his influence among his people, would have been able to make his word good?

Yours very respectfully, JAMES T. MITCHELL.

[No Chinese in San Francisco ever made such a proposition, and no Chinese here could have guaranteed such a proposition if he had made it.—EDS.]

## Fiction and Fact.

PADUCAH, KY., August 19, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Please forward me the address of Frank B. Millard, who is, I believe, an occasional contributor to your columns. If Frank B. Millard is a *nom de plume*, please give me the correct address. I ask of you not to consider this merely an idle request, for, perhaps, it may furnish a clue which, if followed, may gladden or make more sorrowful my old mother's heart. Respectfully, W. L. RAWLINGS.

Address: W. L. Rawlings, No. 226 North Ninth Street, Paducah, Ky.

PADUCAH, KY., August 16, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I recently saw a little story by F. B. Millard in the *Argonaut*, giving an account of "Zack Rawlings," a brave and fearless soldier of my company—K, Twelfth Kentucky Volunteer Cavalry, United States. This young man has not been heard from by his mother, who is now very old and feeble woman, for seventeen years—his name is dear to his comrades in arms, much more to his mother. Can you put me in communication with F. B. Millard, the author of the piece? or Bunster, the man for whom Zack Rawlings lost his life? or the guide? or any one who was party to this story? Our comrades in the Great West when last heard from. Please answer, and confer a lasting favor on his mother and his comrades. Yours truly, J. E. WILLIAMSON.

[We fear that these inquiries will find that the "Zack Rawlings" of the story was merely a figment of the author's brain. However, Mr. Millard can answer for himself.—EDS.]

## A Workingman on the Labor Question.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 9, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: I do not suppose you will publish a letter from a plain workingman, but after reading your article on the evils of foreign immigration, I wish to say that it is one of the evils of protection. One of the great objects of protection was to prevent the workingman from being brought into competition with the pauper labor of Europe. But the manufacturers in their greed to make money by keeping down wages brought the pauper labor here. And the more ignorant being supposed to be the more tractable, they brought ship-loads of Hung and Slavs under contract at low wages, until, in my State, Pennsylvania, there are whole communities where there is no English spoken and no desire to learn. The manufacturer was protected, but the workingman was not. The evil became so great that Congress passed the contract-labor law. But that is easy to get around, besides it was too late. The stream was running, and there is apparently no stopping it. The *Argonaut* condemns the effect, but does not cause the cause and the people who caused it. I think it would have been better to have let in the goods and kept out the paupers.

Of course if it had not been for protection, Pennsylvania would not have so much population, nor produce so many tons of iron and steel every year, nor have so many rich Carnegies spending their money in Europe. But she would have had what is a great deal better, a contented population. That the United States will never have again; it is gone forever. And the Republican party, after giving the slaves of the South votes, could hardly refuse it to ignorant whites; so this mass of ignorance is put on a par with the best in the land, and it has come to stay. I am told there is a duty of ten dollars on a dead body being brought into this country; but a live anarchist comes in duty free.

Yours truly, WILLIAM YOUNG.

[Mr. Young and other workingmen ought to see that their labor should be protected by stopping foreign immigration. Their commodity is labor, as the employer's is manufactured goods. They ought to have sense enough to try and protect their commodity by imposing high and prohibitory duties on foreign laborers coming here. The *Argonaut* believes in protection to American labor, as well as to American manufactured products. When the laborers of America begin to see through this millstone with a hole in it, they will accomplish more toward increasing their wages than by a thousand strikes.—EDS.]

## A Practical View of Labor Unions.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In my opinion, when a man joins a labor union he becomes a slave, he loses his identity, he can no longer control his own actions. If he is an expert in his trade, he puts himself upon a level with a very ordinary workman, who, as a rule, must receive the same wages as himself; he places himself out of the line of promotion, for employers, as a rule, do not appoint men out of "combinations" as foremen or superintendents. I believe that every man should be free and independent, and always ready to compete for the best positions that his talents and energy will command. That is the way men rise in the world, and there is no better illustration of this than that Andrew Carnegie was once a telegraph-operator, Charles Crocker a newsboy, and Thomas Edison a peanut-peddler.

It is every man's privilege in this free country to do the best he can for himself, and he should always be in a position to accept the best place that offers; he should be tied to no man or association; it should always be his privilege to leave his place when he is not satisfied, and better himself when he can. "Competition is the life of trade," and I believe it will hold good in the labor market as well as in any other. No man can afford or will continue a business that does not pay, and no man or set of men forming a combination or union can compel him to pay wages that his business will not justify, and he must be the judge and not those he employs. If his employees are not satisfied with the wages he offers, it is their right and privilege to refuse to remain in his employ, but they have no right to prevent others, who are willing to work for what the employer offers, from accepting the positions they have left.

In discussing this question lately with an intelligent mechanic, he said that he had at three different times in his life been *compelled* to join labor unions, under the threat that he must give up his position unless he complied with the demand of the union. In other words, he must become a slave to the master of that association or give up his bread and butter, for he said he had a family to support, and he was compelled to comply, for the simple reason that he could not help himself. He said he was an expert in his trade and always received the highest wages paid in the union, but that upon the union's demand he was under other circumstances would receive much less pay than he could command. He placed himself beyond promotion, as there was a barrier at once between him and his employer. He acknowledged that he was disgusted with the whole affair, and never remained with a union any longer than he could avoid it, and I have no doubt there are thousands of just such cases.

"Down with monopoly" is the cry of a man rises in the world, has money which he invests in a business which gives employment to a large number of men. Is there any greater monopoly than a monopoly of labor unions? And they do not give employment to any one but their "master," who is paid well for his services. He even becomes an aristocrat, *vide* Arthur, chief of the railway engineers, living in a twenty-five-thousand-dollar house on the most aristocratic street in Cleveland, O., and Master-Workman Powderly, who receives a big salary and lives in a handsome residence in Scranton, Pa.

In conclusion, permit me to say that labor unions "are killing the goose that lays the golden egg." They are killing capital; in other words, driving it into channels, where the holder has less care and more comfort, for he will not invest in a business that is subject to the control of his employees, who are united either to control or break up his business. California must continue to suffer, as she is suffering to-day, from this cause, as she is so far from the labor supply. Wages are being continually reduced on account of dull business, and this causes a continual fight between the employer and employee, and results in one or both going out of the business, for with the "union" it is "rule or ruin."

If unions are formed, let them be unions of American citizens to keep out the pauper labor of Europe, and then the labor market will regulate itself. Competition should be the rule. Let the best men receive the best pay their services will command. The employer will be subject to supply and demand, and he must pay the market rate.

These are the plain sentiments of a wage-worker, one who struck out to struggle for a living when he was twelve years of age, and who has worked for one hundred dollars a year and received for his services as high as twelve thousand dollars a year, but he has always been a free and independent

AMERICAN CITIZEN.



## SYBARITIC YACHTSMEN.

"Van Gryse" on the Arrival of the Gotham Fleet in Newport.

The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club has for its goal Newport—Newport the debonair, the gay, the ever-blessed; Newport in August; Newport reinforced by crowds of the loveliest women on the Atlantic sea-board; Newport sprinkled with a few foreign notables and a few domestic notables married to foreign titles; Newport fanned by the breezes that fret the broad face of the Atlantic, shone upon by a sun that is warm, and rich, and golden, and that never bakes or grills.

To begin in the G. P. R. James's manner: Early in the afternoon of a beautiful day, a little over a week ago, three figures might be seen ascending the slight declivity of John Street, in Newport, on a desperate quest for lunch. They had been told that Gunther's offered entertainment for man and beast at reasonable rates, and was, moreover, patronized by the *beau monde*, though John Street is so narrow that when two members of the *beau monde* meet there in carriages they scratch wheels as they pass.

The three wayfarers, a prey to violent hunger, walked rapidly through the outskirts of that strange old town, which once promised to be the great metropolis of these United States. They passed along old, narrow, faded streets, flanked on either hand by lines of low, gambrel-roofed houses, here and there broken into by the finer, pillared façade of some back-standing, stately, old-world mansion, built in the days when Newport was a rising seaport town, long years before the times of Astor glory or Vanderbilt palaces. They walked under the shadow of the iron-framed, small, swinging sign of the "Holly-Tree Coffee House." They ascended a long, long narrow street, between the severe fronts of conservative New England homes, decorously drawn back from the street, close-shuttered, brooding dreamily in their green gardens, and protected by a line of fluted columns in the Greek-temple style.

That gracious climate which knows no difference between the millionaire ladies and Miss Mehitabel Smith, has made the gardens of the dozens of Miss Mehitabels, who lead their gentle, withered lives in old Newport town, blossom as richly as the terraces of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Vanderbilt, farther up along Bellevue Avenue. There are gardens galore on old John Street—gardens where the finest, pure-blue hydrangeas grow in big green boxes, where the lovingly tended nasturtiums throw their red and yellow banners over the rickety fences, where water-lilies spread their starry, waxen blooms in rotting old tubs, and fine, standard rose-trees, that have the trim, clipped air of being fussed over by some dainty, exact old maid, grow in prim rows.

But see!—Gunther's, heaving in sight at the end of the street. The outside of Gunther's is not particularly promising. It does not look at all like a *beau-monde* sort of place. From the outside it resembles the sort of hostelry one finds at Santa Rosa and Calistoga, except that the house has an air of reserved antiquity. Gunther's does not vulgarly cater for custom. It has an infinitesimal sign of "restaurant" over the door—only that and nothing more. You enter through what must have been the back garden in the old dead days when Gunther's was the home of some well-to-do Newport family. You go in and find two small, dingy, low-ceilinged dining-rooms, one on each side of a hall. In the right one, a party of good-looking, gentlemanly men are lunching. In the left, no one. We take the left—but what an extraordinary sort of place! There is something Dickensy about it. "That," one of the party remarks, severely, "is because you are in New England; and being used to the wild and woolly West you don't understand these things."

A waiter now appears—he looks French and like a genuine waiter. One's spirits, drooping at the sight of fly-paper and a white-china water-pitcher, revive at the first view of this business-like looking *garçon*. He approaches, and the party demand the menu. There is none. The *beau-monde*, while pleasuring at Newport, evidently throw aside these small conventionalities of town life. Then—what have you? The *garçon* meditates portentously; he is evidently recollecting all the numberless dainties with which Gunther's destroys the digestions of McAllister's band. Raising his eyes, he says, slowly:

"Beef-stew."

"And what else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Good heavens, how dreadful!"

"If that is what the *beau-monde* like, I can never join their sacred ranks."

"We can't eat that—I would rather eat the fly-paper and drink out of the white-china pitcher."

"Hold—a great thought—if he has beef-stew, he must have beef. Waiter," solemnly, "have you beef?"

The waiter thinks, and decides that he has beef. Then he hurries away to get it. The trio eye each other sadly.

"And do you suppose," remarks a female member of it—"do you suppose that those delicious, maddening men we saw in that other room are eating *beef-stew*?"

It is quite good beef—the kind Joe Sedley liked. There is a bowl of lettuce-salad with it and some cold ginger-ale. As a whole, Gunther's was not so bad, though the menu was limited. It is cool in that shady little salon, and the fly-paper has done its deadly work and banished the flies. The ginger-ale seethes up winkingly between the cracked ice, and through the scarlet-runners that are trained up over the window, one can peer out into the garden—green, shaded, with a somewhat weedy flower-bed or two straggling out over the fragment of grass-plot. The other window gives on the street, and through this one can hear, as the afternoon grows older, the stamping, and the rattling, and the clattering of rolling carriages, as inquisitive summer visitors roll down into the unknown by-ways of "the old town."

After lunch, over which the trio dawdled, there was a wandering, investigating, aimless walk. To walk on Bellevue

Avenue, in the shopping quarter, is to have every cent you possess in the world drawn out of your pocket and your purse. A man may resist the distracting milliners, the bewildering ladies' tailors, even the captivating jewelry-stores, but he falls when he reaches the old curiosity-shops and the places where they sell the New England antiques. He does not buy bureaus, or grandfathers' clocks, or even spindle-legged chairs and wrought-oak settees, but his heart goes out to strange, great, old chased-silver tankards, to weird watch-seals, to queerly fashioned punch-bowls, from which the officers of the Revolution may have drunk deep to their ladies' eyes, to fine, exquisite little miniatures picturing the faces of those studied, simpering, seductive beauties of the eighteenth century. And if he has a best girl that he wants to please beyond all other women upon earth, let him buy her one of those rough, worn, wrought-silver chateaines, very short, and of a large, open design. If she is a *fin-de-siècle* girl, she will prefer it to a diamond pin or a marquise ring.

From Bellevue Avenue and its temptations, the trio wends a loitering way down narrow side-streets, by closed yellow houses to the older town, near the sea. Here again there is a sudden, strange suggestion of Dickens—of odd, old, sea-fronting, water-side places in his books, of the park of London, where the wooden midshipman stood, of the place where Clara tended the weary latter days of old Bill Barley. It is only a suggestion of Dickens, a mild modification of Dickens—but here are narrow streets crowded with bronzed men, here are small, dark shops, smelling powerfully of fish, and dried ham, and old fruit, and groceries. Here are deep-roofed, low houses, here are places where they sell what Dickens would have called ship's chandlery. The streets are full of people—the sidewalks being narrow, one is a good deal jostled. A dozen different kinds of smells take you violently in the nostrils, and every now and then, as you pass a break in the houses, comes a gust straight from the sea—fresh, salty, pungent, glorious—the call of the main to its children on the land. One savors it with delight, and then, across the street, the old prow and figure-head of a vessel fastened on the wall takes your eye. You are about to point them out to your companions, when, suddenly—bang! bang! bang!—there are guns firing in the harbor! The fleet is in!

That is why the streets are so crowded. That accounts for the numbers of mahogany-brown sailors in white duck and blue flannel who are jamming the narrow sidewalks. Of course the fleet is due to-day. Now, that you think of it, you heard those guns in the distance upon Bellevue Avenue. Hurry—let us see the sight! And as you haste—bang! bang! bang! go more guns, and fresh relays of swarthy mariners pour up from dock and wharf into the little thoroughfares of old Newport town. Then out through alley and by-way, over the muddy cross-roads, round the ill-smelling wharfs, by store-house and ship-office—and then the open harbor and the most beautiful sight in the world!

The sun is low down and makes the water one great, broad glitter. The yachts have run up before the wind all the way from New London. There seem to be hundreds of them. Their forests of masts rise like the spires of a thousand churches across the yellow west. Some still stand shivering in clouds of descending canvas, with the white-coated sailors, like white mice, running about the decks. The great steam-yachts have anchored with their noses out to sea, their long dark bodies high in the water, their funnels black against the sun. The schooners are as slender as white knitting-needles; but the sloops—the tall, stately, white-winged sloops are the beauties, the belles of the fleet. Even as you look—bang! bang! bang! go more guns, and running up before the wind, sweeping round in front of the fleet, proud, superb, self-conscious, comes yacht after yacht.

All the gamin, and the lounging, and the unfashionable world of Newport are hanging on the fronts of dock and wharf to see the beautiful sight. The little seaport town has a dark fringe of staring humanity at its edge. The finest picture of beauty, and luxury, and pleasure of life lies spread before their eyes. Bang! goes another gun, and up before the wind comes a tall, white sloop, proud and beautiful as a young girl who knows herself unrivaled. There is an air of life about this splendid boat that makes it look like some glorious, living sea-creature—strong, and swift, and rejoicing in its complete loveliness. It comes bow on under a great tower of canvas, then softly, lightly turns, stoops before the wind, almost dips its unsullied sails in the crystal, sizzling sea, rights itself with an effortless ease, and sweeps superbly to its anchorage, and there, "like a nymph to the bath adrest," shakes downward all its shivering canvas, and stands bare and beautiful in the sun.

Still the banging of the welcoming guns goes on, and still the belated, white-sailed sloops and schooners come sailing into Newport Bay. Looking far out toward the open main, one can see them, strung out in a long line, sailing haughtily under a tremendous spread of canvas, the spinnaker and balloon-jib swelling out on either side in two huge waxen curves. As they sweep onward, over water as blue as a sea-washed sapphire, gilded by low, orange-yellow sunlight, they look like wonderful, weird orchids, with wide, ivory petals that some wayward giant has scattered over the surface of the sea.

But where the fleet lies anchored all is life, and confusion, and excitement. A hundred steam-launches are already out and plying between their yachts and the mainland. There are fully as many long, glistening, brown gigs, low-lying in the water, manned by two white-coated, red-capped sailors and flying from their stern their owners' signal. There are boats putting out from shore by the dozens. People are going out in anything that can bide to range about among the fleet or to visit yachts whose owners are their friends. The water about the little club-house is thick with smaller crafts, coming and going, passing and repassing each other, signaling with shouts or, in the cases of the naphtha launches, with unearthly whistles. The whole of the sea near the shore is dotted with the hulls of these hurrying boats, showing dark against the water, which the sunset has transformed into liquid copper.

Some of the yachtsmen are coming ashore. A long launch passes with several sailors and half a dozen elderly men in peaked caps. As it nears the wharf, another launch shoots out from the dock-side. The boats salute with a shrill whistle. The men on the former raise their hats. From the other a sweet feminine voice cries a coquettish greeting. The voice belongs to a white-clad woman, whose big hat, covered with flowers and then shrouded in a thick, white veil, completely hides her face. She is accompanied by another woman and two yachtsmen. The launch pants its rapid way through the yellow water to the fleet, dives in between the vessels, and is lost to view.

Right on its heels, bearing out from the dock to the fleet, comes a long gig manned by two sailors, one pulling the oars in the bow, the other holding the tiller in the stern. The entire space between them is occupied by immense blocks of ice. The boat bears the name of the *Viking* on its bow. The *Viking* and his crew are evidently going to ice their drinks to-night or die in the attempt. Their gig is weighted to the water-line with the supply. In shore, rocking at the foot of a flight of slimy steps, lies the launch of the *Conqueror*. Here, too, supplies are being laid in. But the *Conqueror's* party are going to have more than ice.

To the launch where it lies, slightly rocking, come white-aproned butchers' boys and grocers' boys, bringing huge baskets. One of these contains fish; you can see the tails sticking out. Then there are several oblong parcels in bright-blue papers—macaroni comes that way. There are, besides, innumerable butcher's packages in rough brown papers. Sunk to the gunnel, the launch at last puts out for the *Conqueror*. As it passes, one can see on top of all the piled-up bundles some fine green shoots or sprouts of something waving in the breeze. What is that? Parsley?—too fine for parsley. Celery-tops? Too fine for celery-tops. A maiden-hair fern—actually a maiden-hair fern, and a fine, large bushy plant. The *Conqueror* is evidently going to give a dinner to-night, and being a person of elegance and taste, he has bought a maiden-hair fern to stand in the middle of the table in a silver bowl.

But it is getting late. The *Viking* has laid in its stock of ice. The *Conqueror* will be sitting at his dinner-table, admiring his maiden-hair fern and eating the fish whose tails we saw, inside an hour. The water has turned from copper color to pale yellow. In the West, a primrose lustre glows softly, and against this the myriad masts of the fleet show like the thin trunks of a motionless, branchless forest.

NEWPORT, August 15, 1892.

VAN GRYSSE.

The following letter was sent to *St. Nicholas*, but was not published:

ALGIERS.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I do not know whether you ever had a letter before from Algiers or not. If you never had a letter before from Algiers, this will be the first one; if you have had one letter before from Algiers, this will be the second one; if you have had two letters before from Algiers, this will be the third one.

Algiers is where the Soldier of the Legion lay a-dying in. It contains French persons, Arabs, donkeys, and English residents. The English residents come here on account of the climate, which is very bad in winter. They like a bad climate.

I have no pony, or dog, or donkey; but in Spain I had fleas, and now I have a cold. I was in an Arab shop a few days ago, where there was an Arabian cat. The Arabian cat sat on a cane-seat chair, and when I scratched my fingers under the chair, the Arabian cat would play with them. There are many other strange animals in this country.

Everybody reads *St. Nicholas* in our family, even the children. I was thirty-four years old last October. That is all I can think of about Algiers.

WILLIE W. E.—.

The resignation of S. A. Whitfield, of Ohio, First Assistant Postmaster-General, which takes effect on September 1st, will be followed by the resignation of other post-office officials within the next few days. These gentlemen leave the service of the government to connect themselves with the Boston company that owns a patent for a recently invented postage-stamp selling machine, which has the official indorsement of the Post-Office Department. By dropping a nickle in the slot of the new device it gives forth four cents' worth of postage-stamps and a one-cent coupon, good for its face value in trade at the stores of any of the firms who advertise on the coupon.

One reason why the appointment of Dr. Beaven as Catholic Bishop of Springfield, Mass., gives satisfaction in that city is that he was born in America, was raised among Americans, and had a regular public-school education in Springfield. The *Union*, of that city, looks at the selection as an indication that at Rome the "Americanization" of the church in this country is viewed with favor. "Protestants," it adds, "can but welcome the evidence of this policy. Whatever our differences of faith or ecclesiastical polity, we are all Americans, and deprecate any principle or movement which would tend to divide us as Americans."

At Canonchet, a story is going the rounds which causes considerable amusement. A short time ago, two lovers, who had come out for a walk in the moonlight, strayed into Mrs. Sprague's grounds, and their sweet dream was rudely broken in upon by the baying of the hounds, who gave chase to the intruders. The young lady stood not upon the order of her going, but went at the top of her speed, while her less nimble lover climbed to the top of a haystack, where he remained till three o'clock, when he was rescued by Mrs. Sprague.

The sword which General B. M. Prentiss's brother-officers purchased at Tiffany's for five hundred dollars and presented to the "hero of Shiloh" for his gallantry at that much-misunderstood battle, was rescued from a Quincy, Ill., pawnshop, the other day, by a customer, who paid fifty-five dollars for it.

Every newspaper in Paris is shouting "traitor" at M. Zola because of his latest book, "The Downfall," and meantime one hundred thousand copies of the obnoxious volume have been sold within a month.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Among the contents of the September *Overland* is an interesting historical note contributed by Horace F. Cutter, in which he shows the friendly attitude toward the Union maintained throughout our Civil War by Russia, largely through the counsels of Prince Gortschakoff.

Charles Santley, so long a distinguished singer, is about to publish his reminiscences. The book is reported to be full of anecdotes.

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation "The Story of Columbus," by Mrs. Seelye, a daughter of Dr. Edward Eggleston, who has edited the work, illustrated by Mrs. Seelye's sister, Miss Allegra Eggleston; and a new novel by Miss Woods, the author of "Metzerott, Shoemaker," which is to be called "From Dusk to Dawn," and which partly turns upon the relation of the individual to the community.

"A Fellowe and His Wife," the novel written in collaboration by Mme. (Blanch Willis Howard) Teuffel and William Sharp, is having much success abroad. It has already been translated into German, and is in course of translation into French and Italian.

The contents of *Harper's Magazine* for September are as follows:

"Fox-Hunting in the Genesee Valley," by Edward S. Martin; "A Collection of Death-Masks," by Laurence Hutton; "Lot No. 249," a story by A. Conan Doyle; "Washington: The Evergreen State," by Julian Ralph; "Those Souvenir Spoons," a story by Margaret Sidney; "The World of Chance," Part VII., by W. D. Howells; "Among the Sand Hills," by Howard Pyle; "The Aryan Mark: A New England Town Meeting," by Anna C. Brackett; "Literary Paris"—second paper, by Theodore Child; "Chapman," by James Russell Lowell; "Jane Field"—Part V., by Mary E. Wilkins; and poems by Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Thomas Dunn English, Louise Moulton, Eleanor B. Caldwell, and G. H. Goldthwaite.

Two volumes in preparation for the English Men of Action Series are "Marlborough," by Colonel Sir William Butler, and "Sir John Moore," by Colonel Maurice.

A new edition of the Waverley Novels, announced by the Messrs. Black, will comprise twenty-five volumes, one to appear each month. It will be known as the Dryburgh Edition. Each volume will be entrusted for illustrations to an artist whose qualifications seem specially to fit him for illustrating the period with which the novel deals, and will contain ten illustrations.

The granddaughter of Charles Dickens has written her first novel. It is entitled "Cross Currents," and has just been published in the Appletons' Town and Country Library.

Certain of Mr. Brander Matthews' essays will appear next month in a little book to be called "Americanisms and Criticisms—with Other Essays on Other Issues." The Harpers will publish it in the series with Howells, Curtis, Higginson, Warner, etc. Mr. Carroll Beckwith will make a pencil-drawing of the author to serve as a frontispiece.

"The Unseen Foundations of Society" is the title of a forthcoming book by the Duke of Argyll.

Mr. Anstey writes that for the first edition of his "Vice Versa" he was paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and for the second edition the same sum, as the contract provided; but the sale of the novel was so great that eventually his publishers gave him in all between two thousand five hundred and three thousand dollars.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is declared to have been writing a series of Japanese stories, and to have resolved to write a new Mulvaney story, also.

Harper & Brothers have just ready for publication: "The Danube: From the Black Forest to the Black Sea," by F. D. Millet, richly illustrated by the author and Alfred Parsons; "A Family Canoe Trip," by Florence Waters Snedeker, illustrated; "The Woodman," a novel, by M. Guernay de Beaurepaire, Procureur-Général of France, translated by Mrs. John Simpson; and "The Principles of Ethics," by Professor Borden P. Bowne, of the Boston University.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* finds these notable points of resemblance in the careers of Shakespeare and Molière:

1. The father of each was in trade, and apparently destined his son to follow his occupation.
2. The early education of both was neglected, and we know of nothing in their after training that conferred on them their perfect knowledge of good breeding and distinguished manners.
3. Neither of them was happily married.
4. Each became manager, author, actor.
5. Each produced a considerable number of authenticated dramatic works.
6. Each was careless about publishing his works; or, rather, objected to do so, lest they should be acted by rival dramatic companies.
7. The plays of each were collected by actors and first published in a complete form after the death of the authors.
8. Each touched up or produced plays that are lost or of doubtful origin.
9. Each disregarded novelty of plot, borrowing from various sources.
10. Each disliked his profession.
11. The personal character of each was gentle, kind, generous.
12. Each had a profound knowledge of human nature.
13. Each preferred the idea or matter to the comparative disregard of the manner.
14. Each had a remarkable fecundity and fertility of production.
15. Each died at the age of fifty-two.

Mr. Arthur Symonds, in the *Fortnightly Review*,

writes appreciatively of the merits of W. E. Henley as a poet. As far back as 1888, Mr. Gleeson-White, in a volume entitled "Ballads and Rondeaux," published by the Messrs. Appleton, gave American readers the first opportunity of becoming acquainted with Henley's verse.

The reminiscences of Lord Augustus Loftus, the British diplomatist, covering the years from 1837 until 1862, will be published next month.

An illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People" is in preparation, and the first volume will soon be published by Harper & Brothers. The illustrations will show men and things as contemporary observers aimed at representing them.

Captain Trotter, who has written an excellent biography of Warren Hastings, has undertaken for the Rulers of India Series a life of Lord Auckland.

A visit from R. L. Stevenson is looked for in England next year.

Mr. Whittier has gathered the poems he has written since the publication of "Saint Gregory's Guest" in 1886, and they will appear early in the autumn under the appropriate title "At Sundown." Some of these poems, if not all, appeared in a privately printed book under the same title a year or two ago.

A volume of verse by Clinton Scollard, entitled "Songs of Sunrise Lands," will be issued soon.

The greatest "hit" made by a serial story in many a long day is to be credited to Dr. Conan Doyle's "Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," in the *Strand* magazine. What was paid for this story is not told; but there is to be a "second series" of it, for which the author receives five thousand dollars. Dr. Doyle's health has quite broken down from overwork.

## Anecdotes of Dickens.

In some recently published reminiscences of Dickens, Mr. Sala says that life at Gad's Hill was pleasant but peculiar—the peculiarity being in the fact that the novelist was a phenomenally punctual man. Mr. Sala writes:

"He was exact, even to the painful stage of exactitude, in every transaction of life, and he expected his guests to be as punctual and as exact as he was himself. In November, 1856, on the eve of my departure for New York, I missed bidding him farewell, because I was seven and a half minutes late in keeping an appointment which he had made for a final hand-shake. When I was at Gad's Hill I had come to know my host's ways better, and was as punctual as the income-tax collector. We kept 'military time' at all our meals; but I was between breakfast and luncheon that Dickens's love of method most strongly asserted itself. He expected all and every one of his guests, who earned a livelihood by their pen, to do some kind of literary work in the interval just mentioned.

"Our party, during my stay at Gad's Hill, only comprised, in addition to our host and the members of his family, Wilkie and Charlie Collins, Andrew Halliday, the dramatist, and your humble servant. We were all told off to work at half-past ten A. M., and expected to keep at it till a quarter to two P. M. The day on which I arrived was Saturday, and I abominated working on the last day of the week, which, these thirty-five years, has been my Sabbath. Fortunately, I had brought down with me a double set of proofs of a book on the Paris Exhibition, which I was bringing out. One set I had fully corrected before leaving London, so, during my three hours and odd segregation from society, I trifled with the blank proofs and drew skeletons of the 'Tadpoles' order in the margins. Dickens had put me in his own study, preferring to work, himself, that morning in a pretty Swiss chalet in the grounds, the gift of his friend, Charles Fechter, and when I tore up my spare set of proofs with the bogus corrections, I succeeded in more than half-filling that famous waste-paper basket you wot of. Where Wilkie and Charles Collins and Andrew Halliday were lodged, and what manner of work they accomplished, I have forgotten.

"After luncheon came the equally famous ten-mile walk—five miles out and five miles in. From that pedestrian toil you were excused on showing good and proper cause; but I had been ordered walking exercise by my doctor, and was valid enough to perform with Dickens and his sister-in-law, Miss Georgina Hogarth, a tramp from Gad's Hill to Rochester Street and back. When you returned, you were expected to drink a liquor-glass of orange-brandy, and very good orange-brandy it was. I do not think that the institution known as five-o'clock tea was known in those days. At about eleven P. M., after cigars and billiards, you were expected, as a 'night-dinner,' to consume a moderate amount of hot gin-punch, brewed in inimitable style by the hands of Dickens himself. I can see him now, eyeing, with a fondly paternal glance, the jug of punch, swathed in a snowy napkin on the bob. There was no compulsion as to imbibing the steaming compound; but if you passed it by, your host looked hurt."

## New Publications.

The "True Blue Republican Campaign Songs" and "Red Hot Democratic Campaign Songs," containing words and music, have been issued by the S. Brainard Song Company, Chicago; price, 10 cents each; for sale by the newsdealers.

"A Little Game with Destiny," by Marie St. Felix, is supposed to be the diary of a Boston girl who is no better than an outcast, and yet manages to retain an outward semblance of respectability. It is cleverly written; but it is immoral from the artistic and the Comstock points of view. Published by Nocton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Facts and Fancies," a pamphlet on the safest methods for reducing and controlling the over-accumulation of fat, compiled by Mrs. Stephen T. Gage from the publications of four English physicians—Herbert Spencer, John Hilton, George Baird, and N. E. Davis—has been printed for the Children's Hospital in San Francisco, for whose benefit it is sold at all bookstores.

"A Maine Girl," a "down-East" romance by Erwin L. Coolidge; "Bellevue," a story of the South by Jno. E. Davis; "John Thorndyke's Privilege," by Joanna H. Mathews; "The Model Town and the Detectives," by Allan Pinkerton; "Husbands and Homes," by Marion Harland; and "A

Vagabond Heroine," by Mrs. Annie Edwardes, are recent paper-covered novels published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Robert Louis Stevenson's latest book is "A Foot-note to History: Eight Years of Trouble in Samoa." It is an entertaining and brilliant piece of narrative, which is ample excuse for expanding an account of the incidents of the revolution, hurricane, and subsequent peaceful arrangement of Samoan affairs into a volume of three hundred and twenty-two pages. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by A. M. Robertson.

A new and cheap edition of "The Wide, Wide World" has just been issued. It is still credited to "Elizabeth Wetherell," though all the world knows now that it was written by Susan Warner. Though it was written forty years ago, new generations of girls have wept over it every year, and it is to be hoped that those of the present year of grace are not too *fin de siècle* to enjoy it. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Gramercy Park," by John Seymour Wood, is an unpretentious little story, in which the reader is likely to become entirely absorbed until he has turned the last page. It is the story of a New York broker's clerk who marries the daughter of a dignified old Puritan, is very successful in Wall Street, and gets into a *liaison* with a pretty divorcee "who dares." The whole tale is very modern and very possible, and it is told with no little art. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In response to the interest in the Columbian quadricentennial, a series of books entitled the Columbian Historical Novels is being written by John R. Musick. The first, "Columbus," covers the age of discovery and concludes with the death of Columbus, and the second, "Estevan," begins with the sailing of Ojeda and Nicuesa to Darien, and includes the discovery of the Mississippi. A love-story is woven into the web of historical incidents, but accuracy is not sacrificed to the picturesque. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Capt'n Davy's Honeymoon," by Hall Caine, is "a Manx yarn," as the sub-title has it—a tale of a sturdy Manx sailor who, having made the fortune that was regarded by old Kiniv as an indispensable qualification of the man who would marry his daughter Nelly, weds that blooming lass. In ten days they quarrel about his money. Then he leaves her, saying he will not come back until he has spent the last penny of the money she married him for, and proceeds to make ducks and drakes of it. There is a deal of humor in the way he does this, and the trick by which the couple are brought together is very cleverly arranged. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Etelka's Vow" is a title that, rightly interpreted, gives an inkling of the story Dorothea Gerard has so christened. Etelka is a Hungarian village beauty, and so has not only the rustic swains at her feet, but two Austrian officers as well. These two Austrians—one of whom has left the army and become an illustrator of journals—had fought a duel à l'Américaine—as understood by Mrs. Gerard—by casting lots to see which of the two must kill himself within ten years. He who has successfully wooed Etelka is the one who is doomed; and, at his death, the illustrator marries Etelka. And, finally, when she finds in him her former lover's adversary in the duel, whom she has vowed to kill, she is in a very complicated situation. The author has made the most of this tragic plot, and, moreover, presents some strong pictures of Viennese and Hungarian life. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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## CROSS CURRENTS.

By MARY ANGELA DICKENS. No. 99, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE

.. FOR SEPTEMBER ..

Fox-Hunting in the Genesee Valley. By EDWARD S. MARTIN. 8 Illustrations by R. F. ZOGRAUM.

A Collection of Death-Masks. By LAURENCE HUTTON. 19 Illustrations.

Lot No. 249. A Story. By A. CONAN DOYLE. 6 Illustrations by W. T. SNEDLEY.

Washington: The Evergreen State. By JULIAN RALPH.

Those Souvenir Spoons. A Story. By MARGARET SINEY.

The World of Chance. By W. D. HOWELLS. Part VII.

Among the Sand Hills. Written and Illustrated by HOWARD PYLE.

The Aryan Mark: A New-England Town Meeting. By ANNA C. BRACKETT. 9 Illustrations by A. B. FROST.

Literary Paris. Second Paper. By THEODORE CHILD. With 13 Portraits.

Chapman. By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Jane Field. By MARY E. WILKINS. Part V. 2 Illustrations by W. T. SNEDLEY.

Poems by THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH, LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, ELEANOR B. CALDWELL, and G. H. GOLDTHWAITE.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

Editor's Easy Chair: GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.—Editor's Study: CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.—Editor's Drawer: THOMAS NELSON PAGE.—Literary Notes: LAURENCE HUTTON

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## VANITY FAIR.

Here is the schedule a writer in the *Tribune* gives of the usual hours and toilets of a girl at Newport, varied, of course, by circumstances and occasions: "After a somewhat late breakfast, our young lady, dressed, perhaps to-day, in an immaculate white linen-duck jacket and skirt, and a starched pink or blue shirt and sailor-hat, drives in the smartest of traps to the Casino. Here she either joins a group of friends, or, if (proud distinction) she secures a man, she tries by divers dodges to keep him to herself—vainly, however, as a rule, for the women flock about one of the opposite sex at a watering-place as bees do around honey. After a couple of hours of gossip or tennis at the Casino, or shopping in the village—not bathing, that is not fashionable at Newport—comes luncheon, for which, unless it is a home affair, another change of costume is effected. But it is in the afternoon that the most ravishing out-door toilets are seen, either at polo, or driving on 'The Avenue,' or at a garden-party, where the neat but simple gingham-gowned or tailor-made girl of the morning blooms out in the most fetching of French millinery. At the 'cottages,' the dinner is very late, eight o'clock being the usual hour, and this gives Miss de la Mode time after driving to slip into a captivating and restful tea-gown, and regale herself, in company with the rest of the house-party, with a cup of fragrant tea. Finally comes the formal dinner, at which full dress is expected, and this is usually followed by some evening entertainment. Fortunately for the young beauty's good looks, this strain does not last through the summer—August being the only month at Newport when there literally seems no rest by day or by night for the votaries of fashion. The rest of the season is passed about as quietly and independently as at any other watering-place."

A discussion is now raging in England which was precipitated by a young man, a bachelor with an establishment, who wrote to his journal the embarrassment he suffered when he met his maid-servants abroad. How shall he salute them, for he can not cut out of doors those who smilingly serve him within? Thus complaining, he regrets those good old days when the maid courtesied and the master noticed it or passed on, according to his mood. He confesses if it were possible he would gladly cross the road when he sees one of his household approaching, to avoid the meeting, but he is afraid. This young man's predicament has brought out suggestions of all sorts from his fellow-creatures, except the maids, whose desires, opinions, or feelings in the matter have not been considered. Why the master should hesitate to say: "Mary Ann," with a bow, "it's a fine morning, Mary Ann; been after eggs, Mary Ann?" or as it may be, and pass on, it is difficult to see. It is easy enough to indicate a difference of position by a fine assumption that there is no difference of position.

Although divorce only became statutory in France a few years ago (says a Paris correspondent of the *New York Tribune*), the divorce business has increased so enormously that it is impossible for the judges to keep pace with the petitions. The great crowd of the unhappily mated are exasperated beyond expression at the law's delay. They think that so simple a matter as the annulment of a marriage ought to be settled in a week or two. The divorce law is the best thing that has ever happened for the legal profession in France, and they are really doing a service to society by extracting every cent they can from the rich mine of conjugal unhappiness. They cause many persons of small means to reflect as to the expense before they plunge into divorce proceedings. To people of no means, however, or who live from hand to month, there is the Department of the Assistance Judiciaire. The government helps the artisan, the clerk, and the petty tradesman to readjust their matrimonial relations, provided they are not too proud to say that they are unable to pay for legal assistance. That the people belonging to the working and struggling class are not, as is generally supposed, more content than others to abide by the tickets they have drawn in the lottery of marriage, is proved by the startling fact that from January 1, 1888, to the commencement of the present year, the Bureau d'Assistance of the Metropolitan District received no less than twenty-one thousand applications for legal assistance from petitioners for divorce. Supposing the decree were granted in each of these cases, there would have been, in the brief period of four years, twenty-one thousand homes judicially broken

up in Paris alone, and all these belonging to the poorer classes—just those, in fact, who are expected to provide the country with the vast majority of its population. The government is now called upon to face the problem of what is to become of the children of the working and poorer classes whose parents have been divorced. The courts can not provide for their future, as they are able to do in the case of the offspring of persons belonging to a wealthier sphere in life. It is certain that a very large proportion of these poor children are neglected, if not abandoned, when their parents marry again. And nearly all divorced people do marry again so soon as they are freed. It is their lottery-ticket that they are disgusted with, not the lottery itself.

The progress of the light-brown shoe movement this year is even more noticeable than it was last year, which may have been the first year, if it were not the second year, of that movement in this vicinity. It is estimated, by the *Sun*, that shoes of this kind are now worn by about a quarter of a million of the denizens of New York and Brooklyn. The great majority of the wearers of them are men, but many women also wear them. If the movement in their favor continues to grow as rapidly as it has grown for the past two or three years, they will be the ordinary wear of New Yorkers before the bells ring out our dwindling century. The movement is interesting. It has advanced quietly. There has been very little talk, and there have been no lectures, so far as we know, in favor of the cause of shoe reform. Without saying a word about the subject, a multitude have put off the black, put on the light-brown, and proceeded about their other business. Few of them, so far as we have heard, argued the case outside of their own minds. They preferred the light-brown, for one reason or another, to the black. The change has affected the leather trade, the shoemakers' trade, the shoe-sellers' business, the shoe-string business, the blacking business, and the shoeblacks' business. Some men have made money by reason of it, while other men have lost.

A working-woman thus writes to a *New York* paper, and tells why she prefers work to domestic service: "I work fifty-five hours each week in summer and fifty-nine in winter. Before seven in the morning, one hour at noon, after six in the evening, part of Saturday and every Sunday and legal holidays, I am entirely at liberty to go where I please. I keep house for myself, for, with the exception of the washing, I have ample time to do the work. And even that I can do after supper, as I was often obliged to do when at service. I take and read a daily paper, have a ticket for the circulating library, do my own sewing, go to Coney Island or any place else that I can afford. Eat whatever best suits my purse and fancy, and, as I have it fresh cooked, it tastes far better than more expensive food warmed over. My hair, clothes, nationality, and religion are entirely my own business, with which the head of our firm would no more think of interfering than he would as to how or where we spend our money or spare time. In spite of the many writers to the contrary, a good hand in a factory commands good wages and very kind and respectful treatment. I was a servant eight years; had to work fifteen and sixteen hours every day; when there was company, even longer. Every other week, I had two days off, that is to say, four times each month I had the privilege of leaving the premises about two o'clock in the afternoon, to stay away until ten at night. My hair combed straight back, wore a certain style of dress, must not laugh aloud nor sing. Wore felt slippers, so as not to make any noise, and all male company strictly tabooed. If madam had an uncertain temper, you never knew whether to expect sunshine or squalls. She would make any personal remark she chose, ask any impertinent question as to your family, religion, or friends. No time to read nor sew, and a girl who showed any desire to go to balls, theatres, or picnics, would not be considered a proper person to have in the house. You eat the leavings of your master's table, and occupy a room up under the eaves with a fellow-servant who often is a very undesirable bed-fellow. It's in the air. We are all, more or less, imbued with Patrick Henry's spirit, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'"

A young wife, who is at a famous seashore resort, writes a breezy description of the situation to a friend. "You can not imagine how home-like it is here," she says; "at the hotel with us is the man we

buy our groceries from, and his family is with him. At a place across the street is our hutchman and his wife. The man who comes to us with vegetables drove past this morning in a yellow dog-cart. The woman I get chickens from in the market is at a hotel on the next square. Tom spoke to a man this morning who, he says, is the policeman on our street down here on an excursion. My dressmaker is here taking hot baths, and Tom declares his tailor is making love to her. A man went past the hotel singing last night, and Tom laughed and said: 'That's the man who drives the wagon of the man I get bottled beer from.' It's a good thing our hills are paid, or we would have a time of it."

Jules Simon read somewhere that a woman who was being tried on a criminal charge "would be acquitted if she were pretty." So he wrote to the newspapers a letter as witty as gallant on "The Influence of Beauty." In the course of it he said: "If it were said that a jury would find only an ugly woman guilty, that would be a great exaggeration; but who would dare to dispute the influence which a woman's beauty always wields. Beauty is an argument as old as the world. A lovely woman of Athens, accused of crime, did not engage a lawyer, did not utter a word; she simply showed herself." Turning to the entrance of Frenchwomen into the professions, M. Simon says: "A pretty woman will always be a most dangerous lawyer. There were several women," he adds, "who were great teachers—Hypatia, for example. She spoke behind a curtain. They understood the arguments she uttered; they did not see the argument she was. But, after all, it turned out badly for her, and did not greatly advance science. We shall be a little embarrassed with pretty women," M. Simon concludes, "when they begin to struggle with us at elections, and, more, if they make personal visits upon influential electors. Once in the Chamber of Deputies, will they speak behind a curtain as Hypatia did? There is one remedy—to fix the age of candidates at fifty years. But that rule would not last long. It would violate justice, because it would violate equality. It is the misfortune, the mistake of women, to demand equality with men. They are often asked: 'How can you demand equality when you are weak?' But it would be, at least, only just to say to them: 'How can you demand equality when you are pretty?'"

The past few summers have made evident the steady tendency toward a more rational and natural form of out-door dress for men. As a proof of the move, we to-day have the almost universal adoption of tennis or outing suits. There was a time, and only a few years back, when it was a sort of social crime for a man—a gentleman—to appear in any but a white shirt with stiffly starched bosom and unrelenting "choker," literally fulfilling its name in its task of keeping a man's head in the air. Other parts of his dress were similarly uncomfortable. What brought about the abandonment of the canons of dressing then prevailing we do not know. Whether it was a natural rebellion of man's better sense against the unreasoning mandate of those who set the fashions or whether it was the equally logical outcome of increased interest in athletic sports does not matter. The negligé shirt, the cool flannel, lightweight trousers, and the comfortable, easy-fitting coats are characteristic of the new mode. Nine men out of every ten to-day have adopted this form of dress in part or in whole for hours of recreation, and the tenth man can not long stand out against universal opinion.

The lesser financial affairs between husband and wife present many curious phases of conjugal life. The woman who possessed the historic quarter of a dollar, of whose expenditure she was always called to account, long since died. Wives are the most exacting of money-lenders. The interest on their loans outlasts that of any usurer known, and the scrupulousness with which they exact payment exceeds any method known to the law. Every woman up to date has her allowance or money in gross sums. These are hers absolutely, as if she had earned them. Out of these she can practice economies, and thus lay by, or she is in a position to loan money to her husband. When this is the case, she invariably has the best of it. It is the most difficult thing to remember money spent in car-fare and stamps. But the tenacity of a woman's memory to retain the trifling sums she loans her husband, and the expertness of her addition, seem to show that she only lacks the opportunities of modern finance. When a woman overdraws her allowance, or horrors from her husband small sums, he is by no means so clever in his bookkeeping. There is a great deal of petty swindling of which the law knows nothing, and in any case is covered by the conjugal fiction of two in one. Some women adjust their accounts and make their economies by means of their hills. The most generous of men, who never falters when presented with one of his wife's bills, probably never saw an absolutely correct hill made out in her name, which is always less or greater than the tradesman is aware. A hill she conceives is too extravagant, masquerades at a lesser sum. The over-amount she makes up on innocent smaller hills.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Bates-Marshall Wedding.

St. Luke's Church was crowded last Thursday evening with a fashionable assemblage who were there to witness the wedding of Miss Jane Larooka Marshall and Mr. Philip Stephen Bates. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mary Marshall and the late S. A. Marshall, formerly president of the American Bank and Trust Company. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bates, of Westfield, Mass. For several years he was in the banking business in Portland, Or., but now he is the receiving-teller for the American Bank and Trust Company, of this city.

The church was decorated in exquisite taste. At half-past eight o'clock the wedding march was played and the bridal party appeared. The ushers were Mr. Frank D. Willey and Mr. Andrew Faren, of this city, Mr. Fred H. Hood, of Santa Rosa, and Mr. George Baxter, of Sebastopol. Miss Elizabeth C. Wickersham, of Petaluma, and Miss Ellen W. Williams, of Portland, Or., were the bridesmaids, and the bride was escorted by her only brother, Mr. William A. Marshall. In the chancel they were met by the groom and his best man, Mr. John W. Faren, Jr., and then Rev. E. B. Spalding performed the impressive ceremony.

No formal invitations were issued to the ceremony, and there was no reception afterward. The bridal party was driven to the residence of the bride's mother, 716 Central Avenue, and at ten o'clock they enjoyed a delicious supper, served under the direction of Ludwig. The dresses worn by the ladies were exceptionally handsome and are described as follows:

The bride looked lovely in a rich Louis Quatorze robe of white, brocade, designed in garlands and clusters of roses. The bodice was cut round at the neck, and was finished with a filmy cape of point Applique lace, which fell over the shoulders and arms. The sleeves were long and ended with a fall of point lace, while her gloves were of white undressed kid. The skirt of brocade was made perfectly plain, and the long train was *à la cour*. From her collar, fell a gracefully draped veil of point Applique lace. Encircling her neck was a glittering necklace of diamonds, a gift from her mother. She carried an ivory-bound prayer-book.

Miss Williams and Miss Wickersham were attired alike in becoming gowns of cream-colored striped crepe de Chine, made with demit-trains. The corsage was cut round and trimmed with moiré ribbons and finished with a cape effect of Oriental lace.

Mrs. Mary Marshall, mother of the bride, wore a modish gown of Quaker gray bengaline. The skirt was made with a demit-train and finished with a ruche around the base. The bodice was V-shaped, back and front, and trimmed with Chantilly lace in cape form over the shoulders, while the long sleeves ended with a fall of the same lace.

On the following day Mr. and Mrs. Bates left to make a southern tour, and will be away several weeks. When they return they will reside at 716 Central Avenue until October 1st, when they will occupy their new residence, 3300 Washington Street. The wedding gifts were numerous and elegant.

## A Coming Wedding.

Mr. Robert McMillan has issued invitations for the wedding of his sister, Miss Emma McMillan, and Mr. Ellis Wooster, son of the late J. B. Wooster, which will take place at the home of the bride, 202 Ridley Street, at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, September 7th. Rev. Robert Mackenzie will officiate, and the bride's brother will give her into the keeping of the groom. Miss Jennie McMillan, the bride's sister, will act as maid of honor, and the bridesmaids will be Miss Sarah Dean, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Daisy Farnsworth, and Miss Susie Wells. The best man will be Mr. W. B. Cooke, and the ushers will comprise Mr. George S. Mearns, Mr. Robert A. Irving, Mr. James Bonnell, and Mr. Cornelius Roman. Only the bridal-party and a few relatives and intimate friends will witness the ceremony. At nine o'clock a reception will be held, to which about two hundred friends have been invited.

## The Country Club.

Monterey is crowded with the members of the Country Club and guests who are there to enjoy the club's annual outing. The trains on Thursday and Friday conveyed hundreds of visitors. Friday night was to be given up to a concert, followed by a ball. Saturday is to be devoted to the pigeon-shooting contest at the grounds. A luncheon will be served there at one o'clock to all the guests of the club, and there will be music; in the evening there is to be a ball and a midnight supper. On Sunday there will be a concert in the morning by the Park Band, and a display of fire-works and a concert in the evening. The majority of the guests will return to the city on Monday by the Country Club's special train.

The complete programme and a list of those who are at the hotel was published in last week's issue of the *Argonaut*.

The programme of the concerts to be given by the Park Band, of fifty pieces, has not yet, however, been published. It is as follows:

## FRIDAY, 9 P. M.

"Under the Greenwood-Tree," with horn quartet, lishopi; overture, "Morning, Noon, and Night," Suppé; quartet and storm, "Rigoletto," Verdi; introduction and siciliana, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; "Fleurs de St. Petersburg" (waltz), Resch; fantasia on drinking-songs (the round of the Owls) Club—time, one to 5 A. M.; White; "The Country Club's Patrol" (composed especially for this occasion), A. Spindale.

## SATURDAY, 9 P. M.

Fantasia overture, (Gené); divertissement Espagnol, (a) segredillo, (b) havanaise, (c) bolero de Cadiz, (d) cachucha, Desormes; selection, "Un Ballo in Maschera," Verdi; "Pro Patria," marche solenne (mention honorable), L'Exposition de 1889, T. Jenin, Jr.; serenade for horn and flute,

Tid; American fantasia (tone pictures of the North and South), Bendix; overture, "Son and Stranger," Mendelssohn; song, "Row On, My Love," solo for trombone, Redding; pavana, favorite of Louis the Fourteenth, Brissot; intermezzo, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; introduction and "Eridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," Wagner; burlesque rondo, "A Comical Contest," with variations for E-flat clarinet, two cornets, piccolo, euphonium, E-flat clarinet, and two bassoons, composed and arranged by Charles Godfrey, Bandmaster Royal Horse Guards.

## SUNDAY, 10 A. M.

Overture, "Oberon," Weber; "Ave Maria," cornet solo, Spadina; pilgrim's chorus, "I Lombardi," Verdi; adante cantabile, First Symphony, Beethoven; "Am Meer," trombone solo, Schubert; medley, overture, Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mercadente; primo prelude to "Lohengrin," Wagner; waltz, "New Vienna," Strauss; introduction and church scene, "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; chorus and song on the evening star, "Tannhauser," Wagner; "Oratorio de Moise," Rossini; chorus, hallelujah aus der "Oratorio der Messias," Handel.

## SUNDAY, 9 P. M.

Overture, "Tantalusqualein," Suppé; "Lorelei," paraphrase, Nesvade; Offenbachiana, Offenbach; waltz, "Dreams of the Ocean," Gungl; "Tannhauser March," Wagner; serenade, Schubert; reminiscences of Meyerbeer, Godfrey; "Loin du Bal," Gillet; international congress (concluding with "Star Spangled Banner," instrumented in imitation of Wagner), Souza; paraphrase, "Home, Sweet Home."

## The Baglioli Concert.

A concert was given last Tuesday evening for the benefit of Signor Antonio Baglioli, under the direction of Signor G. B. Galvani. It was well attended and was highly enjoyable. The harmonie piano and calderharp, two novel Italian musical instruments, were introduced for the first time in America, and were very interesting. The programme presented was as follows:

"Mia Sposa Sira, la mia Bandiera," romanza, Rotols; Signor A. Baglioli; song, Miss Emma Haas; violin solo, G. Minetti, of Turin; cavatina, "Vesperi Siciliani," Verdi; Signor De Cruvel; song, Mr. C. H. Howland; banjo duet, J. "The Distant Brass Band," 2. "Under the Gaslight," Messrs. Dan and Willis Polk; romanza from "Cavalleria Rusticana," Mascagni; Signor Domenico Rossi; intermezzo, Mascagni, played on the harmonie piano, Signor G. B. Galvani, calderharp, Mr. R. Foster, organ, Professor Ad. Locher; song, Miss Marie Williams; "Les Deux Alouettes," solo for the calderharp, Professor A. Locher; banjo solo, Mr. Dan Polk; romanza from "Favorita," Donizetti, Signor A. Baglioli.

By the will of the late Count Giulio Valensin, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate, consisting of the Valensin Stock Farm at Pleasanton and other property, is valued at \$300,000. The heirs are the widow, Minnie Valensin, aged thirty years, and a son, Pio, by a former marriage. The deceased gives to his son, Pio, now living with the divorced wife of deceased, the sum of one dollar, and intentionally omits to make further provision for him. The residue of the estate is given to his friends, H. H. Pitcher and Judge W. E. Greene, in trust. They shall pay to the widow, so long as she remains unmarried, \$2,000 per annum, and to the mother of the deceased in Italy the sum of \$1,500 per annum. In the event of the widow's death, her share shall go to the nephews of the deceased in Florence, Italy. Upon the death of his mother and widow, or death of the mother and marriage of the widow, the trust shall cease and the estate shall be distributed to the nephews. A family allowance of \$2,000 per annum is given to the widow in the will during the administration of the estate. Judge Greene and H. H. Pitcher are named as executors. They may, in their discretion, conduct the breeding business at Pleasanton. The executors will now take charge of the famous stallion, Sidney, valued at \$100,000. Fred E. Whitney is attorney for the executors. It is supposed that the will will be contested.

The action of dynamite seems to be almost as chaotic as that of lightning, to judge from an occurrence related in *La Science Moderne*. A miner was fishing with dynamite cartridges, when one of them exploded as he was in the act of casting it, and carried away one of his hands. During the twelve hours it took to convey him to a hospital-ship, under a tropical sun, gangrene set in, and he died shortly after reaching his refuge. His body was riddled with communicating subcutaneous channels, and at the post-mortem examination, it was found that the nails of the lost hand, having been detached, had acted as projectiles, and were found near the spinal column in the thoracic region.

The British naval authorities are saving money in a novel way in connection with big gun practice. The *Benbow* has been practicing a good deal with her 110-ton guns, and, as this gun throws a projectile weighing eighteen hundred pounds, the expense of each shot runs pretty high. So tubes have been placed in the bores of the big guns which fit a musket-cartridge, and while the big guns are themselves handled and aimed, all that is fired is a musket-bullet. Some excellent hits have been made in this practice.

An original method of inducing the residents of Alsace-Lorraine to become Germans has been discovered by the *Volk*, the organ of Herr Stoecker. This journal proposes that the state shall give a dowry to every native of Alsace-Lorraine who marries a German.

The *Delaware County Democrat* says: "We must confess we don't like the look of things in New York. While the three great Democratic morning papers professedly are for Cleveland, not even the *Sun* is giving him the kind of support we should like to see."

—THE BALANCE OF THE HAYWARD ESTATE, consisting of thirty very desirable business, hotel, and residence sites, pleasantly situated in Haywards, Alameda County, is to be sold at auction by Easton, Eldridge & Co., for Mr. William J. Dingee, on Saturday, September 3d. Full particulars of the property, and of the place, date, and terms of sale will be found in the advertisement in another column.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Her majesty the queen is somewhat sensitive in the matter of her authority as sovereign of a nation fast growing democratic. To a member of her court who said, "I suppose they will make several new peers, now that Mr. Gladstone is in," Victoria replied, with emphasis, "They?"

Of the venerable mother of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who lives on the old Reid homestead, near Springfield, O., the *Basar* says:

"She is a woman of striking appearance—tall, white-haired, and well-preserved for her advanced age, for she is within a few months of eighty-nine. When a correspondent called on her recently, she was dressed neatly, but with great plainness, in a gown of black and white striped calico, with an old-fashioned cap of white lace on her head. Mrs. Reid's memory for the events of her younger years is excellent, and she tells quaintly of her son's departure for college. 'When Whitelaw went away to school,' she said, 'he had a hard time to get along. One day I packed up for him a crock of butter, a loaf of bread, a sack of meal, and a boiled ham. I wrote him to get some butter-milk to mix with the meal and make some cakes. He wrote me back that it was the best meal he had eaten for a long time. Mrs. Reid prides with great care a cedar-tree her son planted near the portico of the house when a boy.'

Gail Hamilton has tried every other means of freeing Mrs. Maybrick, and now she invites all Christian churches to offer up prayers in behalf of the imprisoned woman.

"Ancient tradition" has in this country preserved to maidens the privilege of being selected to break the bottle of champagne over the bow of a vessel and thus give her the name by which the world should know her. But this precedent was departed from at the launching of the 2,000-ton cruiser at City Point Works, Boston, when Mrs. C. F. Allen, daughter-in-law of one of the assignees of the works, broke the bottle of wine over the stem of the vessel and said: "In the name of King Neptune, I name thee *Marblehead*." An earlier departure was made in 1888, when the wife of Chief Naval Constructor Wilson was chosen to christen one of the cruisers, Secretary Whitney making the selection. Other instances of married women christening vessels are:

The British Lord of Admiralty has frequently selected married women for this duty when ships of importance have been launched since 1852, when the battle-ship *Edinburgh* was christened by Mrs. John Phipps, wife of the Admiral. Then the *Calliope*, the vessel which ran out of the harbor in Samoa so handsomely and successfully at the time when other vessels were wrecked in the hurricane, was christened by Lady Phipps Hornby, wife of Admiral-in-Chief Hornby, on June 24, 1884. Then followed, in the order named, the Japanese cruiser, *Nanzen-Kan*, christened by Lady Armstrong, on March 7, 1885; the battle-ship *Camperdown*, by Mrs. W. H. Smith, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, on March 24, 1885; the cruiser *Jersey*, by Lady Key, wife of Admiral Sir A. Cowley Key, on March 21, 1885; the Austrian cruiser *Panther*, by Lady Armstrong, on June 13, 1885; the coast-guard battleship, *Albatross*, by Lady Armstrong, on June 15, 1885; the armored cruiser *Orlando*, by Lady Palmer, wife of Sir C. M. Palmer, on August 3, 1886; also the armored cruiser *Undaunted*, by Lady George Hamilton; the armored cruiser *Narcissus*, by the wife of C. H. Wilson, member of Parliament, on December 15, 1887; the cruiser *Barracutta*, by the wife of Captain C. G. Fane, on May 16, 1889; the cruiser *Goldfinch*, by the wife of Flag-Captain A. C. Curtis, on May 18, 1889; the cruiser *Vulcan*, by the wife of Admiral Gordon, on June 13, 1889; the 9,000-ton battle-ship *Blake*, by Lady George Hamilton, on November 23, 1889; the 9,000-ton battle-ship, *Blenheim*, by the wife of Admiral Hopkins, on July 9, 1890; the 14,150-ton battle-ship *Royal Sovereign*, by Queen Victoria, on February 25, 1891; the *Empress of India*, sister to the *Royal Sovereign*, by the Duchess of Connaught, May 7, 1891; the cruiser *Sapho*, by Lady Colomb, May 9, 1891; the 7,500-ton armored cruiser *Endymion*, by the Marchioness of Salisbury, July 22, 1891; the 14,150-ton battle-ship *Hood*, by Lady Hood, wife of Viscount Hood, on July 30, 1891; and the 14,150-ton battle-ship *Resolution*, by the wife of Chief-Constructor W. H. White, on May 28, 1892. The Spanish battle-ship *Infanta Maria Teresa* was christened by Queen Christina, on the Nerlon, near Balboa, on August 30, 1890. The Inman Line steamships *City of New York* and *City of Havre* were christened by Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Colin Campbell, respectively, when they were launched in 1888; the North German Lloyd steamship *Lahn* was christened by Mrs. Barnwell, on September 6, 1889; the *Columbia*, of the Hamburg-American, was christened by Mrs. John Laird, on February 27, 1889; and the *Friesland*, by Mrs. Marsly, on August 15, 1889.

Miss Bulkeley, who has been appointed a dean in the new Chicago University, has been principal of the high school at Plainfield, N. J., for many years. She is now about forty years old, and is a native of Danbury, Conn.

In a recent interview, Sardou told this story on himself:

"George Sand, then at the zenith of her fame, was one of my pet idols. One morning I went to the Odéon, with a play rolled up in my hand; the stage-manager told me they were rehearsing one of George Sand's pieces, that the stage was full, and Mme. Sand there superintending the stage-setting. 'Mme. Sand! I screamed; 'oh, let me go on the stage; let me look at her; let me go near her; find me a place somewhere—do!' As I went on the stage—very timidly, of course, and as awkward as any schoolboy—I saw a large, not ill-favored woman, looking like a cook, rolling up cigarettes and lolling in a large arm-chair. The cigarettes I noticed particularly, as the regulations were very severe, no one being allowed to smoke on the stage. I thought to myself, that is some old duenna or the stage-manager's cousin; but imagine the shock when I heard and realized that she was George Sand! That how, however, slight the rehearsal went on. At a certain point there was a lull, and one of the machinists, or firemen, was obliged to cross the stage. He had just started, when Sand caught sight of him; she stopped short with the cigarette she was rolling, she turned from the manager, she looked at her, and her eyes followed him for a moment; when, instead of answering the manager's question, with a bland smile, she murmured: 'Il est bignement bien fait, ce gars là!'

While the angry natives were smashing the windows of the English Mission and a mob was raging at its doors at Fez, the wife of the minister, Lady Euan Smith, had her camera out and was getting their photographs, though for artistic, not legal, purposes.

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poses. "Allah, burn the devil! What soldiers these Englishwomen make!" was the flattering comment made by the war minister of the Sultan of Morocco. Miss Kerrison, her guest, at the same time was making out an application for a repeating-rifle, by recounting her previous success in breaking glass-balls.

Victoria's maids of honor, who are paid fifteen hundred dollars a year for their services, earn their salaries. They are obliged to appear before the queen in a new gown every day that they are on duty, and to be in readiness to attend her majesty at any and every hour of the day.

A curious legal contest has just been concluded in France. The *London Standard* gives this account of it:

In 1836, the late Mme. d'Yvon was a widow named Mrs. Smith. She had one child, Frederica, who fell in love with a French gentleman, M. de Tregomain. He was very poor, and Mrs. Smith refused to give her consent. Immediately she came of age, the daughter married M. de Tregomain. Fifteen years later, in 1871, M. de Tregomain was killed at the Battle of Mans. His widow, left in the greatest distress, implored in vain the assistance of her mother, who had, in the interval, married M. d'Yvon. She brought an action against her mother to compel her to provide her with the means of living, which, if they have the means, parents are bound by French law to do for indigent children. It was during these legal proceedings that Mme. d'Yvon, for the first time, denied her maternity. She related that, in 1834, when traveling with her first husband, Mr. Smith, in England, she was very anxious to have a child, and, knowing she could never become a mother, she applied to a work-house in Sussex, where she found an orphan girl, five months old, who was inscribed on the registers as Mary Ann Chaplin. She adopted her, and from that moment gave it out to the world that the infant whom she called Frederica was her daughter. Mme. d'Yvon supported her assertion by medical testimony to prove she had never given birth to a child. Mme. de Tregomain invoked the evidence of Dr. Perkins, who swore that at about the date of her birth, he visited Mrs. Smith, who gave birth to twins, one a boy, who died almost immediately, and the other a girl, who was named Frederica. In addition to this, Mme. de Tregomain reminded the court that at the moment when she fell in love with her future husband, Mrs. Smith had been so far from denying her maternity that she had, on the contrary, invoked her maternal authority to the utmost to prevent her from marrying M. de Tregomain. After three years' litigation, the supreme court, in July, 1876, proclaimed that Mme. de Tregomain was the daughter of Mme. d'Yvon. Notwithstanding this judgment, Mme. d'Yvon continued to protest, and when she died, in 1891, it was found that her will had been altered to recognize her daughter, and had left all her immense fortune to M. de Grandchamp. This will the civil tribunal of Paris has just annulled.



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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Hope Ellis, only daughter of Mr. William T. Ellis, a prominent merchant and capitalist of Marysville, to Mr. Callaghan Byrne, son of Mrs. James Irvine, of this city. Miss Ellis has passed a couple of seasons here and at Monterey, and has become a great favorite with the many she has met. The wedding will take place in the first week of October at the home of the bride's parents in Marysville.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Frances Anita Plum, and Mr. James Irvine, which will take place at their residence, 308 Page Street, at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon, September 1st.

Miss Belle Garber, daughter of Judge and Mrs. John Garber, and Mr. Whitney Palache, son of Mr. James Palache, will be married next Tuesday at the residence of the bride's parents at Claremont, near Temescal.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas gave a most enjoyable breakfast at the Casino, in Santa Cruz, last Saturday in honor of the officers of the First United States Infantry, who have been encamped there. The national colors were prominent in the decoration of the table, and the menu was bounteous.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mrs. James Carolan and the Misses Carolan have returned to the city after a pleasant visit at Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook are passing a couple of weeks at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Charles Nelson and Miss Georgia Emerson, of Oakland, are in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will remain at Castle Crag during September. Mr. Robert Sherwood and the Misses Marie and Kate Voorbies are in Paris.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman are paying a month's visit to Castle Crag. Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger, who have been passing the season at Richfield Springs, N. Y., will return here in a few days.

Mr. Charles L. Fair has returned from the East, after passing a month at Long Branch and Newport. Mr. and Mrs. William F. Bowers have returned to the city after passing the season at Monterey.

Mr. M. Nuttall and her daughter, Miss Roberta Nuttall, left for the East last Wednesday en route to Europe. Misses Florence and Lillian Reed have returned to the city after passing the summer at Auburn.

Miss Laura McKinstry is in Paris. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William A. Magee left New York last Wednesday for Europe.

Mrs. John O'Neill Reis and Miss Maggie Brooks have been passing the last two months in San José. Mr. N. K. Masten and the Misses Irene, Jennie, and Alice Masten returned last Sunday from a pleasant visit at Monterey.

Rev. and Mrs. Charles J. Mason, *né* Merry, will return from Alaska in a couple of weeks. Mr. James G. Greene, of this city, is passing a few weeks at the Gables, Ronkonkoma, L. I.

Mr. Leland Gamble left on Friday for Arizona with the intention of locating permanently in the vicinity of Phoenix. Mrs. A. M. Easton and her grandchildren will remain at Castle Crag until October.

Miss Florence Lockwood is visiting friends in Paris. Miss Ella Adams has returned from a visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood returned from Lake Tahoe last Monday, and are now at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart are enjoying a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. Joseph Tobin has returned from his Eastern trip. Mr. Charles P. Hubbard is at Newport. Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman have returned from a tour of Southern California.

Mr. Henry J. Crocker returned from Salt Lake City early in the week. Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Moody and Miss Moody have returned from an enjoyable trip to Japan and China.

Mr. and Mrs. William Rounseville Wildman, *né* Aldrich, are expected here in September from Singapore, where Mr. Wildman has been serving as United States Consul. It is said that the Sultan of Johore and suite will accompany them.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adèle and Ethel Martel will return in a few days from Santa Cruz, where they have been passing the summer.

Mrs. John D. Vest and Miss Vest are in Paris. Miss Louise Moulder is visiting Switzerland. Mrs. John W. Gashwiler and the Misses Lottie and Laura Gashwiler left last Thursday for New York city, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green have left San Rafael, where they have been all summer, and are now at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow have been visiting friends in Napa during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young will remain at Meadowlands for several weeks. Miss Lou Wall, of Oakland, has returned home after studying art in Europe for the past five years. Mrs. Wilbur S. Raymond, who has been passing several

months at The Colonial, has returned to her home in the East. Miss Mabel Love is the guest of Mrs. A. H. Rutherford at Monterey.

Miss Grant has returned to the city after a pleasant visit to relatives in Detroit. Mrs. Harry W. Gardner and her sister, Miss Mae Helene Bacon, will leave for Guatemala by steamer on September 5th.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will go to Monterey in September for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, will visit Lake Tahoe next month.

Mrs. Hall McAllister and Miss McAllister are visiting Mrs. B. Peyton at her home near Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones have returned from San Rafael after passing the season there, and are at Monterey for a week.

Mr. Benjamin Arnold has returned from a two weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe. Mrs. N. Dillon, the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon, and Mr. Thomas Dillon have returned to the city after passing the season at San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Kilgarriff will remain in Sausalito until the winter season. Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Thomas, of this city, are traveling in Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. Gardner F. Williams and the Misses Fannie, Gertrude, and Dorothy Williams are in London. Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman were in Paris when last heard from.

Miss Mae Dimond has arrived at West Point, N. Y. Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington and Miss Eleanor Wood have arrived in New York city.

Mrs. A. W. Scott will pass a couple of weeks at Castle Crag in September. Mr. and Mrs. James Appleton Maguire will visit friends in Portland, Or., for a couple of weeks in September. They are still occupying their cottage in Sausalito, and last Sunday entertained Mr. and Mrs. William Harvey Jardine and Mr. Chadwick, of Los Angeles.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Newhall have returned from San Rafael, where they have been passing the summer. General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull are in the city on a visit from their ranch in Tulare County.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Seligman, who passed the season in San Rafael, have returned to the city. Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Frater are at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels returned last Wednesday from an enjoyable visit to the Hawaiian Islands. Mrs. Paolo de Vecchi has been in San Rafael during the past week visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pollis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Merritt are passing a few weeks at the Grand Union Hotel in Saratoga. Mrs. Frank Soule and Miss M. Soule, of Oakland, are passing the season at Fort William Henry, near Lake George.

Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., was in Springfield, Mass., last week. Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith and Mrs. Robert Morrison are traveling in Italy.

Mr. Ferdinand Reis left last Wednesday to visit Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard are visiting Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Herold will remain in Sausalito until October 1st. Mrs. George J. Bucknall will go to Castle Crag about September 25th, to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. William B. Wightman have returned from an enjoyable visit at Santa Cruz. Mr. and Mrs. William Fries returned last Monday from a fortnight's visit at San José.

Mrs. Robert F. Bunker is enjoying a visit at Lake Tahoe. Mr. Robert McMillan and the Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan have returned to the city after passing the summer at Rhyolite and Lakeside.

Miss E. B. Reynolds is visiting the Misses Sheebay at their residence, 803 Van Ness Avenue. Mr. J. B. Stetson has been enjoying a visit to Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. Ruth Blackwell and Miss Louise Holladay have arrived in London, where they will remain until October and then go to Norway.

Mr. Claude T. Hamilton and Mr. E. Y. Judd will pass the coming month in Sausalito. Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Emeric and Miss Lorena Barber will return to the city on September 1st, after passing the summer at their ranch near San Pablo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, who have been passing the summer in San Rafael, will return to the city next Wednesday. Mr. Walter M. Painter is in the city on a visit from his cattle range in Arizona.

Mrs. M. P. Jones, Mrs. W. J. Somers, and Mr. Fairbank G. Somers are at Castle Crag. Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Peterson and family are rusticating on a ranch near Mountain View.

Miss Belle Smith is visiting Mrs. A. H. Rutherford at Monterey. Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Hewlett, of Stockton, have returned from a brief visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Rideout have returned to Marysville after passing a month at Santa Cruz.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Leonard A. Lovering, Fourth Infantry, U. S. A., has been formally relieved from duty as aide-de-camp to General Ruger, U. S. A.

Lieutenant George E. Gage, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence. Dr. and Mrs. Harry O. Perley, U. S. A., formerly of Fort Mason, are in Washington, D. C.

Engineer Victor Blue, U. S. N., of the *Charleston*, is passing his vacation at Marion, S. C.

Sir Edmond du Cane, a student of crime, says there were 85,250 "habitual criminals" known to the London police in 1854, and that in 1890, the number had fallen to 52,000. He scouts the idea that crime would cease if drunkenness were swept away. "If any social habit more than another leads to crime," he says, "it is that of betting and gambling, which derive their attraction from the hope of getting rich without work."

The second congress of the National Real Estate Association will convene in Buffalo, N. Y., on October 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1892. Mr. Will E. Fisher, of the firm of Tevis & Fisher, of this city, is one of the vice-presidents of the association.

The Boston postmaster the other day got a letter addressed "Charles Smith, K Pan." It was at once sent to Cape Ann.

## Valuable Works of Art.

Buyers of fine paintings should not fail to visit the Gump Gallery, at 581 Market Street, where the Messrs. Gump are exhibiting their latest importations from Europe. These include some superb paintings from the Paris Salon and the exhibitions in Rome and Munich, as well as from the ateliers of the most famous artists, and are such as would do honor to any public or private gallery. A number of exquisite water-colors are included in the collection.

## THE INNER MAN.

Though "The Science of Nutrition," by Edward Atkinson and others, contains essays on food-values and dietaries in keeping with its title, its chief interest (says the *Nation*) lies in the description of Mr. Atkinson's invention, the Aladdin oven. Impressed by the elaborate unsuitability to its purpose of the ordinary kitchen range, he, some years ago, began experimenting with various other methods of cooking, and has at last satisfied himself by the substitution of a paper box for the iron box that we now try to bake in. From the non-conducting character of the oven walls, there results a surprising economy of fuel, so that almost or quite all the cooking for a family of moderate size may be done with one central-draft lamp. This seems less astonishing when we remember that the heat of the lamp is strictly confined to its own work, cooking food, very little escaping to raise the temperature of the kitchen and the temper of the cook. Economy of food as well as fuel, it is affirmed, attends the use of the Aladdin oven, since the cheaper meats, grains, and vegetables are so improved in taste and digestibility by long cooking at moderate temperatures as to be really better than more expensive kinds of food cooked in the common way. This long, slow cooking is just what can not be managed in our fickle ranges without close watching, but the Aladdin oven, it seems, may be left to itself for hours at a time in perfect assurance that all will be well. It is even said that the family may sleep care-free while their breakfast cooks all night. The use of a thermometer to determine the heat of the oven and of accurate time-schedules promises to put the art of cooking on an exact and scientific basis, and will leave to the ridicule they deserve such ancient devices of oven-testing as "holding your hand in while you count thirty," and other trials by ordeal. The Aladdin oven, though especially fitted to bless the poor, will probably fail when put into the hands of coarse and ignorant women either in their own homes or in well-to-do kitchens where they rile the roast, as the greatest exactness possible and necessary in using it will be anything but a recommendation to those who value luck as an excuse for their own shortcomings. Its greatest success should be scored in thrifty homes of the middle class. There are plenty of people who are poor enough, and at the same time intelligent enough, to welcome such an invention when once tried. The frugal housewife who used to sigh over her receipts beginning, "A pair of full-grown but fat and tender chickens," will smile, perhaps, with incredulity, to read one of Mr. Atkinson's: "Order the toughest old gander that can be found in the market," etc.; but she will be sure to feel a real satisfaction on learning how to make such unpromising material not only eatable but good.

Our latest English critic, Panmore Gordon, is cordial in his recognition of the creature comforts of America. He recalls, with astonishment, the strange aversion made by Mr. Walter Besant: "As there is no cookery in America, it was impossible, save by the aid of canvas-backs, to dine à l'Américaine." Our author's more enlarged experience enables him to pronounce this declaration monstrous and indefensible. "Has Besant," he cried, "never heard of terrapins—the true diamond-back terrapins of Chesapeake, whereof the belles of Baltimore make boast? Knows he nothing of the chicken gumbo wherewith the Creoles of New Orleans have enriched the menu of civilization? Wots he not of the soft-shelled crabs of New York?" Mr. Gordon assures the English novelist that if he really knew the United States he could instantly draw up from memory a Rabelaisian list of the triumphs of American cookery, setting forth not only the merits of terrapin, gumbo, and soft-shelled crab, but also of clam-bowder, of shad, pompano, and Spanish mackerel, of corn-bread, succotash, and corn on the cob. Mr. Gordon goes on to make the mouths of his readers water by describing a strictly American dinner, at which he had the good fortune to assist. The host, it seems, had seated five guests about a round table. Before every man was an ice-packed bottle of the dry champagne he particularly affected. To Blue Point oysters succeeded terrapin; then a whole canvas-back was put before each guest, one or more birds being held in reserve for men with enviable appetites. Afterward came a mayonnaise of celery; then the waiter served a little fruit and a little cheese. Finally, there was a cup of coffee, after which the table was cleared for action, and a search for four aces followed.

Sherry appears to have had its day, for the English consul at Cadiz reports that the exportations of this wine for British consumption, once a very great industry, are steadily and rapidly declining. Madeira also is likely to share the same fate. The Spanish Government has appointed a commission to check the adulteration of Spanish wines, but so much opposition is made to the commission that its recommendations are not likely to have much weight. Madeira was the choicest beverage of our Puritan and Cavalier forefathers in New England and on the South Atlantic Coast, and it is probably the fault of the wine-makers themselves that there has been no adequate attempt of recent years to restore the wine to its old-time place of favor.

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## NOTHING ON—NOT EVEN HER BOOTS.

## A Terrible Watering-Place Scandal.

Miss Tahitha Grey had not reached the age of forty-five years without acquiring an extensive and unfavorable knowledge of her own sex. Men were wicked; Miss Grey admitted and deplored the fact, but it was so much in the order of nature that she had almost ceased to cavil at it. But that women should be wicked! Here Miss Grey's toleration gave out. And so many women, especially young women, and more especially pretty young women, were wicked. It was atrocious. Entertaining this general opinion, Miss Grey, as a matter of course, held Maggie Lester in the utmost detestation. The hotel was, in fact, hardly large enough to contain, in any comfort, Miss Grey on the one hand and on the other Maggie Lester, her brother Charles, and their friend and traveling companion, Captain Petrie. It is true that the feeling of discomfort was entirely confined to Miss Grey. The young people were very civil to her when any one of them happened to be next her at table, and at other times thought nothing about her; but Miss Grey endured agonies enough for a hotel full of people. She shuddered at Maggie's striped waistcoat and white sailor's knot, with its golden pin, at her brown boots, at her love of long and hard rides, at her not infrequent slang, above all, at the terms of hearty and familiar camaraderie on which she thought fit to conduct her acquaintance with Captain Petrie. The decorum of literature forbids that Miss Grey's inmost suspicions should be put in writing; it must suffice to say that they were very dark, indeed—so dark that all the other ladies, to whom Miss Grey repeated them, could not but come to the conclusion that there must be some truth in them.

One morning, after breakfast, Miss Grey took her knitting and the *Church Times* and sat down in the veranda. A moment later, to her disgust, Charlie Lester and Captain Petrie came out of the dining-room, lit their cigars, and, after a polite "Good-morning," took their seats a few yards from her. Miss Grey sniffed the tobacco-tainted air and was about to rise and ostentatiously remove herself from the infected zone, when she heard a scrap of conversation between the two young men which entirely altered her determination. She sat still and listened with all her might.

"I wonder when Maggie will be down," said Lester; "I want to tell her."

"Oh, you're too late," said Petrie; "I've told her."

"What, have you seen her?"

"Yes. I knew she'd like to know, so I went outside her door five minutes ago and shouted what we'd heard, and she came out directly."

"Had she anything on?" inquired Lester, in an interested tone.

"No," responded Captain Petrie; "but that made no difference."

"It would to me," said Lester, with a smile.

"And to me," said the captain; "but it didn't to her. I reminded her of it, and she said that it made no odds—she wanted to hear all I knew directly. So we stood in the hall, and—"

Miss Grey had been gradually becoming more and more horrified. She had been prepared for a good deal, but this was too much. And the creature's own brother listened to it! Her knitting fell from her grasp, and the needles jangled on the floor. The captain hastened to pick them up, interrupting his narrative for that purpose; but Miss Grey froze him with an awful look, and strode into the house.

Miss Grey was a woman who never allowed herself to be turned from the path of duty, however painful that path might be to others. She soon made up her mind as to what she must do, and, having come to a resolution, she laid the whole matter before an informal committee of three irreproachable and austere matrons, whom she selected from among her fellow-guests. The immediate result of their conference was that when Maggie Lester, looking very fresh and blooming after her morning gallop, came in to luncheon and took her place at the table, no fewer than four elderly ladies put down their knives and forks, rose from their chairs, and solemnly stalked out of the room.

"Hullo! what's up?" said Charlie Lester.

But nobody knew what was up; and, to all appearance, Maggie least of all, for she cheerfully began her lunch, merely remarking to the captain, as though in continuance of a previous conversation:

"It wouldn't have been so bad if I'd had anything—even the least little bit—on, would it?"

"Ah, you ought to have put your boots on," said the captain, with a smile.

A fifth lady, sitting by, overheard these remarks, and when, after lunch, Miss Grey informed her of the startling occurrence of the morning, her testimony completed the damning chain of evidence. They made a joke of it! What could the suggestion of boots—only boots—be, except a vulgar, shameless jest? The ladies went in a body to the hotelkeeper and intimated that either they or the Lester party must forthwith leave the hotel. The hotelkeeper demanded reasons; cogent, irrefragable reasons were supplied by Miss Grey and the fifth lady—reasons clothed, of course, in decorous language, but unmistakably revealing the infamous conduct of Maggie Lester.

"I assure you, ladies," exclaimed the hotelkeeper, heads of perspiration standing on his brow, "it's the first time such a thing has ever occurred in my house."

"It must be the last," said Miss Grey, firmly.

"I will act at once," declared the hotelkeeper; "this is a respectable house, and such proceedings can not be tolerated. Good gracious! It would endanger my business!"

"And your soul," said Miss Grey, solemnly.

"I beg your pardon?" said the hotelkeeper.

"And your soul," repeated Miss Grey.

"Oh, yes, to be sure—of course, my soul, miss. I'll go to Mr. Lester at once."

The hotelkeeper was a nervous, hashful man, and when he found himself standing before the Lesters and Captain Petrie, as they drank their after-luncheon coffee, he was much embarrassed. At last he managed to indicate that he wished to speak to Mr. Lester alone.

"Oh, nonsense!" said Charlie. "Go on. What's the matter?"

The hotelkeeper nerved himself for the effort. After all, if these people were not ashamed for themselves, why should he blush for them? Looking sternly at Charlie, he began to formulate his accusation. He had not got far before Maggie gave a little shriek of amazement, and the captain, jumping up, seized him by the collar and exclaimed:

"What do you mean, you rascal? What's this scandalous nonsense you've got hold of?" and the captain shook his host severely.

"I am not to be bullied, sir," said the hotelkeeper, stoutly. "I have excellent authority for what I say, and—"

"Whose authority?"

The hotelkeeper vouched Miss Grey and the fifth lady.

"We must look into this," said the captain.

Maggie, who was blushing severely, but was not without a secret tendency to convulsive laughter, was prevailed upon to accompany them, and the four proceeded to the drawing-room, where the Inquisition sat enthroned on the sofa, Miss Grey presiding. Miss Grey rose with a gesture of horror.

"Not gone yet?" she exclaimed.

"No, ma'am," said the captain; "we want to hear your story first."

"Have you no shame?" demanded Miss Grey of Maggie.

"Never mind that ma'am," said the captain; "let's hear the story first."

Miss Grey cast an appealing glance at the ceiling, and began: "With my own ears I heard it. Mrs. Britton" (Mrs. Britton was the fifth lady) "will confirm what I say. With my own ears I heard Captain Petrie relate to Mr. Lester—to this person's brother—that he had had an interview with this person when this person was entirely—" Miss Grey paused for a moment, gathered her courage, and added, in an awestruck whisper, "disrobed."

A shudder ran through the audience. The culprits' faces expressed real or simulated astonishment.

"If I must put it plainly," pursued Miss Grey—and at this several ladies opened their fans and held them before their faces—"Captain Petrie said that Miss Lester—that person—had nothing on, and that when he reminded her of it she stated that the circumstance was immaterial. Subsequently, at luncheon, the young woman herself admitted the fact in the hearing of Mrs. Britton. If that is not enough—"

It apparently was enough, for Charlie Lester threw himself into an arm-chair with a wild shriek of laughter. Maggie's slight figure shook convulsively as she hid her face in her handkerchief, and Captain Petrie, after a moment's blank amazement, cried out:

"By Jove! I've got it. Oh! this beats anything!" And he joined in with a loud guffaw.

"Is that the way you treat such a—an abominable—" began Miss Grey, austere.

"Oh! stop; for heaven's sake, stop!" exclaimed the captain; "you'll be the death of me, you really will!"

Silence followed for a moment, and the captain, conquering his mirth, went on: "I don't know if any of you ladies go in for horse-racing. Probably not; I'm sure Miss Grey doesn't. Well, this morning I heard that a horse of mine, which is running in a race to-day, had done an exceptionally and quite unexpectedly good trial—I mean, had proved a far faster runner than we had supposed. In fact, there was little doubt that he would win the race. Sometimes, ladies, I am wicked enough to bet. Occasionally Charlie Lester is equally wicked. Now and then, Miss Lester yields to that vice. Well, as you know, we are far from a telegraph here; and we were much annoyed, Charlie and I, that we could not take advantage of our fresh information to bet on the horse—to put something on, as we say. Miss Lester regretted, also, when I told her the news, that she had nothing on—the horse. Do you begin to understand, ladies?"

The ladies glanced at one another in some confusion. Miss Grey looked angry and suspicious.

"And the boots?" she said.

"To put your boots on a horse," explained the captain, politely, "is a slang expression for betting your entire available fortune on his success. Another expression is to put your shirt—"

"Sir!" said Miss Grey.

But Miss Grey's sway was ended. Maggie hurst into a fresh fit of laughter, and, after a moment's pause, the whole company followed suit. Miss Grey turned and left the room. The next day she left the hotel; she could not face her victorious foes. Captain Petrie insisted on handing her into the omnibus, saying as he did so: "Be easy, my dear madam. In future it shall be my care to see that Miss Lester has something on."—*St. James's Gazette.*

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Wonderful Spring of San Joaquin.

Of all the fountains that poets sing—  
Crystal, thermal, or mineral spring;  
Ponce de Leon's Fount of Youth;  
Wells with bottoms of doubtful truth;  
In short, of all the springs of Time  
That ever were flowing in fact or rhyme,  
That ever were tasted, felt, or seen—  
There were none like the Spring of San Joaquin.

Anno Domini Eighteen-Seven,  
Father Dominguez (now in heaven—  
Obit Eighteen twenty-seven)  
Found the spring, and found it, too,  
By his mule's miraculous cast of a shoe;  
For his beast—a descendant of Balaam's ass—  
Stopped on the instant, and would not pass.

The Padre thought the omen good,  
And bent his lips to the trickling flood;  
Then—as the chronicles declare,  
On the honest faith of a true believer—  
His cheeks, though wasted, lank, and bare,  
Filled like a withered russet-pear  
In the vacuum of a glass receiver.  
And the snows that seventy winters bring  
Melted away in that magic spring.

Such, at least, was the wondrous news  
The Padre brought into Santa Cruz.  
The Church, of course, had its own views  
Of who were worthiest to use  
The magic spring; but the prior claim  
Fell to the aged, sick, and lame.  
Far and wide the people came:  
Some from the healthful Aptos Creek  
Hastened to bring their helpless sick;  
Even the fishers of rude Soquel  
Suddenly found they were far from well;  
The brassy dwellers of San Lorenzo  
Said, in fact, they had never been so;  
And all were ailing—strange to say—  
From Pescadero to Monterey.

Over the mountain they poured in  
With leathern bottles, and bags of skin;  
Through the cañons a motley throng  
Trotted, hobbled, and limped along.  
The fathers gazed at the moving scene  
With pious joy and with souls serene;  
And then—a result perhaps foreseen—  
They laid out the Mission of San Joaquin.

Not in the eyes of Faith alone  
The good effects of the waters shone;  
But skins grew rosy, eyes waxed clear,  
Of rough vaquero and muleteer;  
Angular forms were rounded out,  
Limbs grew supple, and waists grew stout;  
And as for the girls—for miles about  
They had no equal! To this day,  
From Pescadero to Monterey,  
You'll still find eyes in which are seen  
The liquid graces of San Joaquin.

There is a limit to human bliss,  
And the Mission of San Joaquin had this:  
None went abroad to roam or stay,  
But they fell sick in the quietest way—  
A singular *maladie du pays*.  
With gastric symptoms: so they spent  
Their days in a sensuous content;  
Caring little for things unseen  
Beyond their bowers of living green—  
Beyond the mountains that lay between  
The world and the Mission of San Joaquin.

Winter passed, and the summer came:  
The trunks of *madroño* all aflame,  
Here and there through the underwood  
Like pillars of fire starkly stood.  
All of the breezy solitude  
Was filled with the spicing of pine and hay  
And resinous odors mixed and blended,  
And dim and ghost-like far away  
The smoke of the burning woods ascended.  
Then of a sudden the mountains swam,  
The rivers piled their floods in a dam,  
The ridge above Los Gatos Creek  
Arched its spine in a feline fashion;  
The forests waltzed till they grew sick,  
And Nature shook in the speechless passion;  
And, swallowed up in the earthquake's spleen,  
The wonderful Spring of San Joaquin  
Vanished, and never more was seen!

Two days passed: the Mission folk  
Out of their rosy dream awoke,  
Some of them looked a trifle white;  
But that, no doubt, was from earthquake fright.  
Three days: there was some distress,  
Headache, nausea, giddiness.  
Four days: faintings, tenderness  
Of the mouth and fauces; and in less  
Than one week—here the story closes;  
We won't continue the prognosis—  
Enough that now no trace is seen  
Of Spring or Mission of San Joaquin.

## MORAL.

You see the point? Don't be too quick  
To break bad habits: better stick,  
Like the Mission folk, to your *arsenic*.  
—*Bret Harte.*

## When the Energies Flag

## USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

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Sugar, and is far more eco-  
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16,600 FRANCS.

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**ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-  
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,  
and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.**  
Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but  
gentle, in its effect, is easily administered,  
assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the  
gastric juices, without deranging the action  
of the stomach.  
Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful  
weapons employed in the art of curing;  
Iron is the principal of our blood, and  
forms its force and richness. Cinchona  
affords life to the organs and activity to  
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Is unsweetened and free from all preservatives.  
Retains its delicious and wholesome qualities for an  
indefinite time in all climates and at all seasons.

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Write for our Infant Food circular and  
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and  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

There is a priest at Saratoff who, during the cholera riots, was attacked by a mob, one of the leaders exclaiming: "That is the priest who buried me alive; I have just risen from the grave." Although the people were crying "Stone him!" the priest kept his composure. "If you have just risen," he inquired of his assailant, "how is it that you are already drunk?" The answer is not recorded.

Mr. Hamond, a successful Unionist candidate, in his capacity as police magistrate in Newcastle, is very well known among the people. While Mr. Hamond was addressing the people, a voice from the crowd hellowed forth: "Get your hair cut, Charlie." Adjusting his spectacles and fixing an imperturbable look upon the individual, he retorted with splendid sangfroid: "My friend, if I am not mistaken, I have been the means of your having your hair cut before to-day."

A stranger, when dining at a foreign hotel, was accosted by a detective, who said to him: "Beg your pardon, we are in search of an escaped convict, and, as a matter of form, you will oblige us with your passport." "Do I look like a convict?" "Possibly not. In any case I shall require to see your passport." The stranger, feeling annoyed, presented the officer with a bill of fare, and the latter commenced to read: "Sheep's head, neck of mutton, pig's feet." "Very good," he observed, "the description tallies. You will please come along with us."

On a celebrated occasion in Vienna, when there was much excitement in all the European courts over affairs of international moment, the French ambassador was suddenly recalled by his government. "It is a very grave affair, is it not," Prince Metternich was asked by a lady at a court hall, "this recall of the ambassador?" "Not so grave, I assure you, madame," the prince responded, "as it would have been if it had been the French ambassador's cook who was recalled. The ambassador can easily be replaced; but not his cook."

Louis Philippe was a wit. What he specially excelled in was the clenching of an argument, such as, for instance, his final remark on the death of Talleyrand. He had paid him a visit the day before. When the news of the prince's death was brought to him, he said: "Are you sure he is dead?" "Very sure, sire," was the answer; "why, did not your majesty himself notice yesterday that he was dying?" "I did; but there is no judging from appearances with Talleyrand, and I have been asking myself for the last four-and-twenty hours what interest he could possibly have in departing at this particular moment."

An interesting election story comes from Ireland. The Roman Catholic curate was busily engaged outside the polling-booth, coaching the voters as they came up to the entrance. When Terence Maloney appeared, a rather protracted conversation ensued, and the last words the priest said to him were: "Now, you know who you're to vote for. Just make the cross and put the ballot-paper in the box." As Terence came out of the booth, he was asked if he had recorded his vote all right. "Bedad, yer riverence," he replied, with a merry twinkle, "I did as ye towld me. As soon as the gentleman, gave me the paper, I just crossed nisself and dropped it in."

A young Philadelphian (says the *Press*) recently went abroad, and secured a position as reporter for the *London Times*. He was sent out one evening to write up the story of a rich and beautiful girl, who had taken chloroform because her lover failed to appear at the altar when due. The young Philadelphian raced nimbly about, gathering various particulars, and hurried back to the office in a cab, after getting his copy into shape. Not far from midnight, he sped up the stairs to the local-room, and turned in his copy with apologies for his unavoidable lateness. "It doesn't matter," said one of the editors, calmly, "this is Monday, you know, and we print suicides only on Saturdays."

In a small New Hampshire town, which happens to be the junction of two roads, a young woman had occasion to change cars (says the *Boston Globe*). She explained to the station-agent that she was to wait for the seven-forty train for such a place, and he

nodded gruffly. A train came in about seven-twenty-five, and she asked the guardian of the place: "Is that my train?" "No," said he, gruffly, "it ain't." She waited patiently. In half an hour she advanced again. "Isn't the train to — very late?" she asked. "Gone," replied the man, laconically. "When did it go?" "Went at seven-twenty-seven." "What?" You said that wasn't my train!" "It wasn't your train. That train belonged to the New England and Arctic Railroad." The humorist is now looking for a job.

A certain business woman often takes letters and packages to the post-office to be weighed. She had often been impressed (says the *World*) with the weak and trivial curiosity of the male mind, for every time she handed in something to be weighed, the busy man in charge stopped to turn it over and read the address. "And they talk of the curiosity of women," she scornfully thought. A few days ago, she repeated this experience—up to a certain point. The variation began when the examining male said, cheerfully: "It would be a good idea, wouldn't it, for you to put on here the town these papers are going to? Yes, certainly; I'll write it for you. I've saved five hundred ladies' letters from being lost in the last three weeks by looking to see if they were directed all right. I don't bother about the men, but I always look at the ladies' letters." And the crushed business woman walked away with all the sad dignity she could master.

Major Campion, in his book, "On the Frontier," describes a deer-bunt, in the course of which he found his dog astride the dead body of the deer, while an Indian stood a little way off, bow and arrow in hand. By signs he made the white man understand that he had wounded the deer, and the dog pulled it down. Then he cut up the deer, tied the fore-half of it up in the skin, and placed it on one side. The other half he laid at Major Campion's feet, delivering himself of a speech in the Ute language. The white man understood his meaning, but not a word of his address. The Indian and the dog had killed the deer together, and the dog's owner was entitled to half the game. The major was equal to the emergency. He rose and delivered in full the classical declamation, "My name is Norval," with appropriate gestures, just as he had many times given it at school. Nothing could have been better. The Indian and the white man shook hands with effusion, and each with his share of the venison rode away.

## Desires to Bear Testimony.

Henry Thorn, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes from Exeter Hall, Strand, London, Feb. 2, 1892: "I desire to bear my testimony to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I have used them for pains in the back and side arising from rheumatic and other causes, never without deriving benefit from their application. They are easily applied and very comforting. Those engaged as I am in public work, which involves exposure to sudden changes of temperature, will do well to keep a supply of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in their portmanteaus."

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VIA  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, August 7, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:00, 6:45 P. M.

Extra trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—3:37, 5:15, 6:00, 7:02 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.

Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	8:45 A. M. Week Days
5:00 P. M. Week Days	Tacoloma	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Sundays
	Tomes, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	
7:30 A. M. Week Days		8:45 A. M. Mondays
5:00 P. M. Saturdays		6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		8:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 75 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates. Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tacoloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomes, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tacoloma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tomes, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

STAGE CONNECTIONS. Stages leave Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) on arrival of 7:30 A. M. train from San Francisco for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cutty's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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Through line sailings—Aug. 25th, SS. City of Sydney; Sept. 5th, SS. San José; Sept. 15th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 19th, SS. City of Panama.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and Hongkong for East India, Straits, etc.

City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, August 27, at 3 P. M.

City of Peking.....Saturday, September 17, at 3 P. M.

China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.

Peru.....Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.

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YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6

Belgie.....Thursday, September 16

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 26

Gaelic.....Wednesday, November 16

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For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M., For

Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and

5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los

Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and

5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month.

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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 25, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ..	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José ..	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José ..	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, ..	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis ..	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East ..	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, ..	
	Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff ..	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East ..	* 8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton ..	* 8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore ..	* 7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers ..	9:00 P.
* 1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez ..	12:45 P.
* 3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José ..	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno ..	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa ..	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, ..	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville ..	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore ..	* 8:45 A.
* 5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles ..	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East ..	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José ..	7:45 A.
* 6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore ..	
* 6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East ..	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo ..	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East ..	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.		
7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz ..	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz ..	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz ..	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz ..	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.		
* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations ..	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions ..	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations ..	6:10 P.
* 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations ..	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations ..	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations ..	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations ..	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations ..	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations ..	* 5:03 P.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations ..	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations ..	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations ..	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 3:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:15, 6:25 P. M.

From Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		Santa Rosa	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		3:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.			Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Hartley Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Udal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$5.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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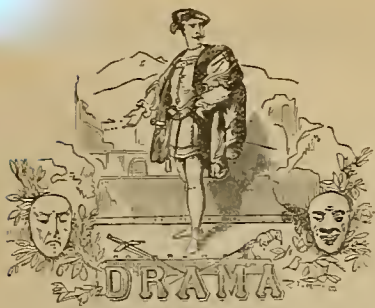
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"Little Tippet" is an adaptation of a Palais Royal farce, by Alexandre Bisson, which was produced under the name of "Les Joies de la Paternité." The plot turns on the inconveniences of polyandry; as such, it required no ordinary courage to present it to an American audience. For, however largely liberal the man of the day may be in his daily walk and personal behavior, his abstract philosophy is so strait-laced that, with the wife of his bosom by his side, he is not prepared to admit the existence of vice, and inclines to the opinion of Dickens's spinster friend, that piano legs should be incased in pantalettes. To lay before an audience composed of such persons a case in which divided affection raised doubts as to the paternity of an unexpected little stranger, evinced no common order of intrepidity.

In Paris, they have theatres where such pieces are the usual bill of fare. People expect them, and those who like that diet go there to get it. Men do not take their daughters there; and when a lady goes, it is en cachette to a baignoire. But in this country we have not reached that high stage of civilized putrescence. The Paulton Brothers seem to have resolved to anticipate it; they have fancied that American audiences would put up with nastiness if a film of mystery were thrown round it. In M. Bisson's play, the fair friend of the two young men, being of the Ynjo class, and entitled to apartments in the Yoshiwara of her city, might well be in honest doubt as to the authorship of her little contribution to society; but nature has interposed physiological obstacles to such questions arising out of a sequence of divorces. This the audience understand perfectly well. They read between the lines of the dialogue; when divorce is named, they know exactly what is meant; when the young married men refer to "our previous wife," the proper word leaps to the lips of every woman in the theatre.

There is in every large city an element which, like the insects that feed on offal, enjoys rottenness, and has a liquorish taste for *fetor*. It is for this class that pieces like "Little Tippet" are placed on the stage. There are probably enough such people to fill a theatre. These are the people one sees in bar-rooms leaning against the counter and "shaking" for drinks; the statues who are bebelled at the open fronts of cigar-stores, staring women out of countenance as they pass. They walk up and down the street, leering at every female face; they hang round the doors of theatres, and inspect the actresses as they pass in and out. At night they are to be found in public billiard-rooms, or in snug parlors which are known as "club rooms," where a gentleman from the country can acquire a knowledge of the intricacies of poker at the cost of the contents of his purse. This peculiar race of men are accompanied in life by females of their genus. Whence they come, what their station, no one knows. Sometimes the revelations of a police-court case introduce us to a modest, hard-working, virtuous woman who is the wife of a gambler and a sot. But as a rule the weight of the man's grossness has power to drag the female down; or, more often, she was down before she met the man. You can tell her as she parades the streets in garish costume, with violet gown, sky-blue hat, shot-green parasol, and yellow boots; she switches her eyes across the face of by-standers as a Gatling gun sweeps the lane of its range.

For this breed of humanity, such pieces as "Les Joies de la Paternité" are intended. Have they any redeeming merit? Among the lower class of animals, the turkey-buzzard, which feeds on carrion, redeems his obscene existence by working faithfully as a scavenger. But the buzzard is not responsible for the carrion he devours, while men like M. Bisson manufacture garbage for consumption by people of gross tastes. He ranks among producers, and to clear his shelves of his product, he relies for his profit on a steady supply of popular vulgarity. Have such people any *raison d'être* in a refined community?

It is a maxim in good families that the novels of Zola must not be read, except surreptitiously by the male members of the family when out of the jurisdiction of wife and mother. The rule is a good one for general use. And yet Zola is the first literary artist of the day, the lineal successor of Balzac, the only writer who never allows anything to stand in the way of truth. It is pitiful to read criticisms of his work by writers who have no conception of the high purpose of the master to paint men and women as they are, with all their deformities, all their weaknesses, all their secret infirmities laid bare. For, however Zola's devotion to his lofty aim may impel him to portray scenes which are offensive to good taste, honest readers must confess that each of his books adds to their knowledge of human nature, not

the human nature of Miss Nancy romancers, but actual human nature, in flesh and blood, with all its pre-Raphaelite grotesqueness. That is what can not be said of Paul de Kock, or Catulle Mendes, or the school of playwrights to which M. Bisson belongs, and with which Alexandre Dumas the younger was at one time affiliated.

These writers do not atone for their foulness by wit or knowledge. They set out with the deliberate and sole purpose of catering to the gross appetite which is innate in humanity and which it is the purpose of education to subdue. Their fun is derived from the portrayal of indelicate situations and by appeals to prurient instincts. In "Little Tippet," the plot turns on the production of a baby, of which one of the two married men—they do not know which—is the father by a cast-off mistress, and the confounding of this baby with another baby, the legitimate offspring of one of the two by his wife, from whom he has been separated for months. The dialogue is not particularly bright; the situations are naturally droll enough to excite laughter; but it is the sort of laughter of which one is ashamed when it has subsided. Is not this a pretty piece to take a young lady to see? Is it not an improving and respectable spectacle for any one to attend?

The curious feature about the performance is that it is well acted throughout. Every performer, male and female, did uncommonly well. Mr. E. M. Bell, who played Oliver Newton, confirmed the pleasant impression he made when he was here with the Palmer Company. The part of Tippet was very well taken, indeed, by Mr. Bowser; he really showed striking dramatic possibilities. Harry Allen showed that there is good skill in him yet, and Harry Morgan was very fit as the butler. The three women all acted with ease and good judgment. Mabel Bert, who is an old acquaintance, could hardly have been improved upon as the nurse. And, finally, the baby played its part so well—not emitting a single scream—that many of the audience were inclined to think it was a rag-baby, and not a thing of flesh and blood.

The lighting of the theatre left much to be desired. Both the gas and the electric lights were subject to eclipses; young men who had brought lady friends were seriously alarmed lest the house should be plunged into sudden darkness. Perhaps this uncertainty about the working of the illuminating department was the cause of the curtain rising half an hour late. But if the audience had grounds of complaint on this score, it was gratified by the unusual fullness of the information conveyed in the programme. Not only was it informed that the play was specially arranged for an actor and a gentleman who is known in pugilistic circles, but it was also made acquainted with the names of the treasurer, carpenter, and advance representative, likewise with those of the people who supplied the office-desks, the rattan furniture, the bric-a-brac, the clocks, and the pictures. It is hard to say what people would have done without this information.

At the theatres during the week commencing August 29th: Sol Smith Russell in "Peaceful Valley"; the Tivoli Company in "Virginia"; "A Mile a Minute"; "Diplomacy"; "The Ensign"; and the second week of "Little Tippet."

Golden Gate Park has received a contribution to the aviary, consisting of two pairs of pheasants direct from Dumfries, Scotland, the birthplace of Park Commissioner Austin. They are a present to the aviary from J. B. Cruikshank, the well-known ship-owner of Liverpool. First-class accommodation was secured and reserved for them on the Cunarder *Umbria*, with the compliments of John Keppie, the agent of the company at Liverpool, and, in due time, they were handed over to the special care of Wells, Fargo & Co., in New York, under arrangements made through the kindness of Mr. John J. Valentine, which insured their delivery here in prime order.

The names Campania and Lucania, which have been given to the new Cunard steamships now building at Fairfield, are the names of the two great southern provinces of ancient Italy. Campania was the district of which Naples was the capital, and was a favorite resort of the old Romans, because of its fine scenery. Lucania lay just south of it and embraced Venusia, the home of the poet Horace.

Dr. Grana, a country physician in Spain, according to foreign papers, has discovered a cure for diphtheria which he claims never fails. The Queen-Regent of Spain is greatly interested in the discovery, and received Dr. Grana at court a few weeks ago. The physician has been invited to explain his remedy to the Madrid Academy of Medicine.

#### Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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#### STAGE GOSSIP.

A rumor obtains in London to the effect that Captain Armstrong has been privately granted a divorce from his wife, Mme. Melba, having agreed to withdraw all charges against the Duc d'Orleans, who was named as co-respondent.

Marie Burroughs is to be the principal actress in E. S. Willard's company again this year, and in addition to the regular Willard repertoire, they will produce Shakespearean plays, including "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet."

The London correspondents say that Lottie Collins's recent illness was by no means an advertising "fake." Her condition is reported to be very serious, and there is a possibility of her not coming to America after all.

Sardou is a good deal of an autocrat with all French actors as well as with those for whom he writes plays. When he is not satisfied with the way a play is being acted, he sends word that "Sardou is in front," and the effect on lagging actors and actresses is electrical, keeping them up to the mark even during a long run.

"Settled Out of Court," the new Frohman comedy, should be amusing. The hero, played by Joseph Holland, is a monumental liar, whose fertile imagination floats him pleasantly out of all sorts of complications. Mrs. George Drew Barrymore's rôle is that of a frisky mother-in-law who is trapped into a flirtation and so subjugated by her son-in-law.

"Virginia," a comic opera in two acts by Teddy Solomon, who has composed some clever music since he was Lillian Russell's husband, is to be produced at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Nicholas De Ville, George Olmi; Paul Plantagenet, Phil. Branson; Robinson Brownjones, E. N. Knight; Samuel Subles, Ferris Hartman; Signor Macaroni, M. Cornell; Lady Magnolia, Gracie Plaisted; Virginia Somerset, Tillie Salinger; Mrs. Cowslip, Grace Vernon; Amy, Emma Vorce; Alice, Irene Mull; Mildred, Aggie Millard.

The first fortnight of Lillian Russell's engagement in town will be devoted to Audran's "La Cigale," and the first American performance of "The Mountebanks," by Alfred Cellier and W. S. Gilbert, will be deferred until the third week. The company includes Lillian Russell, Laura Clement, Ada Dare, Cecilia Pollock, Florence Franton, Hayden Coffin, Louis Harrison, W. T. Carleton, Charles Dungan, and James G. Peakes.

*Harper's Weekly* has this to say of young Wagner, who is shortly to pay a visit to San Francisco:

"An interesting feature of the performance of the 'Meistersinger' at Baireuth, was the appearance, as conductor in the first act, of Siegfried Wagner, the composer's son. He is said to possess considerable talent as a musician, and his friends are hopeful that he will some day acquire fame of his own apart from that which he has by inheritance. He has had a careful training in music under the direction of his mother, Frau Cosima, and the prospect is that he will develop into a clever, if not a great, musician. The fact, however, that most of the world's distinguished composers had accomplished something notable before they outgrew their childhood is against any expectation of conspicuous success on young Wagner's part."

Fay Templeton has again bobbed up in the papers. A month ago she was engaged to play the rôle of the widow in "A Trip to Chinatown," but last week she slipped off to Chicago to be present at the wedding of her mother, Alice Vane, to "Alf" Wheelan—Alice Vane, by the way, had a minor part in old John Templeton's opera company when Fay made her first appearance as a prima donna here, some eight years ago—and when she got back to New York, the fickle Fay announced her intention of going over to Europe immediately, in spite of managerial threats and entreaties. Howell Osbourne, it may be mentioned, is now in Paris.

The open-air performance of "As You Like It" is becoming an indispensable feature of the summer in Eastern resorts; and, indeed, it is a very charming entertainment. Last week it was given on the lawn of the Grand Union Hotel at Saratoga, with the following excellent cast:

The Duke, Mr. William Beach; Frederick, Mr. William Lee; Amiens, Mr. Ritchie Ling; Jacques, Mr. McKee Rankin; Lebeau, Mr. J. Beresford Hollis; Oliver, Mr. Mason Mitchell; Jacques, Mr. Henry Lee; Orlando, Mr. Robert Mantell; Adam, Mr. C. Leslie Allen; Touchstone, Mr. James Cooper; Corin, Mr. Ernest Bartram; Sylvius, Mr. Charles Harter; Charles, Mr. William Muldon; William, Mr. Tim Cronin; Rosalind, Miss Rose Coghlan; Celia, Miss Mina Crollis Gleason; Phebe, Miss Jeannette Lowrie; Audrey, Miss Margery Bonner.

Rudolph Aronson got back from London a few days ago, and said that he intended the Casino to be the home of refined ballet in America. He will have a curtain before the stage, and so, according to the State law, there will be no drinking or smoking in the auditorium. The performance will last from eight o'clock to midnight, and among those who will take part are:

Mlle. Adeline Soro, as premiere, who has danced at La Scala, in Milan, and at the Empire and Alhambra, London; Mlle. Lydia, from the Jardin de Paris; Mlle. Abdalla, from Ambassadeurs, Paris; the Bonitas, Mlle. Naya, the Edouards, M. Bruet, and Mme. Riviere, from the Alhambra and Empire, London; M. Sarina and Mlle. Lalo, from the Jardin de Paris; Hill and Hull, from the Alhambra and Empire, Paris; Mlle. Fougere, from the Jardin de Paris; M. and Mme. Tissot, from the Empire Theatre, London; and M. Laurvald, Mlle. Armand Ary, Mlle. Duclerc, and La Goulue, from Paris.

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DCLXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, August 28, 1892.

Paré of Green Peas.  
Cantaloupe.  
Fried Fillet of Sole, Tartar Sauce.  
Parisian Potatoes.  
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.  
Coro. Oyster-Plant Fritters.  
Roast Pork, Apple Sauce.  
Lettuce.  
Strawberries, Sweet Cream.  
Lady Fingers.

SWEET CREAM.—Put half a pint of very thick sweet cream in a bowl, and if the weather is warm, place the bowl on ice for half an hour; then beat the cream with an egg-beater till stiff and thick. If the cream does not become stiff and thick after beating it fifteen or twenty minutes, it is not good or it is too warm. Good cream may rise and become stiff in five minutes. When beaten, add to it about two ounces of pulverized sugar, which you mix gently in, not stirring too much; add also a few drops of flavoring. If wanted very stiff, add, after the sugar, one quarter of an ounce of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, melted in very little tepid water. When beaten and mixed in, if not used immediately, it must be put on ice.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

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DURING THE

## NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

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Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

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SATURDAY,

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AT 12 O'CLOCK M.,

On the Castro Street Front, corner of A Street

This offering presents a golden opportunity to obtain a fine business location in the best town in Alameda County, and a cottage-residence site in the best portion of this beautiful town. These lots are all within two minutes' walk of the Haywards Hotel, and should attract attention to parties looking for business or a location for a summer resort unequalled in the State.

TERMS—Only one-third cash, balance in one and two years, interest eight per cent. per annum, payable monthly.

These Special Excursion Tickets can be obtained at office of Easton, Eldridge & Co., 638 Market Street, Friday, September 2d, all day, and on Saturday morning, day of the excursion, September 3, 1892, up to 10 o'clock; also at the depot, Oakland Ferry, at 10:30 A. M., and at Market Street Station, Oakland, up to the leaving of the train, from our representative, or on the train.

EASTON, ELDRIDGE & CO.,  
638 Market St., San Francisco.

WILLIAM J. DINGEE,  
460 and 462 Eighth St., Oakland.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Frenchman*—"Pleasant woman, that! Is she unmarried?" *Chicagoan*—"Yes; twice."—*Harper's Weekly*.

*She*—"I thought the heading the best part of your poem." *He*—"I'm sorry you think so. The editor put that on."—*Evening Sun*.

*Cobwigger*—"They say he is a fighting parson." *Brown*—"I wouldn't be surprised. I've known him put persons to sleep."—*Evening Sun*.

"You were listening to what Mr. Dashing was saying to me last night, Bridget." "Don't think me as big a fool as yerself, miss!"—*Life*.

*De Garry*—"Pshaw! I don't believe I'd win her if I jumped off the bridge for her." *Giles*—"It's not likely you would."—*Evening Sun*.

*The admirer*—"I admire your repertoire ever so much." *The star*—"Yes; he was a repertoire on the *World* before I engaged him."—*Truth*.

*Brown*—"There was a railway accident to-day and three persons were killed." *Mrs. Brown*—"Gracious! How many escaped?"—*Evening Sun*.

*Persevering Widower*—"It was she who drove me to drink." *Miss A.* (a little weary)—"What could she have driven you to that you would have liked better?"—*Life*.

"I wonder if that man who just plunged into the surf isn't musical," said Ethel. "I don't know. Why?" said Maud. "He had regular piano-legs," answered Ethel, softly.—*Truth*.

*Mrs. Jason*—"Jehiel, what is an agnostic?" *Mr. Jason*—"Why, it is a feller that don't believe in neither doctors nor preachers so long as he is in good health."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

*Aunt*—"Why, Clara! How do you manage to get one hand so much more sunburned than the other?" *Clara*—"That is the hand on which I wear my engagement-ring."—*Puck*.

"You don't mean to say that you told Cholly he gave you a pain?" "Not in just those words. After he proposed, I said: 'What you have said pains me deeply.'"—*Elmira Echoes*.

*Parent* (trembling with emotion)—"You are audacious!—you are heartless! She is my only child!" *Suitor* (wishing to pacify)—"But, my dear sir, you—er—you can't blame me for that."—*Puck*.

*Bunker*—"I hear that Warble has married an actress." *Hill*—"How did he come to do that?" *Bunker*—"He has written a play, and that is the only way he could get a nanager to read it."—*Puck*.

*Boggs*—"I have a scheme." *Foggs*—"What?" *Boggs*—"You boom me for governor and I'll boom you for congressman." *Foggs*—"What good will that do?" *Boggs*—"We can both run for alderman next fall."—*Puck*.

*He*—"Won't you let me have a kiss—now that I am going away for a day?" *She*—"If you can give any good reason why I should, I might think about it—possibly." *He*—"I should like to establish a precedent."—*Life*.

*Cobwigger*—"I once saw a large melon sell for two dollars." *Uncle Rastus*—"Dat's nuthin', sah. I wuz axed ten dollars fer-un." *Cobwigger*—"You surely didn't give it?" *Uncle Rastus*—"No, sah. I wuz bruk, an' tuk de ten days."—*Evening Sun*.

*Master* (to cook)—"You needn't say anything to your mistress, Jane, but have you a policeman for a sweetheart?" *Cook* (indignantly)—"Certainly not, sir!" *Master*—"Then you'll have to get one, or else leave. I want some one to eat up the cold mutton."—*Pick-Me-Up*.

"Doctor," said Mr. Bloomburmer to Rev. Dr. Thirdly, "do you think that in the next world we shall pursue the same avocations that we do in this?" "Some hold that opinion," replied the clergyman, cautiously, "but why do you ask?" "If such was the case, I was thinking our ice-man would be in great luck."—*Ex*.

A Fifth Avenue woman entered the office of a Boverly loan-office agency, the other day, and said: "I want to raise fifteen hundred dollars on three thousand dollars' worth of furniture. What is your lowest rate of interest?" "On such loans we generally ask ten per cent." "Very well. Send your examiner up to the house. It is a speculation with me." "Going into business, ma'am?" "Yes, sir; I'm going to take my three daughters to the seashore this season, and either marry 'em off or drown 'em."—*Ex*.

"Miss Figg," began the summer young man, "when I first met under the influence of your magic spell—I mean when I first met you and fell under the glamour, for even you in your maiden innocence must be aware of your power, and hitherto though my heart has been unsusceptible, but the light that lies in woman's eyes—especially yours—er—ah—" The young woman continued to beam on him kindly, but the young man had not his notes, and his memory had departed, taking his carefully prepared proposal along, and he could only gasp: "Miss Figg, where was I at?"—*Indianapolis Journal*.

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

*The Mosquito*.  
Oh, the joyous little 'skeeter,  
In his happy buzzing flights!  
I believe there's nothing sweeter  
Than to squash him ere he bites.  
—*Bazar*.

*Hot as*—  
The greatest skeptic you could choose  
When he his wrath unlocks  
And seeks a weather simile  
Becomes quite orthodox.  
—*Washington Star*.

*Quite the Reverse*.  
"Out of sight, out of mind!"  
Is, I think you will find,  
A saw that is quite far from right.  
I think you will find  
That the girl most in mind  
Is the girl who is just "out of sight!"  
—*Puck*.

*And They Came Home*.  
She was a banker's daughter,  
And he was an oil-king's son,  
And they flirted along in a high-toned way  
Till the summer fair was done.  
Then when the season was over,  
To the city they hid away—  
She to her old type-writer,  
And he to clerk it all day.—*Boston News*.

### The Miller's Daughter with Suspenders.

The lady with suspenders,  
She is to me so fair, so fair,  
That I would be the sailor-hat  
She wears upon her hair,  
And her shy eyes so jealously  
I'd guard that scarce the sun should see.

And I would be the surcingle  
About her dainty, dainty waist,  
And with my buckle bite the hand  
Presumptuously placed  
Around her litherness; and I would  
Make my vocation understood.

And I would be her shirt-waist,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her balmey bosom, with  
Her laughter and her sighs;  
And my soft yoke should lie so light  
It scarce should go unworn at night.

And, chiefest, the suspenders  
I urgently desire to be,  
Which from her sloping shoulders  
Depend so gallantly;  
And I would hug each shoulder-blade  
Of this most admirable maid.  
—*New York Sun*.

### Profitable.

If I owned a trotter that would not trot,  
D'you think I'd wallop him? Well, I guess not.  
I'd put him into races and—why then, of course,  
I'd bet like the dickens on the other man's horse.  
—*Life*.

### Great Times in Georgia.

Oh, they're gettin', gettin' ready for the countin' of the votes—  
You can hear the bugles blowin' far an' near.  
An' the candidates are makin' of their mortgages an' notes,  
An' they're drummin' up the soldiers from the rear.  
They're a-callin' out the country—they're a-spreadin' of the news  
An' wakin' up the woods with one accord;  
While the voters are a-feastin' on the juicy barbecues  
An' fillin' up for Christmas, praise be Lord!  
—*Atlanta Constitution*.

### The English Pugilist.

Oh, it's bully when I land 'em with a counter on the jaw,  
When the ruby's all a-drippin' and the conks are red and raw;  
And it's bully when I've downed 'em, and the swells are  
standin' booze,  
Them swells with shiny shirt-fronts and patent-leather shoes.  
But you'd best look jolly meek  
When you're up afore the beak,  
For they bustle you, and bustle you, and treat you like a dog;  
And it's 'Olloway for you  
For a month, or maybe two,  
Where the Queen she keeps a mansion and purvides you  
with your prog.  
It was 'ero 'ere and 'ero there, I might 'ave been a king,  
For to 'ear 'em 'im 'urra-ay as I stepped into the ring.  
When I faced the Tipton Slasher, me and 'im in four-ounce  
gloves,  
Just to make us look as 'armless as a pair of bloomin' doves.  
Then I bruises 'im and batters,  
And 'e cuts my lips to tatters,  
And I gives 'im 'alf a dozen where 'is peepers ought to be;  
And 'e flattens out my nose  
With a brace of bally blows,  
Which I 'ardly 'ad expected from a pug as couldn't see.  
Next round the Slasher's groggy; 'e 'angs 'is 'ands and  
gropes  
(I'd knocked 'im orf 'is legs at last), a-feelin' for the ropes.  
And, lor', 'e fooked so cheerful with 'is face a mask of red  
That I bust myself a laughin' when I smashed 'im on the  
'ead.  
Then they counted up to ten,  
But 'e couldn't rise again;  
'E gasped a bit, and puffed a bit, and laid there in 'eap.  
And I copped a thousand pounds  
For a fight of seven rounds,  
Which was all the time it took me for to put my man to  
sleep.—*Rudyard Kipling in London Punch*.

### Ruined Temples.

Our bodies are the temples of our souls. Should these temples, fashioned by the Divine hand, be allowed to fall into premature ruin? Assuredly not. Renovate, therefore, failing strength, renew lost appetite and an impaired power to sleep, recreate vital energy with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which restores digestion, liver, bowel, and kidney regularity, and overcomes malaria and rheumatism.

### —DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—NOVELTIES IN PRIZES AND SOUVENIRS. LARGE line of silver frames and looking-glasses at Leo Zander & Co., 116 Sutter Street.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

**HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS**  
Beware of Imitations.  
NOTICE  
AUTOGRAPH OF  
OF  
HARTSHORN'S  
ON LABEL  
AND GET  
THE GENUINE  
HARTSHORN

## NO TRIX!

"I've traded at Smith's Cash Store for 12 years, and I keep right on, because I find there are no baits set out and no tricks resorted to."

"That's what I like."  
"My business requires me to move about a good deal, and I've ordered goods from all points of the compass—always got them promptly, and often saved as much as 40 per cent."

"I don't trade anywhere else, if I can help it."—A Customer.

Let us send you our price list. 'Twill cost nothing to see it, and may be of benefit.

**SMITH'S CASH STORE,** Largest deal-  
418-419 Front St., S. F. ers in family supplies.

Attracting attention to an advertisement is not the sole object to accomplish. The main thing, of course, that is necessary to make an advertisement of value, is to catch the eye; but after that is done there must be something of sufficient interest to hold the attention. The first impression the reader receives should, of course, be favorable, otherwise the value of the advertisement would practically amount to nothing. It is certainly advisable, also, that the eye should be attracted by some novel feature; but it is the impression left on the mind of the reader after an advertisement has been lost sight of that brings in the dollars.—*E. D. Gibbs*.

### Educational.

#### MISS LAKE'S

Boarding and Day School for Girls

1534 SUTTER STREET, cor. of Octavia.

Next term begins Monday, August 3, 1892.

MISS M. LAKE, Principal.

#### ZISKA INSTITUTE,

1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.

French, German, and English. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.

The 26th year opens August 4, 1892.

MME. E. ZISKA, A. M., Principal.

#### PRIVATE TUITION

1810 COUGH STREET.

MISS EMILY EDMUNDS (Mrs. J. M. Hutchings) gives short courses in English Language, Letter-Writing, Literature, Colloquial French, the Historic Monuments of Europe, etc., Science, Music, and other subjects.

#### MME. SYLVAIN SALOMON,

Having returned from Paris, will resume her Singing Lessons on August 1st.

1842 SUTTER STREET.

MISS WEST'S SCHOOL FOR GIRLS,  
2014 Van Ness Avenue.

Term begins August 17th. Students prepared for College. A few boarding pupils received.

#### MISS ELLA PARTRIDGE

Desires to announce that she has removed to 1610 California St., bet. Polk and Van Ness, and is prepared to resume piano lessons.

**BRYN MAWR COLLEGE A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.**  
Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and lectures on Philosophy. Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value \$500) in Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Biology. For Program address as above.



#### NEW ENGLAND CONSERVATORY

Founded by  
OF MUSIC. CARL FALLEN,  
Dr. Eben Tourjee, Director.  
Music, Education, Fine Arts, Literature,  
Languages and Tuning. A safe and inviting home  
for lady pupils. Send for Illustrated Calendar.  
FRANK W. HALE, Gen'l Manager, Boston, Mass.



# You Want

Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, it is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,  
29 Post Street.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00  
Surplus.....1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits.....3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Bostons Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Legano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## WELLS FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,000,000  
Directors:  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; W. F. GOAD, Vice-Prest.; Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, Dudley Evans, H. WADSWORTH, Treasurer. HOMER S. KING, Manager.  
Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

## BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO. (Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.  
Directors:  
GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE, Cashier; J. H. Strobridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven.  
Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Assets.....2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.  
CITY OFFICE: 201 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

28th ANNUAL EXHIBIT, JANUARY 1, 1892

## Home Mutual Insurance Co. N.E. cor. California and Sansome Streets.

Capital (Paid up in Gold).....\$300,000 00  
Assets, January 1, 1892.....878,137 01

PRESIDENT.....J. F. HOUGHTON  
VICE-PRESIDENT.....H. L. DODGE  
SECRETARY.....CHARLES R. STORY  
GENERAL AGENT.....ROBERT H. MAGILL

## MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAWER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½" and Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

## MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

BAKED PORK  
AND BEANS  
UNEQUALLED.



CAKES, PIES  
AND COOKIES  
UNSURPASSED

## LOG CABIN BAKERY!

Our Home-Made Bread is now in the houses of thousands of families, who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheap.

TRY IT!

Wedding Parties Supplied with all the Delicacies.  
We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.

Main Offices—409 Hayes St., San Francisco.  
475 Eleventh St., Oakland.  
25¢ Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars



ANDREWS' UPRIGHT  
FOLDING BEDS  
Office and School  
FURNITURE,  
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.  
C. F. WEBER & CO.  
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

## RUBBER HOSE!



## COTTON HOSE!



## GOODYEAR'S Gold Seal Rubber Hose

BEST THAT CAN BE MADE OF RUBBER.

R. H. PEASE, } AGENTS, Goodyear Rubber Co. 577 AND 579 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO  
S. M. RUNYON, }

## BOUND VOLUMES

— OF —

## The Argonaut

From 1877 to 1892.

VOLS. 1. TO XXX.

The Thirtieth Volume is now ready. Complete sets of Bound Volumes, from Volume I. to Volume XXX. inclusive, can be obtained at the office of this paper. With the exception of several of the earlier volumes, which are rare, the price is \$5.00 per volume. Call at or address the Business Office of The Argonaut Publishing Co., 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

— FOR —

WALL PAPER,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
and CORNICE POLES

— GO TO —

C. W. CLARK & CO.  
653 and 655 Market Street.

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco. Telephone No. 35

## THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
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The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.



## KIMBALL'S FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.  
16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.  
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

## BONESTELL & CO.

DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS  
For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

London Assurance Company  
Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720

Northern Assurance Company  
Of London. Established 1837

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,  
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco

If you wish to advertise anything anywhere at any time write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No. 10 Spruce St. New York.

EVERY one in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers," 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals; gives the circulation rating of every one, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address ROWELL, ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., New York.

A prominent advertiser, who uses principally the magazines for his announcements, in discussing the use of illustrations, told me he had tried hard to make a start in the line of high-grade cuts, to be changed frequently; but after trying a number of artists, who had been recommended to him, had given the undertaking up. Had he succeeded in getting what he wanted in the way of illustrations, he would have used several times the space in the various publications now occupied by him. There is no doubt that while many talented artists are engaged in illustrating advertising, it is too often the case that they do not happily blend their art with practical advertising ideas, and it is in this successful combination of essential elements that advertisers have become specially noted. There are numerous handsome illustrations to be seen in the advertising columns, but in many instances they are not so valuable to advertisers who are using space in mediums printed on both fine and low-grade paper.—Horace Dumars.

Never indulge in personalities nor in anything that will give offense. Don't pitch into your rival unless you want to advertise his business instead of your own. Try to build up your trade instead of pulling his down. Don't be afraid of a little life in your advertisements if you want them read. The parson who suggested to his sleepy parishioner that he take a little snuff to keep him awake during the Sunday service, was asked how it would do to "put a bit of snuff in the sermon." We would suggest the same ingredient for your advertisements; but don't strain yourself to be "too awfully funny." Your readers may take the whole thing for nothing but a huge joke.—W. H. Eastman.

## COUNTRY HOMES

For Sale, Improved and Unimproved Ranch Property at reasonable rates.

Address A. P. STANTON,  
Aptos, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

GERMEA  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO., SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 10.

SAN FRANCISCO, SEPTEMBER 5, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at 27 King William Street, West Strand. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 124 Fifth Avenue. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The papers are full of accounts of measures taken by boards of health to ward off the threatened appearance of cholera. This is what might have been expected. If any precaution can stay the inexorable march of the pestilence, it should be taken.

Every epidemic of cholera repeats the history of former visitations. On this occasion, the disease first attracted attention last winter and last spring in the holy city of Meshed, in Persia, which is the resort of one hundred thousand annual pilgrims, in every degree of dirt and destitution. Like

other Asiatic cities, Meshed is destitute of drainage. From Meshed there are caravan routes by the Atrek Valley to the Caspian, and by Niehapur to Teheran. Over these routes the disease was carried to Astrabad, on the Caspian, whence it was disseminated by steamers to the seaports on the west side of the Caspian, and finally to Astrakhan and the towns on the Volga; while simultaneously it was introduced into the cities of Persia, where the mortality was very heavy indeed, 800 deaths being reported daily from Teheran alone. From the towns on the Volga it followed the trail of former epidemics to Saratov, Moscow, Novgorod, and St. Petersburg, where it is still raging; the last report of daily mortality in Russia showing 2,824 deaths and 4,697 new cases in the previous twenty-four hours.

From Russia, it pursued the usual line of development from seaport to seaport. Thus it has appeared at Riga, Hamburg, Bremen, Amsterdam, Antwerp, and Havre, and cases are reported from Glasgow, Gravesend, Swansea, and Dundee, in Great Britain. Simultaneously, it has spread southward from Hamburg along the chief lines of travel to Cologne, Treves, and Nuremberg, and several points in Bavaria. If it does not break out in London, Paris, and Berlin, the pestilence will depart from its usual custom, and thus far it has adhered closely to precedent. Hope is always permissible. But good judgment will anticipate the spread of the disease to all the places which were ravaged in former epidemics. It is to be remarked that though sanitary science has made vast progress since cholera last appeared in Europe, and boards of health in seaport after seaport have assured the world that their systems of quarantine were absolutely perfect, the march of the pestilence has been just as steady and as rapid as it was on former occasions.

If the medical men at Hamburg, Havre, and Glasgow, who are second to none in ability, and who had ample warning of the approach of the pestilence, could not bar it out, is it reasonable to expect that we shall be more successful? Is it not the part of common sense to expect that the tide of immigration which is now landing on our Atlantic Coast—three thousand fugitives per day from infected districts—will likewise disembark the germs of the disease? Already a steamer has reached New York on which twenty-two persons died from cholera.

It must always be remembered that the march of cholera, though inexorable, is generally slow. The first epidemic which was studied, broke out in India in 1817, spread to China in 1820, to Persia in 1821, and did not reach Russia till 1823, when it died away. The next epidemic broke out in Persia in 1829, entered Moscow in 1830, Germany in 1831, and England, France, and the United States in 1832. Again in 1845, it appeared at this very city of Mesbed, which was the cradle of the present outbreak; it did not appear in St. Petersburg till 1848, but thence it traveled quickly and ravaged Germany, England, and the United States in 1849. It was in that year that it proved so fatal to emigrant parties crossing the plains. After twenty years quiet, the disease again broke out in Persia in 1865, and taking the southern route moved on Egypt, whence it was carried to France, and advancing with unusual rapidity, reached the United States in the same year, and was severe in the Mississippi Valley. Whether the increase of travel and the development of lines of steam communication had anything to do with the superior rapidity of the march of the disease in 1865, as compared with its rate of movement in previous epidemics, it might be worth while to inquire.

Meanwhile, the conviction is general among intelligent men that quarantine barricades will prove futile to prevent the invasion of cholera so long as a steady tide of immigration flows into the country from places where people are dying by the score. Doctors talk wisely about the efficacy of fumigation and laundry-work. But none of them pretend to be able to exclude the bacillus of cholera, or even to understand what it is, how it lives, where its normal habitation is to be found. According to them, it is an invisible, impalpable object, which can be detected only by the microscope, and which, for aught they know, may live in the bodies of men whose vitality is such that it never becomes

active and dangerous. We should laugh at a sanitarian who proposed to quarantine against mosquitoes, and yet here is an insect whose bulk is about one-millionth of that of a mosquito, and the boards of health say they can keep it out with their barricades!

The board of health of Chicago, which has long been regarded as the ablest in the country, hits the nail on the head when it says that the way to keep out cholera is to exclude European immigrants. If the door is shut in their faces, and kept shut, the bacillus of cholera to reach us will have to fly across three thousand miles of sea, a feat which it has never yet performed. Nothing is certain, but it does seem that an embargo on European immigration, so long as the pestilence rages on that continent, would come as near to being a perfect system of quarantine as can be devised. Of course, to be of use, no time should be lost in proclaiming the embargo. It would not be particularly useful after the disease had gained a foothold in this country. It could only solve the problem if the authorities at Washington woke up from their traditional torpor and cut their red tape with a vigorous hand. This is one of those cases in which the value of action depends on its swiftness.

No inconvenience would result to any one, except the owners of steamships, by stopping immigration from Europe. There is an elegant sufficiency of European immigrants in the Eastern States. They crowd every avenue of labor, and are one main cause of the troubles which generate labor unions, and strikes, and other disorders. Since January last four hundred thousand of them have landed in New York; most of them are without a trade, and glut the market for raw labor. This year, the bulk of them are Russians, Hungarians, Slavs, and Germans; few speak the American tongue; hardly any understand our institutions; but they must live, and if they can not find employment in peaceful avocations, they try to get food by violence. It will do no harm to check the supply of such undesirable material for citizens as these.

If the experiment is tried, it may possibly be found that government has killed two birds with one stone. We may discover that, in shutting out the cholera, we have shut out an element which does not agree with the American stomach. The nation has extraordinary capacity for deglutition and assimilation; but it is giving signs of an immigration indigestion. This, however, is an after-thought, a by-product, so to speak, of the policy which would use exclusion as a sanitary measure. The business in hand, now, is to keep the cholera out if we can; if this is the way to do it, the responsibility for action rests on the authorities at Washington.

The Democratic calamitarians, whose only hope of political success this year lies in persuading the people of the United States that they are being victimized by the policy of protection, are in a bad boat. They find themselves confronted constantly by the stern logic of facts and figures. In this dilemma they resort to the customary Democratic tactics, which consist of telling a plausible lie and sticking to it until it is exposed, and then abandoning it for another.

A few days ago, Charles F. Peck, the labor commissioner of the State of New York and a Democrat of unquestioned fidelity to his party, published his annual report regarding the question of labor and wages in that State; and inasmuch as the chief contention of the Democrats has been of late that the McKinley Bill has operated to reduce the average of wages, especially in the so-called unprotected trades and occupations, the report must make interesting reading for the party to which the commissioner belongs. That official mailed 8,000 blanks to as many labor-employing establishments of all kinds in the State of New York, and replies were received from 6,000, or seventy-five per cent. of the whole. From sixty-seven separate industries covered it appears that there was a net increase in wages of \$6,377,925 in the year 1891, as compared with the amount paid in 1890, and a net increase of production of \$31,315,130 in the year 1891 over 1890. An analysis of the table demonstrates further that of sixty-seven industries, seventy-seven per cent. of



them show an increase either of wages or product, or both, and that there were no less than 89,717 instances of individual increase of wages during the same year.

The total trades represented amount to 1,121, and give employment to 285,000 workingmen and women. The total average increase of the wages of these 285,000 wage-earners was \$23.11 per capita, while in fifty-one out of the sixty-eight industries covered by the report, there was an average increase of yearly earnings of \$43.96 per head, as compared with 1890. The report further shows that the number of strikes was 1,740 less than in 1890, and that fifty-three per cent. of the whole were in the building trades, which the mildest stretch of free-trade imagination can not convert into protected industries. Commissioner Peck says, with commendable frankness, that when he began his investigations, in December, 1891, he thought the result would indicate the Democratic position on the tariff; but he is free to admit that the report as a whole is not in harmony with the Democratic platform, so far as the tariff is concerned, but that it is as accurate and correct as he could make it.

To add to the discomfiture of the Democrats, a day or two later there came the semi-annual statement of Charles M. Preston, the New York Superintendent of the State Banking Department, also a Democrat. His report shows that on January 1, 1889, or only two months before President Harrison took office, there was due to depositors in the savings banks of the State \$523,677,575. This was an excellent showing for the workingmen and women of New York, who are in that State the principal patrons of the savings banks; but on July 1, 1892, the deposits had increased to \$610,560,031. The down-trodden and oppressed victims of McKinleyism in a single State have, it seems, increased their savings during President Harrison's administration \$86,882,456. The resources of the savings banks have also increased from \$615,900,000 on January 1, 1880, to \$701,113,000 in 1892. The surplus of these banks, the report shows, is \$90,257,380. Certainly the wage-earners of New York will find it hard to believe that the policy of protection as exemplified and carried out under a Republican administration is doing them any injury.

And now a few words about a confessedly protected industry—the manufacture of iron and steel. The town of Homestead, which has been built up solely out of the wages paid to the iron and steel-workers, is one of the most flourishing and prosperous towns in Pennsylvania. There are six building and loan associations in Homestead, all of which have done well and have enabled the workmen to build and own their own houses. When Burgess John McLuckie, a leading striker, was admitted to bail in the sum of \$10,000, two steel-workers in the Homestead works became his bondsmen. One swore to the ownership of a house of fourteen rooms, on a lot 60 by 150 feet, without incumbrance, and to seven other pieces of property, free and clear of debt, and valued at \$15,000. This is the kind of workman for whom public sympathy is demanded when he strikes for higher wages, and is ready to commit murder if refused.

The following is a table of the average daily wages paid the armor-plate mill men for eight hours' work at Homestead, it being borne in mind that some of the head-workers received wages very much above the average, the figures in some cases going up to \$14 and \$16 a day:

Employment.	Wages for eight hours work.
Heater.....	\$8.08
Heater first helper.....	5.75
Heater second helper.....	3.24
Craneman.....	4.18
Cinder tapper.....	2.89
Bottom-maker.....	3.47
Tongs man at pits.....	2.79
Screwman.....	8.64
Poll engineer.....	4.60
Poll tableman.....	4.69
Greaser.....	2.44
Sweepers.....	2.89
Shearman.....	4.69

A number of these men are not skilled workmen in the general acceptance of the term. Their places could readily be filled from the outside or from other departments of the plant. Certainly men earning such wages, higher than are paid in a similar employment anywhere else in the world, can have no just cause to complain of McKinleyism, and no valid reason for rejecting the policy of protection for that of free trade.

Twenty years ago, the town of Homestead did not exist. Now it is a large and thriving city, populated by workingmen earning the highest wages in the world, and many of them owning their own homes. And this city, with its twelve miles of streets, its hundreds of homes, its many thousands of inhabitants, has been created solely by a protected industry, that of iron and steel—an industry which could not exist without protection, and without which what is now the city of Homestead would be but vacant ground.

What is there left for the Democrats on which to base

their appeals to a popular discontent which they try to imagine as existent in the United States? The necessities of life are all cheaper to the American consumer; the wages of labor are higher; the accumulations of wages are increasing; and the condition of the workingman generally is so far superior to that of his fellows elsewhere as to debar comparison. It is the condition and not the theory with which the calamity shriekers have to deal.

The revelations of the census are awakening people to the adulteration of the American stock by foreign immigration. Except in the ex-slave States, where native Americans preponderate almost to the exclusion of foreigners, the latter, with their sons, equal or outnumber the natives of native parentage. Taking males only, and excluding from the calculation the native-born children of foreign-born parents, the proportion of foreigners to natives is larger than was ever observed in any leading nation before.

The age during which most men perform their life's work corresponds with the militia age and extends from eighteen years to forty-four, inclusive. There are of that age 13,230,168 males in the United States. Of these, over one-fifth, or 2,806,802, are foreign-born, and nearly four-fifths native-born. The list of voters, which comprises all male citizens over twenty-one years of age, comprises 16,940,311 persons. Of these, over one-fourth, or 4,348,459, are foreign-born. Thus one-quarter of the persons who shape the policy of the country, and one-fifth of those who would be called out to serve under arms in case of foreign war or domestic insurrection, are aliens by birth, whatever they may be in feeling.

These foreign-born citizens are not evenly distributed; indeed, they are so curiously scattered that in some sections their influence is *nil*, while in others it might be very large, indeed. Thus, in the South Atlantic and South Central divisions, which contain between them about 4,300,000 voters, there are but 266,000 voters of foreign birth, or something over five per cent. of the whole. But in the North Atlantic division, which comprises New England and the Central States of the North, just about one-half the voters are foreign-born, and nearly one-half of those who are liable to be called upon to serve in the militia are of the same origin. In the West, the disproportion of foreigners is still more marked. In the States lying west of the Missouri Valley, two-thirds of the voters and three-fifths of the men liable to militia duty are foreign-born. In California, for instance, out of 462,289 voters, 232,135 are foreign-born, and out of 343,000 men of militia age, 158,674 are of the same nativity.

If to the list of residents who are foreign-born their native-born children are added, the scant proportion of native stock is still more marked. More than half the people who live north of Mason and Dixon's line are either foreign-born or the offspring of foreign parents, and in the States lying west of Michigan and running to the Pacific, two-thirds were either immigrants themselves or are the children of immigrants. To find the pure American stock it is necessary to go South, where a proportion only slightly under fifty per cent. are persons of color.

These are facts which no statesman could afford to overlook, in the event of foreign complications which threatened to culminate in war. Among our naturalized citizens are many who are doubtless as loyal as if they were natives of the soil. But it is not so with all of them. When there was a danger of trouble with Germany over Samoa, the attitude of German-Americans was a subject of serious concern, and Mr. Guenther, a member of Congress, felt it incumbent to remind his German-born constituents that their whole allegiance belonged to the country of their adoption. As to the Irish, they talk as if the United States formed part of Ireland. They have transferred their Irish quarrels to American soil, and to whichever American party they throw their strength, for the usual consideration, on election day, it is easy to see that they are still Irish at heart. In the event of a controversy in which Ireland was engaged on one side and the United States on the other, it would be in the highest degree unsafe to intrust our Irish citizens with arms, or to allow them to take an active part in politics. Common prudence would require the disbandment of Irish militia regiments and the exclusion of Irishmen from the force which was intrusted with the defense of the country. Where the Russians, Hungarians, and Slavs would be found, in the event of war, it is not easy to say; nothing is certain except that they could not be expected to show the hearty patriotism on which the efficiency of the soldier depends.

What is past is done. We can not take away from the naturalized citizen the membership in the nation with which he has been clothed. We may take care not to put him on guard in time of peril. But a citizen he is and a citizen he must remain. It is not at all necessary or wise, however, to go on aggravating a danger which is menacing enough as it stands. If this country is to be safe when storms cloud the sky, we must not place our defense in hands which may prove treacherous. Nothing is so constantly taught by his-

tory as that people never thoroughly renounce their allegiance to the country of their birth and their childhood. They may swear allegiance to the country of their adoption until their oaths pile up to heaven; but when blood begins to flow and the bugle stirs the pulse, the Irishman will be an Irishman, the German a German, and the Italian an Italian every time, and woe betide our country if she depend on them.

Political prophets are prognosticating the result of the election in November, and some of them make queer work of it. Some predict that the election will not be made by the Presidential electors, and that, therefore, it will be devolved upon Congress—the House, by States, each State one vote, agreeably to the political complexion of its representatives, and a majority of all the States necessary to a choice, from among the three highest of the candidates voted for at the general election—to elect the President; and the Senate—two-thirds of all the senators present, and the majority to decide—to choose the Vice-President, from the two highest of the candidates voted for at the polls. Since the foundation of the government, on two occasions only has the election of President been submitted to the House—in 1801, to determine between Thomas Jefferson and Aaron Burr, under the original constitution, and again in 1825, in the contest between John Quincy Adams, Andrew Jackson, and William H. Crawford, under the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution of 1804, which resulted in the election of Adams. At the general election, 1824, John C. Calhoun was elected by the regularly chosen electors, without further contest. It is noteworthy that the full electoral vote of Massachusetts and Vermont was cast for Calhoun. In no instance has the election of the Vice-President devolved upon the Senate. In the contest between Hayes and Wheeler, Republican candidates, and Tilden and Hendricks, Democratic candidates, 1876, it was by Act of Congress committed to the electoral commission, and by that body decided in favor of Hayes and Wheeler, each having a majority of one of all the electoral votes. The Senate has never been called upon to go beyond the election of a President of that body to fill a vacancy in the Vice-Presidential office—as in the case of John Tyler, who succeeded to the Presidency upon the death of President Harrison; of Millard Fillmore, upon the death of President Taylor; of Andrew Johnson, upon the death of President Lincoln; and of Chester A. Arthur, upon the death of President Garfield; also, to fill vacancies in the Vice-Presidential chair: of Senator John Gaillard, on the death of Vice-President Gerry; of Willis P. Mangum, to succeed Vice-President John Tyler; of William R. King, to succeed Vice-President Fillmore; of David R. Atchison, on the death of Vice-President King, and, on his death, of Jesse D. Bright; of Senator Foster, to succeed Vice-President Johnson, and of Benjamin F. Wade, to succeed Foster; of Senator Ferry, on the death of Vice-President Wilson; of David Davis, to succeed Vice-President Arthur, and of Senator Edmunds, to succeed Davis, who was, on expiration of his term, succeeded by Senator John Sherman; and of John J. Ingalls, to succeed Vice-President Hendricks—the last who died in office.

There is no apparent cause now for the conjecture that any other than Whitelaw Reid, Republican candidate for Vice-President, will be elected to the office; or doubt of his election and that of President Harrison, by the legally elected Presidential electors. There is no well-grounded cause for the surmise that the House will be called upon to elect the President or the Senate to choose the Vice-President. The probability is that Harrison and Reid will carry every New England State; New York and all the Middle States, except, perhaps, New Jersey; Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa, all of the new States, and Oregon and California. (Possibly the Democrats have a faint chance in Montana.) These States have a total of two hundred and sixty-five electoral votes. It is not unlikely that to these shall be added the twenty-two electoral votes of New Jersey, Montana, Idaho, and West Virginia. Nevada, Colorado, and Kansas should give Republican majorities; but should the People's party carry either or all of those States, it would not affect the general result. As things appear, the Democrats can not safely count upon a Solid South; three or four of the States so included are of dubious reckoning for that party. It is figured that Cleveland has not to exceed one hundred and fifty-three electoral votes to depend upon. He must have seventy more to be elected. Where can he get them? The election will not fall to Congress, in either House or Senate.

The hopes which have been entertained that, with the aid of the Panama Railroad Company, a rival line of steamers to New York might be established, have culminated in disappointment, through want of enterprise in the merchants of this city. When the uprising against the Transcontinental Association and the subsidized rail, clipper, and steamship lines took place, the *Argonaut* pointed out that the key of



the situation was the Panama Railroad, and that it should be dealt with at Paris through the official liquidators of the Panama Canal Company, who control the line. It was suggested that they are officers of the French courts, and that, as such, they would not be allowed to sacrifice the interests of the stockholders in the bankrupt corporation for the sake of upholding a New York monopoly; so that if San Francisco made them a better offer to keep their road open on equal terms to all comers than the Pacific Mail Company could make them for conceding to it a practical monopoly of transit over the isthmus, they would be compelled to accept it, however their inclinations led them. The *Argonaut* urged that a competent agent should be sent to Paris at once to deal with the liquidators. The suggestion fell on deaf ears. No action was taken, and the Pacific Mail, dealing with the New York board of directors of the Panama Company, has just closed a contract with the nominal managers of the road, renewing the old exclusive arrangement.

Thus the Southern Pacific, with its sea branch, has won another victory over shippers. The triumph, however, will hardly compensate it for the losses it is making through the development of the clipper trade round the Horn. Responsible parties have signed an agreement binding them to reimburse Grace & Co. for any losses they may incur by running a regular line of clippers round the Horn and carrying freight at rates which the railroad can not well meet. This will cut into the through business of the roads to such an extent that it is a mere question of time when they will be compelled to surrender, and to try to mollify their assailants by a reduction of local freights. All heavy goods, and goods which can afford slow transit, will be moved in the clippers; it will take a great deal of local freight to make up for what the land lines will lose. The gross receipts of the Southern Pacific should show a considerable falling off this year as compared with last.

The Republican National Committee has learned recently of a secret circular which has been addressed to Roman Catholic priests throughout the United States, attacking President Harrison and advocating the election of Mr. Cleveland. Indian Commissioner Morgan is made the basis of the attack. When Mr. Morgan was appointed, his confirmation was opposed by members of the Roman Catholic Church, which has very large investments in Indian schools. A few words of explanation are necessary to make clear the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church toward Commissioner Morgan and President Harrison.

The United States Government appropriates about \$500,000 a year for the education of the Indians, and each school receives from \$100 to \$150 every year for each pupil. When Commissioner Morgan took charge of the Indian Bureau, about \$350,000 of the \$500,000 was paid to the Roman Catholic schools. The new commissioner revoked the contract with the Roman Catholic schools, and this, the secret circular alleges, was done to ruin the \$2,000,000 investment of the Roman Catholic Church. The facts of the case, however, show that Commissioner Morgan, so far from being actuated by any ulterior motives, was doing the best that could be done for the department under his charge, and that this Roman Catholic circular is indefensible and malignant.

It is the settled policy of the United States Government to carry on the work of educating the Indians primarily and chiefly through public institutions organized and managed by the Indian Bureau on a strictly non-partisan and non-sectarian basis. It is impossible, and it would be unwise were it possible, to apply any partisan or sectarian test in selecting superintendents, teachers, matrons, physicians, or other employees for these schools, and the civil service rules are applied in every case with perfect impartiality.

For a number of years the government has also appropriated from the public treasury money to various contract schools which were under religious and denominational control. For 1886, the total amount paid was \$228,259, of which the Roman Catholics received \$118,343. For 1892, the amount was \$611,570, the Roman Catholics receiving of this \$394,756. The total amount set apart for eight years, from 1886 to 1893 inclusive, was \$3,767,951. Of this amount the Roman Catholics received \$2,366,416, leaving \$1,401,535 to be divided among all the other denominations which have supported Indian schools.

Congress failed to appropriate the amount asked for by Commissioner Morgan for Indian education, and it was necessary to scale the amount allowed the schools for the present fiscal year. This was done with absolute impartiality; but because the Roman Catholics did not get as much as they wanted, this secret circular has been issued, exhorting Roman Catholic priests in the United States to use their influence against President Harrison and in favor of Mr. Cleveland.

Never was there a more impudent and insolent attempt to subordinate the State to the domination of an alien church. There has been a steady and astonishing growth in public

opinion, during the last three years, with regard to the entire matter of appropriating public moneys for sectarian uses. The three great Protestant denominations—the Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians—have publicly condemned it, and there has been a change of sentiment in the same direction among the Congregationalists and Episcopalians. The Baptists have never drawn any of this money, and the Methodists have now given it up, and, while the Roman Catholics receive for the current year over \$369,000, the Presbyterians receive less than \$30,000 and the Congregationalists a little more than \$25,000. The successor to Peter, who so far resembles the apostolic fisherman that everything is fish that comes to his net, is trying to gobble up the little pittance drawn by the two denominations named; and, because Commissioner Morgan will not permit it, has allowed orders to be issued that every Roman Catholic priest in this country shall become a partisan, and do his best to rebuke President Harrison and his Indian commissioner for their presumption in denying a request made by the Pope of Rome through the Roman Catholic Church in America.

These are the plain and simple facts of the case, and the conclusions are not hard to draw. The daughter of the horse-leech cries: "Give, give," as vociferously and persistently as in the days of Solomon, and is never satisfied. The Roman hierarchy is as greedy as it was in the days of Torquemada, when it could enforce its mandates with rack and thumb-screw. It is just as anxious to control the temporal affairs of the nations of the earth as it was when its excommunication was a thing real and terrible. It has learned milder ways, not from any change of principle but from policy, and it works through the ballot-box wherever it can find enough ignorant, prejudiced, and superstitious people whom it can influence. This is what its secret circular means. It is tentative in more ways than one. The Roman Catholic Church wants to get more Indian school money; it wants to punish President Harrison and Commissioner Morgan for having opposed its aims; but, most of all, it wants to see how the American people will take its interference with free suffrage. This is the real objective point of the move directed to be made by the secret circular, for if it can succeed in controlling the ballot without resistance or remonstrance, it can soon recoup itself for money losses, and pay off old political scores with a vengeance. That is what the Roman Catholic Church is trying to accomplish by its secret circular, and it rests with members of that communion to say whether they are free American citizens or thralls and vassals of the Pope of Rome.

The topic of the day and hour is the coming prize-fight between Sullivan and Corbett. The newspapers are full of it. It is talked of in business houses, on the street, in clubs, at dinner-tables. Even the women are curious about the mill between two bruisers who will presently try to knock each other into insensibility. A Spanish lady claps her pretty hands when the bull drives his horns into the horse's belly, and the poor brute staggers round the arena dragging his bowels behind him in the sand; and so the San Francisco lady who shrieks at a mouse, and faints at the sight of blood, calmly discusses the prospect that Corbett will "knock Sullivan silly" by blows in the pit of the stomach, or that the big fellow will put his antagonist "to sleep" by heavy and repeated right-handers in the neck.

This shows how refined we are growing. It is all a mistake to suppose that the love of blood is an indication of coarseness. Gérôme was all wrong when he bestowed gross and sensual features upon the Roman ladies who gazed with dull indifference upon the death of gladiators; did not these same ladies relish the exquisite love-verses of Catullus and the cadenced rhythm of Ovid? How could they be coarse if they could appreciate such poetry? So now, the *beau monde* enthuses over Tennyson's lines and the spring-like freshness of Hardy's English landscape; but it also likes to hear about Sullivan's body blows, and about Corbett's capacity to knock a human face into pulp. It is a case, apparently, where extremes meet and coalesce in the same person.

The popularity of prize-fighting, not only among common people, but in the "upper circles," suggests that in the next century gladiator fights might be revived. Gladiators could be hired from China, Japan, or the islands; for that matter, some of our adopted citizens might be willing to risk their lives in the arena, if the compensation were liberal enough. The ladies and gentlemen with "sporty" tastes might be quite willing to see a fight to a finish between a Japanese samurai and a Croat swordsman. What a diverting spectacle it would be to see the red blood of the fellows pumped out of an artery upon the ground! And then it would be infinitely more exciting than pugilism. The contests would be "to a finish," indeed, and death would lend them dignity.

The appearance of cholera on board an emigrant ship in New York harbor has convinced the authorities of that port

that there is imminent danger of the dread disease securing a foothold on American soil. President Harrison acted with commendable promptness in giving up his pleasure trip in New York State, and returning at once to Washington to call his cabinet together for a conference upon the danger. It is to be feared, however, that the Federal authorities can do but little. Their hands are tied by our system of State governments. If the State of New York enforces a rigid quarantine, and the State of New Jersey chooses not to do so, or differs in her methods, all of New York's efforts would be vain. Further than that—Vermont is an inland State, and, having no seaports, probably has no quarantine stations. The quarantine methods of the Dominion of Canada are notoriously antiquated and inefficient. If the disease should secure a footing in Canada, it would doubtless speedily cross Vermont into New York. Yet New York could not force Vermont to quarantine against Canada.

As will be seen from this, quarantine is really a Federal and not a State matter. When the entire country is threatened with the invasion of a deadly pestilence, protective action should come from the central government. There is no time to wait for half a hundred State governors to make up their minds as to what they are going to do, and then to wrangle over the way to do it. Even the "State's Rights" Democrats of the South saw this fact in 1878, when yellow fever was desolating the Southern States. They saw it so thoroughly that they voted for the National Quarantine Law, which gave the Federal Government certain powers, but unfortunately limited them, so that at the present juncture it is necessary for the Federal officials to wait for calls from the local health officers before they can act.

This is a great nation, and not merely a collection of States. When the State machinery broke down some time ago in several States, and riot, arson, and murder reigned unchecked for some days, the *Argonaut* pointed out that there were grave defects in the working of our State governmental machinery. When that machinery is so slow as to permit law-breaking to go on for days, there is something the matter with it. Now another exigency has arisen. A hideous pestilence is at our threshold. The only power to stop it lies in the various States. Take a Tammany quarantine officer, a rich steamship company, and a sack. Add them together, and mix. Result—cholera. Yet the honesty of various State quarantine officers is that all this vast country has between it and the Asiatic scourge. President Harrison can not, under the law, prohibit the further importation of immigrants; his proclamation is on its face subject to the State laws. He can not even lay an embargo on ships from infected ports. Congress can do this; but it will be necessary to convene Congress in an extra session. In the meantime, precious time will have been lost. It is more than probable that the disease will be on American soil when these lines fall under the reader's eye.

Clouds are lowering over the erstwhile bright horizon of Democratic local politics. Not many weeks ago, it looked as if the Democrats would have a walk-over in the city. With their fatal facility for a fight, the Democrats began wrangling, with victory almost in their grasp. The fight has grown more and more bitter. It proves again the old saying, that the Democrats may always be expected to do the wrong thing at the right time. In the meantime, the Non-Partisan convention is at work, and the *Examiner*, hoping to get something out of the wreck, is tearfully beseeching them to wait until after the Democratic nominations are made. The Non-Partisans, however, do not seem inclined to wait. But there is one thing that they should not fail to do, and that is, to divide their ticket equally between Democrats and Republicans. It is all very well to say that they will nominate the best men, regardless of politics. You can not go into politics regardless of politics. There are plenty of honest Democrats and honest Republicans to choose from. If the Non-Partisans divide the offices between the two great parties, they will elect their ticket.

The assassination of Louis B. McWhirter at Fresno was a most black and cowardly murder. The circumstances were peculiarly atrocious. The victim was decoyed from his house at three A. M. by sounds made in his yard, and then shot by the assassin or assassins, who were in ambush. The unfortunate man received a bullet through the heart, and expired almost immediately, but not before he had fired several shots at his fleeing assassins. It is stated in Fresno that his death was due to political animosities caused by quarrels in the Democratic party of Fresno County. It is difficult to believe that political differences could bring about such an atrocious crime. It seems more probable that it was instigated by private revenge. But if the first theory be true, the Democratic party in Fresno County is deeply interested in finding who the murderers are.



## MADAME FORRESTIER.

By W. C. Morrow.

Of Dr. Entrefort's daring in surgical enterprises I could never weary of making report; for surely his conceptions, achievements—even his very existence—were all peculiar and mysterious. Small, dark, sharp, quick, learned, skillful, fearless—really I have no language at command to describe adequately this inscrutable Creole. He was an unaccountable mixture of gentleness and ferocity, of insight and blindness, of wisdom and folly; and, above all, the most lovable of men. But I must now proceed to the telling of a very strange story concerning him.

It was clear to all of us that Félice would die, and it was into Entrefort's hands that her life had been placed. Having been called to see her, a stranger then, he had said that she would not likely survive the desperate surgical operation which presented the only hope of her recovery. After a long and careful study of her case, he fell so deeply in love with her that he could not bear to see her die without an effort to save her; and it was his knife, wielded with all the old-time skill and daring and with all the cruelty of science, that released her sweet spirit from its incumbering clay. And thus, sadly enough, opens one of the strangest chapters in the life of one of the most remarkable of men.

He begged that he be given the poor body for a time—to embalm it permanently, he explained; and as Félice had been a charity patient in the great public hospital in Baronne Street, his request was easily granted. Nor, considering his popularity there and in the medical college hard by, is there any reason to wonder why he was never called upon to return it.

Dr. Entrefort, ever since the death of his wife, had lived with his widowed sister, Mme. Forrestier, in one of the quaint old brick houses that line St. Philip Street. Besides him and his sister there was another inmate of the house—Adèle Forrestier—for Mme. Forrestier, the widow, having borne her husband no children, had taken Adèle from an orphan asylum after his death, and had adopted her and given her the name Forrestier. She was about seventeen or eighteen; she and Félice were nearly of an age. But what a difference between them! While Félice had been sweet, and gentle, and patient through all her suffering, Adèle was the most impatient and willful of mortals, ruling the house with an iron rod, and making loud lamentation over the most trivial ills. It is not a matter for wonder that no love was at large between her and Entrefort, or that she flung through the window the very bitter boluses that he prescribed when she was ill—bitterer and stronger than he might have made them, and ordered in generous doses; for he had mild little quarrels with his sister for his declaring that the girl was only lazy and perverse, and not ill at all.

His sister, knowing nothing of his fondness for the dead Félice, or even of her existence, was not able to account for the extraordinary mental state into which he fell after the girl's death. She saw that some very great trouble beset him, and that a strange excitement was at work within him. Accustomed to all his moods, she now discovered one new and peculiar; and the very fact that it persisted for a long time was sufficient to make her watchful and anxious.

What was strangest of all, he began to take an interest in Adèle's health. Now, Adèle was a hearty, robust girl, and was seldom in need of medical attention; but Entrefort began to drop hints about her complexion, her gait, her spirits, her appetite, and other external evidences of health-conditions. He made many inquiries concerning her food, her sleep, the ventilation of her bed-chamber, her work and studies, and the quality of her clothing. More than that, he brought her a tonic one day, after she had made a slight complaint, and required her to take a dose from his hand. In spite of the petty tyrannies which she was accustomed to practice upon him, there were times when he assumed a quiet manner that disclosed his superior will; and although this had happened but rarely, she knew what it meant, and yielded with a bad grace. It was so when he offered her a dose of the tonic; but what was her astonishment to discover that the medicine, instead of being bitter and nauseating, was sweet and aromatic!

"Why, uncle," she declared in astonishment, "it is good!"

"It may prove as good for your tongue as for your health," he answered.

At first she took the tonic at the regular intervals prescribed; but it was so pleasant to the taste, and, more than that, gave her (as she permitted herself to believe) so great benefit, that she took it oftener, and finally it was gone. Then she asked for more.

Ordinarily it was a difficult matter to surprise Entrefort; and even when surprised, he had a quiet stare at command that served as a mask. But when Adèle, without a blush, asked for more of the medicine before more was due, he went from his self-control so far as to catch her in his arms and kiss her, saying: "Yes, my dear niece; you shall have all you want;" and then it was Adèle's turn to be surprised.

It happened that Mme. Forrestier witnessed this performance. It would have delighted her had she not made certain discoveries; and, even in view of them, it merely disconcerted and puzzled her. In her brother's integrity, and in the safety of her adopted daughter in his society, she had a whole confidence; but in the way peculiar to women, she began to feel uneasiness.

She rarely visited her brother's office, and she knew nothing of what went forward there. The facts that lay before her perception were these: That he had suffered unusually; that he had taken an unaccustomed interest in a most uninteresting girl; that he had brought strange bottles to the house and had set up a small laboratory; and that he had begun to give Adèle medicines that apparently had a manifold strange effect upon her. Being very much with these, my friends, I saw that Adèle and Entrefort were ap-

proaching a better mutual understanding; but at that time I knew nothing of the medical régime under which he had placed her. I was concerned only to observe that Entrefort could take any interest in so unlovable a girl, further than that which a sense of duty might suggest. It was idle to wonder over anything that Entrefort might do, not even excepting his possible love for a girl totally different from one who so recently had held control over all his best impulses. I could bring myself to imagine, in a vague, unhappy way, his possible marriage to Adèle, and to see beyond that event two wretchedly inharmonious lives.

About this time I discovered Mme. Forrestier, moved by a motive which I did not then understand, resorting to certain practices which, under other circumstances, would have been beneath her sweet and gentle dignity—I surprised her in the act of reading her brother's diary. She made a bungling attempt to divert my attention from her conduct, and I assumed blindness to guard her sensibilities. Nevertheless, it was apparent that what she had read puzzled her exceedingly and threw her far away from her self-command. When she had gone I took advantage of my position as Entrefort's confidential friend and (in a measure) guardian, and was filled with amazement to discover the extraordinary thing he was doing. If I had read further I would have learned more, and might have taken steps to avoid a dreadful catastrophe; but I read only as far as Mme. Forrestier had gone, and then stopped, feeling that the matter was sacred and peculiar, and that I had no right to proceed further. I doubted that Mme. Forrestier understood what she read, for it was of a highly scientific character, set out in a style involved and obscure. I shall not introduce it here; it will be sufficient to give a very scant idea of its purport.

It was a discussion of the problem of death and of the persistence of the consciousness beyond this life. By a very elaborate argument, Entrefort sought to prove that death is merely a disorganization of innumerable "life principles" which are assembled in the human body, and which belong, inseparably and forever, to the matter with which they are associated. Consciousness is merely an incident of their harmonious working together; hence when death disorganizes them, consciousness must cease. Therefore, the immortality of the consciousness—the ego—is impossible; the life principles, however, live always; they are part of God himself.

If, now, they can be reassembled and reorganized after death, we reproduce the identity of the person who, before his death, represented the original organization. "This can be done," he wrote, "and in many ways; and I now see its successful operation proceeding under my very eyes. So sure as I live, my Félice shall stand in flesh and spirit before me. In these bottles, ranged upon my shelves, Félice reposes. The life principles which composed her ineffable sweetness are here under my hand, to be slowly reassembled." Here I stopped, for just beyond I saw Adèle's name, and I closed the book and returned it to the secret place where he intended it should be kept from human eyes.

I reflected that Mme. Forrestier must have been puzzled. What could she have thought of this Félice, and of any possible bearing of these disclosures upon the events of her life? The good woman inflicted a grievous headache upon herself with thinking over it. I know now that something deep and fearful had a finger in her anxiety—something that gave her a very sharp fear; but I shall explain all that at the proper time in this narration.

Of the strange happenings that made progress I can do nothing but give a record. Adèle's manner changed slowly but steadily for the better. Her selfishness, petulance, and hardness became modified into forms suggesting sweetness of character; the roundness and fullness of a wholesome womanhood were springing up within her. As she became gentler, Entrefort grew more cheerful. His bearing toward her was less masculine than paternal. His solicitude for her, without being in any sense obtrusive, was none the less vigilant and persistent.

In this wise passed many months, during which time I was tramping through Yucatan. It was upon my return that I noticed a striking change in Entrefort, in Mme. Forrestier, and most particularly in Adèle. I had always been fond of the widow, for she was one of the sweetest, gentlest, and most lovable of women; of the flouting, spoiled, unruly girl, I had cherished nothing but a hearty dislike; toward Entrefort—the craziest, the most brilliant, the most adorable of men—I had ever felt drawn by the closest of human ties. Now what did I find? Entrefort wholly recovered from his despair following the death of Félice; bright, cheerful, elastic, buoyant, brimming with wit, soaring on the wings of speculative science, and outreaching with both hands for the incredible in surgery; Mme. Forrestier, pale, haggard, worn, nervous, crouching under the walls of a tumbling house; Adèle—oh, but I could not believe my eyes!—Adèle transformed into an angel! Those demure little coquettish, that ready rippling of ruby lips into smiles, that velvety voice and low, musical laugh, that grace of manner, that putting away of self, that matchless graciousness manifest in kindly solicitude for others—surely this pearl could not have been dragged forth from so uncouth a shell except by a master hand!

And yet—and yet—it all brought a certain pain to me, and in that pain lurked a laggard recollection. That night I dreamed of the poor charity patient in the hospital—Félice—whose sweetness had been too precious to risk with earthly contamination. Again I sat beside her cot in the long ward, and held her thin hand, and talked to her of Entrefort, and of the bright days to come, when they would be married and have a pretty home, and Entrefort and I would be tamed, and held under the thrall of the sweet domestic spell she would breathe upon us, and of the cozy room that would always be mine, and mine only—ah, those were sad, sweet hours, I living and talking a lie with an aching heart, and Félice building a home whose foundations rested not upon the earth! And so I sat holding her hand in the golden twilight, waiting for Entrefort to come; and as we talked, behold! it was not Félice at all, but Adèle—Adèle,

so different from and yet so strangely like Félice! The rosy lips, the rippling smile, the plump hand and rounded features, a woman not less feminine than Félice, and, therefore, not less charming—Adèle was shamming illness and poverty, and through a whim lay as a patient in a charity hospital!

"Adèle!" I cried, aloud, and that waked me.

This dream clung to me with pertinacity. It was easy for me to reason that Adèle had fallen in love with Entrefort, and that unconsciously she had been molded to his ideal of feminine loveliness, and it was plain as noonday light that Entrefort loved her with equal tenderness. It was a pretty spectacle; but there was a touch of pain in it for me, for I could not help transposing and exchanging Félice and Adèle in the most confusing manner.

I expected that some one of the three (though likely not modest Adèle) would tell me of the approaching marriage. Mme. Forrestier—surely *she* might have mentioned it to me; but when I would glance at her, she would drop her eyes, and her face would harden and her pallor come deeper. I saw her quake in agony under my glance, and I wondered in the very soul of me. I saw her writhe with anguish when unspoken interchanges of affection would pass between her brother and Adèle. An incredible suffering was dragging her to the grave before our very eyes, while Entrefort, the alertest of all possible physicians, sat blind and indifferent in his absorbing love for Adèle, expressing empty solicitude for her failing health, prescribing foolish remedies for maladies which did not exist, and swimming heedlessly among life-seeking monsters which thronged his small sea of happiness. And there was Adèle, less blind than he, but blind sufficiently, and superior in perception only through a tenderer compassion—there Adèle, whose every word and act of gentle solicitude and sympathy sank loaded with poison into the wretched woman's heart. And there sat I, amazed, bewildered, and helpless.

I brought myself nearer to Mme. Forrestier by every possible device. I accepted her invitation to make my home at her house. My presence and sympathy seemed to help her, and my watchfulness over her was a shield. It seemed clear to her that I alone knew that some dreadful mystery was gnawing the thread of her life, that I was anxious to be of service to her, and that I patiently awaited her confidence. I listened at her chamber-door in the dead of night, and heard her moan: "Poor child, poor child! God help me!" One night, while somnambulant, she went into Adèle's room, threw her arms around the sleeping girl's neck, and awoke her, moaning: "Poor child, poor child! God help me!"

The strangest part of it all was that no word of marriage had ever been spoken. Of innocence and purity in Entrefort's mind I could form no conception, for I knew the man; and yet I now saw both these things with my own eyes. These two lived in an atmosphere of a deep, blind, and strange affection.

Mme. Forrestier would not, or could not, confide in me. Several times she tried to speak, but her words shrank back overcome and confused. Her hair was whitening rapidly, and, what was worse, her mind was drifting from its moorings. I could bear it no longer; so I went to Entrefort and told him, solemnly and emphatically, that some grievous wrong lay at the bottom of his sister's suffering, and that soon, unless relief should come, she would be a maniac and die in her madness.

This seemed to make him unbappy, and he said that he had noticed the change and was doing all in his power to assist her. "It is a gradual decay and breaking down of the nervous forces," he explained; "and no human skill could do more than ease the fall."

"Raoul," said I, after a long silence, during which I was studying how best to strike a worse blow, "Adèle reminds me strangely of some one I used to know."

He started, and that surprised me. So he, too, had seen the resemblance.

"Yes?" he said, with a show of indifference. "And who could that most fortunate person have been?"

"It is difficult for me to say," I answered; "but there is something—there is something—I think, perhaps, in Adèle's walk, or the little pain-drawn twitches that flit across her face, or her habit of putting her hand upon a certain place in her side—"

A startled look in Entrefort's face arrested my speech, and the whiteness of his face showed me that I had started the blade aright.

"What are you talking about, man?" he cried.

"Only a recollection—only something that reminds of a thing far away that was very sad. I think it was the case of a sweet girl in a hospital; I believe she died under the surgeon's knife. And the strangest part of it is that Adèle reminds me so much of her in many ways—particularly in her many unconscious little hints that she is afflicted with the same fatal malady that made the equally fatal operation necessary." It was brutal, but necessary; and, above that, it was true.

Entrefort sprang to his feet, white with rage.

"It is a damnable falsehood!" he cried; "you are a liar!" and he looked as though he would spring at my throat.

Had the situation not been so tragic, it would have been ludicrous—he a small, weak, nervous Creole, a big-boned Scotchman, heavy muscled, a head taller, and weighing nearly a hundred pounds more; he insane with passion, I stolid and pitying.

"Sit down, Raoul," said I; "we still are friends; for it ever in your life you needed a friend it is now."

The brilliant gleam of anger in his face faded slowly; but the lines deepened and the hardness and pallor increased. I had wounded the man in his very soul, and the pain of it was more than he could bear. He tried to speak, but choked; fiercely he tore away his collar, for his breathing was like that of one strangling. He reeled, I caught him in my arms; and when I had laid him on a couch, he took my hand and gasped: "I—I didn't mean to say that, old man,



for I love you; and—O God!—you have told me the truth! I have been bli—” and his eyes rolled, and he was unconscious.

It was a hard task for me to inform Mme. Forrester that the operation on Adèle had to be performed, and that Entrefort himself was determined to undertake it; for Mme. Forrester had not yet explained the mystery of her suffering, and I did not know how to approach her on this dreadful topic. I feared that the effect of my news would be disastrous, but there was no avoiding its delivery. Very great, therefore, was my surprise when, after recovering from the shock which it gave her, she visibly brightened under its effect! This was a strange thing, indeed; for I could not bring it into any other form than that the probably fatal issue of the operation would clear her spirit of its agony. Her step grew lighter, she shed quiet tears, and yet she had wept none in her suffering.

I had to be content with that; it was pleasant to see her steady emergence from despair, her quickened perceptions, her touching gentleness with Adèle, her tender care of her brother, and her quickly returning strength and repose. I had to be content with it, though it gave me a certain dread.

Entrefort himself had undergone a striking change. It was but slowly that he recovered from the illness which the frightful shock I gave him precipitated. In the delirium of his fever, I noted with wonder that, although he talked frequently of Adèle, and knew her when she would visit him, he never called her anything but Félice. “You are Félice,” he would say, “returned to me—brought back by my own hand—the soul and body of Félice, and—God pardon me!—her fatality!” It was well that Adèle knew nothing of the dead Félice, and that she took his words for empty ravings. Slowly Entrefort came out of his despair; and then all the fine manliness in him shone forth luminous and conspicuous. Sturdily he faced about, and saw and contemplated the great evil which had obtruded itself before him. All prospects were dismal, but they were but a spur to the outcoming of his strength. I never saw him look nobler than in those dark days, when he was preparing himself for the ordeal; and hard preparation of spirit was needed. But out of it all he stepped forth in the radiance of perfect manhood.

Adèle was told that the operation must be performed, but its dreadful possibilities were kept from her knowledge. With a smile, she agreed. “I shall be safe,” she said, “if Raoul perform it.”

The day came. Entrefort was on hand, with sharp young assistants. “There is a hope of saving her,” he said to me, with a hard smile, “for she is stronger than Félice.” I believed she was, but Entrefort could be so blind!

Mme. Forrester and I were in another room, awaiting the issue, while the operation was proceeding. She was upon a frightful strain; every nerve was in violent commotion, each counteracting the activity of some other; so that, without strength or purpose, she lay helpless on a lounge, while I sat beside her and held her hand, and spoke kindly words that had no listener.

It seemed to take a very long time, but presently it was over, and Raoul came in to give the news. He need not have spoken, for the light in his face told the story.

“She will live!” he exclaimed, triumphantly; “and then we will marry.”

It was like a death-wound to Mme. Forrester. With blanched face, in which evidences of the old suffering had returned with manifold intensity, she rose slowly and painfully to her feet, and, standing with a kind of awful majesty, she exclaimed:

“Marry! Never, so long as I can stand between life and death, between heaven and hell!”

We were amazed, and Entrefort gazed at her stupidly. Then he threw a significant glance at me, as much as to say that her mind was wrong; but I knew better than that, and I felt that at last we had been brought to face a tragic mystery.

“Dear sister,” said Entrefort, approaching her, “pray try to be calm. The good news has broken your self-command.”

“Stand back, Raoul!” she cried. “Never was my mind clearer nor my purpose of better strength. I am facing sin and damnation, and the duty of a daughter of the holy church of God must be done. I will stop this marriage, and, more than that, if need be I will flaunt my shame before the world to accomplish that end. But it will be sufficient to tell you, for you are a man of honor. . . . Raoul, I sinned before my marriage. . . . As God is my witness, Adèle is my natural daughter—a man may not marry his niece!”

Entrefort was surprised, but not dismayed. Pity and shame for his sister for this, her degradation, were all that appeared in his face; there was no incredulity, no shock to his purpose.

“Well, Raoul, what say you now?” she demanded.

After a long pause, he made answer:

“My dear sister, I pity you from the bottom of my heart that you mistakenly have thought it necessary to make this humiliating confession. But it alters my purpose not in the least; Adèle and I will marry.”

She caught her breath and staggered back to her couch, falling heavily upon it.

“But, Raoul,” she gasped weakly, “that is crime; it is violation of the law of God and man; it is suicide in this world and damnation in the world to come.”

“It would be all that, sister dear, if Adèle were Adèle; for if she were Adèle she would be your daughter and my niece. But she is not Adèle.”

“Who is she, pray?” asked his sister, suspecting his sanity.

“She is Félice, a totally different person, related neither to you nor me.”

“Raoul, what do you mean, in God’s name?”

Then he told her the sad story of Félice, and added:

“I saved her sweet body from the grave, and transformed

it completely into medicaments, with which I have ever since treated Adèle. By a fine, elaborate, and intricate process, which I can not explain to you now, I caused all the substance and essence of Adèle to be dissipated and those of Félice to take their place. Have you not noticed the remarkable change? My friend here has seen it, but did not understand it. It is clear to him now. Why, the introduction of Félice in the place of Adèle was so complete that she even brought back with her the dreadful malady!”

Mme. Forrester smiled pityingly and somewhat scornfully, and her excitement again rose to a dangerous pitch.

“Raoul,” she said, “if you are talking seriously, as I believe you are, and not trying to lead a weak woman to countenance an awful sin, then I must say that you are frightfully deceived. Adèle’s character has developed through love for you, and all unconsciously you have led her to fit herself to the semblance of your ideal. Her malady is one to which women are liable, and, being a physician, you know that well.”

“Ah, sweet sister! I know what I have been doing and what I have accomplished. You are incredulous, simply because this thing has never been done before. But, in good time, I will make it all clear to you. . . . Adèle and I will marry.”

Mme. Forrester now was in a fearful state. Her excitement was wild and menacing.

“I had prayed to heaven and hoped that she would die under the operation, and this hope has given me strength. But now that your honor is obscured by your madness, I will adopt other means.”

She started tottering for the door, evidently to publish her shame and invoke a wide knowledge and opposition to avert an unthinkable happening; but her strength gave way, and with a groan she began to sink. I caught her and laid her on the couch. Entrefort sprang forward, and we both saw that death had laid a hand upon her.

“Raoul,” she gasped, her eyes starting wide and fearful, “you have broken my heart—I feel a warm suffusion in my chest. Raoul—Raoul—dear brother—promise me—promise me—Raoul—” and that was all, and soon, thereafter, her sweet spirit went peacefully forth forever. Then I went softly out, leaving the weeping brother with his dead.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1892.

#### BAGATELLE.

##### A SERENADE.

Imp of Dreams, when she’s asleep,  
To her snow-hung chamber creep,  
And straight whisper in her ear  
What, awake, she will not hear—  
Imp of Dreams, when she’s asleep.

Tell her, so she may repent,  
That no rose withholds its scent,  
That no bird that has a song  
Hoards the music summer-long—  
Tell her, so she may repent.

Tell her there’s naught else to do,  
If to morrow’s skies be blue,  
But to come with civil speech,  
And walk with me to Chelsea Beach—  
Tell her there’s naught else to do!  
Tell her, so she may repent—  
Imp of Dreams, when she’s asleep!

##### A LYRIC TO ORDER.

The Muse is not at home to-day,  
But since you order, I obey,  
And thank the gods you did not set  
Your slave some task more hopeless yet—  
To wit: to make those ice-hung boughs  
That arch the eaves of Vernon House  
To lose their torpor and unfold  
Their hidden fronds of green and gold.  
You might—so very droll you are—  
Have asked me to hand down a star.  
But no, a lyric is your will;  
’Tis not so difficult, but still  
’Tis difficult. Remember, pray,  
The Muse is not at home to-day.

When she is gone Depression sits  
Upon your servant’s heart and wits;  
Invention, that had once some grace,  
Shivers beside the chimney-place;  
Thought wears an unaccustomed frown.  
All things go wrong, upstairs and down;  
My handmaid Fancy’s face grows glum;  
I think each hour the girl will come  
To give me warning, so to speak—  
And lose her wages for the week!  
The nimble sprite that brings me rhyme—  
My Mercury, my apt, sublime  
Young Buttons—she sulk all the time.  
So matters go from bad to worse;  
No happy word slips down the verse  
Some other happy word to wed,  
Like jewels on a silken thread.  
But true to jest. When this page lies  
Beneath your most sagacious eyes,  
You can but feel, and needs must say,  
“His Muse is not at home to-day.”  
—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *September Harper’s*.

A married couple recently appeared at the South-Western Police Court, in London. The lady had signed the following document before marriage, drawn up, she said, at a solicitor’s office: “After our married during our lifetime, I will never take deed of separation, nor never put you any kind of blame, or never leave you, and I solemnly promise to look after you, and give you nice dinners, and everything you require, with my love and true faith. We will always live in one place, and live together, and enjoy ourselves. If I broke this promise after married, I shall not get anything or money from him” (her husband). And yet after eight months of “married,” the lady wants a separation and an allowance!

A guest at Sir W. C. Brooke’s lodge, in the Forest of Glentanar, in Aberdeenshire, recently performed the extraordinary feat of killing two deer with one shot from his rifle. The bullet struck the backbone of one stag and was deflected into the chest of another, both instantly falling dead.

#### INDIVIDUALITIES.

George Augustus Sala says that the first five-pound note he earned from literature was paid him by Charles Dickens.

Bismarck used to spell his name without the *c*. The present spelling does away with the monetary significance of the name: Bis-mark—two marks.

The Czar is never lonely on his splendid yacht, the *Polar Star*, as she carries a crew of three hundred men, who are selected from the best sources in the imperial fleet.

Baron Alphonse de Rothschild has his principal pictures so hung that they can be instantly countersunk into the walls and protected by chilled-steel shutters. He is quite prepared for the raids of the anarchists.

Mr. Blaine’s services as a public speaker are in great demand this year. The people of Skowhegan, Me., have had the nerve to ask him to deliver an oration upon the occasion of the tenth anniversary of the opening of the shoe-factory.

M. Deibler, the executioner of Paris, has disposed of two hundred and twenty of his fellow-beings, and is now thinking of retiring. He has a miniature guillotine in a glass case on the mantel-piece in his parlor, does not receive visitors, and finds amusement in playing the violin.

The Rev. Dr. Edward Everett Hale says that he keeps in sound body and mind by doing no mental work in the evening. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, keeps hale by doing his hardest work just at that time. The aspiring young literary man may profit by their example.

Judge Gregick, of the superior court of New York—may his tribe increase—last week put to an applicant for naturalization, an Austrian, the query: “Which would you fight for in a war between Austria and the United States?” “Austria,” said the would-be citizen. “Go back there!” replied the judge, as he tore up the man’s declaration.

The artist Whistler, once of Stonington, Conn., seems to have about forgotten that he ever was a Yankee. The New England papers are recalling the story told of him some time ago, to the effect that he asked a visiting American who was President of the United States. “Or do you have Presidents now?” he added, in his best impressionist manner.

The old Corsican brigand, Bellicoscia, has been acquitted; this was foreseen when he was permitted, as a prisoner, to have himself photographed, and then sent his photos to be widely distributed all over Corsica. He is handsome, even noble looking, and it could not be tolerated by the Corsican mind that he should be either hanged, guillotined, or shot. He is, on the contrary, to be exported to France.

General Alger, according to a current story, once went to a political meeting in a railway train, with Mr. Applegate, of the *Adrian Times*, for a traveling companion. Reaching his destination, the ex-governor carefully removed the dust and cinders from his clothing with a silver-backed brush, and then offered it to Mr. Applegate. “Thank you, general,” was the response; “if I used that brush before this crowd, I wouldn’t have a subscriber left in the morning.”

The position of a popular dramatist is, it appears from some details of Victoire Sardou’s life just published, no sine-cure. All the year round the great man is up at seven, and upon a cup of coffee does four hours’ work on end. After *déjeuner*, at noon, he gets in another two or three hours’ writing, and the rest of the day is given to more technical worries, the interviewing of stage-managers and actors, and the supervision of details in the scenic department.

Senator Quay recently told a friend of the difficulty one of his ancestors had in securing a pension, to show how much harder it was to accomplish that business a century ago than now. It was then necessary for a man to prove not only his service, but his necessity. Mr. Quay’s ancestor declared that his sole possessions were two slaves and twelve acres of land. The latter would not raise even white beans, and of the former, one was a helpless rheumatic and the other spent all his time attending to his fellow.

Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University, recently sent to H. C. Frick a copy of Charles Reade’s “Put Yourself in His Place.” “Just now,” he said, in a note to Mr. Frick, “you are in a position to appreciate it. Did my means permit, I would have a supply placed with union and non-union men alike.” In acknowledging the receipt of the book, Mr. Frick said: “I read it over twenty years ago, and shall act on your suggestion and see that a number are distributed.” The book in question forms No. 214 of the pocket edition of the Seaside Library.

Prince Bismarck’s favorite son is said not to be the elder, Count Herbert, but the younger, Count William. “Bill” Bismarck is married to his first cousin, Prince Bismarck’s only sister’s child. It has been a great disappointment to the ex-chancellor that no male child has been born of this union, the countess having blessed her husband with two girls. When the first child, Irene, was born at Hanau, Count “Bill” announced the fact to his father as follows: “This time a girl.” To which the prince replied: “I forgive you this time; but next time see it is a boy.”

Arthur Conan Doyle, the British author, has given up practice as an oculist for novel-writing. Mr. Doyle is just thirty-three and is a native of Edinburgh, where he studied medicine. He found his early career as a physician one of drudgery, and with the object of increasing his funds he wrote some short stories, which found their way into *Chamber’s Journal* and laid the foundation of his literary success. Part of his youth has been passed as doctor on a whaler bound for the Arctic regions, and part as surgeon on a ship plying between England and the west coast of Africa. Physically he is a big, broad-shouldered man, with the “frame and mustache of a Life Guardsman.”



## SEASIDE VENUSES.

"Van Gryse" on Narragansett Women, Bathing-Suits, and Gowns.

At midday on Sunday, the beach at Narragansett is a great sight. In the first place, it is a beach worth going a long way to see. Its crescent curve of sand is of a soft, indeterminate gray, its long wash of lazy sea is of a blue to which the sapphire's is dull. The backward sweep of the melancholy dunes, with their long grass-hair, blown back by the salty breezes, undulates away into a misty distance of sandy swells and rank growths of coarse, fibrous reeds.

On the beaten sand slow waves heave themselves up, hang hesitating in a great, smooth, glossy, green wall, then curl and break down suddenly into wild foam that beats the bathers this way and that, and slides up and up the sand till the women in chairs shriek and put their heels up on the lower rungs, and snatch their skirts away from salty destruction. Sometimes as the seventh great wave lumps itself and bears inshore tottering, its crest just fretted into lace-like spray, the bathers rise with it, and through its translucent, ice-clear greenness their long, straight bodies show in sharp distinctness from the shoulders to the feet. The curling crest, striking them a stinging blow on the neck, spurts up in a fan of foam, then crushes down, and tumbles up the shore in white turbulence.

But the people on the sand are much more amusing than the people in the water. There are hundreds on the sand. Who dares gibe at the vanity of women? There are women walking on this Narragansett Beach in the revealing limps of black-serve bathing-suits, who must know that they are betraying to the eyes of a curious and unsympathetic multitude what ought to be regarded as dead secrets. Half an hour ago these dripping mermaids walked down from church in the full beauty and brilliancy of costumes that have taxed the modesties of this great republic from New York to San Francisco. Filmy, fluttering organdies, delicate as morning-glories, innumerable lace-edgings, big, wide, white hats, on which roses bloomed on long stalks, pink and blue and yellow parasols, yards of ribbon, white shoes, silk stockings, gauze veils—all that could add a touch to beauty are called upon in the decking of the seaside Venus.

In one short hour this glorious edifice is unbuilt. The superb butterfly that made the worshiper quite forget the sermon, is now a moist, lean, lank, drooping grub. But the butterfly does not seem to mind at all. She is quite happy in her grubdom. From the ranks of waiting, blue-serve, bronze-armed young men, she selects a swain, and they walk up the beach. There in the blinding light of a sun that shines equally upon fresh eighteen and faded thirty, he may count the freckles on her nose, judge of her appearance when her bang is out of curl, and speculate on the absence of vanity of a girl who has no scruples in letting the world look upon her at her ugliest.

Hundreds of women parade the beach, apparently perfectly indifferent to their hideous appearance, up the curve of sand as far almost as the eye can reach, they promenade, alone, with a man, with another woman, with a child, in groups. The trimness of their waists, girt about by neat canvas belts, proclaims that the wearing of corsets is universal. Their skirts, made plain in the front, with a little fullness in the back, reach to the middle of the knee, and show, as a rule, well-shaped legs that are slender but rarely thin. Now and then an old-fashioned bather sidles down to the sea—a shapeless creature, that, by a long skirt slapping about her modest ankles, would appear to be a female. Her belt hangs loose about a generous waist, left in the uncorseted freedom to which the dress-reform ladies tell us all womankind are tending.

The young girls, who are decidedly left behind in the ball-room, where their lank, young beauty looks meagre and thin, have their revenge on the beach. The thinner the girl, the better she looks in her little black suit. The stouter women, beauties in evening-dress, look fat, red, ugly in the water. But the lean, girl-hobbledehoy, who have the attractive thinness of youth, look vigorous, and lithe, and graceful as young Atalantas as they fly up the hard sand, their light feet leaving no print on the ocean's beaten floor, their heads up, their bright hair shining in the sun, their figures, thrown out against glimmer of sea and sweep of sand, strong, and slim, and upright as the figure of a light-limbed boy.

Even the younger girls who come under the head of that exceedingly ugly adjective "plump," have a somewhat pudding look in their bathing-suits. A good many of these girls have seriously endeavored to make up the *toilette de bain* in some new and original style. These attempts at innovation are almost invariably failures. The fiend that hewed the first bathing-suit out of chaos with an axe, created a Frankenstein, but a Frankenstein that we can not improve on. The adornments with which the Narragansett maid has sought to mitigate the horrors of this garment are the mild ones of a sailor-collar, a wide sash, and a broad pair of cuffs. Thus elaborated, she promenades proudly on the beach, and, going daintily into the water, is brought to the consciousness that pride goeth before a fall by having a huge wave break on her head and drag her ignominiously along the sand.

Sometimes she attempts to adorn herself with fantastic freakishness. It is the ambition of all women to wear the most dazzling toilet on the beach. Hence a nereid of last week emerged from her bath-house, elegantly arrayed in a blue-flannel costume, a high standing white collar, and a white four-in-hand tie. As she took the first breaker on her shoulders, the gazers, who had themselves tried similarly daring forms of decoration, waited to see the collar melt. To their surprise, it remained stiff and stark to the end of a long and energetic bathe. There was but one solution to the problem—it was celluloid. Here was a woman who had struck out an original idea!

But no one, despite the desire to be daring, original, and dashing, which animates the Narragansett belle, has, so far, succeeded in dazzling the beach with a weird, wonderful suit. Last week there was a lady who appeared in blue and

white stripes, blue stockings, little, white-laced boots on very nice little feet, a frilled Lord Fautleroy collar, and a large infant's hat of blue cambric and white lace. This was, the crowd admitted, somewhat striking.

In the surf there is as great a crowd bathing as there is on the shore promenading. Even the ocean is crowded at Narragansett. Here, too, one sees strange sights. One sees bold, daring, desperate ladies learning to swim in two feet of water, male relatives holding them up by their belts. "You are making wonderful progress," the teacher remarks encouragingly, as the swimmer kicks up fountains of spray with her feet, and, puffing like a grampus, swallows great mouthfuls of salt water. One sees obliging young men showing the timid young ladies from Chicago and St. Louis "how to go this way, on your side." The pupil, who has no intention of getting her neatly curled hair wet, looks on intently, then smiles, and, giving the teacher her soft, white hand, they jump the breakers instead. One of the Chicago beauties, who is a big, handsome girl, with parted hair and a fine, low brow, came leaping into the water, a day or two ago, looking handsomer than ever, in her neat black-serve gown. When you got near her you discovered that her face was coated with some white cosmetic. Then you realized that, in spite of all temptations to belong to other nations, she belonged to Chicago.

Here, in the surf, one sees, besides, the detestable, sun-burned, smart, small boy dive down and stand on his head under water, with his legs sticking up, and kicking everybody near him. Here young athletes, tanned a rich amber, cut their way between the thronging bathers, with the long, sweeping, overhand stroke, one shoulder turned to the water, their great, muscular, lumpy arms rising clear from the waves in swift, powerful sweeps. Here are the frightened women, who stand knee-deep in foam, turn their backs and yell when a wave breaks smartly down on them. Here are the vain young girls, whose dainty black suits fit their tightly laced figures as snugly as a street-dress would; whose pretty heads are brushed, and curled, and crimped to perfection; and whose shoulders are as dry when they come out as they were when they went in.

Where the receding wave leaves a hard, damp sand-floor, go the promenaders, walking and running up the shore. A girl with an exquisitely pretty face goes loiteringly by, her arms bare to the shoulder, colored by the sun as soft a brown as a smoker colors his meerschaum pipe. Her face, still pretty under the loosened locks of her wet, dark hair, shows, in spite of its beauty, a commonness which is again demonstrated in her thick ankles and wrists. Close on her heels comes quite a stunning-looking bather—a tall, straight girl, with broad shoulders and a wonderfully tiny waist. She wears a short black skirt, and what athletes elegantly call "a sweater," of dark-blue wool. A leather belt clasps her waist, and she carries herself like a drill-sergeant on parade. A good many of the promenaders wear no handkerchiefs on their heads, but let the sun turn to gold and copper their uprolled feathery locks. Others of them wear hats, fashionably shaped—big black straw hats, trimmed with upsticking ribbon-bows—hats that might be worn with propriety walking down Fifth Avenue on a summer's morn.

The shore-crowd, dressed, lounging, staring, and elegant, sit on the sand or on chairs as close to the waves as they can get. The men are a good-looking company, taken as a whole—broad, brown, stalwart fellows, in wide sailor-hats, black coats, and white-duck trousers. Every man of them wears a pair of eye-glasses, and has the ends of his trouser-legs turned up. There are two universal fashions to be observed among the women—the wearing of white shoes and the wearing of parted hair—this, of course, hidden by the hats. The white shoes are on every pair of female feet, emerging from multitudinous frills of white lace and silk. The stockings may be white, or black, or, in the daintiest cases, of some pale-tinted silk to match the ribbons worn or the parasol carried.

When it comes to parasols, brilliancy is the word. Nothing looks so pretty in the bright glare of sun against the bright glitter of sea as the moving spheres of pale-tinted crepe parasols. There are light-blue ones, and buttercup-yellow ones, and hundreds of chalk-white ones. There are parasols as light and fleecy as clouds, and thick, corded silk ones. One of the Western girls carried a bright yellow crepe one, with a white dimity dress, and a large leghorn hat full of nodding yellow roses. Then, one day, the soft, sad expanse of colorless sand was lit by a disk of pure, deep orange color with a black-velvet bow on its point. It was a gorgeous piece of color against the background of neutral-tinted sand. But the gem of the summer was a parasol of rich, deep, light-crimson velvet, lined with scarlet silk. That open, with the sun on it, was the most sumptuous thing in the way of a color effect of the whole season. The woman who carried it wore a red dress and had a tanned, handsome dark face.

As to dresses—but that is too wide a question to be trifled with at the end of a letter. One thing might be noted by the most vaguely inattentive eyes—that is, that the really swell thing for a girl to wear is a velvet zouave jacket, braided all over in gold arabesques, over a sort of thin, white crepe bodice, with wide, white sleeves. The effect is decidedly Oriental. But all the well-dressed women and the girls who have just come from Paris, have one of these Turkish dresses. It is quite the swell thing of the summer. A girl just returned from Paris, who has a Turkish dress in white crepe and crimson velvet, has also a youthful brother who has imported the latest masculine fashions from the world of beautiful Paros. He looks rather like the beaux of the Regency. He wears a long black coat that reaches to his knees, and gives him a decided waist, very tight, light trousers, has his hair longish and brushed out round his ears, and wears a high hat, with a deep, curly brim.

VAN GRYSE.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, August 24, 1892.

The Kaiser is the richest sovereign in Europe, his income amounting to four millions of dollars.

## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Recollection.

How can it be that I forget  
The way he phrased my doom,  
When I recall the arabesques  
That carpeted the room?

How can it be that I forget  
His look and mien that hour,  
When I recall I wore a rose,  
And still can smell the flower?

How can it be that I forget  
Those words said at the last,  
When I recall the tune a man  
Was whistling as he passed?

These things are what we keep from life's  
Supremest joy or pain;  
For memory locks her chaff in bins  
And throws away the grain.  
—Anne Reeve Aldrich in *September Cosmopolitan*.

## To Oliver Wendell Holmes.

8TH MO. 29TH, 1892.

Among the thousands who with hail and cheer  
Will welcome thy new year,  
How few of all have passed, as thou and I,  
So many milestones by!

We have grown old together; we have seen,  
Our youth and age between,  
Two generations leave us, and to-day  
We with the third hold sway.

Loving and loved. If thought must backward run  
To those who, one by one,  
In the great silence and the dark beyond  
Vanished with farewells fond,

Unseen, not lost; our grateful memories still  
Their vacant places fill.  
And, with the full-voiced greeting of new friends,  
A tenderer whisper blends.

Linked close in a pathetic brotherhood  
Of mingled ill and good,  
Of joy and grief, of grandeur and of shame,  
For pity more than blame—

The gift is thine the weary world to make  
More cheerful for thy sake,  
Soothing the ears its Miserere pangs,  
With the old Hellenic strains,

Lighting the sullen face of discontent  
With smiles for blessings sent.  
Enough of selfish wailing has been had,  
Thank God! for notes more glad.

Life is indeed no holiday; therein  
Are want, and woe, and sin,  
Death and its nameless fears, and over all  
Our pitying tears must fall.

Thy hand, old friend! the service of our days,  
In differing moods and ways,  
May prove to those who follow in our train  
Not valueless nor vain.

Far off, and faint as echoes of a dream,  
The songs of boyhood seem,  
Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,  
The evening thrushes sing.

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone

For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that Gate no toll;  
Giftless we come to Him, who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.  
—John Greenleaf Whittier in *September Atlantic*.

## Out of Pompeii.

The body of a young girl was found in Pompeii, lying face downward, with her head resting upon her arms, perhaps asleep; the scoria of the volcano had preserved a perfect mold of her form. She was clad in a single garment. No more beautiful form was ever imagined by a sculptor.

She lay, face downward, on her bended arm,  
In this her new, sweet dream of human bliss;  
Her heart within her, fearful, fluttering, warm,  
Her lips yet pained with love's first, amorous kiss.  
She did not note the darkening afternoon,  
She did not mark the lowering of the sky  
O'er that great city; earth had given its boon  
Unto her lips; Love touched her, and passed by.

In one dread moment all the sky grew dark—  
The hideous rain, the panic, the red rout,  
Where love lost love, and all the world might mark  
The city overwhelmed, blotted out,  
Without one cry, so quick oblivion came,  
And life passed to the black where all forget;  
But she—we know not of her house or name—  
In love's sweet musings doth lie dreaming yet.

The dread hell died, the ruined world grew still,  
And the great city passed to nothingness;  
The ages went, and mankind worked its will,  
Then men stood still amid the centuries' press,  
And in the ash-hid ruins opened bare,  
As she lay down in her shamed loveliness,  
Sculptured and frozen, late they found her there,  
Image of love, 'mid all that hideousness.

Her head, face downward, on her bended arm,  
Her single robe that showed her shapely form,  
Her wondrous face love keeps divinely warm  
Over the centuries past the slaying storm.  
The heart can read in wifely time hath left,  
That linger still through death's oblivion;  
And in this waste of life and light bereft,  
She brings again a beauty that had gone.

And if there be a day when all shall wake,  
As dreams the hoping, doubting human heart,  
The dim forgetfulness of death will break  
For her as one who sleeps with lips apart.  
And did God call her suddenly, I know  
She'd wake as morning, wakened by the thrush,  
Feel that red kiss, across the centuries, glow,  
And make all heaven rosier by her blush.  
—William Wilfred Campbell in *September Century*.

George Otto Trevelyan, one of Gladstone's new cabinet ministers, says in his biography of Macaulay that that distinguished writer once on a wager made two hundred puns in two hours.



## CHOLERA IN CALIFORNIA.

Some Reminiscences of the Epidemic in Forty-Nine and Fifty.

The Argonauts of 1849 will remember the terrible visitation of cholera in California in 1849-50, during the months of the rainy season. It was brought by steamships from Panama and Nicaragua, and by emigrant-trains across the plains from the Western States. At that time San Francisco was most endangered, by reason of its being the chief port of arrivals by sea and its larger population, and next in degree of danger were Sacramento and Stockton, the principal interior cities, from which the multitudes of miners started for the northern and southern mining districts. The population of San Francisco was then about fifty thousand; of Sacramento above ten thousand; and of Stockton about six thousand.

The disease first broke out in San Francisco, and raged violently during a few weeks. A number of prominent citizens fell victims to it—among them Dr. Johnson, a noted wit, Woodruff, the leading jeweler and social favorite, and Sam Minturn, host of Delmonico's, the leading hotel of the city. Peter Smith, of "tides" fame, had the city hospital, at which most of the cholera patients were treated by Dr. Smith himself and Dr. Mills, his assistant, whose forte was sporting and fine dogs. Best known in practice were Dr. Coit, father of Howard Coit; Dr. Dimon, who attended Secretary Seward in his final illness; Dr. Nelson, formerly of the British surgical staff; Dr. Gerry, Dr. Gray, Dr. Hastings, who married the sister of Senator Sumner; Dr. Rogers and Dr. Stout.

Among other incidents of the time, it was one of the wild freaks of the great lawyer, Rufus Lockwood—who was lost on the *Central America*—to disregard every care and precaution against the contagion, to eat forbidden food and drink to excess, stalk about in the rain, and, in loud voice, dare the cholera to attack him, and to "spare the poor devils and the good citizens" it was daily carrying off. He passed unscathed. About one hundred died of cholera in San Francisco. Some died through fright. A drayman asked a physician as he was leaving a house, "what's the trouble, doctor?" The reply was "a case of cholera." On his return to his post in a few minutes, the drayman—of strong frame and robust nature—was taken suddenly ill, and in an hour was dead. Similar cases occurred.

Some of the doctors seemed to care more for their big fees than for the life of the patient. Two young men called on Dr. Nelson to attend a case at North Beach. A brief questioning convinced the gruff old surgeon that the sick man was beyond remedy. The young men implored Nelson to accompany them, and, finally, offered him a small bag of gold-dust—about two hundred dollars—telling him that the man was their brother. Dr. Nelson pointed to the office of a neighboring medico, and said: "Go there; give the money to that fellow; he takes all he can get from the living and from the dead." On their return to their tent, they found their brother a corpse.

It was feared by those who had been in Stockton that, on account of its sloughs and the rank growth of tules, its low and flat situation, and the disregard for cleanliness among many of its Mexican residents and its idle sailors, that cholera would rage most terribly and fatally there. The reverse was the fact. Less than a score of cases and only four deaths were reported, and none of them citizens of prominence. Neither did the contagion linger in the slough city, nor upon the San Joaquin River.

But upon the Sacramento, from its mouth, far up the river, and in Marysville and along Feather and Yuba and the American Rivers, cholera wound its deadly way. In Marysville many cases were fatal, and in the ratio of population the scourge exceeded every interior city, except Sacramento. In the Queen City it ravaged most terribly. There were about two hundred deaths. Most conspicuous of the physicians was Dr. T. J. White, of Missouri, who had brought his wife and grown daughters across the plains in the summer of 1849. He was a member of the assembly in the first legislature, at San José, from Sacramento, and was elected speaker. E. J. C. Kewen, first attorney-general of the State, married the daughter of Dr. White, in whose company he had crossed the plains. Dr. Wake Briarly, also of the plains emigration of 1849—arriving in August—was another of the skilled physicians of Sacramento city. Drs. White and Briarly had each witnessed the ravages of cholera in the States—one in St. Louis and on the Mississippi, the other in Maryland and on the Potomac—in 1848 and early '49. The two, with a dozen others of the profession, American, English, and German, were hourly kept busy in attending cases, which became daily more numerous as the contagion spread. Age, and youth, and infancy; men and women, boys and girls, were attacked, and the proportion of deaths was exceeded nowhere in the United States, except in the national capital, at Washington. It was singularly malignant, owing, it was thought, to the uncared-for condition of the new city.

Emigrants daily arriving from the tedious and exhausting journey of the plains, reported many cases of cholera and a frightful proportion of deaths. Trains of from twenty to one hundred strong lost an average of one in five of their number. Without nourishing food, insufficiently clad, the lack of proper care and of good attendance, without medicines or medical aid, the afflicted emigrants died as sheep with the rot, and their bones were left to mark the tracks of woefully stricken, decimated trains. Many of the arrivals were in reduced condition and almost famished. Most of them fell quick victims to the appalling malady. Burials were rudely attended to, and the barely hidden bodies bred infection in the atmosphere. Funerals exposed attendants to the danger of attack, and in cases caused their own sudden attack and death.

The people of Sacramento were panic-stricken. In one instance, Dr. White was called hurriedly to attend the wife of the man who led him to the tent of the wretched woman.

During the half-hour he was there, the husband was seized and the first to die, the wife dying while the good doctor was trying to administer the remedy he had prepared, in hope to save her. Bill White, a reckless gambler, went to bed at an early hour of morning, expecting to breakfast with his mate; but when he turned down the blanket on waking, discovered that beside him was a corpse. Death had come without disturbing Bill, who lived to return to Alabama and there died from dissipation.

By the daily river steamers and the slow trips of sailing craft, the communication with San Francisco was maintained. The telegraph came years after. But by every day came from the interior the reports of increase in the number of deaths from cholera. Stages brought reports from the mining districts; but, above all, Sacramento was most terribly afflicted, and the reports from there were daily leading in mortality. The cheaper and much slower sailing craft were the compulsory means of hundreds by which to reach San Francisco. On a schooner from Sacramento, during the pestilence, forty passengers paid, for the trip down, each half an ounce of gold-dust—eight dollars. The fare by the *Senator* was thirty-two dollars; by other steamers, twenty dollars.

On the way down, cholera broke out among the schooner's passengers. Among them was a compositor named Bugbee, a spare, wiry man of thirty years of age. When the schooner entered the Bay of San Francisco, a little north of Angel Island, Bugbee was the only living soul on board. Every one of the passengers, save him, also the three men who constituted the master and crew, had meantime succumbed to the sudden attack of the malignant scourge. Bugbee managed to steer the vessel to the wharf in San Francisco, but a week passed before he was able to "stick" type. The trip from Sacramento had occupied nearly four days. Cholera seized its first victim the evening of departure from Sacramento. The next day the well among them became exhausted in attending to those prostrated. On the third day, in Suisun and San Pablo Bays, the dead were cast to the waters, and the night of the third day only four were alive on board. Before dawn of the fourth day, Bugbee was the sole survivor.

Two years subsequently the cholera again visited California, but not with equal malignance. Very few fatal cases occurred in San Francisco, but among them was G. O. Endicott, a prominent young merchant, a native of Boston. There were comparatively few deaths throughout the State. Sacramento was notably exempted from the harrowing scenes of 1849-50.

With San Francisco's brisk winds and cool climate, it is not probable that cholera will gain much of a foothold here. The water-supply of the city comes from water-sheds which are practically uninhabited, and hence it is impossible for disease-germs to find a *nidus* there. Eastern cities, and some of our interior Californian cities which get their drinking water from rivers, more or less polluted by the dwellers on the banks, are in much greater danger than San Francisco.

## SHOPPING IN LONDON.

The British Milliner and Dressmaker and their Snares.

It is not quite certain (writes a London correspondent of the *Boston Transcript*) whether the latter-day craze of American women for English fashion in dress arose from the fact that in late years vastly more American women have visited London than used to be the case, or whether the fact of their visiting London in such increased numbers arises from their predisposition toward "tailor-made" dresses and jackets of English manufacture. The first difficulty the American girl has in London is that of finding out which are really the first-rate shops. Size and importance have nothing whatever to do with it, as they have, to some extent, in the United States. Here, in London, the shopkeeping light seems to be hid under a bushel, so far as the most noted and swellest of the shops are concerned. One walks down Bond Street and sees a modest window hung with solemn-colored draperies, and, perhaps, there will be a simple costume, not displayed upon a lay-figure, be it well understood, but lying unostentatiously on its side. As a contrast, one may pass, in Regent Street or Oxford Street, a huge establishment whose plate-glass windows may be measured by the acre. Yet between the two the woman of knowledge will never hesitate a second. At the latter, she may get the essence of the gathered flower of fashion, commercial and commonplace; at the former, she may get the very flower itself.

Unless the customer knows exactly what she wants, and asks for it in language understood by this peculiar people, she runs a very slim chance of getting anything at all. Thus, she must not ask for "muslin," but for "long-cloth," while if she wants some "Swiss," she must ask to be shown "muslin." If she wants some "calico" for her servants' dresses, she must not ask for that, but for "print." "Calico," on the other hand, must be asked for if one wants some cotton or twill sheeting. She must not speak of a "spool of cotton," unless she wants to be greeted with the stony stare of vacuous ignorance, but for a "reel of thread," and then it may be placed before her with the smirking query: "And the next thing, midim?" for it may be noted that salesmen and saleswomen—who, by the way, have not yet attained the doubtful elevation of our "salesladies" and "gentlemen"—"midim" their feminine customers to the verge of exasperation. Again, if you ask for a pair of shoes, what in America are known as "ties" will be offered to you. The English boot is adapted to the English foot. "You have an American foot," said a bootmaker, the other day, "and I haven't a boot in my shop that will really fit you." An American woman's only chance of getting what she can wear upon her feet in this country is to go to a French shop.

But to return to the shopper's glossary of terms. You must not ask for a "white skirt," but for a "top-petticoat";

a skirt here is only used in describing the outer and visible garment, the inner and most spiritual affairs are all "petticoats." Similarly if one speaks of "a waist," as transatlantic phrase is wont to term the upper portion of a street or other dress, the dressmaker will turn on one with a pitying smile and remark: "Do you mean a body or a bodice?" For the American "bodice" is here an "under-waist." While if a reference is made to "corsets," she will correct one in the same tender fashion: "Oh, you mean a pair of stays." Do not ask for a "morning-wrapper," but for a "dressing-gown." If you want a pair of "rubbers" to guard against the London slush and mud, do not try to buy them under that name, but ask for "goloshes." If you want some coarse "Swiss" with which to make servants' caps, you must know it by the name of "book muslin," or you will never get it, for, as I have said, the English salesman never cares to meet one half-way and try to find out what the customer wants. If one were to ask for "paper muslin," he would probably have a fit. He knows it only as "glazed cambric" and resents any other nomenclature. As to things not essentially feminine, but still in the woman's department as purchasing agents, "bed-spreads" are "quilts," even if not "quilted"; "tides" are "anti-macassars"; and "window-shades" are "blinds," whether of the roller or Venetian order mattering not.

I have said there are no bargain-counters in the London shops, but, of course, the second and third-rate establishments are continually offering "special reductions" and sales of "bankrupt stock," just as similar establishments across the Atlantic are perennially doing. Twice a year, however, even high-class establishments, such as Redway's, in Bond Street, Marshall & Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, and Lewis & Allenby's, in Regent Street, have a real "sale" of stock which is not exactly in its primary freshness. The winter sale begins everywhere on January 1st, and lasts for fourteen days; the midsummer sale begins July 1st, and lasts for the same length of time. At these periodical sales, Americans can really obtain the bargains in which the soul of every true woman delights. Dresses of the latest fashion can be purchased for something like twenty-five per cent. less than would have been charged for them a week before or will be charged for them a week after the fourteen days of the sale. Good walking-dresses, such as one would pay from sixty to seventy-five dollars for in New York, average at these times from seventy-five to eighty-five shillings—seventeen dollars and ten cents to twenty-one dollars. It is to be noted, however, that this includes the made-up skirt usually on a silk "foundation," as it is termed here, which means a silk lining, with sufficient material, trimming, buttons, and so forth, for the bodice. If one has this bodice made in the shop where the dress is purchased, it will cost one something like ten dollars or two guineas in addition. It is in cloaks or "wraps," however, that Americans find the chief difference in price, for from seven to ten guineas will purchase a garment such as a new York dry-goods man would blush for himself were he to charge less than seventy-five or one hundred dollars.

Gloves are undoubtedly cheaper than in the States as regards the better qualities; but in the cheaper varieties there is not so much difference, though even these are less than the cheap domestic manufactured hand-coverings sold in America. Shoes I have already referred to; but I may add here that, though American-made shoes fit better and look better than those bought in England, these latter, without any doubt, wear infinitely better than our own. Women's underwear is better and more artistically made in America, and no dearer, on the whole, than in England; and the same rule prevails, to a certain extent, with all cotton goods, save those of the flimsiest variety. Nothing so dainty as the lace-trimmed diaphanous garments, which even profane masculine eyes may see in Broadway show-windows, can be found in London without an infinity of trouble. All linen goods, on the contrary, are delightfully cheap in American eyes, as unhappy American husbands know to their sorrow.

There is a striking difference between the American dry-goods store, or, rather, palace, and the English "draper's shop." The latter is dingy and cheerless, or else vulgar and unkempt. It is either a collection of small dowdy-looking village shops, like Whitely's, a severely respectable but absolutely uninteresting warehouse, like Lewis & Allenby's, or a conglomerate of vulgar display and sordid finery, presided over by dingily-clad shopmen and suspiciously red-faced young women, of which there is more than one in Oxford Street to be sedulously avoided by the transatlantic visitor. The milliners' shops, on the other hand, are somewhat more ostentatious than those devoted exclusively to the sale of millinery in New York, though, as in the latter city, most of the drapers' establishments have a department for "hats and bonnets." In Regent Street, there are several "Louises," and a host of imitative followers with the same affectation of using a French Christian name for a trading-sign. As a matter of fact, I met, only the other day, a rather dignified individual, who was the personification of an English country gentleman, and who is, in reality, "Louise." He bought the entire establishment after it had attained its rogue and paid a good round sum therefor, and it is run by him as though it were a brewery or any other legitimate channel for commercial enterprise and capital. These garish-looking shops, with their huge windows crowded with all sorts of headgear from the most Parisian daintiness to the vulgar British atrocities, are no happy hunting-ground for the American. The shop-women recognize the transatlantic one as soon as they set eyes on her, and immediately treat her in a fashion peculiar to themselves. Their abiding idea is that an American will buy nothing without bargaining for it and beating down its price. Thus they begin by adding on at least fifty per cent. to the selling price of hat or bonnet, and when the hoped-for customer expresses a not unnatural dissatisfaction, they calmly knock off a few shillings, and so creep gradually downward. The really fashionable establishments, of course, do not resort to any such tricks.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

It is said in London that a great authority on Paris and the French emperor's court, Sir Edward Blount, is much incensed at those sneers and slanders indulged in by "An Englishman in Paris," which are directed against the Empress Eugénie. The New York Times says:

"A correspondent of the London Truth calls it one of the most entertaining works that has appeared for many a year. 'Throughout its pages one is fascinated by the multiplicity of distinct types of character, or distinct individualities, which Sir Richard Wallace—or rather, which Lord Hertford—reproduces in these rapid immortal sketches. Sovereigns, pretenders, statesmen, successful authors, great singers, popular actors, famous artists, well-known characters of the day, all stand out, each with his or her individual equipment of idiosyncrasies.' Several English weeklies deny that it was Sir Richard Wallace, the philanthropist and art-collector, who wrote the memoirs, basing their argument partly on an alleged lack of ease in the French phrases introduced, partly on the belief that Sir Richard was too much of a gentleman to say such bitter things about the empress and other women. 'Apropos of this, reviewers seem to have omitted mention of a curious fact, namely, that in almost all cases where 'An Englishman in Paris' is virulent and pitiless in censure the person is a woman. It may be a question whether or not this points to Sir Richard Wallace on the supposition that his illegitimacy caused him to detest the sex of that mother who failed to have his birth protected by the law.'

By the way, how many readers remember that Carlyle did not say, in the London Spectator, of the twenty-seven millions of his fellow-subjects that they were "mostly fools"? What he really said in that article was, that "many of them" were fools.

Mr. R. L. Stevenson is one of the most fortunate of modern writers so far as the sales of his books go, at least. The record of his English publishers shows that "Treasure Island" is in its fortieth thousand and "The Master of Ballantrae" in its twentieth; "The Black Arrow" in its nineteenth and "Kidnapped" in its thirty-second. "The Wrecker" is in its fourth edition.

A handsome illustrated edition of Emil Souvestre's "Attic Philosopher in Paris" is announced by the Appletons.

Mr. Chapman, Dickens's publisher, flatly contradicts a newspaper supposition that the sales of the novelist's works have declined since his death; and declares that, on the contrary, the sale of last year was four times as great as that of 1869, the year before Dickens died. Mr. Chapman adds this significant statement:

"Since 'The Pickwick Papers' have been out of copyright, no less than eleven London publishers have brought out editions, and in the five have sold of 'Pickwick' alone 521,750 copies during the last twenty-two years."

Mrs. Oliphant has just published a new novel, "Diana Trelawney"—which is described as an uncommonly strong book—and is about to bring out another, entitled "The Cuckoo in the Nest."

An Eastern publisher will bring out soon, in three volumes, the verses of a "new poet," Charles Leonard Moore, who arrives under the enthusiastic introduction of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The volumes are called "Poems Antique and Modern," "A Book of Day Dreams," and "The Banquet of Palaces." The last is in prose, and is said to be a comedy, with scenes laid in South America. Professor Henry E. Beers, of Yale, will publish with the same firm "A Midwinter Night's Dream and Other Tales" and a volume of sketches of life at Yale. Novels by Mrs. Maria Beale ("Jack O'Doon") and Miss S. B. Elliott ("John Paget"), are also announced.

The novel by Miss Mary Angela Dickens, granddaughter of Charles Dickens, entitled "Cross Currents," is ready for publication in Appletons' Town and Country Library.

A new novel by Alphonse Daudet will soon be published, called "Soutien de Famille," the story of the good and the bad son of a widow. After finishing this, he intends to translate into French, from the Provençal of a farmer's boy named Baptiste Bonnet, a rustic novel called "Mémoires d'un Valet de Ferme."

Mr. Ruskin is one of the few authors of the world able to determine, with lordly certainty, the way in which their books shall be printed. It appears that he permits no deviation on the part of the printer from his own rule of punctuation—happy man!—and in the matter of uniformly open spacing is so insistent that, on several occasions when the compositors disregarded his instructions in this respect, proofs of an entire volume have been returned to the printer in order that whole paragraphs might be over-run from beginning to end. It is observed that Mr. Ruskin's printed page is, "as nearly as an oblong square can be made so, modeled on the proportions which artists have assigned to the finest types of the human countenance"; and that the author's reason for placing his printed page "so much out of the centre" is his desire to give students of his works ample margin for manuscript notes.

The following paragraph will interest those who spell badly:

The French Academy has come into possession of an album peculiarly of interest to the Forty Immortals, since it contains a record of mistakes in French spelling and grammar, made by the Academicians themselves and their predecessors. It was compiled by a certain M. de Portes. When the Duc d'Audifert-Pasquier asked admission, he spelled Académie with two c's, and when the Duc d'Aumale devised his estate of Chantilly to the French nation, he wrote codicil instead of codicille. In fact, one reason why Frenchmen in general are apt to be weak in spelling is the knowledge that Academicians live in glass houses and dare not be too lively with stones. Yet the Academy is supposed

to have as its chief reason for existence the care of French spelling and grammar, preserving the language from the ruin of obsolete or dialectic words and the intrusion of modern slang.

A London firm is about to publish for A. J. Macginnis an account of the steam trade between England and the United States from the passage of the Savannah to Europe in 1819. "The Atlantic Ferry" omits to mention an early steam passage the other way—that of her majesty's ship Rhadamanthus, in 1833, to Jamaica.

Zola's last story is said to be, in France, the novelist's most brilliant success. The sale proves this fact—the book has now passed its hundredth edition.

Mr. Stevenson's "Wrecker" is in its fourth edition in England; but the London Athenæum says that "the chief variety of feeling roused by a perusal of 'The Wrecker' is disgust, or something not far removed from it."

There have been instances of alienists and of specialists distinguished for their knowledge of insanity who have eventually themselves found their way into the asylums, from which it was their profession to keep other people, their long study of insanity in its various forms having produced monomania in themselves. M. Claretie, in a current magazine, treats of a similar mental tendency in ascribing to his morbid art the mental collapse of Guy de Maupassant. The novelist's studies of the abnormal in others have disturbed the balance of his own mind, M. Claretie thinks, and other writers of the same school, who are treading in M. de Maupassant's footsteps, are warned to avoid his fate.

It is now stated that M. Zola does not intend to write a novel about the Lourdes pilgrimages. He is already at work upon the story which is to close his "Rougon-Macquart" series. It is to be called "Le Docteur Pascal," and will be published as a serial during the coming year.

An Englishman, connected with one of the greatest publishing-houses in the world, declares that barely a half of the books published produce a profit at all, and not ten per cent. result in profit worthy of the name. He adds: "Books have been bought for twenty-five pounds, as was the case with Anstey's 'Vice Versa,' which would have been cheap at five hundred pounds; but one thousand pounds has been given before now for books which would have been dear at a gift." Profits, he asserts, are derived from the books of utility, the school-books, and the cookery-books, the technical and juvenile books, the production of which costs, perhaps, a few pence, and which sell for two or three shillings.

Constance Fenimore Woolson, author of "East Angels," "Anne," etc., is now living quietly at Oxford, England, where, in spite of that most isolating affliction of deafness from which she suffers severely, she has made many friends.

## Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York Sun some time ago accused the World of manufacturing fraudulent European dispatches, naming specifically the reports of an interview, dated August 5th, with Professor Schiaparelli and another, dated July 12th, with Prince Bismarck. The Sun of August 24th devotes four columns to what it considers proofs of the World's fraud, the substance of which may be summarized from the Sun's editorial statement as follows:

"One [of the dispatches] purported to come from Milan by Atlantic cable, and to report *verbatim* an interview held by a correspondent of the World with Professor Schiaparelli, in which the Italian astronomer explained at great length his latest views concerning the physical constitution of the planet Mars. The other purported to come by Atlantic cable from Kissingen, and to report *verbatim*, and at considerable length, a conversation held in English with Bismarck by a correspondent of the World, introduced to the prince by Dr. Hoffmann, of the Hamburg Nachrichten. On Saturday, August 6th, the Sun pronounced both of these dispatches fraudulent, never cabled across the Atlantic, but written in the office of Mr. Pulitzer's newspaper. At the same time the Sun offered to contribute one thousand dollars to the Tribune's Fresh Air Fund upon the production of such evidence of the genuineness of the alleged cable dispatches as would satisfy the judgment of Mr. Donald Nicholson, the Tribune's editor. On the next afternoon, two of Mr. Pulitzer's employees laid before Mr. Nicholson what they pretended was the copy, on cable blanks, of the Schiaparelli and the Bismarck interviews. Mr. Nicholson declined to examine the alleged cable dispatches or to express any opinion as to their genuineness. Yet, the next morning, the World, in its editorial columns, stated that it had submitted the original cablegrams to Mr. Nicholson, and that Mr. Nicholson had pronounced the evidence conclusive. The World, thereupon, called upon the Sun to pay over the one thousand dollars to the Tribune's Fresh Air Fund. We now have evidence showing not only that the two interviews in question were fraudulent, as alleged by the Sun at the outset, but also that the World deliberately undertook, after the first exposure, a second and even more soundly fraudulent, in order to cover up the original falsification. Both Professor Schiaparelli and Dr. Hoffmann have repudiated the interviews. Professor Schiaparelli and Dr. Hoffmann deny having met and talked with any correspondent of the New York World. The Bismarck interview appeared in the World of July 12th. On August 6th, after it had been pronounced fraudulent by the Sun, the full text of the article was telegraphed from the World office in New York to London, with instructions that it be cabled back again to New York *verbatim*; and the thing was done. In this manner, nearly a month after the fabrication and publication of the fraudulent cable dispatch from Kissingen, Mr. Pulitzer's newspaper came into possession of a genuine cable dispatch containing the same matter."

## New Publications.

"Gold Dust," by Emeline Dargett Harvey, has been issued in paper covers by the Lotus Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The thirty-second edition of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Pearl of Orr's Island: A Story of the Coast of Maine" is the latest issue of the Riverside Paper

Series published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Lost Heiress," by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, has been reissued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"For His Sake," by Mrs. Alexander, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Modern Dick Whittington," a new novel by James Payn, has been issued in the Broadway Series published by John W. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Sunny Side of Politics," by Henry F. Reddall, is a compilation of anecdotes of convention, canvass, and congress. Published in the Idle Moments Series by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Beatrice Rohan," by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, an English story in which love, money, titles, and a very wonderful adventure take part, has been issued in the Choice Library published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Mad Tour," by Mrs. J. H. Riddell, is a narrative of a pedestrian tour undertaken by a young Englishman and an Englishwoman of an uncertain age. They wander about in Germany; but what they see is not so well described as it would be in a guide-book, and what they do and say is not interesting enough to be called a story. "A Mad Tour" is evidently a weak imitation of Miss Duncan's amusing story, "A Social Departure." Published in the Strathmore Series by the United States Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

H. C. Bunner's latest story, "The Runaway Browns," after serial publication in the humorous weekly of which Mr. Bunner is editor, has been issued in book-form. The "runaway Browns" are a young couple who, having been brought up in Philadelphia quiet, intensified by poverty, come into money, get married, and, tiring of the humdrum luxury of a suburban home, run away to seek such adventures as people in story-books always have. They do meet with adventures, not thrilling but interesting, and these Mr. Bunner narrates very entertainingly. There are many illustrations by C. J. Taylor. Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Trip to England," by Goldwin Smith, is a very small book, but it is an excellent counselor to one who wishes to remember what he is to see or has seen in the tight little isle. It begins by telling the history of England as it is recorded in present architectural remains, from the time of the Celts and Romans, with especial treatment of the cathedrals, feudalism, chivalry, and the age of the Georges. Then it turns to the present institutions, such as the universities, public schools, army and navy, country life of rich and poor, transportation by coach and rail, and London, with its palaces and slums, its clubs, society, and guilds; and finally, it comments on those intellectual phases of life by which a nation's stage of civilization may be measured. A convenient index ends the volume. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by William Doxey.

The ninth volume of "Chambers's Encyclopedia," which has just been issued, contains entries ranging from round to Swansea, and fills eight hundred and twenty-five pages. It is an admirable work, comprehensive, concise, and low-priced, and is copiously illustrated. It contains twenty-four articles copyrighted in the United States, and the colored plates include double-page maps of Russia, Scotland, South Australia and Tasmania, South Carolina, and Spain and Portugal, and a table of spectra. Among the notable articles are Russia, by Prince Kropotkin; Lord Salisbury, by Frederick Greenwood; the Salvation Army, by Branwell Booth; San Francisco, by Dr. W. C. Bartlett; Sir Walter Scott, by Andrew Lang; Shakespeare, by Professor Dowden; Sherman and Sheridan, by General Grant Wilson; Slang, by C. G. Leland; Sir Richard Steele, by Austin Dobson; Laurence Sterne, by H. D. Thraill; and Strawberry, by R. D. Blackmore. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Footsteps of Fate" is the second volume of the Holland Fiction Series in which are presented to English readers the productions of the Dutch sensitivists. "Eline Vere," by Louis Couperus, was the initial volume, being a masterly analysis of the *fin-de-siècle* young woman for whom the modern spirit of unrest makes her life a burden, and painting the many sides of Dutch society with notable vividness. The same writer is the author of "Footsteps of Fate." In it the local color is gone, for the scene is chiefly in England, with excursions to Norway and Holland; and it is of value chiefly as a strong delineation of a character—the character of a young man who is lifted up from the gutter by a former friend, a wealthy young Hollander living in London, and becomes a parasite on his luxurious

friend, and who, when the benefactor falls in love, plots to separate the couple in order that he himself may not lose his comfortable berth. The presentation of the parasite's thoughts—the fatalistic sophistries by which he excuses his misdeeds and the effects of his emotions—is more than clever, and the story, though sombre and tragic, is one that holds the reader. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## Fiction and Fact Again.

SAN FRANCISCO, August 29, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: That the Argonaut circulates "all over" is evidenced by the communications in your latest issue. The letter from J. E. Williamson, of Paducah, Ky., asking if Zack Rawlins, whom I put to the torture in my "On the Caliente Trail," was the brave and fearless soldier of Company K, Twelfth Kentucky Volunteers, must be answered negatively, as must also the letter from W. L. Rawlins of the same town.

In the evolution of the sketch, my man was first Joe Hawley, afterward Zack Rawley, and finally he came out as Zack Rawlins.

I am sorry that I am unable to furnish any information regarding the whereabouts of the brave Kentucky soldier for whom these inquiries have been made. As for Bunster and the guide, they were also fictitious personages. Very truly yours,

F. B. MILLARD.

FATHERS take a book home—it will last longer than candy or an oyster loaf.

—GO TO—  
**ROBERTSON'S,**  
126 Post St.

## NEW BOOKS:

**DOXEY'S,**  
Under Palace Hotel.  
Stevenson, Robert Louis, "The Wrecker" ..... \$1 25  
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Ebers, George, "A Thorny Path," ad ed. .... 80  
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VANITY FAIR.

There have been signs during the current season that the institution known as the summer hotel has reached the height of its popularity and power in the East, and that its continued progress is more likely to slant down than up. The reason (according to *Harper's Weekly*) is that a smaller proportion of city families live in hotels, and a considerably greater proportion in cottages. At Bar Harbor this season several of the largest hotels have remained closed, not because the vogue of Mount Desert has waned, for it was never so much the fashion, but chiefly because the island is full of cottages, and the "best people" live in them, thereby damaging the hotels directly by the loss of their own patronage, and indirectly by ceasing to serve them as bait. The tendency is generally noticeable in the majority of the summer-places, and a natural and commendable tendency it is. The part of the population to which it is most essential to get out of town are the women and children, and for them hotel life, even in the summer, is decidedly a second-best expedient. The American hotel-bred infant, with whom Mr. Henry James, in the earlier years of his literary industry, helped to make the world familiar, is a type which it is as well should not survive outside of the fiction of the last decade. Without admitting that it ever was a very prevalent type, it is safe enough to assume that the more American children are enabled to substitute the atmosphere of a summer home for the garish delights of a summer hotel, the better it will be for the manners of the rising generation.

Upon that awkward little question of etiquette—the proper salutation of a man's own maid-servants—the *London Spectator* has a suggestion to make. The way out of the difficulty, it thinks, is for the master to take off his hat to the maid, just as he would do to a duchess. Old-fashioned persons may murmur at the notion of carrying equality so far as that, and it must be remembered that the girls' mistresses might have something to say about it. On the whole, it is more probable that our present shame-faced method will endure than that "capping" will come in. Englishmen have always taken awkwardly to "bowing and scraping," which they long regarded as ridiculous French manners. Many men are almost as much embarrassed when they accidentally meet their wives in the street as when they meet the house-maid. They do not quite know whether they ought to take off their hats or to presume upon their close relationship to make a salutation beyond "hallo!" and at once to fall upon conversation.

The English bathing season has just commenced, and in the sea at Ramsgate, Margate, and other seaside resorts, the most startling bathing costumes may be observed. A *Sun* correspondent took a run to Eastbourne last week, and saw the most astonishing bathing-gowns among the women and the most objectionable absence of them among the men. The strongest prejudice exists there against the two sexes bathing together; but when they are in the water, the dividing-line is purely imaginary, and would easily admit of hands being clasped across it. Thus the men, who wear no covering but a pair of short, flimsy trunk-hose, are distinctly visible to the women, and, it must be confessed, are anything but pleasing objects to gaze upon. The women indulge in the wildest vagaries of form and color, wearing sometimes vieux-rose knickerbockers, with only a check pinafore above, and sometimes a combination suit of scarlet and yellow or some other violent contrast. A great deal has been said, and, perhaps, with reason, about the liberty permitted at our bathing-beaches; but it sinks into insignificance before the eccentricities of the Briton on his annual holiday.

Dr. William Elliott Dodd says that when a woman between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five, being yet unmarried, suddenly conceives a notion that she has a "mission in life," you may take it for granted that the cause is purely physiological. At the same period she may bestow an extravagant affection upon dogs, or she may set to work at writing erotic books. Perhaps her oddity may take the form of melancholia, and she will have delusions, believing that some woman is jealous of her, or that a man is pursuing her with unwelcome attentions. She is apt to imagine that some one is in love with her, usually her favorite clergyman. Nobody knows how much distress ministers of the gospel are obliged to endure on account of old maids who

fancy themselves beloved by them. This sort of mania is particularly likely to attack single females at about the age of forty-five or fifty. A case occurred, not long ago, where a maiden lady ordered a lot of groceries to be charged to her pastor, saying that she was his wife. This was extremely embarrassing to him, inasmuch as he was otherwise married and had a family. On the whole, it is safe to say that there would be much less lunacy if marriages were more universal.

In some finishing schools in New York, in an upper room, is arranged a set of boxes in simulation of carriage-steps and seat, by means of which the pupils are taught the proper methods of mounting and descending. In neither case must the head precede the feet. The ducking motion is at all times to be avoided. To put the head out of a carriage first and then double the body up to follow, shows a significant want of familiarity with the vehicle of luxury. Retain a sitting position till one foot, preferably the left, is on the step, then with the other step easily down. This is simple and natural in a victoria or brougham; more difficult in a higher hung cart or road-wagon. To mount a coach or drag is worse than either. A woman should touch the vehicle with one hand only, while the other rests on the shoulder of the groom or gentleman who is assisting her. And the woman who is accorded the high privilege of the box-seat should be careful of her ribbons and parasol. There should be no loose ends of the one, and the second should be carefully kept away from the driver, who, managing his four-in-hand, can be greatly annoyed by a jostled hat from a parasol-rib or the slap from a flying ribbon across the eyes at a critical moment. A Frenchwoman, when acting the hostess in a drive, is very particular to enter the carriage first, seating herself so that her guest is at her right hand, never failing to indicate by a phrase, as "At my right, madame," that this is the place of honor. The exception, of course, is when the hostess is also driver.

Not only do men sue women for breach of promise in England, but juries sometimes award the plaintiffs damages, as in this case reported by the *Pall Mall Gazette*: "At the Chester Assizes recently, an action was brought by a young farmer against Miss Mary Birch, a young lady of independent means, to recover damages for breach of promise of marriage. In his opening statement, Mr. Banks said for two or three years the young lady kept him dangling at her heels just to please her vanity, without the slightest intention of redeeming her promise to marry him. At the last moment she threw him over in the most heartless fashion. She said she was too good for a farmer's wife, and would never huy a husband, insinuating that the plaintiff had only been after her for her money. Plaintiff, who loved the girl deeply, was disappointed and hurt, and wished to clear his character from most unjust aspersions. Mr. Justice Lawrence said that if they were to hold the scales of justice equally between man and woman, the plaintiff had been badly treated, and his letters revealed manly and touching sentiment which did him credit. The jury awarded the plaintiff fifty pounds."

"A woman will always tell a story about her age" is an adage that (if we may believe the *ex parte* statement of a writer who is evidently a woman) has driven many women to do so who would never have thought of fibbing if they had had any reason to think their truthful statement would be believed. It is not so much a clinging to vanished youth that impels them to this sort of thing, but one does not like to be made out older than the actual age that can be proved by the record in the old family Bible. Therefore, as every one mentally adds three or four years to the uttered sentiment of a woman regarding her age, it behooves her, if she wishes them to know really how old she is, to subtract just this number from the genuine one, and let them add it on, making her out exactly what she is. Another very trying thing in connection with this subject is that men—false, fickle, and fair—will not admire a woman so much who confesses to forty, even though she looks but twenty. They are superficial critics, and unless they know for a certainty the years that have passed over some golden-brown head, they will be taken by the owner, so long as she manages to look and act young and does not acknowledge the age that she does not show. No matter how beautiful she appeared before, once she confesses to over thirty, she becomes "a well-preserved woman" in his eyes, not the adorable bit of feminine loveliness he has been wont to praise. Therefore, not innate untruthful-

ness, but the force of circumstances, compels a woman to tell a story on this one topic at least.

"Society women in this country have not yet adopted the English fashion of permitting their photographs to be sold in the shops," says a dealer in portraits of celebrities. "Furthermore, they do not seem at all likely to do so. There are only four ladies of quality in New York who allow that sort of thing. They are Sallie Hargous, Mrs. Burke-Roche, Mrs. Jack Leslie, and Mrs. Moreton Frewen. The last two are sisters of Lady Randolph Churchill. Four-fifths of my customers are women. They like pictures of handsome men, particularly actors; but their fancies in this regard are never to be counted upon. For instance, you would naturally imagine that the likenesses of Emperor William of Germany would please them, inasmuch as he is young, very good-looking, and a monarch; but, as a matter of fact, he does not sell any better than does the Prince of Wales or the Czar of Russia. An actor may be ever so handsome, but if he has a name which does not happen to please the women, they will not buy his photographs. Likewise, if a stage-player has been caught in a scandalous intrigue, or if he has become notorious as a person of immoral life, the sale of his pictures drops at once. The most popular portraits of English professional beauties just at present are those of Lady Brooke, the friend of the Prince of Wales, the haughty-looking Lady Londonderry, and Belle Bilton, the music-hall singer, who married into the nobility. There is always a demand for likenesses of the Princess of Wales."

If Vice-Chancellor Bird, of Trenton, had only realized what a tempest of abuse he was about to bring down on his judicial head from the noble army of boarding-house-keepers throughout the country, he would, perhaps, have thought twice at least before filing that already famous opinion in the Shinn divorce case. In this opinion Vice-Chancellor Bird declared that every wife was entitled to a home corresponding with her husband's circumstances, of which she should have absolute control. A house such as that in which Mr. and Mrs. Shinn had lived prior to their infelicities was distinctly not such a home, because it was a boarding-house, in which Mrs. Shinn occupied only one room, and which was under the entire control of another woman. Once this opinion takes rank as a precedent, divorce cases will increase tenfold, say the landladies. A young woman will sue for divorce not on the ground of incompatibility of temper, but because she objects to the carpet in her one-room home, and does not get sufficient sugar in her boarding-house tea. But the funniest thing about the whole question is, that while the married persons do not seem to be agitated, the bachelors and boarding-house old maids are raising no end of verbal how-dye-do about it. Two women were recently heard discussing the subject by an *Evening Sun* writer. "When it comes to the case of a couple living in a boarding-house, my sympathy lies all with the man," said one woman. "I've had three husbands—and I've known the husbands of heaps of other women, too, but I never saw a married man yet who didn't loathe a boarding-house instinctively. It's the women who like boarding-houses."

A few sporadic cases of the suspended girl, we are told by *Harper's Weekly*, were reported in America last year; but it was not till the beginning of this summer that the suspended girl became epidemic. When the warm weather came and the protecting jacket was cast aside, the girl with suspenders that did not suspend anything was regnant everywhere. On ferry-boats and cars, at picnics and in the streets, and even at church, the girl with her "galluses" was conspicuous. To show that she had a full appreciation of the many uses to which this article could be put, one young girl in the West hanged herself with hers. Some cruel humorist adduced this sad incident as proof that women were entirely worthy to wear suspenders if they choose. But the saddest news comes from Paris, for we learn from the fashion papers that the great Worth has heard of the decorative value of suspenders, and is using them to ornament even the finest of his creations.

In nothing do holiday people differ more than in the amount of luggage they carry with them (James Payn declares). When actually on the journey, it is delightful to have nothing to look after beyond what we take in the carriage, and still more, in out-of-the-way places, where transit is difficult, to have nothing to carry; but, once arrived and at the end of a day's march, it is also very pleasant to have a trunk full of everything one wants. Of all the modern luggage systems, that of the Sultan, as the song says, "better pleases me." He takes with him, on his summer holidays, every possible guarantee for personal security and domestic happiness: "a battalion of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, four guns, and three hundred wives."

The present fashion of wearing low shoes, without gaiters, is spoiling the shape of the women's ankles. They are no support or stay, and the consequence is weakened sinews and enlarged ankle-joints, which are far from pretty.

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N. Y. Times, Mar. 10, '92.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Maxwell-Bonyngue Wedding.

[From the Court Journal of Saturday, August 13, 1892.]

Her Royal Highness Princess Christian honored Mr. and Mrs. Bonyngue with their presence at the marriage of their daughter, Louise, with Major John Grenfell Maxwell, D. S. O., the Black Watch, on Monday last, at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens.

The church was beautifully decorated with towering palms and a quantity of white flowers mixed with ferns.

Prince and Princess Christian arrived at the church soon after a quarter-past two o'clock, attended by Miss Emily Lock and Colonel Hon. Charles Eliot, where they were received by Sir Francis Grenfell, who conducted them to their seats.

Captain Frederick attended the bridegroom as best man, and there were three bridesmaids.

The bride arrived punctually at half-past two o'clock, leaning on her father's arm, and while the march from "Tannhauser," by Wagner, was played, passed slowly up the aisle. She was attired in a simply made dress of white bengaline perle, the neck of which was slightly cut open and finished with a Medici collar of old lace, a cluster of orange-blossoms was fastened in front, and the bodice was edged with folds of silk and a long chiffon sash. Her tulle veil was fastened by a spray of orange-flowers, a diamond tiara, and a diamond star, the latter being the gift of the bridegroom, who, also, presented her with a double-heart brooch and a choice bouquet of white exotics.

The bridesmaids were Miss Bonyngue (sister of the bride), Miss A. Maxwell (sister of the bridegroom), and Miss Olivette FitzGibbon (niece of the bridegroom). Their costumes were composed of ivory-white spotted crepon, with puffed elbow sleeves of pale-pink brocade, edged with very deep falls of lace, the same being arranged round the shoulders as a fichu; pale-pink satin ribbon trimmed the front of the bodice, and at the back large Empire bows of the same fell from the shoulders; the skirts, which were slightly trained, were edged with two narrow frills, and their large white Leghorn hats were ornamented with lace and La France roses. The bridegroom presented each with a brooch composed of two gold wings attached with a heart set round with diamonds, and a loose bouquet of La France roses.

Princess Christian wore white-spotted crepon, trimmed with handsome gold passementerie; bonnet of white and gold, with a bunch of red flowers, and she carried a bouquet of tea-roses. Mrs. Bonyngue, mother of the bride, was attired in a pale-gray silk, embroidered with beads and trimmed with a quantity of black Brussels lace, and her black bonnet was relieved with white ostrich-tips. Miss Maxwell, sister of the bridegroom, white crepon, with sleeves and sash of palest yellow velvet, covered with lace, and large hat ornamented to match. The Countess of Albemarle, black silk and jet ornaments, and black bonnet, with a bow of gold-colored ribbon; the Ladies Keppel, a new shade of mauve crepon, tastefully trimmed with écu lace, and their large black hats were also trimmed with lace to match; Lady Grenfell was in mauve spotted crepon, with bonnet to harmonize; Lady Slade wore green silk, with cape of Pompadour brocade, and black bonnet, trimmed with pink; Lady Mary Bertie, pale-blue crepon, with cinnamon-brown velvet trimmings and guipure, and wore a large picture hat; Lady MacGregor, striped silk, trimmed with blue satin, and small blue bonnet; Honorable Mrs. FitzRoy Stewart, gray-spotted crepon, with black guipure, and large pink chip hat, ornamented with black ostrich feather-tips and ribbon; Miss Crutchley, straw-colored silk, trimmed with ribbons, and pale-blue bonnet; Miss Slade was in an Empire dress of white, the elbow-sleeves and sash were of lily-green velvet, and frills of lace were arranged on the bodice.

The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Canon Fleming, vicar of St. Michael's, Chester Square, assisted by the Rev. Ravenscroft Stewart, vicar of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens.

While the registers were being signed, the anthem, "Praise the Lord," by Sir John Goss, was sung by the choir, and the bridesmaids distributed favors, composed of white roses and Stephanotis, among the guests.

Mrs. Bonyngue afterward welcomed the wedding-party at her residence in Prince's Gate.

In the course of the afternoon, Major and Mrs. John Grenfell Maxwell left for Hedsor Wharf, Cookham, where the honeymoon will be spent.

The bride went away in a costume of fancy white striped crepon; the bodice was made with full sleeves of white and pale-blue brocade, and was also trimmed with deep guipure lace; her hat was of light-brown chip, ornamented with yellow roses and blue-satin bows.

The wedding presents, which were very numerous, included:

From H. R. H. Princess Christian, two handsome silver basket-shaped dishes; H. H. Princess Victoria, silver-mounted perfume bottle; from the bridegroom, half-hoop diamond ring, ruby and diamond bracelet, diamond moonstone brooch; from the father of the bride, diamond rivière, tiara of diamond violets, check; Mrs. Bonyngue, diamond tiara, blue enamel and diamond bracelet, chest of silver, house linen, fur rug, and Indian shawl; to the bridegroom, check; Miss Bonyngue, diamond stars and silver-mounted dress-bag; Misses Maxwell, silver tea service; Sir C. and Lady Forbes, silver bread-basket, candelabra and candlesticks; Mrs. FitzGibbon, silver muffineers; Mr. and Mrs. Pascoe Grenfell and Misses Grenfell, large silver

silver; Mr. A. Maxwell, check; Prince Victor Duleep Singh, lace fan; Countess of Ranoull, lunch-basket; Mr. J. Maxwell, check; Rev. A. Bonyngue, silver salt-cellars; Miss Isabel Bonyngue, silver fruit-spuns; Captain H. Grenfell, silver tea-pot; Mrs. H. Grenfell, large silver centre-piece; Sir F. and Lady Grenfell, large silver bowl; Mrs. F. Maxwell, silver book-case; Miss Mary Maxwell, silver shoe ornament; Lord and Lady Cromer, silver candlesticks; Countess of Lonsdale, silver lamps; Lady Decies, clock and barometer; Mr. Fraser, old silver fruit-spuns; Lady Isabel Stewart, silver-mounted scent-bottle; Mrs. Chalmers, lace fan; Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Low, check; Lady Catherine Coke, shell and silver card-case; Mr. and Mrs. C. Guthrie, silver bowls; H. C. Brown, silver tea-caddy; Mrs. Berens, electric lamp; Misses Berens, gold-mounted scent-bottle; Mr. Quintin D. Hunn, silver clock and silver-mounted decanter; Miss Constance Slade, fan; Lady Camilla Brampton Garden, silver mustard-pot; Miss Gye, card case; Mrs. Schneider, walking-stick; Lady Margaret Watney, silver-mounted claret-jug and goblets; Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. P. Crutchley, silver fruit-spuns; Countess Cairns, photo screen; Lady Evelyn Cobbold, silver lamp; Miss Blanche Forbes, silver pin-cushion; Mrs. Bradshaw, book-stand; Dr. Parke, paper-knife; Lord North, silver stand; Captain T. E. Hickman, silver butter-dish; Sir James Home, silver-mounted match-box; Captain the Hon. R. and Mrs. Stewart, photo screen; Miss Salting, scent-bottle; Mrs. Rose, silver sugar-bowl; Misses Rose, salts-bottle; Mrs. Murray, silver bonbon dish; Mrs. Carlisle, menu frame; Lady Elizabeth Taylor, blotting-pad; Captain T. F. Kennedy, silver-mounted claret-jug; Captain C. E. Coote, silver-mounted match-box; Colonel and Mrs. Holled-Smith, silver coffee-spuns; Captain and Mrs. H. Graham, silver decanter; Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, antique silver card-case; Hon. Charles Coventry, shell and silver puff-bow; Lord North, silver stand; Captain T. E. Hickman, silver butter-dish; Sir James Home, silver-mounted match-boxes; Captain A. Sandbach, silver muffineer; Lord Cheylesmore, silver cream-jug; Mrs. Bradley Martin, silver basket; Major and Mrs. Charles Crutchley, silver-mounted ink-pot; Earl Cairns, Doulton jug and goblets; Major Cunningham, silver egg-bowler; Lady Clayton, universal heater; Major E. Stuart-Wortley, diamond pin; Misses Mostyn, silver match-box; Miss Lambert, silver cream-jug; Hon. Alexander Hood, silver pepper-pots; Miss Marie Percival, silver pin-dish; Dowager Lady Saumarez, clock; Mr. Gillett, silver spoons; Mr. E. Tighe, silver tea-service; Mr. J. James, diamond and enamel pen; Major Maberly, silver butter-dishes; Mr. John Denington, silver salt-cellars; Captain Frederick, silver bowls; Miss Low, silver flower-goblets; Mr. Horace Peel, silver candlesticks; General and Mrs. Crutchley, silver inkstand and paper-knife; Misses Crutchley, silver candlesticks and match-box; Lady Macpherson Grant, shell and silver paper-knife; Mrs. Wolton, silver match-box; Mr. and Mrs. M. Sandbach, silver sticks; Mr. H. Sands, silver toast-rack; Mr. and Mrs. Ch. Halford, pepper-mill; Hon. Helen Henniker, walking-stick; Miss Webster, silver bonbon-dish; Miss Peepoe, silver pen-tray; Mrs. Wilfred Marshall, double-heart photo-frame; Mr. Baldoock, silver cigarette-case; Mrs. Smith Cunningham, toaster; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Randall, silver basket; Hon. FitzRoy and Mrs. Stewart, silver tea-caddy; Sir Charles and Lady Tupper, Doulton vases; Mrs. Locke King, silver coffee-pot; Sir W. Marriott, silver cigar-lighter; Canon and Mrs. Fleming, silver photo-frame; Hon. Mrs. Greville, gold and enamel pencil; Captain T. M. McCarroll, silver egg-bowler; Mr. and Mrs. R. R. R. Hon. Marie Hay, silver puff-bow; Mrs. Baird, silver clasp; Miss Nadine Baird, table doyleys; General Sir R. Buller, gold pencil-case; Mr. and Mrs. P. St. L. Grenfell, silver salvers; Mr. H. Sandbach, silver liqueur-stand; Misses Sandbach, silver toast-racks; Mr. and Mrs. G. R. Sandbach, silver butter-dishes; Major Hon. T. St. Aubyn, shell and gold-mounted stick; Miss Paget, silver paper-knife; Miss Fraser, silver basket-dish; Sir Bartle Frere, silver button-hook; Mrs. E. Coleman, silver sugar-spuns; Mrs. Senior, silver ash-tray; Hon. Sydney St. John, silver vinaigrette; Mr. R. Brooke, walking-stick; Mr. C. Drummond, silver egg-bowler; Mr. R. R. R. antique silver sugar-bowl; the United States Minister, silver bonbon-dish; Mr. and Mrs. C. Alexander, gold and ruby bracelet; Mrs. Forbes Leith, photo frame; Mr. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, ivory cigarette-box; Captain Sillicur and Captain Lewis, silver cigarette-box; Colonel and Mrs. Ramsey, silver egg-bowler; Mr. and Mrs. E. E. FitzGibbon, silver liqueur-cup; General Kitchener, silver clock; Hon. Ethel Cadogan, silver pin-dish; Sir J. and Lady McGregor, silver pepper-pots; Miss Daisy Franklin, nécessaire; Countess of Portsmouth, shell and silver paper-knife; Miss Eardley Wilmot, table cloth; Miss Winslow, silver box; Miss de Kaler, silver box; Mr. and Mrs. M. de Phibus, shell and silver clock; Sir Seymour Blanc, silver cream-jug; Mrs. Montagu Sharp, silver-mounted powder-box; Miss Oldfield, silver button-hook; Captain E. Law, porcelain vases; Misses Boyle, china menus; Lady Mary Bertie, silver match-box; Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, glass jug and goblets; Mr. G. Pereira, gold pencil; Mr. Larz Anderson, silver box; Mr. and Mrs. L. R. R. silver box; Mr. A. R. Grenfell, check; Mr. and Mrs. S. Sandbach, silver cup; Colonel J. Wodehouse, silver inkstand; Mrs. Irvine, hunting-crop; Colonel Irvine, silver-mounted flask; Captain and Mrs. Pratt, Black Jack, in porcelain; Mr. F. S. Clarke, silver chocolate-bar; Captain and Mrs. R. Maxwell, engravings; Jones & Co., St. James's-stick; Mr. and Mrs. G. Bul-teel, leather case for piquet; servants, forty-two, Prince's-estate, silver salver; Mr. and Mrs. Henry White, silver tray; Lady Henry Gordon Lennox, silver pin-cushion; Mr. Alex. Berens, silver card-case; Misses Crofton, two lace handkerchiefs; Mrs. Macpherson Grant, silver-mounted umbrella; Sir Thos. and Lady Lucas, gold and shell clock; General Lyttelton Annesley, lace fan; Sir George Arthur, lace fan; Mr. and Mrs. Gibbs, silver pen-tray; Mrs. and Miss Bickford, lace fan; Lady Walker, Venetian glass vase; Captain Wilmot Vaughan, gold sleeve-links; Mrs. Corbin, bronze and a bazzer tray; Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Paterson, silver tea fitted with writing table requisites; Sir J. and Mrs. Lady Jeanne, bronze candlesticks; Mrs. Shackleton, silver-mounted cheese-scoop, etc.

Some of our readers will, perhaps, recollect the mendacious attacks made on Mr. Bonyngue, when, among other things, it was asserted that he had changed the spelling of his name and was without family antecedents. The records of the court of chancery, however, show how unfounded and malicious this was. For in 1667, Charles the Second granted to John Bonyngue, an ancestor of Mr. Bonyngue, the lands of Ballentobber, County Longford, and the said John Bonyngue afterward acquired the remaining lands of Ballentobber from James the Second. Mr. Bonyngue's great-grandfather was high sheriff of Longford in 1755 and 1756. The family originally came from Normandy. They owned large estates in Meath, Longford, West Meath, and Kildare.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. Francis G. Newlands are passing a few weeks here at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Miss Dean, and Mr. Walter L. Dean have been at Lake Tahoe during the past week.

Miss Ella Morgan will soon return to school at Farmington, Conn., to resume her studies.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plim, Jr., and Batchelder, have returned from their wedding trip, and are residing at 308 Page Street. They will receive on the first and fourth Wednesdays of each month after September.

Mr. and Mrs. George Vincent Wright, of San José, have been in the city visiting friends during the past week.

Miss Lita Robinson, of Oakland, is visiting Mrs. William T. Wallace at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks are expected here soon from Los Angeles on a visit.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers will leave

Europe in October and are expected here in November. They will then go to Honolulu to visit Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin for a month, after which they will return here and then go to New York city, where Miss Ivers will be married in January.

Mrs. Louis B. Parrott has returned to her residence in San Rafael after a pleasant visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. J. J. Palmer is at the Hotel Albemarle, in New York city.

Miss Sarah Jackson, of Oakland, is the guest of Mrs. C. A. Wright, at Minnetonka Beach, Minn., for a few weeks. Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux have returned from Lake County. Mrs. Crux will receive on the second and fourth Wednesdays of each month.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger have returned to the city after passing the summer at Richfield Springs, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William Magee are in London.

Mrs. J. L. Martel and the Misses Adele and Ethel Martel have returned from Santa Cruz where they passed the season.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels were in Zurich when last heard from.

Colonel C. F. Crocker will return from Monterey next week. Miss Mae Diamond will remain at West Point until November.

Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Sarah Dean have returned from Santa Barbara where they passed the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Hall have returned to Sausalito after their visit to Monterey.

Mr. Herman Shainwald has returned from a prolonged tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan have returned to their cottage in San Rafael and have Miss Emily Carolan as their guest.

Colonel C. F. Crocker has been enjoying a visit to his children at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre have returned to Menlo Park after their visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who have been passing the summer in Geneva, are en route home and are expected in New York city.

Miss Edith Thomson, of Oakland, and Miss Laura McCune, of this city, who have been visiting Victoria, B. C., for the past four months, expect to return soon to their home.

Mrs. George T. Folsom has returned from a two weeks' visit to Mrs. L. P. Sage at her home near San José.

Mrs. H. J. Booth, Miss Booth, and Miss Genevieve Booth will leave for New York, via Panama, late in September.

Mrs. H. N. Cook is occupying her cottage in Belvedere after a pleasant visit to Castle Crag.

Captain and Mrs. William Kohl and Miss Mamie Kohl, who were visiting friends in Philadelphia, will return here late in September.

Mrs. John Boggs and Miss Alice Boggs will soon leave to pass the winter in the East.

Miss Helen Walker has been visiting friends in Petaluma during the past week.

Mrs. Cedar Sothor, of Oakland, will leave in a couple of weeks to make an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Tower, Jr., are enjoying a visit at Monterey after a prolonged sojourn at Santa Cruz.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, will remain at Golden Gate Cottage, in Santa Cruz, until late in October.

Colonel and Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon have rented a cottage in San Rafael for the remainder of the season.

Mrs. F. L. Barreda and Miss Rose Barreda are in Bayreuth, Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. William Oothout have arrived at their home in San Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick H. Beaver will remain in Sausalito until the opening of the winter season.

Mrs. John Nightingale and the Misses Minnie and George Nightingale have returned from an enjoyable visit at Soda Bay.

Mrs. W. J. Lowry and Miss Lowry have left Santa Cruz, and are now at San José, where they will pass the remainder of the season.

Mr. James Otis left for the Hawaiian Islands last Wednesday on the steamer *Australia*.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Moore, Mrs. R. S. Moore, and the Misses Moore are passing a few weeks in San José.

Dr. and Mrs. Charles B. Brigham are at their cottage near Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mrs. Henry Janin have returned from Monterey and are at the Palace Hotel.

Misses Florence and Lillian Reed are enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas, who have been passing the summer at Santa Cruz and Monterey, are now at their villa in Mountain View, where they will remain a few weeks.

Mrs. M. P. Jones and Mr. Milton Jones have returned from a prolonged visit to Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise will remain in San Rafael during this month.

Mrs. Lilly H. Coit and her mother, Mrs. Hitchcock, have returned from Monterey, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown went to Monterey on Friday for a brief visit.

Miss Hattie Tay is enjoying a visit at the Napa Soda Springs.

Miss Minnie Hennessey will soon leave to visit friends in Santa Barbara.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer are at the Hotel Imperial in New York city.

Captain John Birmingham is expected back from the East in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Delvin are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, of Oakland, are at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew S. Moseley are visiting Lake Tahoe and vicinity.

Mrs. Louis Meyerstein and Miss Stella Meyerstein have returned from an enjoyable visit at Lake Tahoe.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

An informal hop was given at the Presidio by the officers and ladies there last Tuesday evening. It was the first affair of the kind there this season and was enjoyable in every way.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry O. Perley, U. S. A., are residing at 925 Vermont Avenue, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. A. E. K. Benham and Miss Edith Benham are visiting Mrs. Livingston Mason, at Newport, R. I.

Ensign A. P. Niblack, U. S. N., has been promoted to be Lieutenant.

Dr. and Mrs. E. K. Everts, U. S. A., have returned from New York and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dunn, at 1218 Hyde Street.

The officers of the First Infantry, U. S. A., who are away from their post are as follows: Lieutenant Nat. P. Thister, at Fort Leavenworth, Kas.; Captain Marion P. Maas, acting as aide-de-camp to Major-General Miles; Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, and Lieutenant C. P. Summerville on graduating leave until September 30, 1892; Captain John J. O'Connell, absent in Europe on leave until October 1, 1892; Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.; Captain Thomas L. Barry, duty at Sacramento until October 1, 1892; Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, at Columbus Barracks, Ohio; Captain James S.

Pettit, at Yale University, Conn.; Lieutenant F. A. Tripp, at Willer's Point, N. Y.; Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, absent on leave until September 15th; Captain William N. Tisdall, at Philadelphia, Pa.; Lieutenant Leon S. Roudiez, at Grand Forks, N. D.; Lieutenant Hampton M. Roach, in Washington, D. C.

The officers of the Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who are away from their post are as follows: Major Marcus P. Miller, at Fort Monroe, Va.; Major Tully McCrear, acting as engineer officer in the Department of the Columbia; Captain Joshua A. Fessenden, at Brooklyn, N. Y.; Captain Henry F. Brewerton, at head-quarters Department of the East; Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, at Fort Monroe, Va.; Lieutenant William B. Homer, at Fort Monroe, Va.; Lieutenant David D. Johnson, at Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.; Lieutenant Harvey C. Carbaugh, in the Department of Texas; Lieutenant Charles G. Treat, acting as aide-de-camp to Major-General Howard; Lieutenant Elbridge K. Hills, at the University of Illinois, at Champaign, Ill.

Lieutenant R. F. Nicholson, U. S. N., has been detached from the navy yard at Washington, D. C., and ordered to special duty here at the Union Iron Works.

The United States steamer *Altitude* is en route here from Nagasaki, and is expected about October 1st.

Colonel D. S. Gordon, U. S. A., was in the city early in the week while en route from Fort Huachuca, A. T., to Fort Niobrara, Neb., where he will take command.

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PURE  
SWEET  
LASTING



RICH  
RARE  
PUNGENT

**FLORIDA WATER**

STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE  
IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF  
IMITATIONS.

FRAGRANT

## FALL

—AND—

## WINTER

## STYLES

—AT—

**THE HERRMANN HATTER**

332-336 KEARNY ST.

## Notice of Removal

The HIBERNIA SAVINGS and LOAN SOCIETY will remove its place of business to the New Banking-House, north-west corner of Jones and McAllister Streets, SEPTEMBER 3, 1892.

ROBERT J. TOBIN,  
Secretary.

A NEW **COAL.**  
NONE BETTER. TRY IT. WELL SIZED, READY FOR YOUR STOVE, RANGE, OR GRATE. WE GUARANTEE IT.

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CIGARS.

IF NOT, YOU SHOULD TRY THEM.



SOCIETY.

The Irvine-Plum Wedding.

A notable and interesting wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum, 308 Page Street, last Thursday afternoon, in the presence of about eighty guests, comprising only relatives and very intimate friends of the contracting parties. The bride was Miss Frances Anita Plum, youngest daughter of the host and hostess. She is a charming and accomplished young lady, and prominent in charitable works, being president of the Crocker Auxiliary. The groom was Mr. James Irvine, son of the late capitalist of that name, and step-brother of Mr. J. W. Byrne and Mr. Callaghan Byrne, of this city. He is one of the wealthiest young men in this city, as his father willed to him the major portion of his estate, which is valued at about four millions of dollars. Mr. Irvine has a magnificent piece of property in Orange County, known as the San Joaquin Ranch, said to be worth fully one and one-fourth millions of dollars, and it is there that he will take his bride to reside. He is prominent in social and club circles, and is highly esteemed by his many friends.

The residence was tastefully decorated in honor of the event, and at three o'clock the guests were all assembled in the parlors. The orchestra played the wedding march as the bridal party entered. Leading the way were Miss Gertrude Goewey and Mr. Harry Baecht, carrying silken ribbons, with which they formed an avenue for the others to pass through. Then came four little nephews and nieces of the bride, Master Sidney Knorp with Miss Adèle Knorp and Master George Keil with Miss Louise Keil. The boys wore black Continental costumes and gold watch-chains, which were their favors. Master Sidney Knorp carried a white-satin heart which contained the wedding-ring. The little girls appeared in Kate Greenaway gowns of cream-colored nun's veiling, trimmed with point appliqué. Each wore her favor, a gold necklace with a heart-shaped locket pendant, and carried a bouquet of roses. Next came the bride's sister, Miss Lulu Plum, who was the maid of honor, and after her, the bride, leaning on the arm of her father. The groom and his best man, Mr. J. W. Byrne, met them in the bay-window, where the impressive ceremony was performed by Rev. Hobart Chetwood. The toilets worn by the bride and her attendants and relatives were greatly admired, and are described as follows:

The bride appeared in an attractive and elegant robe of heavy, cream-colored brocade, made with a long court train. The trimming was of Duchesse lace on the round corsage and at the ends of the long sleeves, which fell over ungloved hands, and the garniture was of sprays of stephanotis, her favorite flowers, which were seen on the bodice and train and in her coiffure among the folds of Bruxelles lace that fell in a fleecy cloud to the end of the train. Confining this lovely veil in place was a diamond pin, which was one of the many beautiful gems that the groom had presented to her. She carried a cluster of stephanotis.

Miss Lulu Plum wore a becoming costume of shell-pink faille Française, trimmed with pink mouseline de soie and gold passementerie, and finished with a Princess train. The corsage was V-shaped and the sleeves extended to the elbows, meeting gloves of pink undressed kid. She wore diamond solitaires and a diamond pendant, gifts of the bride, and carried a spray of pink anemones.

Mrs. Charles M. Plum wore a rich robe of pearl-gray satin and brocade of wine and plum colors mingled, producing a beautiful effect. Her ornaments were diamonds. Mrs. M. E. Knorp, a sister of the bride, wore a handsome toilet of pink-velvet brocade, en train, trimmed with pearl and gold passementerie; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. F. C. Keil, a sister of the bride, appeared in a beautiful combination of ecru and brown brocade, en train, trimmed with Chantilly lace; ornaments, diamonds.

Mrs. James Irvine, mother of the groom, appeared in a handsome black robe, delicately embroidered in floral designs on the bodice and around the base of the skirt. She wore a capote to match, and her ornaments were diamonds. Miss Gertrude Goewey looked very pretty in an imported gown of white and lilac-green striped silk. The corsage was cut V-shaped and trimmed around the border with moss-green velvet, while the elbow-sleeves were of embroidered chiffon. She wore long gloves of white undressed kid. Her ornaments were a gold necklace, with a diamond pendant, diamond solitaires, and a diamond pin in her coiffure.

The guests offered their congratulations immediately after the ceremony and then inspected the wedding presents, which were of exceptional elegance. At four o'clock a sumptuous repast was served under the direction of Ludwig. At the bridal table there were four young married couples, and all of the brides had been co-workers with the bride in the Crocker Auxiliary. Those at the table comprised Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine, *nee* Plum, Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Plum, Jr., *nee* Batchelder, Mr. and Mrs.

E. Avery McCarthy, *nee* Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. George Vincent Wright, *nee* Davis, Miss Lulu Plum, and Mr. J. W. Byrne. An hour was merrily passed in feasting with a musical accompaniment by the orchestra, and many were the kind expressions uttered wishing happiness for the newly wedded couple. At six o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Irvine left to take the overland train for Oregon. They will travel north for a couple of weeks and then return here to reside at 308 Page Street, where they will receive on the first and fourth Wednesdays in October. Early in November they will leave for their future home in Orange County.

The Palache-Garber Wedding.

The home of Judge and Mrs. John Garber, at Claremont, near Berkeley, was the scene of a pretty wedding last Tuesday afternoon, when their daughter, Miss Belle Garber, was united in marriage to Mr. Whitney Palache, son of Mr. James Palache. Owing to a double bereavement of recent date in the family of the groom, no invitations were issued formally. However, notwithstanding this, there were nearly one hundred and fifty friends of the young couple at the wedding. Palms and tropic ferns, graceful vines, and beautifully toned flowers made the interior of the Garber mansion even more attractive than usual in their artistic arrangement.

It was two o'clock when the bridal-party appeared before the waiting guests and took positions beneath the bower of green and white in the drawing-room. Miss Nellie McKee was the maid of honor, the Misses Lida and Juliet Garber were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Charles Palache acted as best man. The ceremony, a most impressive one, was performed by Rev. Giles A. Easton, of Berkeley. Afterward there were the usual congratulations, and then an elaborate repast was served by Ludwig. The afternoon was passed very pleasantly, and later in the day the happy couple left for Portland, Or., where they will reside, as Mr. Palache is engaged in business there. The presents were numerous and very handsome.

The Theller Musicales.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Theller gave a delightful musicale recently at their residence, 2026 Pacific Avenue, and pleasantly entertained about twenty of their friends. Following the new fad that obtains in the East, a delicious supper was served at eight o'clock, the idea meeting with complete approval. The table was beautifully decorated with pink sweet peas, and the menu was served under Ludwig's direction. After supper the musicale was commenced. Mr. W. F. Smith sang a couple of songs, "O, Promise Me" and "Alla Stella Confidente" in which his tenor voice was heard to advantage. Professor G. Sauvet played selections from Chopin, Mendelssohn, and a composition of his own, entitled "A Souvenir of San Francisco." He was accompanied on the piano by Miss Florence Theller, who also played in a brilliant manner one of Chopin's études. She has an excellent technique and plays remarkably well. The music and conversation made the hours pass very quickly, and it was after midnight when the pleasant affair ended. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel L. Theller, Mrs. E. A. Theller, Mrs. M. Nuttall, Mrs. A. Weihe, Miss Florence Theller, Miss Roberta Nuttall, Miss Florence Weihe, Misses Hyde, Miss Coffin, Miss Lutz, Miss Rambo, Mr. William F. Smith, Mr. Albert W. Stone, Mr. Austin Sperry, Dr. Park, Dr. Le Tourneau, Mr. J. E. Freeman, Mr. Frank Prindle, Mr. A. D. Grimwood, and Professor G. Sauvet.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Emma McMillan and Mr. Ellis Wooster will take place next Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, 202 Ridley Street.

Miss Florence Currier, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier, will be married to Mr. Arthur F. Barnard on Monday evening, September 5th, at the residence of her parents, 2725 Jackson Street.

Miss Lucy Simon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Simon, will be married to Mr. Lionel Heyneman, son of Mr. H. Heyneman, next Wednesday evening, at the residence of the bride, corner of Pine and Franklin Streets.

A fashionable wedding took place at St. George's Church, Hanover Square, in London, last Tuesday, when Miss Amy Green, daughter of the late William Arthur Green, of this city, was married to Sir James Homespiers, Bart., of England. The wedding was largely attended. Hon. and Mrs. Robert Lincoln were among the Americans present.

The annual jinks of the Bohemian Club will be held this (Saturday) evening at the new grounds of the club in Sequoia Valley. Mr. Fred M. Somers will act as Sire. The programme will be carried out as was outlined in the *Argonaut* last month.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Olga Speyer, only daughter of Mrs. Morris Speyer, to Mr. George Meyer, of the firm of Meyer, Wilson & Co.

Miss Nettie Bullion and Mr. Milton Ulmer, both of this city, were united in marriage on Sunday evening, August 29th.

The first annual print exhibition of the California Camera Club will be held at the Art Association from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., and 8 to 10 P. M., on September 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, and 10th.

The Country Club.

The third annual outing of the Country Club was an unqualified success. It gave to Monterey an assemblage of all the fashionable element of this city

and its environs, including, of course, a large representation from the principal clubs. The Pacific Union Club was there almost to a man, while the Bohemian, Cosmos, and University Clubs sent many of their members. Naturally the fair sex gathered at the same shrine, and there were matrons, belles, and rosebuds there in goodly numbers. It is estimated that fully eight hundred people were sheltered at the hotel and in the Pullman cars that were side-tracked near the depot.

In our last two issues we published a complete programme of the arrangements that had been made by the club for the pleasure of its guests, together with the names of all who had secured accommodations at the hotel in advance. In addition to the people mentioned in the list, and there were several hundred, there were many present as their guests and others who were quartered in the sleeping-cars.

Of the affair as a whole, it may be said that it was most excellently managed, and there was not a feature of it that was not successful. The four concerts were delightful, the fireworks were dazzling, the decoration of the grounds with incandescent electric lights produced a beautiful effect, the dancing was enjoyed by all who participated in it, and the shoot displayed excellent marksmanship—in fact, this year's record was an improvement upon that of last year. To Mr. Frederick R. Webster, president of the club, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, its secretary, Mr. A. C. Tubbs, its field captain, and Mr. F. S. Douthy, secretary of the Pacific Improvement Company, are due many compliments for the perfection of the arrangements.

Naturally, at a shooting contest, the score is the most interesting feature, and as the press generally has published everything except the score, we give it here:

BLUES.	
A. C. Tubbs (captain).....	2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2-12
C. E. Worden.....	0 0 0 0 0 1 2 0 0 2-6
R. H. Sprague.....	0 1 1 1 0 1 2 1 1 1-10
Alexander Hamilton.....	0 2 2 2 0 1 0 2 2 2-8
W. B. Tubbs.....	1 0 0 1 1 0 0 1 2-8
J. D. Grant.....	2 1 0 1 0 1 2 0 1 2-8
H. E. Hall.....	2 2 2 2 0 0 1 1 0 0-8
Thomas Ewing.....	0 0 1 1 0 1 0 1 0 2-7
W. L. Dean.....	0 2 1 0 1 0 2 1 0 2-8
W. S. Kittle.....	2 1 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 1-11
J. D. Redding.....	1 1 2 1 0 1 0 1 1 2-9
Harry Babcock.....	2 1 0 2 1 0 1 2 1 1-10
F. W. Sharon.....	2 2 0 0 0 0 1 2 2 1-8
F. W. Tallant.....	1 0 1 2 0 1 2 2 1 1 2-9

REDS.	
F. R. Webster (captain).....	2 1 2 1 2 2 2 0 2 1 1-11
F. L. Wooster.....	0 2 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1-11
J. D. Harvey.....	2 1 0 2 0 1 2 2 1 0-9
Robert Oxnard.....	1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 1 2-12
E. F. Preston.....	2 0 1 1 1 2 2 2 2 2-11
W. S. McMurtry.....	0 1 1 2 2 1 0 1 0 0-9
R. A. Eddy.....	1 1 2 2 1 1 1 1 2 1-12
E. P. Danforth.....	2 0 0 2 1 0 0 1 0 7-7
R. E. Wilson.....	1 1 1 1 1 2 1 1 1 2-12
H. W. Woodward.....	1 1 1 0 2 0 2 0 2 0-7
E. Donohoe.....	1 1 0 2 2 1 0 1 2 1-10
Andrew Jackson.....	1 0 2 1 2 0 2 2 1 2-9
George Crocker.....	1 1 1 2 2 1 1 1 2 1-11
R. B. Woodward.....	2 2 0 1 0 2 1 0 0 2-9

This was the result of the morning's shoot which was to decide the season's championship as it completed the series of seven contests. Up to that time Mr. Tallant and Mr. Donohoe were tied with forty-one birds, but the ten that the latter shot placed him just one ahead, hence he won the first prize. The other prize winners were: Second, F. W. Tallant; third, F. R. Webster; fourth, Ramon E. Wilson; fifth, R. H. Sprague. Ramon E. Wilson made the best record in the morning contest, killing every bird but two with the first barrel. In the day's match of twenty-four birds to a man, the Reds were victorious, their record being two hundred and fifty-two birds against two hundred and twenty-eight for the Blues, out of a possible three hundred and thirty-six for each side.

These yearly outings of the Country Club have become an institution in the social life of the coast, and it is an assured fact that the next one will be anxiously looked forward to as a climax to the gayety of the summer of 1893.

While the band was pouring out "Lohengrin" from its half-hundred brazen throats, during one of the Country Club concerts at Monterey, the following conversation took place between two Oakland maidens on the veranda:

Miss P.—"Isn't that perfectly heavenly? I never hear Vogner but that I think the other composers are simply not in it!"

Miss C.—"They are not in it at all. When Vogner gets there, he gets there with both feet."

At the Country Club outing at Monterey, the other day, a lady who has quite a reputation as a wit was standing in the corridor, the centre of a group of listeners, when there passed by them a young lady who was very slender and extremely *décolleté*.

"Why," asked Madame, "does she resemble a poor negative?"

The group gave it up.

"Because," was the answer, "she is over exposed and under developed."

Mrs. Ricks, the venerable negro woman from Liberia who recently shook hands with Queen Victoria, attended a Salvation Army meeting in London a few days ago, made a speech, and danced a jig, to the great delight of the army.

— NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blotchy, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure,

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SOAP, an exfoliate skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Painful Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

HOME COMFORTS ARE

not enough. Every lady wants to feel comfortable in society, but she can not with her face disfigured by wrinkles, pimples, blackheads, freckles, and blotches, etc. Lola Montez Cream, the Skin Food, restores the complexion to youth. Price, 75 cts. per pot—pot lasts 3 months. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary St., S. F., Cal. Sold by all Druggists.

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SUTTER ST., near STOCKTON.

Elegant new brick and terra cotta building. The only strictly first-class furnished apartments for gentlemen and families. Crane elevator 7 A. M. to 12 midnight; porcelain baths; very central to the best restaurants, stores, and theatres; for transient and permanent guests, \$1 to \$3 per day; week, \$5 to \$15; monthly rate, single rooms, \$15 to \$30; suites, \$35 to \$75; this house has no equal for strict cleanliness and respectability; references required.

MR. and MRS. J. SANDFORD.

Late of the Oriel Hotel, Proprietors.

THE MARECHAL NIEL

COR. JONES and ELLIS STS.

Quiet Family Hotel, centrally located. Handsomely furnished, sunny rooms, with board. Hot and cold running water in every room. Elevator; electric bells; table and service unsurpassed.

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Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

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We are unpacking the very Latest, Finest, and Best Garments—

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—OUR OWN CELEBRATED—

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—FOR—

Men, Boys, Children

—ALSO—

FURNISHINGS AND HATS.

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FULL WEIGHT  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER  
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Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
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## A PLEA FOR POLYGAMY.

## Why a Man Wished to Marry his Wife's Aunt.

There was an unmistakable air of fatigue about Major Brace as he sat with his elbow on a small table in the smoking-room at the club and rested his head on his hand. His face was drawn, his eyes were spiritless, he sighed, and when he spoke his weariness was easily distinguishable in the tone of his voice.

"I think," said he, "that there is a great deal more" (ping) "to be said in favor of polygamy than most of us ever realized. That contentment with the ills we know"—(ah! bring um um mum um in a long glass—) "has been enjoined upon us so long and so strictly, with laws and religion to help, that only the evils of the other system commonly occur to us, and we very seldom stop to consider wherein it might be good. We are used to feel that to have even as many as two wives in a family would be an awful fate, and I am not saying that it wouldn't; but I am far from sure that to have two women in one's family and only be married to one of them is not worse. The fact is that the women are getting the upper hand of us so fast that something will have to be done before long to protect the peace of families. A married man" (thank you, set it here, please) "of decent reputation has no protection, as things go now, against vagrant females. The law has not only pulled his teeth, but has left him so harmless that his natural protectors don't think it worth while to shield him.

"A man came into my office this morning, curiously enough, while I happened to be there. 'Major,' says he, 'I'm about done up, and I want your sympathy and advice.'

"Well," says I, 'what's up?'

"My wife's aunt has been stopping with us a couple of months, and it looks to me as if she were making arrangements to make our bouse her permanent home. Now, you know, I can't stand it. When I got married, it was with the full intention of living with my wife; but that the contract included Saman—included her aunt—did not enter into my calculations. Not that she isn't a nice woman. She is admirable in all respects, and her affection for my wife is only equalled by my wife's devotion to her. They are nearly of an age, and so sympathetic that they seem made for one another. I dare say that is why I am getting to hate her so; she and my wife are so united. You know the story of the Buffalo gentleman whom the newspaper man used to visit: 'The first day Curran spends in my house,' he used to say, 'he makes me feel at home; the next day, he makes me feel like a guest; the third day, like a boarder.' That is the way my wife's aunt affects me. She is so much more intimately at home in my wife's house than I am, that I want to go away and never come back.

"Now, major," he continued, 'what would you advise me to do?'

"Well," said I, 'you tell her to get out, and if she won't, you can have her removed by the police. Or, if you prefer, I could bring an action for trespass.'

"Turn her out! Turn a lady out of my bouse, and she a guest of my wife! Oh, no, major, that's not to be thought of. My wife would never speak to me again if I did, and I am not sure that I would care to speak to myself. To drive her away would be a simple matter enough; but if she went by reason of any expressed desire of mine, the place would go with her out of my life. Only the gentlest and shrewdest means will do the job.'

"Then I asked him why he didn't make love to her.

"I couldn't do that," he said, 'it would be so infernally dishonest and contemptible. Besides, if I once began, I dare say I should get interested in it, and what the upshot of it all might be, heaven only knows. Men are such idiots and women have so little moral principle. And, at best, I would have to choose between my wife and her aunt; and very likely, if it came to that, I would feel as though, having got the aunt into such a pickle, I ought to see her through. I don't want to be confronted with any such choice. I much prefer my wife, and, besides, my children are hers, though, to be sure, dear aunt would do just as well by the children, I dare say—she loves them so. I don't want to have to choose between my wife and her aunt. I want my wife to choose between her aunt and me. If I could only foment some gentle strife between those two ladies, without getting disgracefully entangled in it myself, everything would straighten itself out promptly and continuously like oil on the troubled waters.

"If I could only marry them both, major," continued he, 'that would be a great remedy. Then I would have a united family. The inconveniences of legitimate polygamy couldn't possibly be greater than those I suffer now; and if there are any compensations about the other way, I would have them. The antagonistic element would be gone out of my house, and I dare say I should like it. At least, if bigamy could be legalized, I could make dear aunt an offer of marriage without prejudice to my own honor or my respect for her. Whether she took me or not, the cure would be equally perfect, for, of course, she would not be willing to live on under the same roof with a man who was anxious to marry her, and whom she wouldn't have.'

"And if she were willing," I asked, 'do you think your wife would let her?'

"I am sure that she would not," said he, and he spoke with an air of conviction.

"So you see," said Major Brace, "how simply and effectively the kinks in that once happy home might be straightened out if it wasn't for the unreasonable prejudice against plural marriages. I told my friend that his case seemed very hopeless to me; that his wife was his natural protector against other ladies, and if he was so persistently harmless that he didn't seem to her to be worth looking after, and was too gentle-mannered to protect himself, I couldn't see that there was any help for him. Then I asked him if his wife had any regard for him at all, and he said he thought she had—a good deal. So I recommended him to be reasonably generous in sharing with his wife the inconvenience that he suffered from her aunt's presence; encouraging him to hope that the aunt would finally awaken to the discomfort of living in a devastated home and betake herself elsewhere, without even a suspicion that she had been allowed to drive herself out. Since law could not help my poor friend, I told him I would try to make his case a subject for prayer, and in view of the uncertainty of all things, and especially of the chance that the two women might combine against him, I recommended him to cast an anchor to windward by making himself as familiar as he could with the occupations of the club. So if he comes in in a few minutes to play pool with me, please don't stare him out of countenance."

With that the major pushed back the tall glass and moved off toward the pool-table refreshed, indeed, but with an expression that had so much lemon and so much bitterness mixed in with its cordials that Deacon Fern was heard wondering whether the major really had had a client or was only making believe.—*New York World.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Mary Ann's Eyes.

Oh! Mary Ann had fishy eyes,  
Both blue and green, alack!  
But Mary wed a constant jag,  
And now her eyes are black.

—*Detroit Tribune.*

## Hard to Suit.

While looking on the sea we sat  
I kissed her there;  
She frowned and said: "Oh, don't do that;  
You muss my hair!"

I kissed her when at eve we met  
With ardor true;  
She cried: "Oh, don't! See, you have set  
My hat askew."

I kissed her in her tennis-suit  
On lips and face;  
"Please stop," she cried, "my bangs you've put  
All out of place."

I kissed the maid when in the sea  
She took her dips;  
"Oh, Charlie, don't," she said to me;  
"You hurt my lips."

Then I resolved that she should be  
No longer teased;  
I stopped it, but she seems to me  
No better pleased.—*New York Press.*

## Constitutional Limitation.

A woman can wash and a woman can bake,  
And a woman can sew all day,  
But she can't neglect her neighbors' affairs,  
Because she ain't built that way.

—*Punxsutawney Spirit.*

## The Modern Maid.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said;  
"I'm going to buy me a coach and four,  
A house with a 'scutcheon over the door,  
Some diamonds and laces, and, oh, lots more;  
I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said.

"Have you a sweetheart, my pretty maid?"  
"Oh, yes, I've a sweetheart, sir," she said;  
"I've a sweetheart who's worth a million,  
Another who has somewhere near a billion,  
And still a third with about a trillion;  
Oh, yes, I've a sweetheart, sir," she said.

"Where do you find them, my pretty maid?"  
"Oh, here's where I find them, sir," she said;  
"In father's back room, when the day is done  
I hunt through a queer book called R. G. Dun,  
And choose my friends marked AA and A4,  
And that's where I find them, sir," she said.

—*New York Tribune.*

## What She Plinked with her Plectrum.

She loved to take her mandolin and sit awhile to play;  
She plinked it with the plectrum in a most ecstatic way.  
But the members of the family in sadness had to roam,  
For the only tune she ever learned was "Maggie Murphy's Home."—*Washington Star.*

## Information from the Fountain-Head.

There is pleasure in wet, wet clay  
When the artist's hand is potting it;  
There is pleasure in the wet, wet clay  
When the poet's pad is blotting it;  
There is pleasure in the shine of your picture on the line  
At the Royal Academy—  
But the pleasure felt in these is as chalk to cheddar cheese  
When it comes to a well-made Lie,  
To a quite unwreckable Lie,  
To a most impeccable Lie.  
Not a water-tight, fire-proof, angle-iron, sunk-hinge, time-  
lock, steel-faced Lie!  
Not a private hansom Lie,  
But a pair and brougham Lie!  
Not a little place at Tooting, but a country house with  
shooting and a shooting and a ring fence, deer-park  
Lie!—*Rudyard Kipling.*

"Olesoke has quit drinking." "Gold cure?"  
"No. Copper. He got ninety days."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
FOR THE TIRED BRAIN

From over-exertion. Try it.

## "WHAT NEWS HAVE YOU?"

## An Incident in Midoccean Just After the War.

Early one morning the mate was startled by the cry from aloft: "Black smoke ahead, sir! A big steamer standing to the southward."

The captain was called, and in a trice bounced on deck, where, applying the glass to his eye, he took a long look at the stranger who had pushed so suddenly out of the early mist hanging low upon the horizon.

Whatever her character, we had but little chance of escape if she had rifled guns. Many a glance of apprehension was directed toward the sombre hull and pair of sloping smokestacks, with the twisting smoke trending far astern.

"Show him our colors, sir! Bend on the ensign; we may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb. If that fellow is a rebel, the sooner we know it the better!" exclaimed the captain somewhat excitedly to the mate.

It was close upon six bells (seven o'clock) when the steamer revealed her nationality.

We fairly yelled as the blood-red cross of St. George danced up aloft from the steamer's signal-halyards. She was evidently a troopship bound for the Cape, a trifle out of her course; but we did not stop to consider that.

She was too far distant to speak; but, in obedience to a gesture from the captain, the mate emptied a bag of gayly colored signals on deck, and the boys were called aft to man the halyards and lend a hand to bend on the magic flags. Upward fluttered the parti-colored bits of bunting, glasses were leveled, and breathless expectancy marked the sunburned features of the clipper's crew; for the inquiry flying from our mizzen-royalmast was: "What news of the American war?"

The flash of foam cast up by the huge propeller greeted our straining vision; the great steamer glided onward, but no responsive signals gladdened the anxious hearts of those yearning to hear news from home.

With a passionate exclamation of disappointment, the captain closed the joints of his long glass with a savage snap, saying, as he turned away: "He hasn't our code. It's no use."

"Look at that!" suddenly exclaimed the mate, pointing. "What is he going to do?"

"He's coming about," shouted the captain, his bronzed features fairly paling. "Can it be possible he has played us a trick, and is the *Alabama*? Stand by, all hands, for—"

A deep blast of the steam-whistle rumbled over the flashing water, followed by a number of quick toots, as the steamer ranged to leeward; then an expanse of white canvas was lowered over the side.

Glasses were directed upon that bright patch amidships, upon which dark lines could be discerned with the naked eye. The glasses showed these were letters.

"I have it!" shouted the captain, leaping excitedly into the rigging. "Spread the news fore and aft! It says: 'The American conflict is over! Davis a fugitive'—and what's that? Heavens, no—yes—'Lincoln is killed!'

"Strike the colors half-mast, sir," continued the captain to the mate, in a subdued tone. Then he added: "Hoist the signal, 'Thank you,' to the steamer."

At that moment the rich, full tones of a regimental band were wafted across the heaving swells, and many an eye glistened with emotion as the well-known strains of "Hail Columbia" were faintly heard. The steamer slowly fell off and resumed her course, while, as if actuated by one impulse, the officers and men sprang into the weather-rigging, giving three times three and waving their hats in return for the kindness of the courteous Englishmen. The stars and stripes were dipped three times, the hoarse whistle rang out in return, the *Meteor* Flag slowly and majestically returned the salute, and the greeting in midoccean was over.

"The commander of that craft is a gentleman—every inch of him!" was the admiring remark of the mate, as he glanced astern at the fast-fading troopship.—*Captain H. D. Smith, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.*

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

When the counties were changing the minority of the Opposition into a majority, a Gladstonian candidate called out for "Three cheers for Ireland." Some one in the audience was so carried away by his antagonistic sentiments as to retort by proposing "three cheers" for a locality never mentioned to ears polite. "Quite right," said the candidate. "let every man cheer for his own country."

Sir Charles Gavan Duffy himself tells this story: An artist named Cromley painted his portrait, and bestowed on him a dreamy, poetic face which might have passed for Shelley's. The portrait was shown to Daniel O'Connell by the artist in presence of Duffy. "Is not that very like Duffy?" said Cromley. "H'm," said O'Connell, looking from the portrait to the original, "I wish Duffy was very like that."

General Langdon was, in the opinion of the venerable Field-Marshal D'Azemberg, so distinguished and so absurdly modest that he deserved a rebuke. One day, when the two men were having an audience with the Queen of Hungary, Langdon having stepped aside for a moment, the queen said: "Why, where is General Langdon?" "Madame," replied the field-marshal, "he is no doubt hiding behind the door, frightened at his bravery."

A woman was run over and killed last week by a train in Chicago. The body was removed to the morgue, where it lay for a day unidentified. In the evening a woman came to the morgue and asked to see the body of the woman. After looking at it intently for a time, she said: "I'm glad you lie there dead. Just what you deserve." The morgue-keeper asked what she meant. "That woman worked for me and my husband once," she said, "and he left me for her."

It should be a lesson to all who go stump-speaking not to ask a question and then "pause for a reply," and, above all, not to express themselves too modestly—even after victory—about their merits. One of the best and most deserving of them did this. He said, doubtless, with his hand upon an honest heart: "What have I done that I should have received this honor at your hands?" And one of the crowd answered: "Nothing"; which would have disconcerted most persons exceedingly.

This is a story which came originally from Frank Hopkinson Smith, author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." The story is about an old colored woman who kept a little store in a small town in Virginia. One day a huge fat negress waddled into the store. "You ain't got no Canton flannel, is you?" she said. The proprietress immediately got angry, "Who—who said I ain't got no Canton flannel?" she exclaimed. "I ain't said you ain't got no Canton flannel," replied the other, also angry. "I just ax you is you?"

It is the custom in the large towns of Germany for the clergy and laymen of each sect to form themselves into "clubs," and it is not an infrequent sight of an evening to see a "reverend gent" navigating the streets in a slight state of inebriation. One night, a certain Frankfort priest had partaken of so much at the club that he could hardly stand on his feet, and was being taken home by a friend. On the way they ran across a man, stupidly drunk, lying in the gutter. The priest, taking compassion on him, said to his companion: "Here, Hans, lean me up against this post and pick that pig up out of the gutter."

Before the little Napoleon came into Austrian hands, no regular attempt had been made to educate him; but it is not to be supposed that nearly five years of such a pregnant existence as his were left without numerous and valuable impressions. One day, when he was playing with the imperial family, one of the archdukes showed him a little medal of silver, of which numbers had been struck in honor of his birth, and were distributed to the people after the ceremony of his baptism; his hush was upon it. He was asked: "Do you know whom this represents?" "It is I," answered he, without hesitation, "when I was King of Rome."

General John B. Gordon is a conspicuous figure in the South to-day, and all who have seen him will recall to memory the long scar upon the upper part of his left cheek, the memento of a sabre wound received during the war. Gordon is immensely popular, and of his popularity Toombs was a little bit jealous. He showed this feeling when, in a campaign speech, he said: "If that scar were on the back of Gordon's neck instead of on his face, he wouldn't be so d—d popular." Gordon heard of this, and a few days later, while addressing a political gathering, got back at the famous orator as follows: "If Toombs had been where I was when I got that scar, it would be on the back of his neck instead of his face."

About eighty years ago, in a little village in the town of East Haddam (says the Hartford Post), lived "Boss Lee," a silversmith, from whom the place took its name of Leesville. Boss Lee was building a new house, and as panes of glass with

a "bull's-eye" were thought to be ornamental, some of them were put into the windows. An eccentric old man, who thought himself quite a philosopher, observed these and warned the workmen of their danger in acting possibly as burning-glasses, and thus setting the building on fire. He gave a case in point, where some shavings, left on a south window-sill of a new house, took fire from this cause while the workmen were away at dinner, and they returned just in season to save the house. "Now," concluded the old man, impressively, "if that had happened in the night, the house would have been burned up; nothing could have saved it."

The late Cardinal Theodoli was once elected captain of a band of robbers. In 1863 the Pope appointed Theodoli governor of Frosinone. While walking one evening in the garden of one of the monasteries near the town where he made his summer home, the cardinal was surprised and captured by brigands. The men demanded thirty thousand lire for his ransom. "But do you know who I am?" asked the cardinal, hoping to secure his freedom. "Think what you are doing. I am the governor of Frosinone." "You are the governor?" came the reply of the wily captors; "then you must pay sixty thousand lire, or become our leader. We have never had a monsignor or governor as captain, and would enjoy the experience." It is needless to say that the spiritual prince declined the honor. But as the brigands remained firm in their demands, he was obliged to consent to pay the high ransom. A full receipt was given for the money. The brigands escorted the cardinal to a mount overlooking the governor's palace, and there parted from him, with expressions of profound regret.

In 1864, President Lincoln was greatly bothered by the well-meant but ill-advised efforts of certain good Northern men to bring about a termination of the war. An old gentleman from Massachusetts, very bland and entirely hald, was especially persistent and troublesome. Again and again he appeared before the President, and was got rid of by one and another ingenious expedient. One day, when this angel of mercy had been boring Mr. Lincoln for half an hour, to the interruption of important business, the President suddenly rose, went to a closet, and took out of it a large bottle. "Did you ever try this remedy for baldness?" he asked, holding up the bottle before his astonished visitor. No; the man was obliged to confess that he never had tried it. Mr. Lincoln called a servant, had the bottle wrapped up, and handed it to the bald philanthropist. "There," said he, "go and rub some of that on your head. Persevere. They say it will make the hair grow. Come back in about three months and report." And almost before he knew it, the good man was outside of the door with the package under his arm.

Princess Bismarck is not less naïve than her husband is great. It is related that a chargé d'affaire was at a large dinner-party given by Prince Bismarck in Berlin. Observing that the princess was apparently greatly disturbed about something, and very restless, finally leaving the room, he inquired of the son, who happened to be seated next him at the table, whether his mother was ill. "Oh, no," he replied, "not at all. But you may have noticed a disagreeable odor of singeing meat, and mother has just gone into the kitchen to see about it." "Awful poor dinner," he observed later; "but the fact is our cook has been in the family twenty-five years, and father does not feel he can turn her off, though she does not meet our requirements now at all." On another occasion, after dining with the premier, he joined the princess in answer to her beckoning finger. "I want to sympathize with you in your family affliction," said Frau Bismarck. "You are very good, princess, but I was not aware that I was laboring just now under any form of 'family affliction.'" "Oh, yes," the princess rejoined; "the bed-bugs, you know. You must call in a Jager." I knew about it because your wife told the countess, and I, of course, learned of it, too."

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From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—1:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—3:37, 5:15, 6:00, 7:02 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.  
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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7:30 A. M. Week Days		8:45 A. M. Mondays
5:00 P. M. Saturdays		6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		8:15 P. M. Sundays

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Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tacoloma, and Point Reyes \$1.00; Tomes, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

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Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 19th, SS. City of Panama. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Peking..... Saturday, September 17, at 3 P. M.  
China..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.  
Peru..... Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro..... Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rate.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Gaelic..... Tuesday, September 6

Belgic..... Thursday, October 6

Oceanic..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 25

6 o'clock P. M. Wednesday, November 16

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, 202 Front Street.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, 27, Sept. and Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26. For Europe, Hamburg, Italy, Wednesday, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month.

Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From July 25, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, and Red Bluff.	9:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	* 8:45 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express, for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	Sunol and Livermore.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, Saturday and Sunday to Santa Cruz.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	† 8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	5:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	2:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:43 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only.

Advertising is a business which requires some midnight oil as well as experience; but the latter is the one thing most needed—after you have the cash to spend.—G. W. P. in Printers' Ink.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	WEEK DAYS.	DESTINATION.	WEEK DAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	and Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	and Sonoma.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skags Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willis, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Ukiah, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.50; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Ukiah, \$5.70; to Hopland, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.50; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

PETER J. McCLYNN, General Manager.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and a New Montgomery Street.





Mr. William Haworth has very nearly written a great play. And though there are faults of details in "The Ensign" which exclude it from the first rank in dramatic literature, there are so many excellences and so much real merit in it, that whatever its rating as a work of letters, it is a piece which will commend itself to the public, and will probably secure to its author a substantial reward—in the shape of royalties. For one thing, it demonstrates the dramatic availability of recent American history, and it proves that Frederick Ward was wrong when he said that Americans would not pay a dollar and a half to see their heroes on the stage. And it shows that the springs of human sentiment and human pathos flow as vigorously in this utilitarian age as they did in the days of poetry and romance.

The plot of the play is not happily conceived. Captain Wilkes of the *San Jacinto* proposes to take Mason and Slidell out of the British mail steamer *Trent*. Some of his officers, foreseeing the complications which will result, concoct a scheme to thwart his plan by delaying his departure from Havana. They do not succeed, as history relates; but they provoke a quarrel in which a British officer is, or is supposed to be, shot, and his slayer, Ensign Baird, of the United States Navy, is found guilty of murder, and sentenced to be hanged. The efforts to save the life of the homicide and the final intervention of President Lincoln with a pardon lead up to the *dénouement*. There are a couple of girls who supply the love threads, and a precocious child who is really an infant phenomenon, and constitutes one of the chief attractions of the piece.

This story involves a good deal of bungling. The villain of the play is a man who is serving under a false name as lieutenant of her majesty's ship *Warrior*, though he is a deserter from the American navy. It is strange that Mr. Haworth should need to be told that the British lords of the admiralty do not commission deserters, or persons traveling under an alias, as officers on their men-of-war. It does not seem that Lieutenant Blythe is essential to the play; the incongruity of his position is gratuitous. Again, no naval court-martial would have condemned to death, while the war was raging, an American officer who had shot a man for tearing down the American flag and trampling on it. Mr. Haworth has evidently never heard of John A. Dix's famous dispatch: "If any man bauls down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." And who are the gentlemen in green coats who rush upon the stage on slaughter bent, and are cowed by the valiant aspect of Coxswain Jack Dudley and his Yankee tars? Are they landmen, or what?

These criticisms go to points of detail, and do not make against the essential quality of the piece. A judicious collaborator would have stripped Blythe of his duplicate nationality, and left him as available as ever for the purposes of a villain; and the episode of the flag might have been omitted, and the shooting of the rascal might have been inspired by fury at his slander of a young lady—in which case the finding of the court-martial might have been justified. It is easy to see that the judge-advocate's question: "Then, if the ensign did not shoot Blythe, who did?"—which no naval officer competent to conduct a prosecution would have put, and the president of a court-martial should have promptly overruled—was inserted in order to draw out from the faithful coxswain the effective reply: "I did"; but it would have been possible to lead up to the hit without violating the rules of evidence. All the faults of the play are curable; were they corrected, the merits alone would remain.

And they are conspicuous. There is skill in the situation where the evident purposes of Captain Wilkes are studied, and plans are laid to foil them for fear of enbroiling Great Britain in the fray; the court-martial is true to life, and, for this reason, is intensely exciting; the struggle to save the life of the ensign by appeals to Secretary Welles and to President Lincoln is dramatic in the highest degree; the offer of the coxswain to give his life for his friend is so well done that the sobs of the audience almost drown the piteous appeals of the hero; the whole current of the story appeals to the highest instincts of human nature; the blood tinges, and the spectator realizes that there is something in life that is higher than dollars, superior to cash.

To witness such a play is to lift the soul for the moment from the sordid contemplation of money-making and to rest it on a plane in which patriotism and honor and valor hold sway. He who follows the incidents in "The Ensign," comes away with his nobler instincts roused and the best qualities of his nature called into activity. He feels that he has a country, and that, not so long ago, men gave their

lives for it; that his countrymen have done deeds as glorious as any that history records; that the stars and stripes are not a mere rag of bunting, but are an emblem of an ideal for which he, in his turn, should be ready to die, if occasion calls. How quickly the audience seized this spirit of the piece was shown by the applause which they lavished upon the Englishman, when he declared that the honor of a British officer forbade him to take part in a cowardly plot. For the moment, nationality was nothing; honor was honor wherever it was found.

It is not usual to see upon the stage the counterfeit presentment of men who have been so recently among us that they have not ripened for canonization. It would be easy to make such impersonations ridiculous. But in "The Ensign," the delicate task has been successfully and judiciously performed. Father Gideon Welles is the patriarch who lingers in the memory of those who saw him in the flesh, with his slow, patient, kindly ways, and his long white beard. Mr. Howard Scott reproduced him admirably. Mr. Charles Sidney is too tall to resurrect Admiral Farragut as he was in life; the conqueror of New Orleans and Mobile was a short man. But Sidney was dignified and *convenable*, as the admiral always was, and his features bear some resemblance to those of our greatest naval hero. Mr. Logan Paul had made up his face with care to represent the martyred President, and the likeness was recognizable. In that case, above all others, the danger was that the actor would do or say something that would provoke a laugh, which would have been fatal. Mr. Paul steered clear of the peril; his personation did not dim the halo which clothes the head of the savior of the Union. The other parts, as a rule, were agreeably taken. Praise is due to Mr. James Neill, who played the ensign, and Mr. Horning, who played the English officer; both showed good taste and naturalness, and avoided the opportunities to rant, which would have tempted inferior artists. Little Miss Wright is, as we said, an infant phenomenon, and set the ladies in the audience wild; it is curious that infant phenomena never ripen into actresses. Miss Marihel Seymour was piquant as Dot.

The play ought to draw, first, because it is exciting; second, because it is wholesome; and, third, because it is American. A comparison between "The Ensign," with all its faults, and the salacious and frivolous French farces with which theatregoers are dosed, shakes faith in the value of European dramatic literature. It is calculated to confirm the impression that American playwrights, when they get firmly on their feet, will compose pieces which will emancipate the stage from foreign domination. It ought to teach revilers of the stage that all is not had on the boards; that it is possible to construct attractive pieces without delving into the depths of social immorality, and that a play need not be an apotheosis of adultery to please the palate of an American audience. Few pulpits furnish higher lessons than this melodrama; not many sermons, even from revivalists, do so much good as the presentation on the stage of the heroic period of our history.

There is a tremendous play to be written on the assassination of Lincoln. It would appeal to the highest emotions, and would touch, in turn, the most sensitive fibres in human nature. The good man, rejoicing in a noble work fulfilled after years of disappointment, delay, calumny, and grief; Stanton, Chase, and Seward, exulting in duty done; the joy of the soldier laying down his arms, his campaigns ended in glorious victory; the incarnation of malignant spite in the assassins; Mrs. Surratt, the type of the implacable female, the squaw of the nineteenth century; Booth, crowning a capricious life with a deed which made Ravallac respectable by contrast; the fugitive Confederate leaders, divided in sentiment between secret joy at the doom which had befallen their enemy and inward quakings at its effect on an exasperated people; the horror which filled all honest hearts—here are materials for an American drama which might carry its author's name down to remote posterity side by side with Shakespeare, Corneille, and Schiller. Such plays as "The Ensign" are preparing the way.

Some of Colonel Cody's Indians in England have given substantial evidence of their genuineness. On the occasion of a visit to Hampton Court, they were put in the centre of the maze and left to find their way out by the exercise of that sagacity in wood-craft which every genuine Indian possesses. Without a moment's hesitation they formed in true Indian file and took the right path out as easily as a tramp follows a railroad track.

#### Twenty Jumping Toothaches Rolled Into One

Fall far short of inflammatory rheumatism into which its incipient form, unchecked, is prone to develop. Besides, rheumatism if unrelieved is always liable, in one of its erratic leaps, to light on the heart and terminate life. Checkmate it at the start with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an infallible remedy for malaria and liver complaints, inactivity of the kidneys, dyspepsia, constipation, nervousness.

— WE WILL SELL BISQUES AND BRONZES AT 25% discount. Leo. Zander & Co., 116 Sutter Street.

— H. C. MASSIE, Dentist. Painless filling. 114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 5th: The Lillian Russell Opera Company in "La Cigale"; the Tivoli Company in "The Golden Hen"; Jeffreys Lewis in "La Belle Russe"; "The Editor"; and repetitions of Little Tuppitt and "The Ensign."

Robinson's Circus, which has been gathering up all the best circus material in the country during the past year, will be here in a week or so.

George Kiddle will give six readings during his stay in town, the first taking place on Monday night, consisting of scenes from "Anthony and Cleopatra."

Lillian Russell made a great success in "La Cigale" at the New York Casino, in which her company will appear on Monday night. It has never before been given in San Francisco.

Got, the *doyen* of the Comédie Française, intends to retire to private life in the middle of 1894, for he will then celebrate his golden wedding with the stage if nothing interferes. Just now he is studying the rôle of Mathias in "Le Juif Polonais," which he has read, but never seen performed.

Sarah Bernhardt made a tidy little sum by her recent engagement in London. She got \$500 for each performance and one-third of the receipts whenever the total exceeded \$1,500. As the total reached as high as \$3,000 on several occasions, she must have received nearer \$40,000 than \$30,000—not so bad for nine weeks' work.

Audran's comic opera, "The Golden Hen," will be sung at the Tivoli throughout the week, with the following cast:

Fontelard, Ferris Hartman; the Count, George Olmi; Grivolin, Phil. Branson; Martial, Edward N. Knight; Bel Azur, George Harris; Rosette, Tillie Salinger; Marion, Gracie Plaisted; the Marquis, Grace Vernon; Marcelin, Emma Vorce; Lancelotte, Julia Simmons; Theodore, Alice Berkeley; Javotte, Aggie Millard; Francine, Irene Mullen.

"The Musketeers" is announced to follow on Monday evening, September 12th.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English playwright, became lessee of the Avenue Theatre in London, just a year ago, and determined to put an end to the English custom of exacting a fee of sixpence for the theatre programme. He distributed programmes gratis and displayed copies in large type. Then he was sued by the refreshment contractor of the theatre, who claimed that his privilege of selling programmes was ruined. In court, Mr. Jones denounced the system as detestable, and commented on the condition of mind of a man who would charge sixpence for what did not cost him a farthing. Thereupon libel was added by the programme-vender to Mr. Jones's other crimes, and the jury, contrary to Mr. Jones's expectation, being struck with admiration for the programme man's commercial acumen, mulcted Mr. Jones in damages—light damages, however, in mercy on Mr. Jones's inability to know a good thing when he saw it.

#### A Ceramic Exhibition.

It has been a frequent complaint among china-decorators that, while they have been allowed an occasional corner in the local art exhibitions of various kinds, there has been no exhibition in town which was devoted exclusively to ceramics. Sanborn, Vail & Co., being the head-quarters for artists' materials here, heard much of this talk, of course, and determined to remove the cause of complaint. The idea has been germinating with them for some time, and now, having the enthusiastic support of the leading china-painters, they announce that they will hold such an exhibition at the art-gallery in their great store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue.

It will commence on Tuesday, September 13th, and continue to the end of the week, and the co-operation of all interested in ceramics is desired. Amateurs and professionals are alike invited to send in specimens of their work, and from the responses so far received it is evident that the exhibition will be well worth seeing. Its success from the artistic point of view being assured, there can be no question as to the benefit the artists will derive from it, for such an exhibition is a novelty here, and, being held in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s gallery, will attract large crowds of visitors of the class who admire and buy ceramics. The Artists' Materials Department of the store has the exhibition in charge, and will be glad to supply any further information to intending exhibitors.

— GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

— STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS ARE NOW only fifty cents a packet.

#### False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KRELING BROS., PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Solomon's Farical Opera,

#### VIRGINIA!

Monday, September 5th,

#### THE GOLDEN HEN!

Popular Prices..... 25 and 50 cents.

#### IRVING HALL,

TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1892,

#### WM. H. SHERWOOD,

The renowned American Pianist, will give the only San Francisco Recital.

Admission (including reserved seat).....\$1.00

Sale of seats begins Thursday morning, September 8th, at Kohler & Chase's Music House, 26-28-30 O'Farrell St.

## The Argonaut

DURING THE

### NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

During the campaign and ending with January 1, 1893, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the coming campaign of 1892.

#### WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO., SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts. Agents for the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the California Line of Packets from New York; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Rautjen's Composition.

## GEO. C. SHREVE & CO.

WILL OPEN THEIR NEW STORE

— IN THE —

CROCKER BUILDING,  
MARKET AND POST STS.

ON TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1892.



THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"How the trees are moaning and sighing today." She—"So would you, if you were as full of green apples as they are."—*Life*.

Wife—"I know I do foolish things sometimes, and you do, too; you'll admit that, won't you, dear?" Husband—"Yes, I know you do."—*Yankee Blade*.

"Dey mus' be cannibals up Nofe," said Rastus; "I was readin' de odder day dat it was a very common thing for white folks up dar ter eat crackers."—*Life*.

She—"Oh, Charley! that mosquito has come from your hand to mine." He—"Aw—beautiful thought! that your blood and mine—aw—mingle in the same mosquito."—*Puck*.

Naval officer—"I'm afraid I shall be severely court-martialed for running into that scow." Assistant—"You've a good defense. There isn't any scow marked on the chart."—*Judge*.

Young lady—"Mercy me! And so, when fast in the jungle, you came face to face with a tiger. O-o-o! What did you do?" Modern traveler (proudly)—"Photographed it."—*New York Weekly*.

He—"I have decided to ask your father's consent by letter, Pauline. Now, what sort of a letter would you advise me to make it?" She—"I think, Horace, that I would make it an anonymous letter."—*Life*.

Miss Bleeker—"I think Mr. Ginger is about the freshest young man I know; what is your opinion?" Miss Backbay—"If I were called on for an analysis, I don't think my first test would be for chloride of sodium."—*Truth*.

Mrs. Dix—"I was ashamed of you, Ephraim, to dust the chair you sat on at Mrs. Henshaw's. I saw her little boy watching you." Dix—"I saw him, too. I'm too old a fish to be caught on a bent pin."—*New York Sun*.

Mr. Wayback (prominent Western citizen)—"We think we've caught the feller wot stole your horses, an' we want you to go round an' identify him." Ranchman—"Can't ye bring him here?" Mr. Wayback—"We ain't got no hearse."—*Judge*.

Miss Pert—"I've never seen Mr. Bjensks. Is he a handsome man?" Miss Flyte—"Handsome? Well, that's a matter of opinion. My own idea is that if beauty were subject to taxation, Mr. Bjensks would be entitled to a pension."—*Somerville Journal*.

Hotel clerk (to guest from Arkansas)—"Will you want a room with a bath connected, sir?" Guest—"No, I reckon not. I won't be in town more than a couple of weeks; and, besides, I took a bath only a few days before I left Little Rock."—*Texas Siftings*.

Mr. Huckleberry—"No one admires me." Miss Wallflower—"No one admires me, either." Mr. Huckleberry—"We had better organize a mutual admiration society. I admire your eyes. What do you admire about me?" Miss Wallflower—"Your good taste."—*Puck*.

"Put on some more clothes, Mandy!" shrieked the elderly aunt at the watering-place; "folks will see you," she added, horror-struck. "Aunt Julia," replied Ananda, as she went out among the waves with all the trustful innocence of a Texas statesman, "what are we here for?"—*Hotel Gazette*.

Griffin (telling his lady-love—the latest—a very interesting yarn about an illness he once had)—"Yes, it was a hard time, I assure you. Do you know, at one period, I thought I should lose my mind entirely!" Lady-love (meekly)—"And did you, Mr. Griffin?" He did not quite like her question, though she did ask it so prettily.—*Ex*.

"George!" she screamed; "my neck!" "What's the matter?" "There's a pillcatter—" "A what?" "A tappickiller—" "What in the world do you mean?" "Oh, dear," she moaned, as she clutched him frantically; "a kitterpaller! You know, George! A patterkiller!" "Oh!" said George, with evident relief, and he proceeded to brush the future butterfly away.—*Life*.

"Suppose," said the lady—"now only suppose, understand—that you were carrying a piece of steak from the kitchen, and by accident should let it slip from the plate to the floor, what should you do in such a case?" The girl looked the lady square in the eye for a moment before asking: "Is it a private family, or are there boarders?" "Boarders," answered the lady. "Pick it up and put it back on the plate," firmly replied the girl. She was engaged.—*Ex*.

Kickwood (to his old class-mate, whom he has met by chance)—"Come right into the house, old man. Here's the bottle. Have a drink." Bunker—"Does your wife let you drink?" Kickwood—"Why, of course! Have a cigar, won't you?" Bunker—"Thanks. Does your wife (puff) allow you to smoke (puff, puff) in the house?" Kickwood—"Certainly! We'll have dinner, and, then, we'll go around to the club and meet some of the boys." Bunker—"Does your wife let you go to the club?" Kickwood—"Why, of course!" Bunker—"Um—where is your wife?" Kickwood—"She is visiting relatives in the country."—*Puck*.

THE NYMPHS OF THE BALLET.

How They Invoke Art to Aid Nature.

"The primary requisite for a danseuse is nimble feet," said a *première danseuse* to a *New York Herald* reporter recently; "and they must be born—they can not be acquired. With that priceless gift, and a grace of movement that can be attained only by constant practice from early childhood, the aspirant for terpsichorean laurels may snap her fingers at Dame Nature. Modern art can not only cover a multitude of imperfections, it can supply deficiencies. Adipose tissue is the greatest difficulty it encounters, and that never exists among the stars. A coryphee may be fat—a *première* never.

"Defects of the figure claim the first attention. Tights should be made to order; and if an artist is employed, he carefully measures the client, and slices, or pads, are woven into the fabric of the under tights—usually made of cotton—so that perfect proportions are obtained, and there is no danger of dislocation. These are donned first, silk tights are drawn over them, and the most discriminating bald head can not detect the improvement upon nature.

"A pair of old silk hose, skillfully adjusted, aids the expansion of the chest. If the collar-bones are aggressive, the shoulders must be thrown back a trifle—but not enough to convert the shoulder-blades into wings. A string of Rhine stones or a collar of pearls, in the absence of more precious gems, is a boon to a thin neck. Long, bony arms—ugh! they are a nightmare. Thin legs are nothing in comparison. They can be sliced to perfection. Thin arms God alone can rectify. If not restricted in choice of costume, an Egyptian or Oriental toilet, which admits of a profusion of bracelets, is a wise choice, but they call for a dark make-up, to be truly artistic, and the fancy for pink and white prevails.

"The toe-dance requires the most skill. To stand on the toe is really a remarkable feat. It is the test of all *premières* of the ballet, and yet there are not fifty alive to-day who can gracefully accomplish it. Training in dancing and the ballet movement must have been commenced almost in infancy to make it possible for a *danseuse* to stand on her first toe. There are three or four hundred who have approached success, and probably several hundred coryphees who have fairly imitated the act, but the number who attain perfection must always be small.

"Are my shoes stiffened to prevent the toe from bending? See for yourself. They are perfectly pliable. We import them from Europe, many pairs at a time, and never wear them more than twice.

"Are my feet callous and misshapen?" In a twinkling the scissors had clipped off the foot of her stocking, presenting to view a ravishing foot, as soft and white as a babe's. Mademoiselle could better afford to sacrifice her pretty silk hose than to rest under a cloud of suspicion.

"To convince monsieur that I do not need the support of a shoe—the agile fairy sprang upon a table, and a dazzling, dizzy whirl corroborated her assertion. The public who has never seen a pirouette executed on the point of dainty pink toes, knows nothing of the poetry of motion.

"The serpentine dance," resumed mademoiselle, as her audience recovered breath, "is done above the waist. Certainly the feet are kept in motion; but in the fantastic, sensuous movement of the body, the graceful throwing of the arms, and the clever poise of the head, lies the charm of the dance. In fact, the head plays almost as important a part as the feet in all dances. With an adroit turn, it can be made to emphasize a movement and bring it out in bold relief. It should be used with discretion, however, like an artist's vivid colors.

"The skirt-dance is graceful. Ob, yes. Rapid movement, great flexibility, and an artistic appreciation of the value of drapery, together with an artfully artless air of abandon. The steps count for little. A toe-dancer can easily do both the serpentine and skirt-dance. They demand really no more grace than is possessed by any coryphee in the front rank. Do you know one skirt or serpentine-dancer who has the skill requisite for the toe-dance? I am sure you do not.

"The range of taste in the matter of toilet has many advantages in these modern dances. While apparently revealing, they do conceal so much. Anelia Glover employs eighty yards of tulle on her underskirts alone. She wears three, made of the softest China silk. They have each two very full flounces of tulle, both on the upper and under sides. The skirt of her dress measures fourteen yards in width and is of some soft, light material. The first underskirt is always very prudently caught together just below the knee, so that, however daring the kick with which she fascinates her admirers, her skirts never fall out of place.

"A *première's* skirts are constructed on a number of well-fitted yokes, in the same way. She has trunks made especially for their transportation, in which they are carefully spread out, and nothing else is ever packed with them.

"The process of dressing is necessarily an affair of great care. The under tights must be so adjusted that the slices are sure to be in their proper places. The silk tights ought never to be put on without a careful inspection. A broken stitch, the prelude to a Jacob's ladder, can work ruinous havoc.

Imagine, just as one gets her cue, perceiving a running stitch. Before the dance is finished it will have run up and down many times. The tights will be a wreck. How can one smile effectively under such circumstances?

"Oh, yes, the smile is an indispensable part of the performance, and it must be a smile that wins—that is personal, not a bit of mechanism.

"There are many things that may occur to 'rattle' a *danseuse*, but nothing quite so disturbing as a sudden change of musical conductors. We rehearse with the orchestra, and the regular conductor adapts the time to our movements, holding the notes of a 'telling' poise or accelerating them for a dizzy whirl. If from any cause his place has been filled by a stranger, who has not yet studied our points and conducts according to written time, it is almost enough to ruin the dance.

"The applause is an inspiration. It raises us quite off our feet, till we float in the clouds.

"Of course a *première* provides her own costumes, and they are not inexpensive, if they are abbreviated. For a grand ballet they are designed by an artist and executed by a skillful costumer from his plates. I may add, that for most of the great spectacular plays produced in America, the imported costumes so extensively advertised are procured second-hand from the Alhambra in London."

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Bendix Piano Recital.

Mr. Otto Bendix, late of the New England Conservatory of Music, gave his first piano recital, since he returned from the East, last Tuesday evening. A large and fashionable audience was in attendance and were interested throughout by his presentation of the following excellent programme:

Sonata appassionata, Beethoven; Metamorphosen, Raff; (a) scherzo, (b) waltz, (c) ballad, Chopin; pastorale, Scarlatti; polonaise, Paderewski; tremolo study, Gotschalk; "Wedding March," Mendelssohn-Liszt.

William H. Sherwood, director of the piano department of the Chicago Conservatory of Music, will be in San Francisco in a few days. During his visit, he will give one recital, which will take place at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, September 13th.

The members of the Loring Club will give their first concert of the sixteenth season next Wednesday evening.

DCLXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 4, 1892.

Consommé Tapioca.  
Cantaloupe.  
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Sweetbread and Mushroom Patties.  
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What is not encouraging for the future, if manifestations from the spirit world are to be believed, is that deceased persons are all so uncommonly stupid. They say the dullest things imaginable, clothed in the most commonplace style. If their words are spelled out, they are always invariably spelled wrong; and if they give their "views" upon any subject, they turn out, if valuable, to have been expressed before.

A Chicago man visiting in New Orleans met a dapper little Creole—a colonel in the Confederate army—whose admiration for General Beauregard approached adoration. "He was the greatest general in the world. The South never see heels equal—nevar," said the colonel. "What about Lee?" asked the Chicagoan. "Lee! Lee!" said the colonel; "ah, oui; General Booragar spik vari well of hem."

The sermon which Canon Fleming preached recently at Sandringham, with special reference to the premature death of the heir-presumptive to the crown, has been published in pamphlet form, and has already realized a profit of six thousand five hundred dollars.

He—"I much prefer tennis. Horseback riding is too sedentary." She—"Not the way you ride."—*Life*.

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The proprietors of a certain preparation are again reminding the public, through the columns of the daily papers, that for fifty years that remedy has been a wonderful power. The fact that a remedy, which has been on the market for fifty years, can still be advertised with profit, makes one wonder when an article will become sufficiently established to need no longer the assistance of printer's ink, or if such a condition is ever reached. It is doubtful if many remedies have kept up a good average of sales very long after the withdrawal of their advertisements, and several highly popular proprietary preparations of a few years since are almost forgotten, on account of the stoppage of their advertising.—*Horace Dumars*.

Legitimate advertising in newspapers always pays. It is hardly a fair thing to ask a customer, who has dealt generously with you, to become an unwilling advertisement by carrying his or her bundles placarded with your business-sign. The young lady who told the clerk, to turn that wrapping-paper the other side out, hit the nail squarely on the head. She was right. That sort of wrapping-paper is a relic of cross-roads storekeeping.—*Jackson Courier*.

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# The Argonaut.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The necessity for more extended and centralized authority on the part of the Federal Government, which the *Argonaut* urged in its comments on the Homestead, Cœur d'Alene, and Buffalo riots, has recently received a fresh accession of strength. A few days ago, the President of the United States, after consultation with the Cabinet, in-

structed the Secretary of the Treasury to issue a circular letter, reciting the existence of Asiatic cholera in an epidemic form in Russia, Germany, France, and certain ports of Great Britain, as well as in Asia, and ordering that no vessel from any foreign port, carrying immigrants, be admitted to enter at any port of the United States until such vessel shall have undergone a quarantine of twenty days, unless such detention is forbidden by the laws of a State or regulations made thereunder.

The necessity for this circular is not open to question, and its legality is assured by an Act of Congress of 1890, authorizing the President, in the case of an epidemic, to instruct the Secretary of the Treasury to promulgate such rules and regulations as might be necessary to prevent the spread of the disease. But one Dr. Jenkins, the health-officer of New York, declared that he would heed it or not as he should see fit, and that he would release a ship from quarantine after one day if he should think proper so to do. Dr. Jenkins is a young Virginian, of the strictest sect of States-rights, besides which, he is a son-in-law of Richard Croker, the present boss of Tammany, so it is, perhaps, little wonder that he made light of a proclamation of the Secretary of the Treasury, countersigned by the President. Like Whitefriars in the days of the Stuarts, Dr. Jenkins possibly thinks that the king's writ does not run in the hallowed precincts of New York.

It took but one day for Son-in-law Jenkins to discover that while Tammany is great, the United States Government is greater. When the flamboyant Jenkins ordered a vessel released from quarantine, the collector of the port of New York refused to clear her until the Federal quarantine of twenty days had been observed. Being "released" by Jenkins was thus comparatively meaningless. Further than that, other seaports in the United States informed the Jenkins person that if the twenty-day quarantine were not observed in New York, they would treat that city as an infected port, and quarantine against her.

But whatever may be the legal aspect of the case, or whatever may be thought of the wisdom or unwisdom of Dr. Jenkins in raising legal and constitutional questions at a moment of emergency, when the pestilence was on the threshold of the country, it is manifest that something must be done to prohibit and prevent absolutely the recurrence of such a question. This great nation can not be left at the mercy of an ignorant or prejudiced quarantine officer in any seaport, any more than to the prejudice or partisan feeling of a governor of a State in the event of a riot which may threaten the very life of the nation. The time has come when the States must concede to the Federal Government a full measure of authority in all matters which concern the nation in its corporate capacity. Instead of being a congeries of States, each, to all intents and purposes, independent of all the rest, except in a very few matters, we must be a NATION, with a central government capable of dealing with any and every question which has to do with the welfare of the people.

This very question of quarantine supplies an apt illustration of the necessity for the extension of the Federal jurisdiction and its supersession of the power of the several States. It has been asserted that there is serious danger that cholera may effect a lodgment at some point or points on the St. Lawrence River. This being so, there is nothing to prevent its finding its way in a few hours through Vermont into New York, for the State of Vermont, we may be certain, has no inland quarantine regulations which would be effective to exclude the pestilence from entering by this rear-door. Our own coast is exposed to a like danger. The Canadian-Pacific Railroad could transport carloads of cholera-infected immigrants without any one being the wiser, and they would be diffused and disseminated through Washington, Oregon, and California, simply because there is no general, central authority to impose an interstate quarantine and prevent the spread of the terrible scourge.

No citizen of the United States need fear any ill effects to follow increased centralization. The President and Congress of the United States would continue to be the creation

and the creatures of the will of the people if their authority were extended an hundred fold, and the liberties of the people would not only be equally safe, but would be secured by broader and more substantial guarantees than can possibly be afforded by our present dual and incongruous system. It is wholly unworthy a great nation that one of its most profound jurists should be able to write a treatise on the conflict of its laws, meaning thereby the points of friction between the acts of Congress and the statutes of the several States.

The extension of the idea of centralization would tend to break down the notion of sectionalism, which, if persisted in, must eventually rend the nation asunder. If the United States ever goes to pieces it will not occur as the result of a war or series of wars, but as the logical sequence of the silent but potent idea of sectional rights and privileges as opposed to that of nationalism, and in that event there must be at least four North American republics instead of one, and possibly more. The United States should be a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, but of, by, and for the people of the United States, not the State of Maine or the State of Mississippi, the State of Washington or the State of Florida. Local self-government must be maintained, but the nation must be supreme in all matters which are or may be national in their character.

"Labor Day" passed over almost without notice. The stores were not shut, and most of the workmen were at work as usual at their jobs. The jaw-workers of the Federated Trades, a few walking-delegates from the unions, and a few men who were out of a job, had a parade all to themselves in Market Street, which stopped the cars and impeded travel at the busiest part of the day; a few enthusiastic champions of labor became exhilarated in the evening over the gallant defense of the rights of labor at Homestead, Cœur d'Alene, and at the mines in Tennessee; but for these incidents, there was nothing to distinguish the day from other days of the week.

Perhaps it is not too much to hope that this will be the last occasion on which an attempt will be made to celebrate Labor Day. It ought to be laid in the grave where St. Patrick's Day peacefully reposes. It was instituted by a cowardly legislature in deference to the demand of a pack of howling labor agitators. It has no real excuse for existence. The labor which the Federated Trades represent has no right to a day of celebration. It is not honest American labor, but the labor of brawling foreigners who want to be regarded as heroes because they do what all the rest of us do—work for their bread—that is, when they are not on strike. The only trade which the Labor-Day demagogues work at is fomenting disturbance between employers and workmen, and then trying to settle the controversy for a bribe. Such labor has no right to "a day."

The way to celebrate a Labor Day is to labor on it—each man at his trade. What would be thought of the Employers' Association if it asked for an Employers' Day, to be made a State holiday? Honest labor wants to earn wages six days in every week. When it loses a day, there is so much less money to be brought home to the wife and children on Saturday. This is nothing to the walking-delegates of unions and to the officers of the Federated Trades, because they are not paid by the day, but it is a good deal to the carpenter, and the mason, and the painter, and the plasterer, and the tailor, and the shoemaker, who have families, and need every dollar they can scrape together. Celebrating Labor Day is fine fun for the labor leaders, whose importance is increased by their appearance in the streets on prancing horses; but it is unprofitable business for the real workman, who may have sickness at home, or a hoard depleted by levies to maintain some union on strike.

Delegates from the Federated Trades went round on Monday morning begging employers to close their places, in order that their hands might march in the parade. One of the citizens thus accosted is a large employer of labor, and, likewise, an officer in the National Guard. He retorted to the delegates: "Why should I close my doors and dock



my men of one day's pay to oblige fellows like you, upon whom, if I am not mistaken, I shall have to open fire within a couple of months to defend life and property against your attacks?"

The best thing that labor agitators can do at the present moment is to go very slow and sing very small. The public are sick of them to a degree that language can hardly describe. From the Atlantic to the Pacific the labor agitators have inspired a hatred and contempt which are bringing honest labor into disrepute. They have trampled on the rights of laborers more honest than themselves. They have insulted the common sense of the community by claims so preposterous that even children laugh at them. They have set law and order at defiance. They have murdered citizens of the United States in cold blood. They have seized other men's property and destroyed it. They have entered the houses of non-union men in the night and sacked them, by way of revenge. They have threatened those who oppose them with the vengeance of the assassin who sneaks behind a wall to shoot his enemy. And on the heels of these outrages, which cry aloud to heaven for punishment, they ostentatiously parade in public by way of celebrating "Labor Day."

These things will end badly. There was once, in another country, a body of men who assumed, like the labor unionists, to be superior to law and defiant of decency. They were called Jacobins. They usurped supreme power in France, as the unions are trying to usurp supreme power in this country. They not only browbeat king, queen, and ministers, but they bullied the legislative body in its own hall, and dictated what laws it should pass, and what laws it should not pass, just as the labor unions dictate to Congress and the State legislatures. They proclaimed, in the very language of the labor unions, that they were the people, and that power rested with them. This went on until one day a soldier appeared on the scene—appeared with cannon and grape-shot; and when he was through his first night's work the Jacobins had ceased to exist. What has been will be again.

In the nature of things no great degree of intimacy or cordiality can exist between Cardinal Ruggiero, Prefect Financial of the affairs of the Propaganda, and the *Argonaut*, yet we consider it but just to his eminence to say that we think it possible that his dismissal from office by His Holiness the Supreme Pontiff does him a great injustice. A recent dispatch from Rome gives as the reason of the unfortunate cardinal's discharge that it has become known that he, and not the previously removed Mgr. Folichi, "was really the guilty party in connection with the misinvestments," to use a mild term, of the Papal funds. It is added that not only was the cardinal secretly up to his neck in that financial scandal, but that it was actually he who poisoned the Pope's mind against Mgr. Folichi, Vice-Chamberlain to the Holy Father. "It was alleged," the dispatch proceeds, in exposition of this distressing incident of sacred finance, "that in the winter of 1890 and 1891, Folichi, supported by Prince Buoncompagni and Baron Lazaroni, resolved, in order to save the Banco di Roma, in which the Vatican held ten thousand out of twelve thousand shares, besides other securities, to establish in Paris, London, Rome, Berlin, and New York a syndicate of Roman Catholic banks, with the object of absorbing the financial societies of Rome, which were known to be in a bad condition, and to restore them to vitality, while, at the same time, raising the value of their depreciated securities"—that is to say, the Vatican was anxious to boom its stocks with the pious help of the Roman Catholic bankers of Europe and New York. "Above all, the prince and baron wanted to save the Banco di Roma"—of which the Vatican, it is to be remembered, held ten thousand out of the twelve thousand shares—"intending, as they eventually did, to reconstruct it." The scandal arising out of the affair has shaken the Roman Catholic world. The Vatican dropped a pot of good money in the business, and the vengeful axe of the cinched Pope dropped the tonsured head of Mgr. Folichi into the basket. That prelate, it now appears, is in the way to get his head back again, while Cardinal Ruggiero's is off. Of course this second decapitation may be deserved; but, at the same time, the reverent student of affairs at the capital of Christendom can not close his eyes to the fact that the cause of his downfall is quite as likely to be political as financial. Cardinal Ruggiero for a long time has been as prominent a candidate for the Papal crown, in the event of the aged Leo's death, as David B. Hill was for the Democratic Presidential nomination until after the first ballot was taken at Chicago the other day. Whether Leo the Thirteenth has decided to give the benefit of his *ante-mortem* influence to some other aspirant, or, having a human aversion against all aspirants, as such, he has simply "downed" Ruggiero for being a particularly conspicuous *memento mori*, can not be determined at this distance. It is only fair, however, to suspend

judgment in the cardinal's case until it shall be known to a certainty that he has been boodling instead of merely looking after his fences with, perhaps, too lively an assiduity. In either event, the sympathy of the world can not be withheld from the old gentleman who has the distinction to be Christ's viceroy on earth. To be aware that the Almighty has commissioned you as his lieutenant, endowed you with authority to send your fellow-creatures, singly or by the million, to heaven or hell, and made you, in matters of faith, as infallible as Himself—to be aware of all this, and then, also, to have the knowledge that you can not tell any better than the next man who it is that has emptied your safe, must be irritating. It is also surprising to mankind, and occasionally, we should judge, confounding to the Viceroy's own mind. It is not difficult to fancy that when the Infallible One is tossing on his lonely pillow, wondering under his night-cap whether it was that fellow Ruggiero instead of Folichi who, after all, made away with the ducats; or, when sitting down to breakfast and eyeing his coffee with suspicion of poison—it is not difficult to fancy the Infallible One, we say, asking himself why the Almighty, having been pleased to do so much for a single human creature, it had not pleased Him to do a little more.

We are in receipt of the following communication:

CALISTOGA, CAL., August 26, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In the *Argonaut* of the twenty-second instant you state that "An amendment to the election law of California will be submitted to the voters of the State at the general election, November 8, 1892. The amendment is the requirement that every voter must be able to write his own name and to read, in the English language, any section of the Constitution of the United States." As agent of the Calistoga and Clear Lake Stage Lines, I meet people from all parts of this State, and am surprised to find how few have heard of this proposed amendment. But all, without exception, say they will vote for it. Can you send me or tell me where I can procure a copy of the amendment? By so doing you will greatly oblige,

Yours truly,

LOUIS McLANE, JR.

The information desired is contained in a pamphlet entitled "California Election Laws, together with Proposed Constitutional Amendments and Legislative Enactments, etc.," prepared for general distribution by Hon. E. G. Waite, Secretary of State. It contains an explanation of the new ballot law under the Australian system, which will be first used in this State in November; the San Francisco registration law; the proposed amendments to the constitution and other propositions to be voted on in November; and a variety of other important political information. There is a very widespread ignorance among voters as to the various propositions which they will be called upon to decide by their ballots at the next election, and it is the duty of every citizen who has any doubt as to their significance to write to Mr. Waite, at Sacramento, for a copy of his pamphlet.

The particular amendment to which our correspondent refers is "an act to ascertain and express the will of the people of the State of California upon the subject of requiring an educational qualification of voters," and the qualification proposed is that every voter shall "be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language." It is quite within the province of the State to enact such a law. Massachusetts requires the qualification that the voter shall be able to write his name and read the constitution in English, unless physically disabled, and that he shall have paid State, county, or town-tax within two years. Connecticut requires the voter to be able to read the constitution or laws. The new State constitution of Mississippi requires the voter to be able to read and write, to pay a heavy electoral poll-tax before election, and, further, that at registration he shall read and explain any section of the constitution the officers of registration may present to their satisfaction. The chief object of this new requirement is apparent. It is to guard against the ignorant colored voter; but it likewise includes the illiterate and pauperized whites. To the educational qualification the payment of the poll-tax is added.

The necessity of incorporating similar requirement for voting—at least an educational qualification—is becoming apparent in all of the States, and in view of the debauching of the ballot by the hordes of tramps and vagabonds, criminals, paupers, irresponsible, ignorant, mercenary, and worthless, who swell the voting lists at elections and frequently pervert the franchise to the worst results and against the honest suffrage of worthy citizens. It is imperative that something of the kind shall be adopted and enforced. A law has been framed in California for the purpose, and at the general election in November it will be submitted to the people to be popularly ratified—as it should and doubtless will be—or defeated, through negligence, indifference, or apathy of the voters. It is important that every voter of solid worth and possessed of concern for the good of the commonwealth, should avail himself of the opportunity to incorporate the much-needed reform in the laws of the State. To require every voter to be able—unless physically disabled—to write

his name and read the constitution and laws in English is no hardship, but is to the benefit of the voter himself and a matter of welfare to the State. It would render inoperative and futile the manufacture of swarms of ignorant, vicious, and purchased ballot-stuffers by corrupt judges of partisan courts, with perjured witnesses and party managers to facilitate the milling process in which reckless aliens, unable to comprehend the obligation to which they make oath or to speak English, are invested with the precious privilege of citizenship, to defeat at the polls the vote of the native citizen in the choice of officials and the trust of the government. California is safe from the Chinese by Federal enactment, so far as the voting qualification is involved, yet the State suffers from the no less dangerous evil of the admission to the polls as voters of aliens as vile as and more numerous than the "heathen Chinese"—the encroaching swarms from portions of Europe. Under the new qualification in Mississippi, out of 110,100 whites, 66,127 passed registration, and only 8,615 out of 147,205 blacks. California might not be able to make a much better showing in respect to aliens, and the same is probably true of other States of the North—particularly in Tammany-bound New York city and in boss-ruled Brooklyn.

Let every good citizen vote for this amendment.

The newspapers are troubled by the discovery that the number of men in this country is largely in excess of that of women, and that the disproportion between the sexes is increasing with each decennial period. The sexes have compared as follows in the three last census years: In 1870, there were 97,801 females to every 100,000 males, so that out of every million men 27,990 were doomed to celibacy. In 1880, there were 96,544 females to every 100,000 males, so that out of every million men 34,560 could not find wives. In 1890, there were 95,280 females to every 100,000 males, so that out of every million men there were 47,200 who had no female counterparts. At this rate, in a few years, the number of bachelors who are bachelors from necessity will become so large as to be a serious social inconvenience. If women become so scarce that specimens command a premium, society will be confronted with a problem that will be as novel as it may be grave.

The gradual disappearance of the sex is not common to the whole country. In the Atlantic States, from Maine to Florida, there is a slight excess of females over males, so that in case of extreme famine the rest of the country could draw upon these States for a small supply to mitigate the severity of the bachelors' lot. But in the States west of the Ohio and the Alleghany Range, women are scarce, and growing scarcer. The only States in which an approach to equality between the sexes is observed are Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana, where the number of negro women is large; as for the new States in this section of the country—Montana, Wyoming, Arizona, Idaho, and Washington—they contain nearly two men to every woman. And it is beyond the power of the Atlantic States to remedy the evil, because their surplus stock of women is so small. Massachusetts can barely spare 65,000, the other New England States 10,000 or 20,000 each, New York 45,000, the Southern Atlantic States, perhaps, 15,000 between them; but Pennsylvania is short 75,000, and Georgia and Florida 15,000; what is the balance that is left between so many Westerners famishing for wives? The theory has been that emigration from the New England and the Middle States would diminish the male population, and leave a female surplus to supply the wants of the West; but the surplus seems to be largely imaginary. European immigration recruits the depleted ranks of the males, and the reproduction of females is declining year by year. It seems that the time has come for statesmen seriously to consider the possible extinction of the female sex.

The problem is not new. In the seventeenth century it arose in Virginia, and, likewise, in Canada and Louisiana. To the former province, numbers of criminals guilty of minor offenses were transported, and every year a few adventurous Englishmen, weary of home, emigrated to the plantations in America, in the hope of bettering their condition. These exiles were almost all males. It appears that they were unable to find wives among the Indians. The male Indian is an uxorious beast, and likes to keep all the young squaws for himself. The Virginian colonists appealed to the king for women. The gracious monarch listened to the appeal and sent material for his faithful colonists; what sort of material, the veracious chronicle of Moll Flanders is there to tell. Similar appeals reached the King of France from his subjects in Canada and Louisiana. His heart, also, bled for the gallant Frenchmen who were doomed to a life of celibacy; how kind he was to the Louisianians, the touching tale of Manon Lescaut reveals, while M. Garneau supplies the history of the royal benevolence in Canada.

The French jails were emptied of their female inmates, and they were shipped from St. Malo, or Brest, or L'Orient. On arrival at Quebec they were lodged in barracks under



the superintendence of the Ursuline nuns, and were carefully fattened for market. Meanwhile, word was sent to all the riverine parishes that a fresh consignment of fine, fresh young women had arrived from France, and would be disposed of to parties with honorable intentions on a day set. When the day came, the women were stood up in rows in the Place du Palais, each "habitan" chose the girl of his heart, and packed her off in his boat to his bome. In neither place was the German plan adopted of selling at a premium all the ladies who commanded a premium, and devoting the money to defray the discount on those who could not get a husband if they were empty handed.

These historical precedents are not likely to be copied today. But there is no reason why women should not take advantage of their diminishing numbers. It is a simple business proposition. When a merchant finds that he has an excess of an article of general consumption which is growing scarce, he raises its price, and nobody thinks of blaming him. It would be but reasonable for pretty, unmarried girls, now that they know the strength of their position, to hold themselves at a premium, and to demand that suitors shall make a settlement contingent upon the acceptance of proposals. In Africa, when an Arab slave-trader carries off the nubile girls of a village, the fathers of any who escape insist on getting a couple of cows over and above the market rate for their daughters; and it is found that the traffic will bear it.

For nearly two weeks now the harbor of New York has afforded a spectacle which should carry to the minds of the American people a larger lesson than the need for quarantine. Since the arrival in the harbor of the first cholera-infested vessel from Hamburg, ship after ship has come, until, at this writing, there are a dozen or more lying at anchor in quarantine, some with cholera on board, and some without; but nearly all having between their decks something worse for the country in the long run than even a temporary epidemic of cholera. We mean the immigrants. These creatures, berded in every steerage, are scarcely human, and when the pinch comes, the humanitarian, the sentimentalist, the demagogue, the health-officers, and all others show by action their perception of this truth. The first demand of the clean—the civilized portion of a quarantined ship's company, the cabin-passengers—is that the animals of the steerage shall be removed, or themselves set somewhere apart. Everybody recognizes the justice of this demand—even the editors of the New York newspapers, who, consciously or unconsciously, permit the reporters at quarantine to write of the steerage passengers as if they were so many sheep in danger of the scab, or, rather, so many hogs that cholera might naturally be expected to attack.

It is true that it is not the fault of these wretches that they are what they are, and it is inevitable that when they do not threaten those near them with cholera, or small-pox, or typhoid fever, or itch, or vermin, that those who view their degradation and misery should feel for them pity as well as disgust. But that is no reason why the hospitality of this country should be extended to these beings. They are the result of long ages of misgovernment, oppression, cruelty, and wrong in Europe—the punishment for its social sins and blunders. It is right that Europe, therefore, should be compelled to bear the punishment of their presence, and not be permitted to escape retribution by freighting over to us the scabs of its social body.

When cholera germs are added to the scabs, America revolts. The President has issued a proclamation that all ships coming from infected ports, with immigrants on board, shall undergo a quarantine of twenty days; if without immigrants, a shorter period; and that all ships shall be held until known to be clean in health. That is to say, when the scabs are known not to have been mixed with cholera germs at the time of their arrival, or when the two have been separated at our expense, we shall be pleased to receive the consignments of scabs as usual.

This is plain language. It may be considered disgusting. But it is not nearly so disgusting as the things it describes—immigrants and cholera.

Despite the President's proclamation they keep coming. Every day a vessel or two, with its cargo of offal, adds itself to the guarded fleet in New York harbor. The steamship companies are actually taking loads of immigrants at European ports under the advertised condition of twenty days' quarantine at the end of the voyage!

The President has done all that he is empowered to do, the lawyers say. More he can only do by calling an extra session of Congress, which may authorize him to suspend intercourse with Europe absolutely. There can be no doubt that were Congress now sitting it would not hesitate to pass the necessary amendment to the Immigration Act. The country is trembling with fear of the cholera. It sees another Hamburg, on shipboard and shore, gathering so near New York that swimmers have been forbidden to enter the

possibly deadly water at certain points. New York is herself but another gigantic emigrant ship. Should the scourge land, God only can tell what frightful havoc of life would follow, not there alone but throughout the whole continent, for cholera is a swift and mighty traveler. It is Death's express rider. At any moment the news may be flashed that there is a case of cholera in a New York hospital. Between us and that announcement there stands only the intelligence, the integrity, and the vigilance of Tammany! And one night this week, Croker, Boss of Tammany, was permitted to pass the quarantine line to visit the health officer who has the lives of the people of half the world at his mercy. The health officer is the boss's son-in-law. Well may the nation seem restless.

Let President Harrison summon Congress and close our ports to immigrants. That spectacle in New York harbor will cause the people of the Union to applaud his act. The ports should be kept closed until not a case of cholera remains in Europe and Asia. Then, when fear of an epidemic disease had taught the American people how easily, how simply, this "immigration problem" can be solved, there would arise such a demand for its solution in permanence as would compel response. It is not immigration that is the problem, but the demagogues who seek the votes of the naturalized, and for the sake of them betray their country's future.

If cholera shall be kept out, why should the thousands of wretches now held in quarantine be let in? Why should the dam that has kept back a few weeks' flow of the vast volume of brutalized, unintelligent, vicious, foul, and criminal humanity that reaches us year by year, be taken down at all? That is the question which will spring up in millions of American minds as the pool of filth behind the dam grows bigger and rises higher. That is the larger lesson to the American people which the spectacle in the harbor of New York affords.

President Harrison's letter of acceptance is a clear, masterly exposition of the cardinal doctrines of the Republican party. The letter has the ring of earnestness and sincerity, and is the fitting utterance of a man who feels to the full the great responsibility of the position to which he has been called, and which he has been invited to occupy for a second term.

It will be of interest, we think, to advert to the questions of fact which President Harrison employs in support of his position that the policy of protection, as maintained by the Republican party, is the best possible policy for the people of the United States as a whole, and certainly better than the free-trade ideas which are sought to be disguised as tariff for revenue. Unless it can be shown that the policy of protection is suited to the needs of the country, no honest man and good citizen has any right to be a protectionist.

The statistical portion of the letter of acceptance may be condensed, and the following is a synopsis of the statements of fact which support the policy of protection:

Taking all the countries which accepted the reciprocity offer made by that act, our trade to June 30, 1892, increased 23.78 per cent. With Brazil the increase was nearly 11 per cent., with Cuba 54.8 per cent., and with Porto Rico 34 per cent. During the first half of 1892, Spain sent less than 1,000 bags of flour to Cuba, while the United States sent to Havana alone 168,487 bags, and about as much more to other ports on the island. Our export of pork products to Germany increased \$2,052,074. American coal went to Cuba to the extent of 150,000 tons, where formerly there had been no market at all for it.

Under the new tariff law there has been an average advance in wages of .75 of one per cent. There has been an advance in the price of all farm products of 18.67 per cent., and of all cereals of 33.39 per cent. In New York, as the report of the Democratic Labor Commissioner shows, the aggregate sum paid in wages has increased \$6,377,975, and the production \$31,315,130 over the previous year.

During the last fiscal year, there was produced in the United States 13,240,830 pounds of tin-plate, and a comparison of the first quarter, 1892, 826,922 pounds, with the last quarter, 8,000,000 pounds, shows the development of the industry. The Treasury expert estimates that by the end of the year our production of tin-plate will be 200,000,000 pounds.

The annual value of our foreign commerce has increased more than \$400,000,000 over the average for the preceding ten years, and more than \$210,000,000 over 1890, the last year unaffected by the new tariff. Our exports in 1892 exceeded those of 1890 by more than \$172,000,000, and the annual average for ten years by \$265,000,000. Our exports of breadstuffs increased over those of 1890 by more than \$144,000,000, of provisions over \$4,000,000, and of manufactures over \$8,000,000. The merchandise balance of trade in our favor in 1892 was \$202,944,342. Well may President Harrison declare that:

"No other nation can match the commercial progress which these

figures disclose. Our compassion may well go out to those necessities and habits still compel to declare that our people are oppressed and our trade restricted by a protective tariff."

This summary of the letter of acceptance has been confined purposely and scrupulously to the business view of the national situation. It demonstrates the proposition that the McKinley Bill is working beneficially for every national interest, and that it would be suicidal to throw aside protection for a policy which could not improve matters, and would, in all reasonable probability, work serious, if not irreparable, injury.

We can not refrain, however, from quoting the concluding sentences of the letter, for they are so aptly framed as to speak volumes in a few lines. The President says:

"The Democratic party offers a programme of demolition. The protective policy to which all business, even that of the importer, is now adjusted, the reciprocity policy, the new merchant marine—are all to be demolished—not gradually, not taken down, but blown up. To this programme of destruction it has added one constructive feature, the reestablishment of State banks of issue.

"The policy of the Republican party, on the other hand, is distinctly a policy of safe progression and development of new factories, new markets, and new ships. It will subject business to no perilous changes, but offers attractive opportunities for expansion upon familiar lines."

No truer words were ever written, and with them we may leave the subject of the letter of acceptance, in full confidence that the people of the United States will not be so utterly blind to their own interests as to reject a policy of progression and construction for one of retrogression and demolition.

A prominent Cleveland Democrat of New York, in stating his reasons for the belief that the Empire State will cast its vote for Cleveland, confidently reckons upon the thousands of votes of newly naturalized aliens, freshly made voters for the occasion, who are sure to put in ballots for the Democratic ticket; and he significantly adds: "As they always do." It is of the utmost importance to the Democrats to carry New York. Harrison can be elected with the thirty-six electoral votes of New York against him; but these votes, it is very certain, will be cast for the Republican ticket. With the Democrats the situation is different. The loss of New York is tantamount to the final collapse of their party and its candidates. Unless Cleveland carries New York, he will not stand a ghost of a chance of election. Accordingly, his party is preparing to make the utmost efforts to secure the vote of the Empire State. Against the loss of voters who abandon free trade and join the ranks for protection, against the thousands of new voters, now come of age, mostly native-born and for protection, the Democrats count upon the courts as naturalization mills to grind out voters from the immigrant class now pouring in from the slums of Europe. It is to be hoped that the cholera regulations excluding immigrants may last until after the election. If they do, it will result in a large diminution of the Democratic vote in New York.

Every decent man, whether an admirer of pugilism or not, must rejoice to hear that John L. Sullivan has at last been "knocked out." For over twelve years the prominence of this ruffian has disgraced the American people. There was absolutely nothing good about the man. The only possible trait for which he could be praised was what was called his "generosity," which means that when he was drunk he would throw away his easily earned dollars in gin-mills and lavish them on his parasites, male and female. He had no redeeming qualities. He was a drunkard, a braggart, a bully, and a coward—for he did not hesitate to beat his wife, and once unmercifully thrashed a diminutive news-boy. Yet such was the terror that his name inspired that all seemed to fear him. Once on a railway train he was abusing a brakeman, who did not know him, and who struck the bruiser and knocked him senseless under a seat. When the brakeman was informed that it was Sullivan whom he had knocked down, he was so terrified that he jumped from the train. When the great slogger was making his nine months' triumphal tour through these United States, much of his route lay through what is known as "tough" territory—such as New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, Montana, and Wyoming, where the "bad man" abounds. It was fondly hoped by a large portion of the American public that Mr. Sullivan might become involved in a difficulty with some of the indigenous "bad men," and be neatly and expeditiously shot. But it was not to be. The "champion" was preserved to us for many years, to swagger, and drink, and boast, and, finally, to go upon the stage and become an "actor." But he has at last met his fate at the hands of Corbett, and John Lawrence Sullivan retires from the scene. There is none so poor as to do him reverence. There is nothing so useless in this world as a beaten pugilist. There is no Valhalla for ex-champions. There is no niche for John. All that he can do will be to run a groggery, where his name will attract the curious to come and "treat" him, and in a few years drink and disease will lay him in an obscure grave.



## "IF THINE ENEMY THIRST."

(William Higgins, alias Cockney Bill, alias the Cherub, alias Vincent de Vere, alias the Snoozer, etc., *loquitur*, with the coughing spells omitted.)

If you'll 'ear my gentle voice—and it's a-gettin' bloomin' gentle now—there's nothink so heasy as preachin'. Hit's the practicin' that's so bloody 'ard.

'Ere I lies, a cawnvic in the 'orspital ward of a Hamerican State Prison, a-coughin' of my blessid lungs out, and servin' a tenner for 'uggin' of a dear hold gemmun with hundue haffection. Yet I was a good little bit of a chappie, doncherno, when I was a kid. I grew up good, too; used to be p'inted hout bas a lovely hexample at the Silver Star Mission Sunday-School in Bleedin' 'Art Yard—and, snare me for a dickey-bird, hif I didn't use to instruct one of the hinfant classes myself. So you see, guv'nor, that I knows somethink of the preachin' part of the bizness. And now I'll tell you 'ow I come out in the practicin'.

One of the pawson fellers that used to come to the mission, was a bloke called the Reverind 'Osea Cawning. 'E was a 'ard un, 'e was—a regular winegar chap. Yes, hlawst me, if he wasn't was than winegar—he was holl bitin' hacid, the sorter cove that was never 'appy 'cept he was a-preachin' 'ell and damnation. I never wonst 'ear 'im speak of Gord as a Gord of mercy, but allus as a horful bein' of wengeance and punishment. Maybe hif 'e 'adent 'a been so free of 'is hacid and not so bloody kayful of 'is 'oney, I shouldn't be 'ere. But you cawn't tell, doncherno. I guess, arter all, I was cut out for a baddun—a hout and hout haddun.

I was a-commin' down Haldget Street one doiy, when I see Pawson Cawning a-chinnin' it with a hig, fat cove—one of those 'ere solid ole duffers that looks as hif they was stuffed out with Bank of Hingland notes. The pawson 'ad a little book in 'is 'and, and pretty soon I see old money-hags put 'is fat fore-finger in 'is weskit-pocket and 'ook out a couple of sovs. Then the pawson wrote somethink down in the little hook, and dropped the yellow-hoys in 'is purse.

"Beggin' again," I says, says I to myself, an' 'elp me Bawh hif I wasn't goin' to turn an' walk awoiy, rather than speak to 'is nihsey, the pawson, when I see 'im do somethink which med my herlood run cold. You see, sir, it 'appened in this way. In sayin' good-hye to the rich cove, the pawson got a little flurrid, doncherno, and instead of puttin' the purse in 'is hinside coat-pocket, and the little book wot 'ad the names down on it in 'is houtside coat-pocket, strike me ugly hif 'e didn't hutton up the little hook in 'is hinside pocket, and drop the purse into the pocket of 'is top-coat. Has quick as I see this, I says to myself, says I:

"Now, 'ere's the pawson gone and put 'is purse w'ere every young crook can feel hit a-bulgin', even if 'is fingers was hall thumbs. Just think you now, the pawson will lose all that hlessid money wot 'e's been workin' so 'ard to rake in, an' the poor 'eathin won't get a blessid fawthin'. Now," I says, says I, "I'll jus' let 'im know wot a hawful mistake he's made."

With that, I walks up he'ind the pawson, and slips my 'and into 'is pocket, just to show 'im where the hloomin' purse was, when 'e turned like lightnink and grahs me by the wrist.

"Ah, you young rascal," he says, says 'e, "pick my pocket, would you?"

Then, as 'e looks at me close: "Gracious 'evins," 'e cries, "ef it ain't young 'Iggins, of the mission! Wot hasseness! Wot a hawful hingrate!"

I told 'im I was only goin' to take 'is purse hout of 'is pocket and give it to 'im, so as 'e could put it sommers safe, but 'e only larfed—a nawsty, 'orrid larf, that sounded like as hif 'e was sharpenin' a knife for me on a steel foile.

When I see that 'e wouldn't helieve me, I struggled to get awoiy, but 'e gripped my wrist with sich a horful grip, that 'e actively broke one of the bones. I felt it go snap, an' hegged 'im, for Gord's sake, to let me hoff, but 'e only larfed again—that orful larf, and said that, s'elp 'im 'evin, 'e would make a wuss example of me nor was ever Lot's wife. With that, 'e 'anded me bover to a cop, wot seized me by the shoulder w'ile the pawson—an' it's the gorspel truth I'm a-tellin' you, guv'nor—kep' a 'old on the broken wrist an' kep' a-grindin' away at the loose bones, until w'en I gets to the station-house I was dead faint with the sickness of it. Even the cop see that I worn't shammin', but the pawson, 'e hinstated that I was a young reprohate, that 'e 'ad discovered my true character the first moment he'd fixed 'is peepers on my 'andsome mug—and so they shoved me into chokey. Then 'e wanted to come in and proy with me, but the sergeant, 'e gave the pawson a queer kind of a look loike, up and down—so fawshin, doncherno—and says, says 'e, 'twas "again' the regulations."

The pawson was there hright an' early nex' mawning, an' I thought at first 'e wasn't a-goin' to happee ag'in me, but hless 'is Christian 'eart, I'm jiggered if 'e didn't want ter proy with me ag'in. I hegged 'im to let my pore mother know where I was, but 'e said she would be much hetter hof to be rid of me, and that, w'en I got hout of jail, I could go back to 'er a hetter man. Then I hegged 'im to give me another chawnce, but 'e said 'e might 'av if I 'adn't tried to steal the Lord's money, and that nothink could move 'im.

Of course I was committed, altho' the superintendent of the mission give me a hangelic character. The pawson, 'owever, got in a regular hlack heye to anythink like hextenuating circumstances hy saying that I was a 'ipercrite of the most hout and hout koin'd, an' the beak giv' me seven year at Pentonville.

I got hout in somethink over six year, on haccount of my good-conduck credits. The chaplain at Pentonville was a very different snoozer to the Rev. 'Osea Cawning, and when I'd made my time, 'e hadviced me to get away from Lunnun—to leave hold Hingland, in sack—and begin life ag'in in a new world. 'E did more nor giv' me hadvices—which is the cheepest kind of picnic—'e give me a letter to a brother of 'is, the capt'in hof a ship that was a-goin' hout to Hinjy. I 'ad 'elped in the kitchen of the joil, on account of my

broken wrist, and 'twas hagreed that I should be shipped as cook's mate. The capt'in was just as noice a man as 'is brother, the chapl'in; an' I felt, an' hit's the simple Gord's truth, that I intended to start right hin an' be just as hloomin' good as I knew 'ow. For the first two doiy's, 'owever, I was so hawful beastly sick that I didn't care w'ether I was good or bad. I just wanted to doie, or be 'eaved hoverboard, and 'owever I managed to stand up in that 'orrid galley, I cawn't make hout. I stuck to it, though, while my pore stummick and 'eart was both in my throat most of the time.

Just as I'd got these innards in their proper position, stroike me hugly hif they wasn't all turned topsy-turvy again. I was coming hout of the galley one mornin' with a big tooreen of pease-soup in my 'ands, when who should I see, sittin' in a chair on the quarter-deck, but the Rev. 'Osea Cawning. It knocked me so bloody silly that I dropped the tooreen onto the deck. That was the beginnin' of my troubles there, for wben the bo'sun's mate turned round at the row and see the greasy slush a-runnin' down the planks to the scuppers, he fetched me such a 'orrible lick across the shoulders with a rope's-hend, that I actually thought 'e 'ad broken my spoine. I let out a screech that must 'ave waked up the whole ship. At hanyrate, it woke up the pawson, and as soon as 'e see me, 'e knew me.

"Merciful 'evins!" he cries, "hif it hain't that bloody-minded joil-hird, young 'Iggins!"

Well, guv'nor, you kin imagine wot my life was hon board ship arter that. The capt'in stood up like a reg'lar brick and said 'e knowed hit hall when I shipped; but the pawson declared that 'e wouldn't sleep comfor'able so long as I was aboard, and that hit would be Gord's mercy hif I did not blow hup the 'ole hloomin' craft. My life was just a 'ell, sir, for the nex' two weeks, an' I howes it all to that servint of the meek and lowly.

Jest at the time when I was a-thinkin' of either cuttin' the pawson's throat with the carvin'-knife, or throwin' myself hoverboard, a fire broke hout about midnight in the cargo—'wich was mostly furniture and coal-oil—and there was hold 'Arry to pay. Hi say hit was spontaneous cumhust'n—or a visitation of Providence; but, strike me hloind, guv'nor, hif that pawson didn't go an' lay it hall along to me. There wasn't time, 'owsomever, to show Cawning 'ow mistaken 'e was, for the cargo was hall in a hloise afore you could say 'anky-panky, just for hall the world as hif it 'ad been set a-fire to in 'arf a dozen places at wonst. About three o'clock in the mawnin', the vessel was flame and smoke from hend to hend, and we 'ad to take to the hoats. There was only two of these that was hig enough, or stawhch enough, to be of hany use, and there was such a horful sight of smoke and smeach a-pourink up between hev'ry plank, that we tumbled into these without horder. Hev'rybody, of course, wanted to be in the first hoat, and the consequevce was that, when she pulled hoff, she was a-loaded down till the sea come just a hinch or two from her gunnell. The capt'in tried to keep hup discipline, but 'twasn't no use; and as I was small and weak, I was beat hack and 'ad to get into the port hoat, which was just where the hloomin' smoke was the 'eaviest and most smotherink. Gord was a-watchink hover me, you see, sir—for I 'ear tell arterwards that hev'rybody in the first hoat was drowned, and I know that hev'rybody in our hoat died—'cept this 'ere hraund from the humink.

As soon as I felt myself in the hoat—and jiminy cramin', wot a black night it was—I crawled up to the how and stowed away in there a hag of biskivits and a 'arf hottle of sherry wine, which we 'ad in the galley for cookin'. I didn't say nothink about the swag, cos you see, sir, I didn't know 'ow much tuck there was in the hoat, and I thought I 'ad better wait a hit an' see which way the cat's meat was a-vaikin' afore I let pussy out of the bag. Well, sir, it was just a-bloomin' good joh that I did, for when we looked around in the mawnin', you can tickle me to death with a 'ot feather, hif it didn't turn out that there wasn't a crumb or a drop on hoard. Hev'rybody 'ad thought that hev'rybody helse was a-goin' to look arter the grub, and, of course, wot was hev'rybody's hizness was nobody's hizness, and there we was, four people, and the hoat as hempty as Old Mother 'Ubbard's pantry. We 'ad kep' with the hother hoat as long as we could see it hy the light of the hurmin' wessel; but when that went out, and she went down, we soon lost each bother on haccount of a low mist that lay on the vater like steam.

The rosy, hloomin' dawn showed me another thing—it showed me a sweet and lovely gemman sleepin' in the bottom of the hoat, with 'is 'at hof and 'is foice all smudged up with smoke. It was the Reverind 'Osea Cawning. I can't hexplain to you, sir, just 'ow it was; but w'en I see 'im sprawled out there, with 'is 'ead doddlin' this way and that, I feel somethink come hover me like a 'ot and cold flush all to wonst—just as I remember 'avin' 'ad w'en I was took down with the small-pox. I felt as though somethink was goin' to 'appen, and as though I was goin' to be right in the middle of it.

The sun jumped hout of the sea, like a red-'ot cannon-ball, and by the time it was hover'ead, hit was a white-'ot cannon-ball. 'Oly Moses, but that doiy was a hlisterer, and about 'arf-past four, one of us, a Norway feller, that 'ad got badly 'urt in the 'ead hy the pump-wheel, just stretched 'imself hout an' died. The pawson kep' a-snoozin' hall doiy, with 'is 'ead under one of the seats, an' the hother feller, a hold man 'e was, and I think a Hirishman, set on the gunnel paddlin' 'is feet in the water, an' dippin' 'is straw 'at in the sea to keep 'is 'ead cool. Gord love ye, sir, 'e moight just as well 'ave dipped 'is 'at in 'ot water, for the sea itself seemed to be a-billin'. There wasn't breeze enough to lift a chickadee's feather, an' 'twas so hloomin' 'ot that I couldn't wink my heyelids, they was that droy. Hof course I didn't dare say a word about the hiskivits an' sherry, cos I knew there wasn't enough to go aroun', an' I didn't want any blasted row about it, doncherno? So I suffered with the rest on 'em durin' the doiy, but w'en the sun dropped down into the sea, so like a red-'ot cannon-hall again that you could 'ear it 'iss, an' it got dark with a rush, I just took a nibble at

a biskivit an' a swig or two at the sherry, an' went to sleep feelin' quite comfor'ble. W'en I woke next doiy, the Hirish sailor-man was gone, so I suppose 'e toppled hoff the gunnel during the night. The pawson was still a-lyin' hon his back in the middle of the boat, with 'is 'ead bunder the seat, so, as I feel kind of peckish, doncherno, I raked bout my tuck, an' 'elped myself to a biskivit or two an' another good swig of the wine. It must 'av been the gurgle of the sherry that woke up the pawson, for w'en I turned around bafter puttin' the bottle back in its place, there was the Rev. 'Osea Cawning, wrigglin' hout from hunder the seat like a long black worm. Notwithstandin' the shelter of the seat, 'is 'ead looked like a roasted skull, with 'orrid streaks of 'air an' dirt hall over it, an' 'wile 'e steadied 'imself with one 'and, 'e clawed in the hair with the hother, and pointed to w'ere I knows 'is mouth was, although I could see nothink but a black crack. I thought, too, I see 'im makin' a sort of a movement with this crack that looked like "'Iggins!" Arter sittin' a 'wile an' lookin' hat 'im an' thinkin' bloody 'ard, I goes hover an' sits down on the seat 'longside of 'im.

"Feelin' horful bad, pawson?" I asks 'im, kind of sympathetic-loike.

'E rolls up 'is blood-shot eyes at me, and nods 'is 'ead. Then, some'ow, I couldn't 'elp sayin': "You've made me feel horful had in your doiy, pawson," says I.

'E shook 'is 'ead, piteous-loike, an' pointed again to w'ere 'is mouth was.

"Do you remember that doiy w'en you broke my wrist—this wrist?" I says, puttin' it right in front of 'im, so that 'e couldn't 'elp seein' it—"an' kep' a-grindin' and a-grindin' at it with such a horful pain that it makes me sick even now to think of it? Do you remember all that, pawson?"

'E tried to bring 'is two 'ands together as though 'e was beggin' for mercy; but 'e couldn't do it, an' fell hack in a 'eap, loike a hundle of dirty clothes.

"And do you remember," I goes hon, "'ow you wouldn't rest until you 'ad me he'ind the prison-hars and made me a regular joil-hird?"

'E rolls 'is 'ead about and sort of hlovs out a sound that seemed like "Forgive me." I was very glad to 'ear 'im say that, doncherno, cos it sounded as though 'e was a-beginnin' to realize wot a bloody had friend 'e 'ad been to me. So I went on:

"And do you remember," I says, says I, "'ow, as soon as you found hout I was on hoard the *Eron*, you started hin to make my life a 'ell for me?"

Then I says: "Cos hif you don't, I do, an' damn well, too, doncherno."

I stops a minnit, lookin' down at the pawson as 'e clawed about with 'is 'ands, then I goes on again, an' I says, says I: "Talkin' the bloody dry work; it's about time I took a nip."

I watches the pawson as I says t'bis, an' I sees 'is chest 'eave hup and down, an' 'is heyves turn just as I've seen a 'are's heyves turn w'en the bloody yelpin' pack of 'ounds was close onto 'er. So I steps back to the how of the boat, an', takin' bout the sherry hottle, I wets hit in the sea onst or twice, then lets it dry in the sun—which was a trick for coolin' things hoff that I 'ad learned from the cook. Sittin' down on the seat 'longside 'im again, I puts the bottle hup to my lips an' took a good gurglin' drink—only 'twas more gurgle than drink. W'en the pawson see an' 'ear me a-doin' this, 'e hacts just like a hloomin' loonatic, or rather more like a dorg in a fit. 'E struggles, and yelps, and fights hin the hair with 'is fists, while a reddish-black froth comes up to 'is mouth.

"Old on, pawson," I says, says I, "you'll do yourself a hinjury hif you go hon a-hactin' like that. I've heen a-tellin' you 'ow you've served me—you a minister of the blessed gorspel of good-will towards man—an' now I'm a-goin' to show you 'ow your hown pet joil-hird 'as learned 'ow to return good for hev'il. I might say somethink about a kiss for a blow, but you're such a 'ijus-lookin' bloke, sich a mis'-able, horful-lookin' hobjick, that, blow me tight, biff I think as 'ow your hown mother would kiss you. You know, pawson," I says, says I, "I remember when I was a little kid at the Silver Star Mission, hack in Lunnun, that I learned a text—and dam' me hif I don't think I learned hit from you—a text which said as 'ow 'Hif thine henemy thirst, give 'im drink.' Now, 'ere we har, hafloat on the broad and hloody hoocean, with horful death a-starin' us in the face; me a bout-cast and a child hof sin, and you a 'oly man of Gord. Now, you've been my henemy ever since you set your bloomin' bopticks on me, yet I'm a-goin' to foller the command of the good hook, and I'm a-goin' to give my henemy drink. 'Cos why, 'cos 'e's my henemy, an' 'cos 'e's thirsty—hawful, beastly, ravin', TEARIN', 'OWLIN' thirsty—an' I'm a-goin' to give 'im hall 'e wants to drink."

I 'ad a hold tarpaulin' 'at on, and, steppin' down the hoat towards the stern, so that the pawson couldn't see me, I filled it right hup with nice, green, *luke-warm, salt-sea water*. Then liftin' hup 'is 'ead with one 'and, I dried hopen 'is gap of a mouth with my thumb, and let 'im drink the 'ole blessed 'atful!

For a minnit or two, he lay still and contented loike, with the salt water a-drivlin' hout of the corners of 'is mouth and with 'is 'ands lyin' across on 'is 'oly bussim. Then in a few minnits he seemed to grow huncasy; then 'e bent himself hup in the middle as though 'e 'ad heen squeezed in from both hend; then 'e staggered to 'is knees and feet, and with a 'orrid screech of "Glory," threw himself hoverboard.

And then, sir, just to show 'ow a kind Gord watches over them wot does 'is hiddin', a big steamer comes right 'longside in less than six hours, and Bill 'Iggins, the Cheruh, was saved. SEPTEMBER, 1892. THOMAS J. VIVIAN.

The wheels used on the sulky drawn by Nancy Hanks in her world's record-breaking trot at Chicago, August 17th, were bicycle-wheels, having ball-bearings and "hosepipe" inflated tires. The reason why this sulky enabled the horse to break previous records was because the ball-bearings reduced to a minimum the friction of the wheels, and the rubber tires gave better traction.



## THE WANING OF THE SEASON.

"Van Gryse" at the Pier when the Summer Butterflies are Gone.

The watering-place season is over. The first of September generally sounds its knell. The watering-place woman and girl have vanished to those mysterious baunts wherein they spend their still more mysterious winters. The women who live in trunks have packed up and taken themselves and their baggage to the mountains or to their boarding-houses in the back-streets of big cities.

That is the odd part of the ending of the summer season. Every watering-place is only one-third full by September 1st. Wherever you go, from the shores of New Jersey to the wind-swept bays of Maine, you will find empty hotels, with a few perishing, meagre boarders shivering on the galleries and a sprinkling of active cottagers lending life to the beach. All gorgeousness, all brilliancy, all gayety, all glory of four costumes a day and diamonds every evening, has completely disappeared. The ulstered and cloth-capped cottager, who stays till the first of October, has things all his own way. The season has died in a single night—the night between August 30th and September 1st.

But yet, if you go back to town, you will find a deserted metropolis. The business men and the business women and the poor are there, but nobody else. All the world is still taking its rest and its pleasuring in the country. Where the great flock of September 1st flitters flit to is one of the unanswered questions of the age. The city does not really begin to take on its autumn aspect until the first of October. The gay butterflies, who made August by the sea a month of folly, of gayety, of good looks, and French clothes, have simply disappeared from the face of the earth. Probably toward Christmas-time you may meet them wandering up Broadway, looking decidedly seedy in a saucer-shaped hat, a split umbrella, and broken, down-at-beel boots.

Newport, which in its absence of hotels and hotel life can hardly be called a watering-place, is the only summer city where the season keeps up at high pressure straight through September. At Narragansett and Bar Harbor, the two places that come second on the list, the first day of autumn sees a great retreat of the small-waisted, copper-haired, peach-skinned, organdie-robed sylphs of the summer. The big storm that usually ushers in the month when oysters may be eaten with impunity, scares away these diaphanous flowers of a season, who only bloom when the sun is in mid-heaven, when the air is dry enough for crimps, and when the beach is thick with battalions of young men who buy Huyler's, walk on the rocks, give the high hand-shake, wear white-duck trousers and black coats, dance dexterously, and adore and forget the charming summer girls all in a breath.

Summer girl and summer man have left the pier to the cottager and the seagull. On the bathing-beach there is already an air of winter. The bathers go in charily, ducking under the big, tumbling, gray-green swells that heave under a blue-gray sky. The women, in their spare, black slimsness, patter down the sand, and trip into the waves, screaming timorously and lifting their feet. All crouched together, and cold and shivering, their hair blown by sharp September breezes, their skins a trifle blue, their slender bodies silhouetted against the leaden sea, they look like the real Cigale of the fable, shuddering, and frightened, and shrunken when the nipping days of autumn come.

The beach-loungers are no longer brilliant, and bright, and plumaged like the bird of paradise. There are still a good many of them, but they look dark against the silvery sand, in the close-fitting trimness of blue serge and tan-color. The girls wear loose biscuit-colored broadcloth coats, and little, dented gray and brown felt-hats, and each one sports round her neck a small, brown fur animal whose head books on to its hind legs, and in her button-hole a big bunch of pale-blue or lavender hydrangea blossoms—the boutonniere of the season, *par excellence*.

The ephemeral, unknown, two-weeks' belles are gone, but the established belles who are city and winter belles as well, stay late, and during the long, dreamful, quiet month of September grow strong, and stout, and rosy in the silent, clear sea-air which belongs to neither summer nor winter. The two real belles of Narragansett are, and have been for several seasons, Miss Horwitz and Miss Sterling, both of Baltimore. These are two genuine beauties, very different in style, very lovely, very charming, and celebrated in New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and Baltimore as established and recognized queens of hearts.

Miss Horwitz, who is the elder by several years, is a type of the pretty woman of the East. She has an extraordinarily slender figure, that has not a suggestion of thinness about it, rough, loosely-coiled copper-colored hair, a small face whose great charm is a pair of fine, dark eyes, a large mouth, full of expression, and the most wonderful originality and taste in dress. She has, beside all this, two very potent charms—a fascinating changefulness of expression and a mind that is full of humor and wit—rare enough in most women, but absolutely unique in a Southerner. This attractive lady does not affect in the least the statuesque pose that is stuff of the conscience to most of the Baltimore beauties. Unlike New Yorkers, who all look as like each other as peas in one pod, she is always dressed in a manner quite original and very striking. Wherein the unusualness of her clothes lies no one may say, but that they are different from any one else's, every one must see. In a pink-cotton frock, dotted with black, with black and pink bows arranged in some remarkable fashion over one shoulder down to the waist, and a little lace-like black hat, with one single pink rose sticking up in the back, she is as *chic*, as dainty, as exquisite, a figure as if she had stepped out of a canvas of Jules Stewart.

The other Baltimore beauty, Miss Sterling, is an entirely different type. The three sorts of beauty that a woman may possess—beauty of coloring, beauty of feature, and beauty of expression—are rarely united in the same face. It would be giving too much. Miss Sterling has the two first, more than most women—but the last she lacks. Not that her ex-

pression is not charming, but that it rarely varies. She has the most delicate, fine, small features and coloring that would have fascinated Greuze—the real Greuze coloring, in fact—the rosy-white skin fading into ivory about the roots of the hair, and the hair of pure, pale golden-red. Such a tinting of face and head rarely outlives childhood. In the question of dress Miss Sterling is as simple as a boarding-school Miss in her first term. Among all the gay peacocks of the summer season, she looked like a girl of sixteen in her plain, white-duck sailor-suit, with a broad blue collar, cuffs, and belt, and a wide-brimmed sailor-hat, with a thick white veil tied over her face.

All the other beauties and belles have gone. The ones with the gaudy wardrobes have no use for a watering-place where one wears a box-coat and a sailor-hat tied down with a veil. The rich Westerners came out strongest on wardrobes. Some of them and some of the New York New-Rich never wore the same costume twice, and as they changed their gowns from three to four times a day, nothing less than from thirty-five to forty dresses could have been enough. One noticed, too, a good many women who had evidently spent thousands on the summer trousseau, which, either because their taste or their dressmakers were bad, was positively hideous and made no sensation whatever. As the much-dressed women only go to the pier for the purpose of making a sensation, the feelings of these disappointed queens of fashion and money can be better imagined than described. They must have been especially enraged when they saw the bewilderingly dainty and stylish frocks of the poor girls who evidently had made them themselves, and, in light blue or pale-pink cotton, touched up with black-velvet bows and a sash, looked as if they had been dressed by Worth and had their hats from Viot. The hat was the article of the poor girl's wardrobe, wherein she displayed her greatest acuteness. She had only one—a big white one, with a bent-up brim and a tall crown. On this she pinned a bunch of flowers and a bow, which she changed to suit every dress, then over all draped a thick, white-gauze veil, and was stylish enough to have stepped from one of the pictures of Mr. Harry McVickar.

As a good-bye to Narragansett, one must, of course, take a drive along the Point Judith Road and a walk along the cliff. While employed in the former, one must notice, for the last time, the country-house called "Scarborough House," dwell fondly upon its beauty, impress the picture of it from the front and the side-views upon one's mind, so that, leaving, one may remember it perfectly as the most charming country-house to be seen along the coast. It is owned by the heir of the pain-killer, or, rather, the man who made the pain-killer, and is said to have been a remodeled farm-house.

It stands on a jutting of land that runs out into the sea. All about it the lawns have been rolled and cropped into good, smooth greenness, and where they end, the shore breaks into rough, tumbled, red-brown rocks, over which the waves roar. The house has a gray-shingled gambrel roof that, below the second story, bends out, forming the top of a long veranda that goes the length of the whole front. The building, which is only two stories high, is formed of the rough, round gray stones found in the fields about, and these are plastered in the walls, all rounded and irregular, as they are, without being shaped at all. Only a few of the windows have any casings; in most of them the stones must come close to the glass. The ones on the sunny side have green and white striped awnings, and in the lower windows there are short, white, inside curtains that bang half-way down behind the small square panes of glass. On the outer sills of these windows stand rows of old-fashioned, common flower-pots, a little stunted geranium growing in each pot. The charming picturesqueness of these windows, with their short curtains, their neat, earthen flower-pots, and their small panes of glass, could only have been arranged by some one who was artistic to the backbone.

In the front of the house, the long balcony is set in big, and long, and short, and high wicker and straw-chairs of every variety and make, and, standing along the edge of the balcony, is a row of immense palms, in big green boxes, that all day bow and shiver in the gusty sea-wind. The chateau of Scarborough House is as charming to look at as her castle. She is a small, fragile, dainty little lady, always perfectly dressed. When she drives, her turn-out is as original as her house. It is a low basket-phaeton, the wheels painted a sort of cream color, and is drawn by a pair of well-matched piebald ponies. The lady always drives herself, and gently touches up her steeds with a long whip, which has a parasol midway up the handle.

Nearer the town than Scarborough House is Dunmere, another show country-place. Dunmere is owned by Mr. Dunn, the senior partner in Dunn-Winan's Mercantile Agency. Mr. Dunn is an old gentleman, with no children and three hundred thousand dollars a year income—also, one might add, very poor taste. Dunmere is a somewhat stupendous spot, upon which its owner has lavished numerous thousands. The house—a big, rambling, turreted, towered, gabled edifice—seems to hang over the ocean, on a broken, jagged massing of huge, sea-washed rocks. The grounds are not large, but contain pretty nearly everything that the ingenuity of man could think of as ornamental for a garden and a pleasure. There is a small lake, with a skiff floating on it, a large rustic bridge, a bowling-alley, a summer-house, a windmill, a winding drive lit by electric lights, a superb laundry building, a keystone arch, and two red-stone Italian terraces, with urns of flowers on the balustrades.

The terraces are handsome and picturesque. One can imagine a stately, beautiful lady, in long, sweeping robes of heliotrope velvet, pacing their long paved length and looking sadly out over the low-lying purple sea. But the bowling-alley and the patent-stone laundry rather detract from their romantic suggestion.

VAN GRYSE.

NARRAGANSETT PIER, September 1, 1892.

Jane Cakebread holds the London record for being drunk and disorderly. She recently made her three hundredth appearance in the police court.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

John Stetson, having remarked that he can get better boiled crabs in Paris than in Boston, the *Philadelphia Times* declares that he can not now secure the mayoralty of the Hub.

W. S. Gilbert, the writer of delightful opera librettos and other nice things, goes occasionally to Wagner performances, but declares that he no more understands the music than he does Chinese.

Reference has frequently been made of late to the rapid way in which the Prince of Wales was aging. Since the death of his son, it has affected his appearance still more, and robbed him of what had been left of the once peculiarly healthful hue of his complexion.

Mr. Gladstone is a courteous, not to say magnanimous, foeman. When after that last division before the resignation of the Tory ministers, there was hissing of Mr. Balfour, the Liberal leader broke in with loud and spirited "hear, hears," and consequently expressed his disgust with the treatment accorded Lord Salisbury's spokesman in the Commons.

Mr. Keir Hardie, the "labor candidate," is already christened by a House of Commons humorist "Queer" Hardie. Mr. Hardie is anything but pleased with certain newspapers who have exercised their ingenuity in describing his eccentricities in costume. In consequence of certain of these strictures, Mr. Hardie is receiving by almost every post offerings that mostly take the shape of paper-collars.

The Emperor of Germany has presented a magnificent sword to the Crown Prince, his son, the youngest lieutenant in the Prussian army. On the hilt is the following inscription: "Trust in God and defend thyself bravely. Therein lie thy honor and glory. He who fights heartily on the side of God will never be driven from the field. Thy power belongs to the Fatherland. To my dear son William, May 6, 1892. Wilhelm, R."

Prince Roland Bonaparte, whose wife's immense dowry was a part of the revenue from the gambling-house of Monte Carlo, will not marry again, it is believed. The prince now enjoys the benefit of this wealth, but is sensitive about the source from which it is derived. Indeed, it is said that he dropped the acquaintance of a lady friend who was so indiscreet as to solicit his influence at Monte Carlo in behalf of a young singer who was seeking an engagement.

August Strindberg, the Danish poet, is famous for his hatred of women. This aversion seems to be uncontrollable at times, and often leads the author into difficulty. Not long ago, he happened to meet a lady at the house of a friend, and taking hold of her, threw her from the veranda. The poor woman, who was injured, brought suit against the ungallant writer. He was condemned to pay the plaintiff one hundred and fifteen gulden, with two hundred gulden as costs of the proceedings. The case has caused much talk in Germany.

Stephen Bonsal, the young American newspaper man, whose story of the quarrel at Fez between the British Minister and the Sultan was recently the sensation of the day in England, has an extensive rod in pickle for F. Hopkinson Smith. Mr. Bonsal says that he met Mr. Smith on the Bulgarian frontier, and sat up all night telling him stories of travel and adventures in the interior of the country. Great was his surprise when he found that the author had made these incidents the basis of a magazine article, written as if from the standpoint of Mr. Smith's personal experience and observation.

M. Zola's "Docteur Pascal" will appear in April next. After that he will commence work on a novel the material for which was largely gathered at Lourdes, whither he recently went, accompanying a party of pilgrims, among whom were three hundred and fifty priests. At Cahors, en route, M. Zola assisted in the religious exercises and appeared to be deeply interested. At Cahors his identity was known to but one of the priests; but before the pilgrims reached Lourdes it was pretty generally known that M. Zola was aboard the train, a fact which led to much comment by both priests and laymen.

The Rothschilds own five châteaux at Ferrières, fifty miles south of Paris, and here they go for a good time in summer, all together, often, and as sociable a family as one may find in a long journey. Baron Alphonse's château has a famous cellar, and when Prince Bismarck occupied it, without the owner's invitation, in 1871, Bismarck knew more about its old vintages than the steward thought. When ordered by the warlike Prussian to produce some of his treasures, this venerable functionary swore there was nothing but *vin ordinaire* in the house. A rope was brought and a noose made, and in no time thereafter the rarest Johannisberger Schloss, in crystal goblets ten inches high, was served, to the great Bismarck's delight.

Captain Charles Armstrong, the husband of Mme. Melba, married his wife in Australia, after a very short courtship. He was less than twenty-five at the time. He discovered that he had not married an angel. It is difficult for a man who is attending to his business in Australia to be in Europe at the same time. When he discovered that the Duke of Orleans's name was being connected with his wife's, he determined to have the sort of satisfaction that the ordinary Frenchman never refuses to give. But the duke kept out of the way. Armstrong tried to get a divorce from his wife. She had the Duke of Orleans, or rather his father's money, behind her, and solicitors who were ordered to keep the case out of court at all costs. Every effort was made to induce Armstrong to withdraw his action. His wife and those who were behind her went so far as to circulate the report that it was money and not a divorce he wanted. The fight "cleaned him out," but he secured the custody of his boy, a splendid little fellow, who goes everywhere with his father. All this time the Duke of Orleans has kept out of the way.



## AN EXCLUSIVE CLUB.

The Royal Yacht Squadron and its Regatta at Cowes.

With the end of the first half of the "Sussex Fortnight" at Goodwood, the season on the Solent commences, and the arrival of the Prince of Wales at Osborne House is a general signal for the appearance of many of the best-known people at our great yachting centre. Although the "Squadron Week" is, perhaps, the least typical of yacht-racing, owing to that enormous influx of visitors and friends of visitors from all parts who habitually concentrate in certain spots at certain times, it stands unique in the chronicles of society and sport, for nowhere else in London, or out of London, during the course of the year, is anything seen at all like it, or approaching it in brilliancy and distinction. For many days prior to the opening of the regatta, yachts, with or without their owners, continually arrive, to prolong far east of the Medina the long line of vessels in the roads, and the Sunday morning that ushers in the regular week shows nearly all the leaders of fashion assembled for divine service at the picturesque little church of Holy Trinity—the gathering being really quite as attractive and a great deal more select than the famous Ascot Sunday Prayer-Book Parade by the Achilles statue in Hyde Park.

Cowes, too, in itself is one of the most interesting places in the world. It is exclusive, not extensive, but always original, and yachtsmen and yachtswomen alike adore the quaint little village with its cramped streets, its curious seaboard, its old castle, and seaside green. Every shop seems to be devoted to or to have some intimate connection with yachting. There are stores where everything appertaining to a yacht may be obtained, there are bakers who bake specially for yachts, butchers who cater specially for yachts, and the jewellers' windows are full of little brooches and pins with the enameled colors of every yacht club in existence. At one end of Cowes, one may say, they build yachts, at the other end, provision them, while the intervening space—from the Steamboat Pier to Egypt Point, on the walls and on the summer-beaches along the sea-front—is monopolized by individuals of both sexes, whose sole subject of discussion, morning, noon, and night, is yachting—its present, its past, and its future—and who are inclined to look down somewhat superciliously on those who have not at their finger ends the name of every vessel and owner afloat. But Cowes is a cheery, homely place all the same. Society, so to speak, here shakes out a reef in its manners, and takes life as it, after all, enjoying one's self could occasionally be allowed to form an ingredient in what is called, and often really is, "the business of pleasure," and princes and subjects, peers and commoners, the aristocracy and the democracy, rub shoulders in the narrow streets, which are crowded all day long with sailors and yachtsmen, bearing bundles of provisions on their backs to take down to the water's edge, where the dingy will be in wait to transport them to one of the pretty craft at anchor in the bay.

The gray ramparts of the old castle, which mark the limits of a great oak forest which once stretched down to the water's edge, were erected by "Bluff King Hal" to frighten away the numerous French marauders who were wont in his time to prowl around the Isle of Wight, but they are now the head-quarters of the Royal Yacht Squadron, the most exclusive aristocratic club in the United Kingdom. Indeed, the entry of late years has been almost prohibitory, owing to the disinclination of a certain section to allow any increase in the membership, and the candidates presented, irrespective of persons, have met with a religious blackball at its hands. As the premier yacht club, the squadron has had several special privileges conferred upon it, and its right, with British men-of-war, to fly the "white" ensign in place of the "blue," entitles its members to all the courtesies extended to our navy in foreign ports. In his character as commodore, the Prince of Wales is never seen to better advantage—not even as the popular Norfolk squire; but though he is nominally the head, the virtual dictator of the club is the Marquis of Ormonde, the vice-commodore. This Irish peer is a splendid specimen of a yachtsman, and far from being a fair-weather sailor, beside the mimic performance in the Solent, he has taken his *Mirage* up into Arctic seas and along the dangerous coast of Spitzbergen. He is married to a daughter of the Duke of Westminster, who in good looks and sweetness strongly resembles her mother, and, by the marriage, he became closely connected with the great ducal houses of Devonshire, Northumberland, Argyle, and Sutherland.

If the "castle" is an all-absorbing centre of interest to visitors, with its luxurious lawn, which has lately been rendered additionally attractive by the acquisition from the grounds of Lord Iveagh's villa of a sea-garden, where roses bloom in great profusion and where culture and beauty everywhere predominate, the squadron's "house" is by no means the only club which harbors the yachtsman and gives him sleeping accommodation should he prefer to pass his nights on shore. The Royal Thames has a branch at Cowes, and occupies a delightfully cozy building facing the sea, while that of the Island Yacht Club—formed with a view to promote small-boat racing—is also a conspicuous object. Failing to find a resting-place in either of these—a very possible contingency—the yachtsman has to fall back on extortionate hotels, whose charges for the week are rivaled only by those of the multitudinous villas, which appear to have caught some sort of Egyptian fever from the promontory of that name, and to have burst out in innumerable "Rosuttas," "Ismaelias," "Alexandrias," and "Cairos"—why, not even the oldest inhabitant or the most learned antiquary can satisfactorily explain.

Close by Cowes is Osborne House, bought by the queen in 1845, on the suggestion of Sir Robert Peel that it became her to acquire, in addition to Balmoral, a marine residence, sufficiently near to admit of quick and easy access to the metropolis. The present structure, which replaced the old house, was planned by the Prince Consort, by whom the

gardens were also laid out, and then he established, as he had previously done at Windsor, a small farm of scientific agriculture that remained fairly remunerative when every other estate in the island was going out of cultivation. There the young princes and princesses passed their earliest days very happily, and their playthings and miniature workmen's tools, with the various pieces of work they accomplished, are still preserved in the gardens as a pleasing tribute to the practical education given them.

Like the farmer, the yachtsman is hard to please in the matter of weather. One day he complains there is too much wind, and, again, when the sun shines brightly and just a few ripples now and then stir the surface of the water, he is more discontented than ever, and grumbles loudly and frequently at what he is pleased to call an "Irishman's gale." This year, however, during the Cowes week, there was little cause to complain, either of the weather, the racing, or the attendance. The good fortune which is commonly attributed to our queen in experiencing fine weather wherever she goes, seems to be partially the fortune of her imperial grandson of Germany—who this year again paid a flying visit to the regatta—for if the Queen's Cup Day was somewhat disappointing, the remainder of the week was everything that could be desired, either from a sailing point of view or for the comfort of those interested as spectators.

There was no lack of life and animation, and, altogether, Cowes has seldom been more crowded. A singularly "glorious" Goodwood had sent on a host of visitors of both sexes, most of whom passed all their days and nights afloat, and landed only to repair for awhile to the yacht squadron's clubhouse to listen to the band, or to promenade along the terrace which overhangs the harbor. The gardens of the squadron more especially were always well filled, and the seats on the slopes were sprinkled all over with ladies on the outlook for members to give them tea. Every hour some fresh faces would arrive, while other familiar countenances would disappear. Goodwood gowns were much in evidence, and opportunities were not wanting to display some of those extraordinary semi-naval costumes, which the modiste of the period considers appropriate, whether the wearer be on board a yacht or merely puts in an appearance at a yachting centre. A large number of the more practical yachtswomen, however, following the sensible example set them in former years by the Princess of Wales, wore blue-serve suits or white shirts over short blue skirts, with smart little sailor-hats over all.

The yachts in the bay, if not so numerous as in 1891, were at least most representative, and ranged from such stately craft as the *Semiramis* to tiny yawls and cutters like *The Babe*, whose gossamer sails seemed scarcely bigger than a nautilus, while several foreign burgees—representing Belgium, France, Germany, Austria, and America—could be seen fluttering here and there among the mast-heads. Looming large among the fleet were the guard-ship, a German training-ship, and the royal and imperial yachts, while the pleasure craft, lying peaceably at their moorings, were in direct contrast to the dragon-fly fittings of the trim launches and pinnaces, the bustle of the wherries and gigs, and the noisy coming and going of the packets from the mainland. The increasing popularity of steam was everywhere most marked, and it was noticeable that a very large number of the yachts were painted white, while one vessel—a little yawl, possessing a curious tender in an Indian boat and flying, like Mrs. Durant's magnificent *Ulovana*, the stars and stripes—carried gorgeous scarlet sails, and attracted no little attention by these startling notes of color.

The Queen's Cup Day is always regarded as the great day of the week, although, perhaps, from a strictly racing point of view, it ought not to be so considered. The entries for the cup are confined to vessels belonging to the "Squadron," and members of this aristocratic club can scarcely, as a rule, be considered, even by their best friends, as keen on racing. In consequence, "cup day" causes various antique schooners and other craft that but seldom give way to such frivolities to don their war-paint, and speculation runs rife and general interest is excited as to how they will behave themselves. Yachtsmen can tell to a few minutes how the *Iuerna* or *Meteor* will perform under certain circumstances, but it is very doubtful if the *Aline*, or others like it, will retain their form of some twenty years ago, or how they will acquit themselves in more modern company. This year the *Meteor* and the *Corsair* were the only two *bona-fide* racers, and had it not been that both had heavy time handicaps, they would have been the only starters for the cup, so much were their racing pretensions beyond the capabilities of the other yachts in the club. As it was, seven started, but the race all along lay between the more modern vessels, and although the *Meteor* passed the winning post first, the *Corsair* won easily on its time allowance.

The Emperor of Germany, altogether, was most unlucky in the races in which he entered his yacht. The *Meteor*, which Americans will know more of under its old name, the *Thistle*, sailed in five races, but owing to the handicap, only secured one prize, which, to show his disapproval of the system, was returned by the Kaiser. This rather high-handed course of action on his part is naturally rather resented by yachtsmen, who are a very "touchy set," and as the Kaiser by several imperious acts did not add much to his popularity at Cowes, where king and commoner are supposed to be on the same level for the time being, his promised return next August is not looked forward to with the joyful expectancy it might otherwise have created.

The "Cowes Week" is the last of the season's gayeties, and after it the fashionable circles disperse to seek rest and recuperative breezes in English counties, or on the mountains of Scotland, or to make their final preparations for the annual pilgrimage to Hombourg and the continental watering-places.

LONDON, August 20, 1892.

In London a rat cleverly opened a blackbird's cage, presumably to feast on the bird-seed. The bird flew away and the door closed. This time the rat was unable to open it.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Prize-Fight.

Hammer and tongs! What have we here?  
Let us approach, but not too near.  
Two men standing breast to breast,  
Head erect and arching chest:  
Shoulders square and hands hard clenched,  
And both their faces a trifle blenched,  
Their lips are set in a smile so grim,  
And sturdily set each muscular limb.  
Round them circles a ring of rope,  
Over them hangs the heavens' blue cope.  
Why do they glare at each other so?  
What! you really then don't know?  
This is a prize-fight, gentle sir!  
This is what makes the papers stir.  
Talk of your ocean telegraph!  
'Tisn't so great an event by half.  
As when two young men, lusty and tall,  
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs,  
Come together to batter and maul,  
Come to fight till one shall fall—  
Hammer and tongs!

Round about is a bestial crowd,  
Heavily-jawed and beetle-browed;  
Concave faces, trampled in  
As if with the iron hoof of sin;  
Blasphemies dripping from off their lips,  
Pistols bulging behind their hips;  
Hands accustomed to deal the cards,  
Or strike with the cowardly knuckle-guards.  
Who are these ruffian fellows, you say,  
That taint the breath of this autumn day?  
These are "the Fancy," gentle sir.  
The Fancy? What are they to her?  
Oh, 'tis their fancy to look at a fight,  
To see men struggle, and gouge, and bite.  
Bloody noses and bunged-up eyes—  
These are the things the Fancy prize.  
And so they get men, lusty and tall,  
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs.  
To come together to batter and maul,  
To come and fight till one shall fall—  
Hammer and tongs!

Grandly the autumn forests shine,  
Red as the gold in an Indian mine!  
A dreamy mist, a vapory smoke,  
Hangs round the patches of evergreen oak.  
Over the broad lake shines the sun—  
The lake that Perry battled upon—  
Striking the upland fields of maize  
That glow through the soft October haze.  
Nature is tracing with languid hand  
Lessons of peace over lake and land.  
Aye! yet this is the tranquil spot  
Chosen by bully, assassin, and sot  
To pit two young men, lusty and tall,  
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs.  
One with the other, to batter and maul,  
To tussle and fight till one shall fall—  
Hammer and tongs!

Their faces are rich with a healthy hue,  
Their eyes are clear, and bright, and blue;  
Every muscle is clean and fine,  
And their blood is pure as the purest wine.  
It is a pleasure their limbs to scan—  
Splendid types of the animal man,  
Splendid types of that human grace,  
The noblest that God has willed to trace,  
Brought to this by science and art;  
Trained, and nourished, and kept apart;  
Cunningly fed on the wholesomest food,  
Carefully watched in every mood;  
Brought to this state, so noble and proud,  
To savagely tussle before a crowd—  
To dim the light of the eyes so clear,  
To mash the face to a bloody smear,  
To maim, deface, and kill, if they can,  
The glory of all creation—Man!  
This the task of those, lusty and tall,  
With nothing between them of hate or wrongs—  
To bruise and wrestle, and batter and maul,  
And fight till one or the other shall fall—  
Hammer and tongs!

With feet firm planted upon the sand,  
Face to face at "the scratch" they stand.  
Feinting first—a blow—a guard!  
Then some hitting, heavy and hard.  
The round fist falls with a horrible thud;  
Wherever it falls comes a spout of blood!  
Blow after blow, fall after fall,  
For twenty minutes they tussle and maul.  
The lips of the one are a gory gash,  
The other's are knocked to eternal smash!  
The bold, bright eyes are bloody and dim,  
And, staggering, shivers each stalwart limb.  
Faces glowing with stupid wrath,  
Hard breaths breathed through a bloody froth;  
Blind and faint, they rain their blows  
On cheeks like jelly and shapeless nose;  
While the concave faces around the rope  
Darken with panic or light with hope.  
Till one fierce brute, with a terrible blow,  
Lays the other poor animal low.  
Are these the forms so noble and proud,  
That, king-like, towered above the crowd?  
Where are the faces so healthy and fresh?  
There! those illegible masses of flesh!  
Thus we see men lusty and tall,  
Who, with nothing between them of hate or wrongs,  
Will bruise and batter, and tussle and maul,  
And fight till one or the other shall fall—  
Hammer and tongs!

Trainers, backers, and betters all—  
Who teach young men to tussle and maul,  
And spend their muscle, and blood, and life,  
Given for good, in a loathsome strife—  
I know what the Devil will do for you,  
You pistoling, bullying, cowardly crew!  
He'll light up his furnaces red and blue,  
And treat you all to a roast and stew;  
Oh, he'll do you up, and he'll do you brown,  
On pitchforks cleft into mighty prongs,  
While chuckling fiends your agonies crown  
By stirring you up and keeping you down  
With hammer and tongs!

—Fits James O'Brien.

A photographer in the Tyrol made a negative of ten tourists against a background of pine woods. When he developed the plate, a faithful presentment of a large bear in the act of making for the denser timber appeared in the edge of the forest. Neither the man with the camera nor any of those in the group had known that the brute was near.



## A WORKER OF MIRACLES.

What Came of a Promise to Restore the Dear Departed.

Toward the middle of the fourteenth century there suddenly appeared in Florence, Italy, a personage calling himself Dr. Attrapecchini. Whence he came, no one knew. His name indicated an Italian origin; but, from his accent in speaking, one would have supposed him to be a German, while his long beard, grave expression, and majestic bearing seemed suggestive of the Orient. Certain manuscripts, indeed, declare him to have been a native of Gascony; but the authenticity of these manuscripts has not been proved.

Whatever might be his nationality, however, the doctor had no sooner arrived in Florence than he caused to be announced, with a grand flourish of trumpets, cornet, and drum, that on Tuesday, the first of May, at precisely six o'clock in the morning, he would repair to the city's cemetery, and there restore to life five persons of his own choosing.

At last the excitement grew so intense that the podestat, or chief magistrate of Florence, resolved to send for Dr. Attrapecchini and demand an explanation. A man who was able to restore five dead persons to life could have no difficulty in guessing what was passing in the mind of a podestat, and, accordingly, the magistrate was just about to strike his gong to summon an usber, when the doctor himself was announced.

"You come just in time, doctor," said the magistrate; "I was about to send for you."

"I knew it, my lord, and wished to anticipate your orders," was the reply, uttered in a calm tone that filled the podestat with amazement.

He recovered himself, however, and was going to interrogate the new comer, when the latter exclaimed:

"I understand, my lord, that some of your people here have doubts of my science and even my honesty—in short, that I am suspected of coming to Florence for the purpose of making dupes."

"Something of that kind has been intimated," replied the magistrate.

"They say, moreover," continued Dr. Attrapecchini, "that I intend to decamp a day or two before the first of May."

"That also has been said," assented the podestat.

"You can understand," said the stranger, slowly, "that I owe it to myself to put an end to these reports. I have come to request of you that a guard of ten, twenty, thirty, or more men be stationed round my house, so as to make it impossible for me to leave Florence before releasing from their tombs five persons, as I have promised. You can not say that my request is an unreasonable one, since you had determined before seeing me to have me watched."

"Your request is granted," he said. "I shall have your house guarded night and day by twenty men, until the time comes for you to fulfill your promise, or until you change your mind, and acknowledge you were not in earnest. It would, perhaps, be wiser for you to leave the city at once; believe me, it is not safe to put a whole town in commotion. I know the Florentines, and I believe them to be capable of falling upon you in fury, perhaps of hanging you, when they find they have been mocked at and tricked. The least serious mishap that could befall you would be a sojourn of several months in prison while you waited for the public indignation to subside."

"I should deserve even more severe treatment if I failed to carry out my programme," said the doctor.

The doctor's interview with the magistrate was soon known all over Florence, and the news of it served to increase the popular interest and confidence in the stranger.

A week before the first of May, a man about forty years old, and dressed completely in black, entered the doctor's study. He was the Senator Arozzo, celebrated for the violent grief he had displayed on the death of his wife six months before.

"Signor Attrapecchini," said he, briskly, "I do not wish to waste words. Although what you promise is generally considered impossible, I admit that it may be possible, and I have come here to beg you to leave my wife at rest in the cemetery."

"What!" exclaimed the man of science, with a laugh; and the widower repeated his own words earnestly.

"I beg of you!" he cried; "I am about to marry again—the banns will be published next month. You would not like to put a man in such a predicament, would you?"

As he spoke he placed a purse full of gold on the table.

"Set your mind at rest," said the doctor, "and continue the preparation for your wedding."

The next day he received a visit from Philippini, the most famous physician of Florence, and, indeed, of all Tuscany; out of every hundred Florentines, at least eighty were at one time or another in his care.

"Learned and honored brother," said he to Attrapecchini, "I trust that you would not do me the injury of bringing back to the light of day any of the unfortunate people who have chanced to pass away while in my hands."

"Certainly not," replied the other; "just give me the names of the persons you mean."

"That would be a very difficult matter," said Philippini; "would it not be more simple for you to exclude from your ceremony all my former patients?" and with these words he laid on the table a beap of gold coins.

"It shall certainly be as you wish, my dear brother," said the foreign physician.

The door had hardly closed upon Philippini when it was opened again to admit two brothers, named Gavazza. The Duke Pierre Gavazza and his brother, the Marquess Paul, had risen, partly by their own merits and partly by good luck, to the first rank in the Italian nobility; but their journey had been long and difficult, as their father had been a miller. It was this miller whom they did not wish to see restored to life.

Dr. Attrapecchini was shocked, and exclaimed, angrily,

that he could not believe it possible that two persons could be so unnatural as to oppose the resuscitation of their own father. It was nothing less than parricide, and he would not connive at such baseness! He had not had any intention of reviving the miller, but now he would take good care to do so, and unless he changed his mind, the old Gavazza would be the first person resuscitated in the cemetery.

The dismay of the duke and the marquess may be imagined. They offered money, but, although they had brought a large sum with them, it was not sufficient to allay the scruples of Attrapecchini, and each of the brothers was obliged to sign a note.

The eve of the first of May arrived, and the guards around his house were doubled, and received the strictest orders, for the chief magistrate knew that the people would blame him if the invoker of the dead were allowed to escape. It was estimated that fifty thousand persons were assembled in the cemetery or its vicinity on the first of May, at six in the morning, and, as the doctor did not appear at the first stroke of the hour as he had promised, fifty thousand voices cried out: "Attrapecchini! 'Attrapecchini!'" At the same time, the chief magistrate presented himself at the stranger's house, and found the interior of it just as empty as the exterior was well guarded.

The restorer of the dead had departed by way of the cellar, where there was an opening into the next house, and the chronicle reports that he took with him a sum equivalent to fifty thousand florins, which had been paid to him on consideration of his not performing a miracle, and of leaving the dead in their graves.—*Translated from the Italian.*

"One of the most extraordinary forms of insanity is a mania for stealing women's shoes," said Dr. William Elliot Dold, physician in charge at the Bloomingdale Asylum, a few days ago. "It is distinguished as a disease by itself, and the Germans have named it 'Frauenschuhehlmonomanie.' It is more common among men than with the other sex. There is one case on record of a young man whose sisters lost their left shoes as fast as they could buy them. It was always the left one of each pair that was taken. For a long time the thefts remained a mystery until one day the brother caught a young woman in the street, threw her down, tore off her left shoe, and ran away with it. He was captured, and thus the secret was discovered. Another strange mental complaint is called the 'insanity of doubt,' the patient being unable to make up his or her mind to do or not to do the simplest thing. Mysophobia is a species of brain disease which renders the unfortunate fearful of imagined uncleanness in everything. Yet another form of monomania is a dread of being shut in. The patient has a horror of being in any inclosed space, like a room, particularly with the doors closed. A similar complaint is a dread of heights. But more strange than any of these, perhaps, is what the French call the 'folie à deux'—a delusion shared by two persons. This sympathetic insanity is not uncommon. It may occur with husband and wife, with brother and sister, or with other individuals who happen to be intimately associated. For example, one will imagine that he is pursued by enemies with designs upon his life, and the other will believe confidently that such is the truth. All of these curious forms of mania come under the general head of 'paranoia,' or partial insanity, the patient being apparently well in mind, save as to the particular weakness or delusion suffered from. We observe that society women who become mentally diseased are usually afflicted with that form of insanity which is termed melancholia, though why this is so nobody knows. If it is to be reasonably surmised that their domestic relations are not so happy as those of others of their sex, that would account for it."

One of the few civilians receiving a pension from the United States Government is an Irishman of peculiarly tough physique, who has the record of having come alive through an astounding accident. He was carrying a torpedo under his arm, one day at Newport, while he and an officer went in a boat to a point where the explosive was to be sunk, when, by some accident, the electric connection was made and the torpedo exploded. The man went skyward and lit in the water, an eighth of a mile away, with one arm shattered, one side shockingly mangled, and an eye blinded. He managed to keep afloat until aid came, and in time recovered sufficiently to return to work, although not at his former dangerous job.

British papers state that an engineer, living in Glasgow, has lately completed, after nineteen years' experimenting, a device for steam-engines by which all steam is returned back to the boiler after doing its work in the cylinders. In several cases, it is said, he has installed his engine, and it is at work with extraordinary results. In one case, in a textile factory, the engine, with his device, is doing as much work with one ton of coal as it formerly did with ten tons. The problem of how to make use of the vast amount of steam everywhere blown off into the air, after doing certain work, has long occupied engineers, and its thorough solution would be worth many millions of dollars in many ways.

The low rate of interest has been made the theme of an interesting debate in the Political Economy Society of Paris. Many opinions were expressed, but that of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu was the one best supported by the evidence. He quoted the fine simile of Turgot, who described the rate of interest as a species of level, below which all work, all culture, all industry, all commerce, cease; while as it sinks like the surface of a receding flood, first mountain-tops become fertile islands, then plateaus, and plains, and rich valleys become available for production.

The ruins of St. Cloud have been sold by auction to a Paris builder for about six hundred dollars. It is presumed that the material will be made into paper-weights and similar mementoes, as was the marble from the ruins of the Tuileries.

## PREVIOUS CHOLERA EPIDEMICS.

The Treatment Followed in the West and in San Francisco.

The cholera epidemic of 1832 was the first to ravage this country. Only the Atlantic and the Gulf States were seriously involved or endangered. Physicians were generally confounded by the new infection and widely disagreed in the methods of treating cholera patients. The Sangrado system of treatment still prevailed in almost every disease and ailment—bleeding, cupping, drastic doses, pills, and drenching. Fluid extracts were hardly known. Copious draughts of senna and root-tea, of Epsom salts and boneset, heavy doses of calomel and jalap, etc., were invariable medicaments. The lancet was held indispensable on nearly every occasion. The doctors had not "got the hang" of cholera, and, with many of them, it was certain death. Some of them bled the stricken at once, and hastened the end.

A case of cholera virtually closed the block; all the doors and windows, blinds and shutters, were barred against the infection. Nurses abandoned patients, and the dead-cart hastily bore away the hurriedly coffined corpse to the appointed burial-ground. Funerals were dispensed with—mourners feared for themselves in the exposure and remained indoors. Carts were plenty, hearses were few. The fatality was frightful. The news of an attack was mostly followed in a few hours by the tokens of death, and the household were shunned as if lepers. Bedding was carted away to be burned as the corpse was taken from it.

The mortality exceeded that from yellow fever. It raged and spread during 1832, until it seemed to have run its course. In 1834, it again appeared, but with decreased malignancy and much reduced scope. Besides, the physicians had learned better in what manner to treat patients. Blood-letting was not repeated.

The cholera of 1848, which raged most alarmingly in the West and along the Mississippi and the Gulf, barely afflicted the Atlantic Northern States. New England was comparatively exempted. New York was worse frightened than affected. Philadelphia was slightly stricken. In 1832 and 1834, there was no State beyond the Missouri, no steam-coasters, no ocean steamships, no electric telegraphs, no communication by rapid transit, except the two or three short lines of railroad, within the States, and the old-style, slow, river steamboats. Square-rigged vessels sailed the ocean and along the coast, and upon the rivers, sailing craft held the vantage of numbers. But in 1848, the telegraph had begun to play its part in disseminating the news and alarming the people with reports of cholera and its ravages. River steamers had multiplied the means of communication, railroads enabled fast and facile travel, ocean steamers crossed to and from English ports to Boston and New York every month. Cholera took its victims on every river steamer, every railroad, on some of the ocean steamers, and the telegraph flashed the fright which simultaneously spread and wrought its deadly mission.

On the Mississippi the mortality was unprecedented through any former contagion. In Louisville, St. Louis, Vicksburg, Natchez, New Orleans, in all the river cities and towns and parishes, cholera stalked and death struck down. Skillful physicians bravely battled the pestilence with intelligent treatment, but the implacable reaper gathered in his indiscriminating grasp all ages and conditions. In fleeing to escape it, hundreds were stricken in their flight. The great river bore the remains of thousands to the mightier waters of the Gulf.

The California gold excitement broke out late in 1848. There was feverish haste to reach the mines. Cholera pursued the passengers by steamships for the Isthmus, the trains across the plains. Victims were thrown into the sea; many barely hidden under surface soil.

Strange remedies were tried. H. S. M. Farnum, a pioneer printer of San Francisco, protested that it was a tablespoonful of common sand, which was prescribed by a woman in a passing train, that cured him, although he was near the extremity of the collapse that precedes death, after cramps had agonized his frame. Some swallowed big draughts of whisky and were cured. Others tried the same and quickly died. One doctor invariably gave stiff drinks of brandy. Nearly every patient died; but he protested the remedy was infallible, and persisted in prescribing it. Gummamphor dissolved in whisky or brandy was asserted to be a specific by some; others pronounced it deadly. A hydropatist urged cold-water swathing—the few who followed his advice needed nothing more after an hour or two. He fell a sacrifice to his own practice on the Platte. No other of the train were left behind; but two men of the train succumbed to valley tan the day after leaving the Mormon settlement.

It is noteworthy now, in view of the great Columbian Fair at Chicago, next year, to observe that although the contagion appeared in the South and West and along the Atlantic in the early fall of 1848, it was not until two years later—fall of 1850—that it made its appearance in California. In San Francisco, immediately following the celebration, October 29th, of the admission of California into the Union, September 9, 1850, the cholera broke out with alarming virulence, and cases were declared by the physicians to be of malignant Asiatic type. It had unquestionably been brought by the regular steamers from Panama. It was by the immigration overland that cholera was brought to Sacramento and generally through the interior.

The pestilence reached its worst in the exceptionally mild winter season of 1850-51, in which the rainfall was the lowest of record. Only seven inches fell the entire twelve months, from September 1, 1850, at San Francisco—barely four inches at Sacramento. In the spring of 1851, the pestilence disappeared. As with the visitation of 1832, which was followed in 1834 by a comparatively mild attack, it appeared again in 1852, with much lessened virulence and proportionately small mortality, alike in San Francisco and Sacramento.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A French paper states that "La Débâcle," by Zola, has been put on the *index expurgatorius* by the Austrian authorities, on the plea that it tends to disturb the public peace. As there is nothing in the book which could do that, it is easier to believe that M. Zola has a friend at court, who is doing him incalculable service by making an interesting martyr of the book.

A new novel by Mrs. J. H. Needell, the author of "Stephen Ellicott's Daughter," is to be published immediately in D. Appleton & Co.'s Town and Country Library. The title is "Passing the Love of Women."

The *Critic's* "Lounge" has this interesting note on the personnel of Gladstone's new cabinet:

"Mr. Gladstone, the head of the new British Government, is a distinguished author; Mr. Morley, the Irish Secretary, is one of the ablest of living writers of English; Professor Bryce, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, is an historian of high rank; Sir George O. Trevelyan, Secretary for Scotland, nephew and biographer of Macaulay, is a *littérateur* of unusual gifts; the young Viceroy of Ireland, Lord Houghton, is himself a poet, as well as the son and successor of a well-known man-of-letters; and even Lord Rosebery, the foreign secretary, has written at least one book—a life of Pitt. It would hardly do for members of Parliament to include so many novel-writers have been known to do—in flings at "literary fellers."

The State Department has decided to supply copies of the "Century Dictionary" to the Behring Sea Commissioners, who are expected to abide by its decision if it comes to a question concerning doubtful terms in treaties. It is said that this encyclopedic lexicon is now the authority at Chautauqua.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis's book, "The West from a Car Window," is coming from the press.

Mr. W. T. Price, who should have a practical and theoretical acquaintance with the literature of the stage, owing to his position as reader for Mr. A. M. Palmer, has just finished a volume to which he has given the title "Technique of the Drama," and it is to be ready this fall.

Mrs. Annie S. Swan, a Scotch writer, has again been the victim of a peculiarly unfortunate memory. The *Critic's* London correspondent says:

"A few years ago she brought out a tale and named it 'The Pearl of Orr's Haven,' rather to the bewilderment of lovers of Mrs. Stowe's brilliant and pathetic story, 'The Pearl of Orr's Island'; and she now follows in the wake of another celebrated novel, Hannah More's 'Cecilia in Search of a Wife,' with 'A Bachelor in Search of a Wife.' Hannah More may not be much read or remembered, but the name of this, her most important work, has passed into a household word among English people. It is a pity Mrs. Swan should have forgotten it."

The volume on the "Assassination of Lincoln," written by members of the military commission before which the conspirators were tried, is nearly ready for publication.

"Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims," a new story by Richard Malcolm Johnston, which is accompanied by a few short stories, will be the last book in D. Appleton & Co.'s dainty Summer Series for the current year. In this book Colonel Johnston returns to the quaint scenes of Georgia life.

The *Academy* is worrying about American literature. It says:

"If the American short story is to retain the popularity which it has so rapidly won, its producers must aim not only at delicacy of observation and sympathy of touch, but at variety of scope and treatment. Without depreciating its other and rarer charms, there can be no doubt that its vogue has been largely due to the charm of novelty; and if the story-tellers begin to run in a groove and establish a new literary convention, even the finest work will not suffice to banish that feeling of monotony which is fatal to vivid interest."

A new novel by F. Marion Crawford, under the title of "Children of the King," will shortly be published.

Paris *Figaro* remarks on the inaccuracies of Zola in his last novel—the curiously labored, minute, and yet interesting story of the French defeat at Sedan, "La Débâcle." It calls upon persons who were in that fight to come forward and point out M. Zola's mistakes.

A peculiar case regarding an author's proprietary rights in his manuscript, is thus noted:

Next week a biography of John L. Sullivan, the famous boxer, is to be published, and Dr. Sargent, some time ago, was engaged to write a chapter in that book treating of Sullivan from the scientific point of view. The boxer visited Dr. Sargent at Cambridge to submit to examinations and measurements, and on the result of these examinations Dr. Sargent compiled his chapter. Last Sunday, however, one week before the publication of the book, there appeared in the New York *Herald* an article by Dr. Sargent based upon this same scientific examination of the pugilist. For that article, of a few columns in length, the Cambridge professor received, as I am told, one thousand dollars, but the publishers of the book were inclined to find fault with his utilizing facts which they practically had submitted to him through the visit of Sullivan. Dr. Sargent explains his work for the *Argonaut* book, on the ground that his interest in the matter was purely scientific, and that he had nothing to do with sporting interests. He adds that his investigations were made in the true spirit of scientific inquiry, and that he would not have kept the results of his examinations secret for ten thousand dollars. The question in point is whether he had the right to sell a second article upon a subject for which he had already been paid, and to sell it in advance of the publication of the latter; and that question opens a field of discussion.

Henrik Ibsen is at work on a play which is said to contain characters taken from personal friends. It is a comedy, with scenes laid in Christiania.

Daudet says that he does not think anything of literature as a profession. "After all," he declares, "there is nothing so weary as brain work, and it is practically impossible to keep up the sort of strain undergone by every literary man for many years

without breaking down." His advice to young people who come to consult him on the question of taking up a literary career, always is: "Stick to your profession, and if you have it in you to write anything really good, you will always find time to do it."

## New Publications.

"Four Destinies," translated from the French of Théophile Gautier by Lucy Arrington, is a romance in which the love-story is interwoven with two political plots, and the scene shifts from London to India and St. Helena—the rugged island of Napoleon's banishment. Published in the International Library by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The first volume of the publications of the American Society for the Extension of University Teaching is entitled "Handbook of University Extension—No. 1." It contains some fifty papers, edited by the secretary of the society, George F. James, M. A., explaining the object of the society and its methods, and including a series of lectures on economics. Published by the society at Philadelphia.

"Charming to Her Last Day," by Alan Muir, is a light English novel in which the heroine is charming in person and in fortune, and the man of her choice thinks he can not marry her because she is wealthy and he is not. Of course, in the end his scruples are removed and then he comes in for money from an uncle with whom he had quarreled. Published in the Franklin Square Library by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Tiomane," translated from the French of Jacques Vincent by Sara C. Tracy, is the story of a little donkey-driver at a French watering-place, who saves the life of a little aristocrat and is thereupon adopted by the child's mother. She endures much from her benefactors, but in time becomes a great prima donna and eventually marries the man of her choice. Published in the Globe Library by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Dickens's granddaughter, Mary Angela Dickens, has made a very good beginning as a novelist with "Cross Currents." It is a story of modern London society, in which John Tyrrell, a successful and fashionable actor, is a petted and courted personage. He is a man of forty-three, and falls in love with his protégé, a young actress of great genius. In the end he kills himself because she despises him for having deserted his art for the flesh-pots of society, while she remains true to art. The gradations by which both arrive at their ends are well studied, and make an absorbing story. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Silhouettes of American Life" is the title of a little volume containing thirteen short stories by Rebecca Harding Davis. Poor woman, though she has been a conscientious and entertaining teller of tales for many years, she will henceforth be "Richard Harding Davis's mother." But these tales deserve attention for their intrinsic merit. They are not exciting, being almost placid; but they are careful character-sketches of people who are types in the mountains of North Carolina, on the plantations of Louisiana, in a German colony in South Carolina, in the rank and file of humanity in Philadelphia, and so on pretty much throughout the Union. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"People at Pisgah," by Edward W. Sanborn, is an account of the extraordinary adventures of a New York minister, who has been made the custodian of a diamond brooch of extraordinary value. He wears the jewel pinned in his shirt-bosom, and while he is in the country, whither he has gone to prepare an address in rural quiet, he goes swimming, one hot day, and comes out in time to see the last remains of his shirt disappearing down the throat of an omnivorous cow. Then begins a search for the jewel, in which the reverend gentleman spends all his cash in the purchase of cows and systematic examination of their seven stomachs, and in following up all manner of clues. Such a situation gives opportunities for introducing many funny incidents, and the author of "People at Pisgah" has made the most of them. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The initial volume of a new series of histories of the Latin-American Republics has just been issued. It is "The History of Peru," by Clements R. Markham, who has already printed two or three important monographs on the land of the Incas. It presents a well-proportioned history of the country from prehistoric times up to the present day, and is particularly good in the graphic sketches of famous men—generals, statesmen, and others—that are scattered through the pages. The last four chapters are devoted to the manners and customs of the people, their literature, the wealth of the country, and its commercial importance. An appendix contains valuable statistics and documents, and, in addition to four small maps and one folding map of Peru, Ecuador, and Bolivia, there are twenty-five illustrations, of which several are taken from photographs. Published by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago; price, \$2.50; for sale by the booksellers.

## BUDDHA.

## "The Sermon of the Myriad Leaves."

The verses herewith were read at the Buddha Jinks, of which F. M. Somers was Sire, given by the Bohemian Club in the redwood grove at Sequoia Valley, Marin County, on the night of September 3, 1892. The verses are printed here at the request of a number of members of the Bohemian Club, who desired to secure copies.

The three sonnets annexed were read at the altars of Buddha by the three Priests of the Trees, A. Gerberding, Joseph D. Redding, and Jerome A. Hart.

## REDWOOD.

Within thy mighty shaft, O Redwood-Tree!  
A legend like a guarded secret lies;  
Oh, give it to thy friends whose loving eyes  
Behold the best of Nature's work in thee!  
Awake! and breathe a tale of priests who came  
In treasure-laden ships from India's strand,  
To rear within a fabled Eastern land  
The temple of their faith in Buddha's name.  
Transformed to forest monarchs, mute they dwell—  
The spirit of the New World wrought the spell,  
That ages after one should find and claim  
Her glories in a greater prophet's name.  
Yet not in vain thy faith, O tree divine!  
The fairest temple of the world is thine!

## BAY.

Thus speaks the Bay-Tree!  
Through the changing year,  
These outstretched arms I deck with glistening leaves,  
And watch their shining green fade into sere,  
And let them fall where Mother Earth receives,  
With gentle spirit, as of one who grieves  
O'er love's sweet labor wasted to decay,  
And of them a soft fragrant carpet weaves,  
Dead covering dead till all shall pass away.  
Have you not known, O dulleards! until now  
My leaves were born for immortality?  
Born to be plucked and wreathed around the brow  
Of him whose thoughts or deeds can never die.  
So pluck! But rather let them rot beneath  
Than deck a brow unworthy of the wreath.

PETER ROBERTSON.

## MADRONE.

In the aforetime, when the sea was young,  
But yet the moon already waxen old,  
Nymph, god, and satyr wandered thro' the wold,  
And Memnon's stony lips at sunrise rung.  
Æons have passed like hours, since sirens sung,  
Since Jove wooed Danaë in a shower of gold,  
But Buddha—Lord of Earth and Time—was old  
When Jove and Juno, Time and Earth, were young.  
A mystery broodeth o'er the forest dim,  
Where solemn redwood, laurel green, and bay  
All bow obedience to great Buddha's throne.  
Ghosts of dead gods whisper a phantom hymn;  
Trees, birds, and humans, awed and cowering, pray;  
Moved by the night-breeze, moaneth the madrone.  
JEROME A. HART.

The following lines were written by General L. H. Foote, and read by him:

Convened in the forest, and couched on the sod,  
We bow to the symbol and worship the God:  
The smoke of His incense is rising on high,  
The arch of His temple is spanned by the sky;  
It is jeweled with stars, and cloistered by trees,  
It is flecked by the moon, and fanned by the breeze;  
His priests at the altars are standing apart,  
They see with the spirit, and hear with the heart;  
His edicts are wordless, yet fixed and sublime,  
Far wiser than wisdom, and older than time;  
To Him, the Eternal, sing psalms of praise,  
The world without end, the beginning of days;  
Incarnate, Almighty, All-seeing, Unseen,  
The Master, the Maker, benign and serene;  
The voices of Nature intone and adore,  
With thunder of billows that break on the shore;  
The worlds, in their orbits, wheel onward above,  
The fruit of His law, and the proof of His love:  
What are we, pray tell, but a part of His plan,  
The life of His life, in the body of man;  
He breathes on the germ of the spiritless clod,  
It stirs with emotion, half human, half God.  
And thus we have being, develop and grow,  
To work out our fate, and to reap what we sow;  
We live but to die, and we die but to live,  
We lose what we gain, and we keep what we give;  
We think and we reason, reflect and conceive,  
We query and question, we doubt and believe;  
And yet we are baffled, and seek, in despair,  
The why and the wherefore, the whence and the where.  
As the cause and the sequence are hidden from us,  
It is folly to fear, and vain to discuss.  
The priests and the prophets in ages gone by,  
Heard sounds in the air, and saw signs in the sky;  
They fashioned a fabric of faith for our needs,  
With its marvelous forms and its binding creeds;  
In the frenzy of faith, again and again,  
The Earth has been deluged with blood since then.  
Give cant to the dogs, and give creeds to the winds;  
They are meat for the priests, and husks for the hinds.  
Man makes his own heaven, he makes his own hell,  
He weaves his own crown, and he rings his own knell.  
For the secret of life is solved, when we know  
That right begets joy, and that wrong begets woe;  
That the kindly thought and the generous deed  
Will give us the Eden we long for and need.  
Take counsel of conscience, my friends, I beseech,  
Be slow in your anger, and calm in your speech;  
Be gracious of manner, and gentle of mien,  
With hearts that are loyal, and hands that are clean;  
Be just and be honest, be wise and discreet,  
The victor is crowned in the hour of defeat.  
Face to face, I questioned my soul, and it said,  
Who will dare to say that the dead are dead?  
We miss them, we mourn them, we seek them in vain,

They have found repentance and endless bloom  
In a blissful somewhere, beyond the tomb,  
The promised fruition without the pain.  
This is the marvelous secret of death,  
To live without life, and breathe without breath.

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VANITY FAIR.

Men should comprehend that women read descriptions of dress just as men read the commercial reports—not for fun, but for business purposes. No woman finds it particularly amusing to read about styles and stuffs, but it is intensely interesting because it is imperatively necessary when she is going to have a new frock or bonnet herself. John Stuart Mill remarked that the amount of observation and reflection that a lady had to bestow on having her own and her children's costume all that it should be might suffice, if otherwise applied, to produce really great results. This is quite true, and sad enough when you look at the matter from the serious standpoint. But from the practical, worldly point of view, to consider costumes is by no means waste of time. Until we wear a uniform, every woman who wants to hold her own socially (and to do this is the main duty for the average woman) must give thought to make her various costumes suit her person, agree with her purse, and march with the fashion. For these ends, descriptions of dresses and hints on styles are eagerly read by women. But, in order to be of any use, such descriptions must be done by "expert" hands, and must be sufficiently detailed to be followed. So long as there is so great a choice of fabric, and such variations in style, and such scope for individual (good or bad) taste in dress, the subject must absorb a considerable share of women's thoughts and of the space in papers and "columns" devoted to feminine affairs. Undoubtedly, women must care for, and therefore must be given news about, the fashion of dress. The only way to avoid any particular trouble on that head would be to do what men have, in fact, almost done in this age: adopt a uniform costume, scarcely differing from year to year, and hardly making the distinctions of wealth and caste. But how to achieve this end? Even the power of mighty Elizabeth failed to secure the prolonged observance of the sumptuary ordinance which she passed in 1574, requiring everybody to dress according to a pattern approved by the queen. How much less chance is there for such laws to-day! Besides, there is not a demand for them. The only novelty and variety that many women get in life comes by a new cut in bodices and a fresh color in bonnets.

The weather has become milder (writes a Paris correspondent), and the Parisians are thanking their stars for the change. Hot weather is oppressively felt in most cities, but most of all in those cities of Christendom which are united in the cult of the Black Coat and Top Hat, whatever may be their differences of religious belief. I chronicle with satisfaction an attempt recently made here to remedy the inconvenience of wearing a waistcoat in hot weather by the use of the silk sash. This garment is sold in every conceivable color, and can be seen in the window of every hosiery in Paris, so I have no doubt that thousands have been sold.

Chivalry did not make marriages, in the sense of those born of love's young dream; it entirely ignored all sexual affections. The matrimonial bargainings were simply brutal. Philip Fitz-Robert offers to the king £200, 100 bacon hogs, and 100 cheeses to have in custody the land which belonged to Yvo de Munbi, with his heir, until the heir be of age and ought to marry, with the advice of the king and the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury. In the highest ranks vast sums passed to effect these little arrangements, from which the king obtained a very considerable revenue. John, Earl of Lincoln, gave 3,000 marks—say £40,000 of present money—to have the marriage of Richard de Clare for the benefit of Matilda, his eldest daughter; and the money had to be secured by the pledges of his friends, the payment being spread over a term of years. Simon de Montfort gave 10,000 marks—nearly £150,000—to have the custody of the lands and heir of Gilbert de Umfraville, with the marriage of the heir. Sewal Fitz-Henry, with a most clerical knowledge of the table of affinity, offers to the king 100 marks for license to marry the sister of his wife, Isabel Sewal de Maniai, to his nephew, and also a destrier and a palfrey which Geoffrey Fitz-Peter had received, with a view of hurrying the matter, as we believe, and avoiding disappointment. This little arrangement was coolly set aside when Philip de Ulcot came and offered £100. One instance of the wiles of a base deceiver illustrates the humanity of human nature, for they come up from their grave of six centuries with the living features of to-day. In the reign of Edward the First, Agnes de Sparkesford, a beguiled Somerset-

shire heiress, presumably of mature years and declining opportunity, implored William de Potenay, a brisk youth who had acquired all the arts of the modern betrayer, "because under the hope of marriage she had enfeoffed him of her lands." This being done, he coolly threw her over, telling her the insulting truth that he was married to another woman. William was clearly a finished artist, but the outraged Agnes was superior to the feebleness of love, so she "had him up." The stolid Somersetshire jury did not appreciate his artistic qualities in the light he would have them shown. At their hands the rascal received a merited exposure and punishment. William was committed to jail and ordered to pay 40 marks damages—say £600 of present money—the sheriffs of Somersetshire and Hampshire being ordered to seize his lands and levy the amount of damages.

An Englishwoman, who has been observing the bathers at Ostend, thus recorded her impressions of Belgian customs and American suits: "To an Englishwoman the custom of bathing with strangers, as they do here, will never be quite agreeable. I flatter myself I am not particularly provincial or suburban, but I suppose I am insular, for I can not rid myself of that prejudice. Here and there one sees a lovely face, and this one generally finds belongs to the Americans, Parisians, or English, who are here in numbers. A very pretty American bolder daily receptions of her admirers in the water. Is a woman who is 'at home' in the water from eleven till one bound to be a good swimmer? This girl wears a very pretty, simple dress of black-and-white striped flannel, with turned down frills and trimmings of white flannel; and she always has on black stockings and shoes, with soles made of plaited grass."

A fight in the streets of Paris is a rare occurrence. Angry words and shaking of fists are frequent, but they rarely lead to actual blows. This happened, however, a few days ago, in front of the Madeleine Church. One of the two men in presence (writes Mrs. Crawford to the New York Tribune) was a cab-tout, the other was a French officer, the Marquis de Rosambo, who had just led his bride, Mlle. Calon, down the steps. The ring of people who stood by while the dispute was going on, though small, was probably the most "select" that was ever gathered on such an occasion. There were the parents, and relatives, and witnesses of bride and bridegroom. Among them were the ex-president of the republic, Marshal MacMahon, who bears his age wonderfully, the Comte de Rohan Chabot, M. de Laboulaye, senator and late ambassador to St. Petersburg, and Viscomte de Luppe. The bridegroom was in full uniform, and the bride was in a white wedding-dress, with a long train. As the latter was about to step into the carriage, the beadle, an imposing official with cocked hat, sword and silver chain, took up the bride's train in order to help her to enter. Just then a couple of cab-touts went for the beadle, pushed him aside, tore his chain off his neck, and took possession of the bride's train, which was soiled and torn in shreds in the scuffle. A gang of cab-touts from other parts of town, who had gathered in front of the Madeleine by appointment, cheered and stood between the bridal-party and the carriage steps. The Marquis de Rosambo, to recover his wife, had recourse to heroic means, and knocked down the two commissionnaires. A general fight might have followed but for the arrival of the police, and the wedding-party were able to drive away. The cause of the quarrel was the jealousy of the touts against the beadle, who is depriving them of what they consider their perquisites. The beadle's business is to accompany the bride and bridegroom down the steps, and help them into the carriage. The touts are allowed to call up the carriages and open the doors. The commissionnaires think that they would get bigger tips if they carried the bride's train. Several days ago, they agreed to assemble in front of the Madeleine and make a rush for the Marquis de Rosambo's train, and thus establish their right for the future. Their plans were baffled, however, by the bridegroom's gallant defense, and the offenders are in the hands of the police.

The author of "Gossip of this Century," a recent book of reminiscences by an Englishman who prefers to remain unknown, gives an early example of British admiration for the fair American when he describes a Fourth-of-July conversation at the house of the American Minister, C. Francis Adams, in

London, in 1867. He was pleased with the looks of the American women present, "many of them young and nearly all handsome, some remarkably so." These latter, he was told, came from St. Louis, "where the beauty of the women is universally recognized." These ladies, he adds, "were apparently conscious of their charms, which were liberally unveiled, and no one seemed scandalized." The minister's wife was "a very elegant woman, and she herself was very modestly dressed."

According to the latest edict of fashion from Paris and London, the feminine *robe de nuit*, or, to call it by its plain English name, the night-dress, has got to go. Its place is to be taken by pyjamas, those non-descript garments consisting of very loose trousers and jacket, the use of which at night has hitherto been restricted to the masculine sex. The new pyjamas for feminine wear are very dainty and beautiful contrivances, trimmed with lots of ribbons and laces. Far from diminishing the attractiveness of a pretty woman, they vastly increase it. That they are more healthy and more decent in the case of any emergency, such as a panic of fire at night, is obvious. Pyjamas should be made of the thinnest and finest wool. Here in the United States, especially, where tropical heat is generally followed by sudden cool waves, wool next to the skin is essential for preventing chills. Moreover, they possess the inestimable advantage of being not only warm in cold weather, but of keeping the body cool when the atmosphere is hot. For a number of years pyjamas have been a recognized factor in a man's wardrobe in this country. Men have found them a great improvement over the old-fashioned night-shirt, and their use has been backed up by the sanction of the doctors. The pyjama marks one more step in the changes wrought by advancing civilization in the bedroom. The formerly considered indispensable warming-pan has entirely disappeared, and so, too, has the picturesque night-cap of our grandmothers. The stately four-posted bedstead has been supplanted by the prettier brass arrangement, and now the reign of the night-dress is threatened.

In the London *Spectator* we find this advertisement chronicled: "A woman of title, moving in the first society, will receive a young lady into her house as a friend. Terms, £2,000 per annum. PATRICIAN." In the *Financial World* not long since, the following was recorded: "Directors wanted of good social standing for a new company now in the course of formation. Remuneration will be on a liberal scale." These two advertisements (says the *Commercial Advertiser*) indicate how women and men alike, belonging to the old aristocracy of birth, are making terms with the new aristocracy of wealth. It is true that the advertisement noticed in the *Financial World* came from the plebeian side; but it was not a misdirected appeal. In response to it, says this journal, came one hundred and forty-one replies—"one earl, one viscount, four barons, seven baronets, six members of Parliament, one admiral, and four generals" were included among the applicants. The earl wrote: "If appointed, I should always make a point of driving to the general meetings in my brougham and pair, with servants in full livery." One of the members of Parliament commended himself by saying he had no doubt, if he were appointed, it would result in heavy purchases of shares by his constituency. "And," he concluded, "it would be well if the *bona-fides* of your scheme were assured at any rate on the surface." Whether or not the advertisement of the "woman of title" met with any responses, the *Spectator* does not so positively assure us. Two thousand pounds a year is a pretty high figure for aristocratic associations, especially in days when unnumbered nobles of families of Paris are taking boarders at seven dollars a week. Yet the *Spectator* quotes another advertisement, in which the orphan daughter of a baronet offers one thousand pounds a year for a home in a noble family. If daughters of baronets pay such figures, there is no reason why young women without genealogies should not pay something handsome. The *Spectator* is of the opinion that the taking of "society boarders" is a growing industry in Great Britain, but it shrewdly suggests that there are limits to its development. While there are more and more rich families coming up whose riches seem to their daughters of little worth unless they themselves can be "known," this method of becoming known fails as it becomes general. As soon as the society boarder began to be suspected as such, she would no longer be really in society. She would accordingly stop her payments, for no one would pay any great sum to associate with a single family on terms of mutual contempt. This fate has already come upon the titled-director industry. The London *Economist*, a good while ago, noted the fact that "instead of being a great attraction to investors, as it once was, the fact that the junior members of noble houses are found on prospectuses can hardly be regarded as a point in their favor, and sometimes suggests the suspicion that the noble houses have been secured as decoys."

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Keeps the scalp clean, cool, healthy.

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DECKER BROTHERS'

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Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



## SOCIETY.

## The Barnard-Currier Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Florence G. Currier and Mr. Arthur F. Barnard took place last Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents, 2725 Jackson Street, and it was witnessed by about eighty friends of the young couple. The bride is the daughter of Mr. J. Parker Currier, president of the Carlson-Currier Silk Manufacturing Company, and the groom is the son of Mr. Frank Barnard, a prominent merchant of this city. They are very popular among a large circle of friends, and their popularity was attested by the large number of elegant gifts they received. The residence had been decorated in exquisite taste by Miss Mary Bates, with the fairest bloom of the season mingled among tropic ferns and great clusters of glossy foliage. The bridal bower in the front parlor was a bewildering mass of white blossoms, ferns, and airy rings of Japanese bamboo woven together. A particularly pretty effect was produced in the dining-room, where the walls were hung with boughs of apple and pear-trees laden with fruit, and between them were delicate vine trareries.

To the notes of the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," the bridal-party entered the parlors. Mr. Arthur E. Shattuck and Mr. A. T. Vogelsang, acting as ribbon-bearers, led the way, followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Agnes Wright and Miss Bertha Rice. Then came the bride's sister, Miss Marie L. Currier, as maid of honor, and following her were the fair bride and her father. They were met under the bower by the groom and his best man, Mr. James Suydam. Then, in an impressive manner, Rev. Robert Mackenzie performed the marriage ceremony. The dresses worn by the ladies in the party are described as follows:

The bride's robe was an exquisitely designed creation of cream-colored faille Française, made with a long court-train. The bodice was made high at the neck, and the Empire sleeves were full and long, and ended in a fall of Duchesse lace over the hands, which were ungloved. A bertha of the point lace was arranged over the back and front of the bodice, and the front of the skirt was draped with lace, with panniers of lace also at the sides. In her hair she wore a diamond brooch, a gift from the groom, which held in place the flowing veil of white tulle. Her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried a shower bouquet of bride roses, tied with ribbons of silk.

Miss Marie L. Currier wore a pretty gown of pink crepon made with a demi-train. The corsage was cut round, and the elbow-sleeves were high at the shoulders and bouffant. The dress was trimmed with embroidered mousseline de soie, festooned in knots and loops around the base of the skirt, and there was a bertha of the mousseline at the corsage. Her ornaments were diamonds, and she carried Catherine Mermet roses.

Miss Wright and Miss Rice appeared in tasteful gowns of pale yellow crepon, trimmed with mousseline de soie and ribbons. The corsage was à la Vierge and the elbow sleeves were high and puffed. Their gloves and slippers matched their dresses in color, and they carried bouquets of Perle du Jardin roses. Diamonds were their ornaments.

Mrs. J. Parker Currier wore an elegant costume of pearl-gray satin brocade, en train. The corsage was V-shaped back and front, and the sleeves were of the leg-of-mutton pattern, high and full. There was a dainty trimming of silver and broderie Romienne around the base of the skirt, and a girde of pearls encircled her waist. Pink marabout-tips were worn at the shoulders, and the gloves were of pearl-gray undressed kid. Her ornaments were pearls, and she carried Catherine Mermet roses.

Mrs. W. W. Sanford, of New York, an aunt of the bride, wore a rich princess toilet of black and yellow satin combined. The corsage was décolleté and covered with black jetted lace, as were the short sleeves, which were of yellow satin. There was a V-shaped effect at the front of the bodice, the yellow satin showing through the jetted lace. The back was à la Watteau, with hip panniers of yellow satin covered with the black lace. A yellow pom-pom ornamented her hair, her gloves were of black, undressed kid, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Mrs. Frank Barnard, mother of the groom, wore an imported robe of cream-white crêpe de Chine, en train, beautifully embroidered and trimmed with ostrich tips and point lace; ornaments, diamonds.

Congratulations were extended after the ceremony, and soon after that a bounteous supper was served at tête-à-tête tables under the direction of Ludwig. The remainder of the evening was devoted to dancing, and the wedding was very pleasantly celebrated. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Barnard left to make a northern trip. They will be away about two weeks, and will reside at 1001 Pine Street when they return. They will receive their friends on the first and third Mondays of each month.

## The Wooster-McMillan Wedding.

One of the most interesting weddings of the season was that of Miss Emma McMillan and Mr. Ellis Wooster, which took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride, 202 Ridley Street. The bride, who is a bright and vivacious demi-brunette, is the youngest daughter of the late Daniel McMillan, who in early days was one of our most prosperous merchants, and latterly, for several years before his death, was interested in the real-estate business. He was very wealthy at the time of his death, and left a son, Mr. Robert McMillan, and two daughters, Misses Jennie and Emma McMillan. The two young ladies are active members of the Crocker Auxiliary and were members of the well-remembered "Club of '90"—one of the receptions being held at their residence. The groom is the third son of the late J. B. Wooster, formerly of the firm of Wooster & Shattuck, who were well-known Front Street merchants. He is the manager and one of the proprietors of the Wooster Paper Box Factory.

The spacious suite of parlors, the dining-room, and the hall were canvased and beautifully decorated. On every side were seen masses of delicate foliage, among which bright blossoms were set with pretty effect. The fragrance of the magnolia vied with that of orange-blossoms, and lovely roses kept company with vari-hued sweet peas, dahlias, pinks, and other flowers. The bridal bower in the bay-window was constructed entirely of palms, tall shoots

of feathery asparagus tenuissimus, and sprays of tree-ferns with hanging baskets overhead. It was a symphony in green, with a background of colored striped silk. Relatives and very intimate friends only were invited to witness the ceremony, and they assembled in the parlors early.

At precisely half-past eight o'clock the string orchestra played Wagner's melodious "Bridal Chorus," and Rev. Robert Mackenzie entered the front parlor from the side entrance, followed by the groom and his best man, Mr. W. B. Cooke, who stood near the bay-window awaiting the others in the bridal-party, who were seen approaching from the dining-room at the rear. Leading the cortege were the four ushers, Mr. George S. Mearns, Mr. James Bonnell, Mr. Robert A. Irving, and Mr. Cornelius Roman. Next came the quartet of pretty bridesmaids, Miss Sara Dean, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Susie Wells, and Miss Lotta Farnsworth. Following them came the bride's sister, Miss Jennie McMillan, as maid of honor, walking alone, and last came the bride leaning upon the arm of her brother, Mr. Robert McMillan. The attendants formed at either side of the young couple, and then Dr. Mackenzie performed the ceremony, closing with a touching benediction. The costumes worn by the bride and her maids formed a harmonious combination of color, and are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a stylish and most becoming robe of blanc-ivoire brocade, exquisitely wrought in floriated designs and made with a flowing court-train. The corsage, which was cut round, was fitted in with flippy point d'Alençon lace. A girde of lilies of the valley edged the bodice, joined in the centre by a cluster of white rose-buds, and the ends fell to the hem of the skirt. The sleeves were of the Empire style, high and puffed, and from the puffs depended a fall of the point lace covering the ungloved hands. The back of the bodice was slightly shirred at the top, and midway down depended the court-train. In her hair she gleamed a diamond pin, amid a spray of orange-blossoms, that held in place the long veil of white-silk moirine that softly enveloped her graceful figure. She carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley and orange-blossoms, and wore diamonds as her ornaments.

Miss Jennie McMillan, the maid of honor, appeared in a handsome gown of Nile-green crêpe de Chine, made with a demi-train. It was designed in the style of the First Empire, with a short waist, draped with mousseline de soie, and high, bouffant elbow-sleeves, while a broad sash encircled her waist, having a large butterfly-bow at the back with flowing ends. Nile-green gloves of undressed kid extended to the elbows. She carried La France roses and wore diamond ornaments.

Miss Sara Dean and Miss Lotta Farnsworth, two of the bridesmaids, wore tasteful Empire costumes of lavender-colored crêpe de Chine, with short waists and high, puffed sleeves extending to the elbows, where they met the gloves of lavender-colored undressed kid. The corsage was cut round and encircling the waist was a girde joined at the back with a rosette and terminating with flowing ends. They carried lavender-colored sweet peas and wore diamond ornaments.

Miss Gertrude Goewey and Miss Susie Wells, the other two bridesmaids appeared in pretty gowns of white organdie, made with demi-trains. The corsage was cut round and trimmed with Valenciennes lace and the sleeves were long and bouffant, with ribbons at the shoulders. A white-silk sash encircled the waist, the ends falling to the hem of the train. They carried lavender-colored sweet peas and wore ornaments of diamonds.

The bride gave to her maids elegant colonial rings of gold, studded with pearls, and the groom gave to his best man and ushers handsome gold scarf-pins in the form of a colonial bow-knot set with pearls.

The newly wedded couple received the congratulations of their friends, and this was continued until ten o'clock, as the guests who had been invited to the reception were constantly arriving, and there were over one hundred and fifty present. Soon after ten o'clock an elaborate supper was served. The guests were seated at small tables set in the various rooms on the first floor, and the bridal party were gathered at a single large table. Musical selections were played during the service of the repast, and a number of toasts were given and responded to. Afterward dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

Mr. and Mrs. Wooster left the city on Thursday evening for Los Angeles. They will also visit Colorado and other places of interest in the southern part of the State, and will be away until October 21. They will reside, on their return to town, at 202 Ridley Street. A large room on the second floor was used for the display of the wedding-presents, which were numerous, appropriate, and valuable.

## Coming Weddings.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris have issued invitations for the wedding of their niece, Miss Ida Carleton, and Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., which will be held in St. Luke's Church, at eight o'clock on Tuesday evening, September 20th. The bride-elect is considered one of the prettiest of our society belles, and is bright, accomplished, and interesting. The groom has been for some time chaplain on the United States cruiser *Charleston*, but now his term of service there has expired, and at the expiration of his leave of absence he will be assigned to shore duty. He is the son of the Right Rev. Hugh Miller Thompson, Bishop of Mississippi. Bishop Thompson will come out from the East to perform the marriage ceremony, and with him in the chancel will be Bishop W. F. Nichols, Rev. R. C. Foute, Rev. William Bolland, of Vallejo, Chaplain J. K. Lewis, U. S. N., and Rev. E. B. Church, all clerical friends of the groom-elect. Colonel Samuel D. Mayer will preside at the organ. In the absence of Mr. B. F. Norris, the bride's cousin, Mr. Frank Norris will act in his stead in placing her in the care of the groom. The maid of honor will be Miss Gertrude Goewey, and the bridesmaids will comprise Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Minnie Horton, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Salie Huie, Miss Virginia Gibbs, and Miss Susie McEwen. The groom's assistants will be the officers of his mess. His best man will be Dr. A. M. Dupuy McCormick, U. S. N., the head usher will be Lieutenant-Commander Wells L. Field, U. S. N., and the remaining ushers will be Lieutenant N. J. K. Patch, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. J. Hunker, U. S. N.,

Lieutenant James E. Mahoney, U. S. M. C., Ensign Henry A. Wiley, U. S. N., and Ensign Frederic B. Bassett, U. S. N. After the wedding a reception will be held at nine o'clock at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, 1822 Sacramento Street.

There will be a prominent wedding in Trinity Church at half-past eight o'clock on Thursday evening, September 15th, when Miss Frankie Janet Sanford and Mr. Edward Sanford Taylor will be united in marriage. The young lady is the daughter of Mrs. Mary G. Sanford and the late Ransom Sanford, who was a member of the firm of Crane & Brigham, formerly wholesale druggists here. Mr. Taylor is a member of the firm of Taylor, Nason & Co., of this city. The ceremony will be performed by Bishop W. F. Nichols assisted by Rev. Hobart Chetwood. The maid of honor will be Miss Josephine Dunlop, the best man will be Captain Irving B. Cook, the sponsor will be Mr. William Jay Smith, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Charles F. Adams, Mr. Arthur Castelazo, Mr. Fred B. Dallam, and Mr. John W. Doubleday. There will be a reception after the ceremony at the home of the bride's mother.

Miss Mattie S. Pinkham, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Pinkham, of this city, and Mr. Brainard F. Smith, clerk of the State Board of Prison Directors for Folsom Prison, will be married at half-past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, October 5th, at the residence of the bride's parents. Only relatives will be present at the wedding. They will reside permanently at Folsom.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Delphine Delmas, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, to Mr. William Sanford Barnes, son of General and Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, and present district-attorney for the city and county of San Francisco. No definite date has been set for the wedding, but it will probably take place in January or February of 1893.

The engagement is announced of Miss Adah Richards, of this city, to Mr. Clarence T. Windell, of New York.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Rosalie Meyer, daughter of Mr. Eugene Meyer, to Mr. Sigmund Stern.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson will give a reception this (Saturday) evening at the Pacific Yacht Club, in Sausalito, to the staff and line-officers of the Second Brigade, N. G. C. Dancing will be enjoyed, and a tug will be provided to convey the guests to this city at half-past eleven o'clock.

The California Camera Club held a very enjoyable reception at the Art Association's rooms last Monday evening. A large number of guests were present, who passed a pleasant evening viewing the print exhibition; concert selections were played by a string orchestra throughout the evening, and light refreshments were served. The exhibition has remained open to the public throughout the week. On Friday the club attended the "Holiday Cup" canoe race of the Oakland Canoe Club, and this (Saturday) afternoon they go on an excursion around the bay.

## Autumn Millinery from Paris.

The fall opening of the millinery department of The Maze, the great modern department-store on Market and Taylor Streets, will take place to-day (Saturday). This means that by going there the ladies of San Francisco can learn just what are the very latest and most fashionable styles.

A glance at the models at The Maze shows what the leading features will be. The tendency is toward extremes. Hats will be large, "artistic," and brilliant; bonnets will be small, dainty, exquisite. The shapes will be all large in front and small behind, with the trimming massed in front. The "bat-wings" effect will be universally used, in large bows which are broad and big at the sides but low in the middle; and in this open space between the wings antennae and lophophores shoot gracefully up. Other bird decorations will not be used, except brilliant-hued heads and very artificial arrangements of feathers. The most popular decoration for the back will be a large buckle; indeed, buckles, large or small, gilt or jet, will be very fashionable. The trimmings are to be almost invariably of some iridescent material—glacé velvets, corded ribbons, double-face satins, etc.—and the colors will be greens—the color of the season, in whatever shade—tans, bright old pinks, dahlia shades, and the new *crème*. Jean d'Arc and other laces will also be much used, and Oriental effects will be generally sought.

These are some hints of what visitors at The Maze to-day will see, and all ladies should manage to be there some time during the day or evening, for they can then personally inspect the very latest Parisian fashions.

It is stated that in the last six months one hundred and fifty people have been killed by cars in Chicago, and four hundred and fifty persons were permanently disabled from the same cause.

What folly! To be without BERCHAM'S PILLS.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

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**LINCOLN'S CABINET?**  
CIGARS.

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Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

**Goodyear Rubber Co.** R. H. PEASE, Agents, S. M. RIVINGTON, S. F.  
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**CLARKE'S PURE RYE** ABSOLUTELY PURE. The purity—age and liquid bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—  
**The Finest Whiskey in the World** and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co. on label. Price: Per Doz. \$12; Per Gal. \$1.50. Per 2 gal. \$3.00; securely packed. We ask a trial order. For sale by all druggists or **COLUMBIA BIKES & CO.**, Sole Prop'rs, 18 Ash St., Peoria, Ill.

LADIES WILL FIND THE

**LATEST STYLES AND BEST-FITTING**

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Large stock of Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Ladies' Suits on hand.

**Cloaks Made to Order**

105 POST STREET,

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SOCIETY.

The Bohemian Club Jinks.

The midsummer jinks of the Bohemian Club was held last Saturday evening in Sequoia Valley, on the south-western flank of Mount Tamalpais. This tract of land comprises fifty acres in extent, and the club is considering its purchase to be used for all of its *al fresco* entertainments. It is sufficiently far from the city to obtain the forest solitude which the club desires, yet near enough to make access to it a matter of but a couple of hours. The location is most picturesque, and the valley contains a dense growth of redwood, laurel, madrone, and bay-trees.

The jinks was most successful, and its memories will be pleasant ones to the two hundred and fifty members who were present. The exercises were held in the midst of a grove of lofty redwoods. Here Marion Wells, the sculptor, and a corps of assistants had constructed a giant statue of Buddha, seventy feet in height, in imitation of Daibutsu of Kakamura, in Japan, which is wrought in bronze. This replica, however, was of white plaster. It was installed at the end of a gorge, surrounded by tall redwoods, and in front of it was a circular coping of artificial stone, three hundred feet in circumference. The circle defined the bounds of the Temple of Buddha. Leading up to this was an avenue, one hundred feet in length, bordered at either side with a stone coping, five feet high, upon which were numerous white Japanese temple-lanterns aglow with light. In front of the statue was the altar of the arch-priest, or Sire, Fred M. Somers, and before that were the altars of the Priests of the Leaves, L. H. Foote and W. H. L. Barnes. In front of them were the altars of the Priests of the Trees, A. Gerberding, Joseph D. Redding, and Jerome A. Hart. Before them was the altar of the High Priest, George Bromley, and at his feet lay the coffin containing the remains of Care. At the foot of the coffin of Care burned the sacred fire, in an antique Japanese tripod, which was fed by the Torch-Bearer, Joseph D. Grant.

All of the priests wore Japanese kimonos of different colors as follows: the Sire, olive green; the Priests of the Leaves, purple; the Priests of the Trees, sage green; the High Priest, orange; the Torch Bearer, yellow. All wore mitred head-dresses of varying colors complementary to their kimonos.

The jinks began at nine o'clock with a procession of over two hundred and twenty members of the club, who marched from the assembling place to the avenue leading to the Temple of Buddha. Every man wore a white kimono and a white head-dress. They were preceded by a military band of twenty-five pieces, wearing red kimonos and red caps. The effect of this procession winding its way slowly through the trees under the temple lights was indescribably weird. When all were seated within the confines of the temple, the priests of Buddha entered and took their places at the altars. Before them burned cressets containing incense and sandalwood, which they kept replenished during the ceremonial.

The exercises began with an invocation from the Sire bidding the Bohemians welcome to the forest. Following this was one of Mendelssohn's chants by the chorus and band. Priest Barnes then delivered an oration, Priest Foote read a poem, and then there were several musical numbers. After this the Priests of the Trees recited each a sonnet typifying the tree he represented. There were three, the redwood, the bay, and the madrone. After the sonnets came funeral music, led by H. J. Stewart, and then High Priest Bromley began the ceremonial of the cremation of Care. He abjured all good Bohemians to cast their burden of care into the coffin when it should be fired. At the close of the invocation the torch was applied and a column of black smoke shot up into the air until it was even with the tops of the lofty redwoods. Then came a flash of flame, and Care was destroyed. The solemn music of a march began, and the procession of strangely garbed priests swept down the long and luminous avenue, and the high jinks was over.

After this the members repaired to the dining-place, where tables, arranged in concentric circles,

seated two hundred and fifty people. A toothsome hot supper was served, with oysters and Welsh rarebits among the viands. Following this came the low jinks, with Mr. E. B. Pomeroy as Sire, and the merriment was kept up until early morning.

Much praise is due to Mr. Fred M. Somers for the energy he displayed in carrying the jinks to such a creditable finish. The idea of having a Buddhist jinks was his originally, and he has worked untiringly for its success for months, with a result that far exceeded the expectations of the members of the club. To Mr. Marion Wells is also due warm praise for his efforts in doing so much of an artistic character to further the success of the jinks. The arrangements at the grounds for the accommodation of the members were perfect, the commissary department was in good hands, and the service throughout was excellent. The affair was successful in every way.

The Heyneman-Simon Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Lucie Simon and Mr. Lionel Heyneman, son of Mr. H. Heyneman, took place last Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. H. L. Simon, 1640 Pine Street. The house was beautifully decorated, and about one hundred and fifty guests were present. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Jacob Voorsanger, and the remainder of the evening was devoted to congratulations and dancing. A sumptuous supper, served by Ludwig, was one of the features of the evening. The happy couple were favored with many elegant gifts from their friends.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman, who have been traveling in Europe for several months, are expected in New York next week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pease and family have returned from Santa Cruz, where they passed the summer, and are at their home on Pacific Avenue.

Mr. D. J. Sherwood, Mrs. Henry McLane Martin, and Mrs. Mamie C. Hastings, are at Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, are enjoying a week's outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. R. C. Spalding has returned to the Hawaiian Islands after a three months' visit to her sister, Mrs. O. O. Burgess.

Mrs. Philip Caduc and Miss Cora Caduc have not gone to New York yet, but expect to do so next month.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Elmer are at Carlsbad.

Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington and Miss Minnie Hennessy have been at Monterey during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Alexander have returned to New York after passing the summer in Geneva.

Miss Eleanor Dimond has returned from a prolonged visit at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Reiss, Miss Nettie Reiss, and Mr. Samuel Reiss, of this city, left New York last Saturday on the steamer *Touraine* for France.

Mr. Theodore Kearney, of Fresno, is at the Hotel Chatham, in Paris.

Mrs. E. A. Shepard and her sister, Mrs. G. H. Boyd, of Marysville, are passing a week at Monterey.

Miss Maud Morrow has been passing the week here as the guest of Mrs. Frank K. Zook.

Mr. A. S. Macdonald, of Oakland, has returned from a visit to Castle Crag.

Miss Florence Ives, Miss Stella E. Walshall, and Miss Ruth Benjamin have returned to Paris after visiting the Wagner festival at Bayreuth. They report that there was an abundance of room at the festival, as all of the Vienna tickets had been returned on account of the prevalence of cholera.

Miss Sarah D. Hamlin has returned from her trip to India, and is the guest of Mrs. B. F. Norris at her residence, 1822 Sacramento Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott and Miss Cunningham went to Castle Crag on Friday.

Mr. B. E. Sherry, Mrs. Jennie Sherwood have returned from Monterey after a month's visit there.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will go to Monterey to-day for a week's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young have returned to the city after passing the season at Meadowlands.

Mrs. I. Lawrence Beryl and Mr. Favre have returned to the city after passing three months at Castle Crag.

Mr. A. B. Williamson will return from the East in about three weeks.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman will remain at Castle Crag until the latter part of September.

Mrs. J. C. Cantwell has been passing several weeks at Lake Tahoe.

Count have returned to the city after passing the summer at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling, Jr., will go to Castle Crag to-day for a brief visit.

Miss Ada Dougherty has returned to her home in Fruitvale after a two years' absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Fiegelow and Miss Bigelow have gone East, and will be away about three months. They are now at Bar Harbor.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Mamie Burling have gone to Castle Crag for a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Dingley, who have been passing the summer at their country residence in Menlo Park, will return to the city about October 1st, and pass the season at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Eugene Meyer and the Misses Rosalie and Elise Meyer returned to the city last week after an absence of nine months in Europe.

Mrs. A. L. Bancroft and family have returned to the city after passing the summer at Aloha Farm, near Walnut Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. Colin M. Boyd have returned to the city after a three weeks' visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Bent have returned from Sausalito and are residing at 711 Jones Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin will remain in London during the winter.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen are at the Grand Hotel d'Als at Aix-les-Bains.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain Samuel M. Mills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has arrived at West Point.

Lieutenant S. McP. Rutherford, U. S. A., has been transferred from the Eighth Cavalry to the Fourth Cavalry at the Presidio.

Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston*, and ordered to duty at Mare Island.

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted an extension of six months' on his leave of absence, owing to continued illness.

Lieutenant V. S. Nelson, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and ordered to the *Charleston*.

Lieutenant J. F. Moser, U. S. N., has been detached from the *San Francisco* and ordered to ordnance duty at the navy yard in Washington, D. C.

Chaplain A. L. Royce, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and granted two months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant F. M. Brewster, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Independence* and ordered to the *Thetis*.

Some Hints for the Winter Season.

Now that the society season has commenced, people are beginning to entertain their friends, and those who are fully in the swim predict much gaiety. With the majority of people who have beautiful homes and who desire to entertain hospitably, one thing is lacking, and that is the ability to personally provide their guests with the refreshments that form such a prominent part in the success of an entertainment. Happily they have a capable means of supplying that deficiency in the person of Mr. Ernst H. Ludwig, who is popularly known as the Model American Caterer.

If a hostess desires a delicious breakfast, luncheon, dinner, or supper served at her residence, for either an ordinary or a special occasion, all that is now necessary for her to do is to ring up telephone No. 2338 and request Mr. Ludwig to call at her house.

He will prepare a menu for her, and at the desired time the repast will be in readiness without the slightest trouble to the hostess. He furnishes everything that is required—napery, cutlery, china, and silverware, mounted pieces, and the most experienced and polite waiters. When the repast is ended, everything is speedily removed, and an hour later the dining-room and kitchen are in perfect order.

In this way the hostess has absolutely not a care to disturb her equanimity, and can devote all of her attention, as she should, to her guests. Mr. Ludwig has given this system of catering such thorough attention, and the fact is so well recognized among society people, that the mere mention that he is to supervise the affair is at once a guarantee to the guests that the repast will be of the best.

There is one thing that must be understood by those who have not patronized Mr. Ludwig, which is that he does not cater for what is commonly known as the cheap class of trade, nor does he enter into competition with the other caterers who are constantly seeking that class. He has a certain scale of prices, and they are moderate, for each style of entertainment, and does not deviate from them.

When he supplies bouillon *en demi-tasse* we know it is the pure extract of beef; his oysters are always fresh, luscious, and juicy, while as for terrapin *a la Maryland* it is acknowledged that no one west of Baltimore can cook it better. He has the latest ice-cream freezer and uses only the purest cream and milk in the preparation of that delicacy. This machine insures perfect freezing throughout, without contact with metal, which is poisonous, and is half a century in advance of the foreign machines used by other caterers.

A large portion of his business lies in supplying private families with iced cream, water ices, cakes, and various entrées and roasts, and in this department he has a large clientèle. Balls, parties, banquets, and cotillions in halls also receive his attention, and in this line he has met with great success. One most excellent example of this is illustrated in the fact that since its inception he has catered every season for the Friday Night Club, and is now engaged for the five cotillions the club will give during this coming winter. The members of the club have given ample evidence of their appreciation of him by liberal patronage.

So far, although the season is not far advanced, Mr. Ludwig has supplied every luncheon, dinner, reception, and wedding of note that has taken place, and he has many orders ahead from society leaders for affairs of the kind that are to take place. One who is not well informed in matters of this character may ask: "What is the reason for this?" The reply is simple. The people who entertain are satisfied with him. Once, possibly, they may try another caterer, but it is only once, for they always return, regretting that the suasion of some one else ever caused them to leave.

Mr. Ludwig's word is his bond, and he is living for the future. He has now acquired a reputation as a caterer that he can not afford to lose, and will not lose so long as he maintains his present honorable method of doing business. There are tricks in catering as well as in anything else; but he will not stoop to them, for that would only result in a loss of his present prestige.

To those who contemplate entertaining in either a small or large degree, we would recommend them to call on Mr. Ludwig at his neat establishment, 1206 Sutter Street, a few doors above Polk Street, and they will meet with careful and courteous attention.

What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA Remedies will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczema, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA Soap. Absolutely pure.

**ACHING SIDES AND BACK,** Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains and Weaknesses relieved in one minute by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.

**HOME COMFORTS ARE** not enough. Every lady wants to feel comfortable in society, but she can not with her face disfigured by wrinkles, pimples, black-heads, freckles, tan, moth spots, etc. **Lola Montez Cream, the Skin Food,** restores the complexion to youth. Price, 75 cts. per pot—pot lasts 3 months. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 25 Geary St., S. F., Cal. Sold by all Druggists.

THE CROSVENOR

SUTTER ST., near STOCKTON.

Elegant new brick and terra cotta building. The only strictly first-class furnished apartments for gentlemen and families. Crane elevator 7 A. M. to 12 midnight; porcelain baths; very central to the best restaurants, stores, and theatres; for transient and permanent guests. \$1 to \$3 per day; week, \$5 to \$15; monthly rate, single rooms, \$15 to \$30; suites, \$35 to \$75; this house has no equal for strict cleanliness and respectability; references required.

MR. and MRS. I. SANFORD, Late of the Oriel Hotel, Proprietors.

THE MARECHAL NIEL

COR. JONES and ELLIS STS.

Quiet Family Hotel, centrally located. Handsomely furnished, sunny rooms, with board. Hot and cold running water in every room. Elevator; electric bells; table and service unsurpassed.

LOVE'S CONSERVATORY

DANCING

507 SUTTER STREET.

Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

EXHIBITION

—OF THE ONLY—

Tailor-Made Garments

IN THE WEST.

We are unpacking the very Latest, Finest, and Best Garments—

SUITS, OVERCOATS, TROUSERS

Made by Brokaw Bros., New York, Rogers, Peet & Co., New York

—OUR OWN CELEBRATED—

Roos Bros. Fall Styles

—FOR—

Men, Boys, Children

—ALSO—

FURNISHINGS AND HATS.

ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37 Kearny St.

**ROYAL**  
  
**BAKING POWDER**  
Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Largest United States Government Food Report.  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



# "GENTLEMAN FRIEND" TO "FELLOW."

Etiquette that Governs Maggie Murphy's Home.

A productive field for the student of social customs and manners is what may be called the Four Hundred Thousand. Learned books and magazine articles have been written about the etiquette and manners of that small fraction of the inhabitants of a great American city that lives in handsome houses, a family to the house; while the mass of the people have not had a social dictator to declare what constitutes good and bad form among them.

It is an easy fallacy to fall into to assume that only the Four Hundred have manners, and that there is no etiquette or social code among the Four Hundred Thousand. In fact, the code of etiquette of the latter is more rigid than that which prevails among the former; and there is a certain simplicity about the Four Hundred Thousand's etiquette which should endear it to any student. A philosopher could trace the development of a good many feudal theories and medieval customs in the habits of the young men and young women of the Four Hundred Thousand. Things have not with them got to the point where a young man who is in love with a young woman is afraid to show it constantly; or where the young woman is ashamed to acknowledge how much she likes it, or how proud she is of it. It is not fashionable with them for a girl to pretend to be indifferent to the man to whom she is engaged; and such a thing as a girl receiving attentions from other men when she is engaged or married, except with the open consent of her fiancé or husband, would never be tolerated. These young men do not put up with a great many things with which no fault is found elsewhere.

The vocabulary of the Four Hundred Thousand furnishes a number of terms to indicate accurately the gradations of affection and the approach of matrimony. A young man begins as a "gentleman friend"; if he succeeds in that rôle, and is desirous of a more intimate and friendly acquaintance, he proceeds until he is "company"; and from that he becomes "steady company." After serving his term as "steady company," he becomes the girl's "fellow." The next further advance is matrimony. There are corresponding grades with the girl. She begins as a "lady friend," and goes through the successive stages. This structure of love and prospective marriage bliss may be broken at any time by the act of either party, or by the surpassing by some other gentleman friend or lady friend of the one already existing. It is no indignity for a girl to have a young man, with whom she is only a lady friend, take some other lady friend of his to a ball or on some Sunday excursion. She has no right to be asked first; but when the young man becomes "company," it is his duty, as the term applies, to escort the girl to all social affairs, provided some other "company" does not interfere; and as "steady company," it is for him to appear at frequent regular intervals, aside from the duty of taking the girl to all possible places. That gives him the right to the first choice of her society, and to the allotment of her dances and time.

Rights and duties fit in with a beautiful correlation. As the girl is entitled to the presence and protection of the young man at balls and excursions, he is entitled to her complete and undivided time and attention, except when he chooses to have it otherwise. He is her chaperon, knight, and prospective proprietor in one. If any other man wants to dance with her, it is his duty to ask permission of the "steady company"; and the girl has no business whatever to go off with another young man without the "steady company's" consent. If there is such conduct on the part of the girl, as may happen when some fascinating young man who hitherto has been only a "gentleman friend" tries to advance himself, there are two courses open to the "steady company": either he thrashes the aspiring young man, or he abandons the girl with scorn for having disregarded the social proprieties and broken the Four Hundred Thousand's code of etiquette.

In this way the process of natural selection has full swing. If the "steady company" is sufficiently strong and courageous, he accepts the alternative of physical combat; while if he is weak or fearful, he has to satisfy himself with expressions of scorn. This reproach can be conveyed in various ways. The man who brought the girl is entitled to her society, and the question: "Who bring you?" on such an occasion implies a heart brimful of reproach.

Public demonstrations of affection are due to this feeling of proprietorship accepted and enjoyed by the girl as well as the man. It is a common sight on excursions, or at balls, to see the girls and men paired off, the man having his right arm around the girl and holding her hand, while her head reposes on his shoulder, and she is indifferent apparently to all the rest of the world. This belongs to the "steady company" stage, as it would be an impropriety to permit such demonstrations from a mere "gentleman friend." It is very likely that people in the Four Hundred do the same thing from time to time, but they do not do it in public; while the girl of the Four Hundred Thousand sees no reason why she should not manifest before her friends any feeling that she would manifest in her father and mother's flat. There is no feeling whatever of impropriety and no thought of shame on the part of the girl who sits in the bow of an excursion boat and rests her

head on the shoulder of her "steady company"; quite the contrary. It is a feeling of pride and of willingness to let other people know of her pride and joy; not a reprehensible thing at all, as any young man will be likely to find out who undertakes to presume on a mere "gentleman friend's" acquaintance.

The young men and young women who have served this apprenticeship and test, for months and maybe years, are not the kind who fill the divorce courts or furnish the scandal of their neighborhoods. They are in the same walk of life, both of them earning their living by their own efforts, and thoroughly equipped with a stock of practical worldly wisdom about the affairs of life. There is little marital infidelity, especially on the side of the women. The girls make good wives. They have learned the value of money from having worked for it themselves, and they know what the result of immorality and extravagance is, because they have seen the punishment that came to other girls who started with them and fell by the way.

It must not be thought that there are not social distinctions between the various sets of girls and men, and that the lines are not rigidly drawn. The girls who work in shops think that they are better than girls who work in factories, and both of them hold themselves above girls who are in household service. As in the Four Hundred, the women make the social distinctions and fix the social rules. A girl is glad to give a young man all of her spare time, because that insures her getting all of his. When her head is on his shoulder, it is pretty certain that the other shoulder will be vacant, and if he spends his evenings with her, she is sure of him. There are some lessons here that might be of profit to the higher circles of society.—*New York Sun.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

The Chatelaine's Popper.

There is a castle by the Rhine  
As old as Charlemagne,  
Presided over by a proud  
And haughty chatelaine;  
Her father was a Yankee,  
Of the kind that says "B'gosh,"  
Who kept a corner grocery  
In the hamlet of Oshkosh.  
—*New York Herald.*

How She Won Him.

Two maidens and a single man  
On summer pleasure met;  
Each maid tried every scheme and plan  
She knew the man to get.  
One dressed herself just like a nun,  
With nothing bright or gay;  
The dresses of the other one  
Were cut décolleté.

The latter captured him, and she  
Now has him at her beck;  
The race was close, but, as we see,  
She won him by a neck.  
—*New York Press.*

Compensation.

Though brief indeed is pleasure's day  
As time speeds on apace,  
As one enjoyment fades away  
Another takes its place.  
And this reflection cheers our hearts  
And dries our dropping tears,  
That as the summer girl departs  
The autumn girl appears.  
—*New York Press.*

When She Plays the Hose.

Tho' I concede my better half  
For music has no passion,  
No skill with any instrument  
That now is in the fashion,  
No talent for fantasias,  
Gavots, or oltos,  
Yet there is music in the air  
Where'er she plays the hose.

She starts to sprinkle down the street,  
Then turns to look for Artie,  
And meanwhile soaks and saturates  
A passing picnic-party.  
Then gardenward the nozzle turns  
As by the parson's side,  
And thus the baby's drenched and choked  
When my wife plays the hose.

She thinks to spray a porch that long  
Her care has been in vain,  
And storms the open window where  
Her guileless spouse is writing.  
Upon the just and unjust she  
The gushing fountain throws,  
And wakes a passionate response  
Where'er she plays the hose.  
—*Boston Courier.*

Suited.

She sat on the steps at the evening-tide  
Enjoying the balmy air;  
He came and asked: "May I sit by your side?"  
And she gave him a vacant stare.  
—*Cape Cod Item.*

The Female Lawyer's Lullaby.

Be still, my child, remain in statu quo,  
While I propel thy cradle to and fro.  
Let no involved *res inter alios*  
Prevail while we are consulting inter nos.

Was that a little pain in *medias res*?—  
Too bad! too bad! we'll have no more of these.  
I'll send a *capias* for some wise expert  
Who knows how to eject the pain and stay the hurt.

No trespasser shall come to trouble thee;  
For thou dost own this house in simple fee—  
And thy administrators, heirs, assigns,  
To have, to hold, convey, at thy designs.

Correct thy pleadings, my own baby boy;  
Let there be an abatement of thy joy;  
Quash every tendency to keep awake,  
And verdict, costs, and judgment thou shalt take.  
—*Boston Transcript.*

Man's Superiority.

She goes down to the dry-goods store and spends our good old dollars  
For shirts just like her brother wears, with regular standing collars;  
She even has her hair cut short, and tries the best she can  
To obliterate the difference between herself and man;  
But, when it comes to whiskers—by this idea we're cheered—  
That we've got the everlasting bulge when it comes to raising beard!—*Indianapolis Journal.*

## ADVENTURES IN A FLAT.

Something over a year ago, Charlie and I began housekeeping in a modest but pleasant flat, which was secured after many weary tramps and numerous car-rides. The rent of said flat was somewhat more than we felt able to pay, but that matter could be easily obviated by renting a room to some nice, refined gentleman.

Two months after the date of our lease everything was running very smoothly in our flat, with a sallow-complexioned but gentlemanly insurance-agent occupying the best chamber. He promptly paid his rent in advance until the fourth or fifth week, when he began to grow a little dilatory, postponing the payment two or three days later each week, and finally—ceased, looking as blank as an oyster at all hints and insinuations that his rent was overdue. In vain I concocted little tales regarding our merciless landlord, who would not countenance a day's delay, etc. He was immovable.

I was growing desperate. All my entreaties to Charlie to brace up and demand the rent or the room were fruitless.

"You rented the room; if he won't pay for it, bounce him. How long do you think we would remain in this flat if the money were not forthcoming? About as long as it would take us to get out."

With his words ringing in my ears I nerved myself and dashed at the hapless agent.

Everything is sort of misty before me now. I can not recall the details of this trying scene. The room, however, was vacant that night, to be filled a week or so later by a gentleman from a foreign clime, who was particularly anxious to learn the English language, inflicting himself on us at all times.

Now, as neither Charlie nor I understood one word of French and our gentlemanly roomer only a very little English, our conversations were conducted principally by frantic gestures and horrible sounds that I am sure would have been most painful to an observer. Then monsieur took to giving us readings, with the special request that we correct all mispronounced words.

Charles—man-like—began to spend his evenings away from home, and, ah, me! nothing but a desperate spell of sickness on my part rid us of that Frenchman.

Time sped along and also our rent. Charlie cautiously suggested one evening that we might rent the room to a couple of nice young ladies; but being fully aware of his weakness for pretty girls, I vetoed the suggestion at once, replying, with my head high in the air:

"I might rent the room to a gentleman and his wife, but to two girls—never." Then I added, with a searching look: "Possibly you know of some nice young ladies in want of a room?"

But, of course, he did not, and then I felt ashamed.

Well, some time later, I had an opportunity of renting the parlor and front-bedroom to a young couple for very light housekeeping. It seemed a pity to desecrate our cozy home in this manner. But, on the other hand, Charles's salary was not the largest in the world, and I was willing to make any sacrifice to help him get a start in life. And so, with a little sad twinge at my heart, I gave up my pretty rooms, after extorting many promises regarding the care of them and the lightness of the housekeeping to be done.

A month passed, when my lady informed me that I must let them have another room, to accommodate a sister, who would be compelled to make her home with them in the future, or they should have to find other apartments. Glancing about the room, I saw unmistakable evidences of housekeeping in all its branches. "These rooms will never do to use again without cleaning," I thought; "may just as well let them stay the rest of the winter."

The sister came, but not alone; a cousin accompanied her.

Charlie and I were crowded pretty well out into the kitchen by this time. With flushed cheeks, I heard myself dubbed to callers "the lady in the rear."

Our tenants then added a folding-bed, a bed-lounge, and, without further ceremony, went right into the business. I don't really know how many boarders they had. The way, however, their cousins, aunts, and uncles appeared was perfectly astounding, while meals were conducted on the served-at-all-hours plan.

As soon as I could collect my dazed senses, I informed Mrs. Brown that we were going to move.

"What a pity," she replied; "I just thought we were nicely settled here for the coming year."—*Chicago News.*

**WORTH A GUIN A BOX.**

**BLIND.**  
They are blind who will not try a box of

**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
for the disorders which grow out of Impaired Digestion. For a Weak Stomach, Constipation, Disordered Liver, Sick Headache, or any Bilious and Nervous ailments, they take the place of an entire medi cine chest.

**COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.**  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 36 Canal St.

**Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies**  
—OR—  
**Other Chemicals**  
are used in the preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa**  
which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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CONTAINING  
**PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,**  
AND A  
**RICH CATALAN WINE,**  
used with entire success by the Hospitals of Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.  
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**HIGHLAND Evaporated Cream**  
A TABLE LUXURY,  
A CULINARY ARTICLE,  
AN INFANT'S FOOD.

Unsweetened and Sterilized (Refined)  
A most natural, nutritious, easily digested and safe food for infants. Highland Evaporated Cream is simply cows milk in an improved form and is the ideal food for infants.

Sold by Grocers and Druggists Everywhere  
Write for our Infant Food circular and Highland Evaporated Cream booklet entitled "A FEW DAINTY DISHES."  
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Sole Purveyors, Highland, Ill.

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White, 1/2  
Flask, 1/2  
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All Druggists and Fancy Stores.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Some people are too trusting for this world. At a recent trial the prisoner entered a plea of "not guilty," when one of the jury put on his hat and started for the door. The judge called him back and informed him that he could not leave until the case was tried. "Tried!" cried the juror—"why, he acknowledges that he is not guilty!"

Appropos of the admission of women to the Medical Association, Sir Spencer Wells consulted an American examiner on the subject of professional women, and received the following very smart reply: "Well, sir, in our country we have a great many female doctors, female journalists, female preachers, and females in all classes of professions and trades; but what we want is more female women."

In an Irish daily there recently appeared this advertisement: "Wanted—A gentleman to undertake the sale of a patent medicine; the advertiser guarantees it will be profitable to the undertaker." This is an even unhappier mode of expression than that adopted recently in a local paper, when the editor "regretted to have to announce the death of Mr. So-and-So, but was not astonished to hear of the sad event, as deceased had been attended for some time by Dr. Smith."

One evening during a diplomatic reception at the White House, among the guests was a woman whose perfect neck and arms were the admiration of every one. Mme. de Struve's escort, in justifiable pride at the loveliness of his own countrywoman, commented as she passed: "There goes a perfect type of American beauty." Without hesitating, the minister's wife, looking down at her own dark-hued neck, responded: "And I represent a perfect type of Russia leather."

One of the finest distinctions possible was once drawn by an estimable woman, who belonged to the army of restlessly busy American housewives, whose god is their work. She begrudged sadly the time spent in enforced idleness on Sunday. Her conscience did not permit her usual round of work, yet her hands refused to lie contentedly in her lap. "I never saw on Sunday," she said, and sighed; "never, of course. But I admit," she lowered her voice, "I sometimes lock myself up in my own room and baste a little!"

Alexander H. H. Stuart, when Secretary of the Interior under President Fillmore, was very much annoyed by a persistent applicant for the post of messenger. The man came in regularly every day for several weeks, until he became an unbearable bore. Finally, one day, after the man had gone out, Stuart asked the messenger, then in office, if he knew what that man was after. He said: "No, sir." "Well," said Stuart, "he wants your place, and if ever I see him again, he shall have it." Stuart never saw the man again.

At the trial of a breach of promise case—the parties to which were a man of advanced years and a young girl—the judge remarked that this was another instance of the evil effects of "engagements contracted between May and December." Shortly afterwards the learned judge received a letter from a statistical society intimating that that body would be much obliged if he would favor them with an account of the facts from which he had derived the singular rule enunciated by him as to the infelicity of engagements contracted during certain months of the year.

A few days ago an elderly gentleman and his wife came down Broadway together (says the New York World). A lady crossing the street fell down. The old gentleman rushed to her assistance and helped her in every possible way. When he returned to his wife she shook her fist at him. "It's all right, it's all right," he whispered. "Yes, I know it's all right," she replied, holly. "Here's an unknown woman falls down, and you plough across the street to help her, and the other day I fell down-stairs and you wanted to know if I was practicing for a circus."

One morning when Rufus Choate entered his office, his clerk rose and said: "Mr. Choate, a gentleman has just left here who wants you to undertake a case for him." "Ah! and did you collect the

regular retaining fee?" "I only collected fifty dollars, sir." The regular fee was one hundred dollars, and, in a reproving tone, Mr. Choate said: "But, sir, that was unprofessional—yes, very unprofessional." "But, sir," said the clerk, apologetically, and anxious to exonerate himself from the charge, "I got all he had." "Ah," said Mr. Choate, with a different expression, "that was professional—yes, quite professional."

When the cholera came to San Francisco, in 1851, Josh Havens, a well-known citizen of those days, suffered a bad attack of cholera scare. He purchased the first day a large bottle of "cholera preventive," recommended to him by some one, and put it in his coat-pocket; but while seated in the office of a friend, discussing the plague, Havens suddenly arose, turned pale, and rushed for the office of Dr. Hastings, a well-known physician of that time. "Doctor," said he, "is local chill a sign of cholera?" "Where is your local chill?" inquired the medico. Josh indicated the neighborhood of his pistol-pocket. The doctor placed him on a surgical table and made an examination, but the "local chill" was found to be due to the cholera medicine, on which the terrified Havens had incautiously sat.

Jules Claretie tells in one of the reviews this story of artistic auto-suggestion: "I recollect that at the dress-rehearsal of 'Hamlet,' M. Mounet-Sully was late. The stage was waiting. I sent to have him summoned by the call-boy. He returned in a moment and told me that M. Mounet-Sully could not come down from his dressing-room then, because his costume was not quite ready. 'What! It was finished a week ago, that costume.' It was tried on and worn. It is complete and perfect. Yes, the costume was complete; but under his doublet, M. Mounet-Sully wore braces, and, at the last moment, he had considered that he must have black ones—mourning braces—because Hamlet was dressed from head to foot in the trappings and the suits of woe. Those lower strata of costume had annoyed him. 'The public would not see them, but I should see them.'"

On the occasion of the opening of Parliament, during one of the years when Pitt was prime minister, the lords and commons were greatly perplexed by a reference to the goldfish at Windsor Castle, which was introduced into the king's speech, as read by Pitt. It was not until after both Pitt and King George were dead that the explanation came out. The prime minister, it is related, had come to the king at the palace with the speech from the throne fully prepared. He found the king seated at the edge of the basin of a fountain, earnestly regarding his goldfish sporting about in the water. Pitt read the speech. "Does your majesty approve the discourse?" asked the minister. "I will approve it, but only on one condition," said the king, "and that is, that you introduce in it some reference to these fishes." The king was obdurate, and refused his authorization of the royal speech until Mr. Pitt had promised faithfully to say something in it about the royal goldfishes.

Stood the Test.

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FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic.....September 21st  
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Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin. Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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638-640 MISSION ST.

SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN  
VIA  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, August 7, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:05, 6:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.  
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:05 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.  
From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.  
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.  
From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.  
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.  
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.  
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.  
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:50 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	8:45 A. M. Week Days
7:30 P. M. Week Days	Tacoloma, Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Tacoma, Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Tacoma, Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays
7:30 P. M. Saturdays	Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Tacoma, Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Sundays

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent reduction on single ticket rates. Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tacoloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tacoma, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tacoloma, and Point Reyes \$1.00; Tacoma, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) on arrival of 7:30 A. M. train from San Francisco for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager.  
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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 18th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Sept. 15th, SS. San Juan; Sept. 26th, SS. City of New York; Oct. 5th, SS. San Blas.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—September 18th, SS. City of Panama. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

City of Peking.....Saturday, September 17, at 3 P. M.  
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.  
Peru.....(via Honolulu).....Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.  
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets, Beach Office, 202 Front Street.  
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.  
Steamer, From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, September 6  
Belgie.....Thursday, September 6  
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 25  
Gaelic.....Wednesday, November 16  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.  
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.  
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21.  
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26.  
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 7th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 7th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month, Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.  
GOODALL PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	7:45 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milpitas.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	8:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

To how many advertisers can it be ascribed as one of their chief virtues that they knew not merely what to say in an advertisement, but knew as well what not to say?—Printers' Ink.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY  
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyersville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bardett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Hartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Westport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$5.90; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.  
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.  
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
The Celebrated

**CHOCOLAT  
MENIER**

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs.  
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Miss Lillian Russell made her appearance like an earthquake, preceded by a long rumble. As they say in Spanish-American accounts of a temblor, there was a peculiar feeling in the air, animals appeared uneasy, and the skies wore an unusual aspect. Though the lady was not unknown here, having warbled to us a number of years ago, she was described in the papers as something surprisingly new and phenomenally strange. Sly references were made to her campaigns and her triumphs since she left us. It was hinted that where she came, there she saw, and where she saw, she conquered. Men of the East—not by any means those Wise Men of the East of whom the good book speaks, but a loose and foolish generation, whose eyes lulge, whose mouths water, and whose purses burst with treasury-notes—were said to have laid their hearts and their purses at her feet, and had dropped off flaccid. She was described as a compendious edition of the charms which are depicted in the *Journal Amusant* and the *Figaro Illustré*. Hers was beauty not after the antique, but strictly in the *fin-de-siècle* style; a beauty curved and rounded like the lovely counties in Southern England, where mount succeeds valley and shady glades fade into measureless space of smooth fallow-land. It was said that, exquisite as this perfect creature was, her beauty was less entrancing than her genius; that she knew things which no mortal female had ever divined; and that it was in her, if she were so minded, to reverse the legend of Semelè.

As the train approached, bearing the goddess to the Pacific Slope, minute-guns were fired in the newspapers to herald its advance. When she came, reporters fell on their knees, and she beamed upon them with candid little bursts of confidence which, to the vulgar, looked artless and unpremeditated, while, to the wily man of the world, they suggested brutal thoughts of a dollar a line. All the world is dying to get into the inner penetralia of an actress's life. People want to know how she lives, and eats, and dresses, and talks, and scolds her maid. All this Miss Russell was willing to impart to curious inquirers—nay, to anticipate inquiries, she had herself kodaked in every circumstance of private life to satiate the intense desire of the public to see her at every angle. It was evident to the most inexperienced eye that behind Miss Lillian stood some one who was a master of the science of the *réclame*.

A wise physician once advised a patient to try quack medicines when he was ill; for you must understand, said he, that those chaps would never spend so much money in advertising if they hadn't a really good article to sell. So the experienced and wily practitioner, who pulled the strings of Miss Russell's mob-cap, felt pretty certain that if he could only get the public to go to see her once or twice, she would do the rest. There was plausibility in the calculation. Miss Russell is not a beauty; but she once was very nearly beautiful. She is not a goddess; but she has spied the Olympian heights from an eminence near by, and is on speaking terms with Mars and Jupiter, especially Jupiter. She is not a Patti, nor even a Schneider, nor a Granier; but within a certain range she can warble melodiously, and by treating a note or two with care, she can get through a cavatina with satisfaction to her audience. As an actress, she is as wooden as the figure-head of a ship; in exciting passages one is feverishly seized with a desire to stick a pin into her to see if that would rouse her to vitality. But in all these respects she comes so near to the excellence which she fails to reach that the audience go home satisfied.

By the side of this opulent beauty shine some good singers and some pretty girls. Among the former is the new baritone, Hayden Coffin, who won his way to the hearts of his audience by the distinctness of his enunciation. In hearing a play that is not familiar, it is delightful to have one singer articulate so that it is possible to understand what he is saying. Coffin accentuates his emotions with precision; he woos his love in a sharp staccato, which is bound to reach her ear if it does not touch her heart. One of San Francisco's old favorites, Mr. W. T. Carleton—whose voice, like gold coins, shows signs of abrasion along the edges—took an unimportant part. But the audience were so glad to see him again that their continued plaudits actually retarded the performance of the piece. Carleton has done enough in his day for comic opera to deserve the tribute. He sang a pretty little air, a sort of love-song, to a donkey, which waded its ears in appreciation of the tender passages; people laughed so much at the animal that they neglected the pathos of the vocalist. The funny man of the piece was Louis Harrison, who is not so funny, either; he

makes jokes in a subdued undertone, as if he were ashamed of them, as he probably is. Still he will pass muster. Perhaps the best bit of acting among the men was done by Charles Dungan as the duke; he really showed comic power, and set off the sulky jealousy of Carleton and the fierce passion of the chevalier, as is the wont of funny men in opéras comiques. Miss Laura Clement, as Charlotte, and Miss Ada Dare, as the duchess, took all that was left for ladies to do, after Lillian Russell was through. Miss Dare has a beautiful face, and might become an attractive *ingénue*. Finally, the dancers and figurants included among them a larger proportion of beauty than such contingents can generally boast of. Mr. French has evidently learned that men will go to see pretty girls, in whatever play they are cast.

The libretto of "La Cigale" was written by MM. Chivot and Duro, and was Englished by Burnand, who was the wittiest man in England till Punch was clapped on his head like an extinguisher, and put out his light. The music of the original play was composed by E. Audran, who is known to the world as the author of "Olivette" and "Mascotte," and who is at present the most conspicuous of the successors of Offenbach, and Auber, and Boieldieu. But for reasons of his own, Mr. French had the airs rewritten, to the extent of nearly one-half of the whole, by Ivan Caryll. Thus it is impossible to say how much of the music must be credited to the Frenchman and how much to the Englishman. There is, happily, enough for the glory of both. "La Cigale" is an uncommonly bright little opera, with fetching melodies, harmonious concerted pieces, and brisk choruses throughout. It is one of the very best of the new operas that have been written since "Dorothy" and "Erminie." For, first to last, the audience never tire of the singing; if they had their way, they would have more of it.

To appreciate its merit, it must be compared with an opera like "Don Quixote," which is the work of a composer at Chicago, and the comparison is not unfair to the American, because, if we do not produce as good operas in this country as they do in Paris, managers are sure to import their pieces instead of consuming the native product. In the first place, there is not a bar in "La Cigale" which is open to a suspicion of plagiarism. When it was produced in Paris, it ran the ordeal of the most accomplished critics in the world, who are familiar with all the music that has ever been written, and who would have detected a steal in an instant. Men like Audran dare not borrow, because they could not expect to elude the sharp ear of the men who pass judgment upon them. This ordeal, again, is a standing admonition that new music must be bright, sparkling, melodious, catching, pathetic, or humorous; if it is not all these, the critics will pass sentence of death on the ground of dullness. The author of "Don Quixote" had no such danger to confront, nor beacon light to steer by. The piece he wrote was sure of a *succès d'estime* from the kindly regard of his fellow-townsmen, and from a patriotic desire to encourage native talent. But the advantage was a trap which lured him into careless composition and loose indulgence in reminiscence. His musical ear had not been trained by constant study of other operas. Many of his plagiarisms were probably unconsciously committed, and he had not had the opportunity of comparing his score with that of all the operas which were written by his predecessors.

Music being an art as well as a science, there is no impossibility in the birth of a heaven-born musical genius in San Francisco. But one who lives far from the musical centres will always, when he tries to translate his thoughts into numbers, encounter the obstacle that his technique is imperfect from the narrowness of his field of study, and that he may stray into unconscious plagiarism because he is not sufficiently familiar with what has been done before him. Here is where the French composer handicaps his rivals. In time, with assiduous study at home and abroad, the disadvantage may be overcome; how much work it will involve can be reckoned by a patient observation of the elaborate work in "La Cigale."

At the theatres during the week commencing September 12th: Lillian Russell in "La Cigale"; Charles Frohman's comedians in "The Junior Partner"; the Tivoli Company in "The Musketeers"; the Grisner-Davies Company in "The New South"; "Drifting Apart"; and John Robinson's Circus at Central Park.

**Bulrushes Shaken by the Wind**  
Do not vibrate to the passing wind more readily than weak nerves vibrate to the slightest noise or other trivial cause of their disturbance, which would be disregarded by the vigorous. That benign tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, strengthens them through the medium of restored digestion, and thus remedies their supersensitiveness. Malaria, kidney and liver complaint, and constipation are cured by the Bitters.

— NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

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DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

**DCLXXII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 11, 1892.**  
Mock-Turtle Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Boiled Salmon, Anchovy Sauce.  
Broiled Squabs on Toast. Potato Croquettes.  
Baked Egg Plant. Tomatoes.  
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.  
Lettuce.  
Blanc-Mange. Raspberries. Lady Fingers.  
Fruits.

BLANC-MANGE.—Set on the fire, in a block-tin saucepan, one quart of milk, with the rind of a lemon and ten table-spoonfuls of sugar; stir occasionally to melt the sugar. Then melt about six ounces of corn-starch, with half a pint of milk, in a bowl. As soon as the milk rises, take it from the fire; take off with a skimmer the rind of the lemon and the skin that has formed on the top milk; put the milk again on the fire; turn the corn-starch into it; stir continually and very fast till it is very thick. It will hardly take a minute to get thick. Turn into a mold wetted with cold water, and put away to cool. When cold, serve with the following sauce: Mix well in a tin saucepan two ounces of sugar and two yolks of eggs. Then add half a pint of milk and mix again; set on the fire and stir continually; give one boil; take off, let cool, and serve.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

**The Ceramic Exhibition.**  
The exhibition of decorated china, which is to be held next week in Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s art-rooms, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, is already an assured success. Such an exhibition is a novelty in San Francisco, and the enterprising firm deserves the warm thanks of local art-lovers for inaugurating such an institution—for it is said that this exhibition is only the first of what is to be an annual event. Already, both amateur and professional china-painters, have sent to the exhibition splendid specimens of their work. Some are to be distinguished from the productions of the famous European potters only by an expert, while in other cases the decoration has taken an individual form that presages well for a distinctly Californian school of art.

Every lover of ceramics—and every woman who takes a pride in her tea-cups, her table-service, and the ornaments of her home is a lover of ceramics—should make a point of attending the exhibition. It will contain a charming array of pretty articles, and as everybody who is anybody drops in at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s art-gallery once in a while now, ladies will meet their friends there and be seen as well as see. In fact, it will be an event in the social as well as the artistic world. It will open on Tuesday afternoon, September 13th, and will be continued every day through the week, and on Saturday it will be open in the evening until ten o'clock.

The exhibition will be held in the spacious art-room, and in the smaller gallery there will be shown a superb collection of modern paintings, each of which is a masterpiece. The signatures include the names of some of the most famous painters of our day, and the collection having been made by a connoisseur of rare ability, the privilege of viewing them is a rare treat.

— H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.**  
KRELING BROS.....PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.  
Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Audran's Sparkling Opera,  
**THE GOLDEN HEN!**  
Monday, September 12th,  
**THE MUSKETEERS!**  
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

**IRVING HALL,**  
**TUESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 13, 1892,**  
**WM. H. SHERWOOD,**  
The renowned American Pianist, will give the only San Francisco Recital.  
Admission (including reserved seat) .....\$1.00  
Seats now on sale at Kohler & Chase's Music House, 26-28-30 O'Farrell Street.

**SUBSCRIPTION TICKETS FOR THE FOURTH SERIES OF**  
**Carr-Beel Saturday Popular Concerts**  
Can now be had at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.  
Single Subscription for Four Concerts, including Reserved Seat.....\$3.00  
FIRST CONCERT takes place SEPT. 24th, at 3 P. M. in Irving Hall.

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**THE BEST SHOW EVER ORGANIZED**  
**ONE WEEK** **Central Park** **POSITIVELY**  
**6 Nights** **MONDAY** **NO**  
**5 Matinees** **NIGHT,** **September 12** **PERFORMANCE**  
**COMMENCING** **SUNDAY.**

**JOHN ROBINSON'S**  
**MONSTER HERD** **BIG** **Bigger than Ever**  
**—OF—** **10 Shows** **Everything New**  
**Elephants!** **Giant Giraffe**

To which is added and will be presented, Free of all Extra Charge, the  
Wonderful Scriptural Pantomimic Spectacle,  
**KING SOLOMON!**  
1,000 people representing characters of the Wise King's Reign. 100 Beautiful Ladies in the Ballet.

**3 CIRCUS RINGS SIDE BY SIDE 3**  
**BIG CIRCUS COMPANIES**  
2, 4, and 6-Horse Equestrian Acts. Hosts of Perfected Artists.  
Myriads of Athletic Acts. Ascensionists, Aerialists.  
Aerial and Suspension Feats. Trapezeists, Wire-Walkers.  
Comic and Funny Features. Muscular Displays.  
Triple Mid-Air Sensations. Flying Rings, Balancing.  
Delightful Menage Acts, 30-Pony Act. Swinging-Trapeze, Juggling.  
Graceful Bareback Riding. Globe-Walking, Slack Rope.  
Tumbling and Clown Acts. Club-Swinging, High-Kicking.  
Conformation Displays. Caledonian Sports.

**THE RACES IN THE GREAT ROMAN HIPPODROME**  
2 and 4-HORSE CHARIOT RACES. SULKY RACES.  
STANDING RACES. ELEPHANT AND CAMEL RACES.  
FLAT RACES. JOCKEY RACES. OSTRICH AND BUFFALO RACES.  
WHEELBARROW RACES. MULE AND DONKEY RACES.  
STEEPLE-CHASE RACES. MAN AGAINST RACE-HORSE.  
SACK RACES. OBSTACLE RACES.  
PEDESTRIAN RACES. RUNNING RACES.

**3 MENAGERIES 3**  
—EMBRACING—  
**1,500 Rare and Costly Animals 1,500**  
At 10 o'clock MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 12th, the  
**\$300,000 FREE PARADE!**  
**FIRST PERFORMANCE AT 8 P. M. MONDAY**  
Two Performances Daily Thereafter at 2 and 8 P. M.  
**2,000 COMFORTABLE RESERVED CHAIRS.**



THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Poet—"Does my poem go?" Editor—"I will see that nobody in this office stops it."—*Truth*.

"Is this a free translation?" asked the girl in the book-store. "No, Miss," replied the clerk. "It costs fifty cents."—*Puck*.

Mrs. B.—"In my opinion, no one can be good-looking unless well dressed." The man—"And yet Venus was a success."—*Life*.

"Is that really a glass eye?" said Maude to the optician. "Yes, ma'am." "Strange! it is not transparent. How does the wearer see through it?"—*Judge*.

Maud—"How could you be so free with Mr. Gable, an entire stranger?" Kate—"He is not an entire stranger. He lost one arm several years ago."—*Boston Transcript*.

Jinks—"This railroad is a soulless corporation, is it not?" Filkins—"Yes." Jinks—"Well, then, I don't see what it can hope to gain by issuing half-price tickets to the clergy."—*New York Sun*.

Bushehead—"Baldine wears a bit of gauze veiling, with spiders embroidered on it, on his head these days." Paderewski—"What for?" Bushehead—"Oh, just to make the flies nervous."—*Truth*.

"Miss Blimms is so shy a creature, don't you think?" "Yes. She inherits that trait from her father." "I was not aware of that." "You would be if you had ever played poker with him."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"Miss de Trop had on the longest gloves last night that I ever saw. She buttoned them from her wrist to her elbow." "That's nothing. My girl buttons hers all the way from home to the theatre."—*Chicago News Record*.

Museum manager—"What's all this row about?" Assistant—"The show's over, and the freaks are getting ready to go home. The mermaid is raising a row because she can't find her shoes."—*Philadelphia Music and Drama*.

Penelope—"I don't like to see you dangling around with mere boys all the time. What do you find that's so interesting in that smooth-faced young Paris?" Perdita—"Why, Pen, his face isn't so smooth as it looks."—*Ex*.

Mr. Ely—"Do you freaks ever fall in love with each other?" Dime-museum manager—"Sometimes." Mr. Ely—"I suppose they act very queerly?" Dime-museum manager—"Yes, indeed; just like other people."—*Truth*.

George—"Suppose a fellow's best girl gets mad when you ask for a kiss?" Henry—"Take it without asking." George—"Suppose she gets mad, then?" Henry—"Then you've got some other fellow's girl."—*New York Weekly*.

"May I ask if that was your maiden effort?" inquired the reporter at the Woman's Rights Convention, edging his way around to the fair orator, who had just sat down amid loud applause. "It was not, sir," she replied; "I'm a widow."—*Chicago Tribune*.

Wife—"How did you get along while I was away?" Husband—"I kept house for about ten days, and then I went to a hotel?" Wife—"A hotel? Why didn't you go on keeping house?" Husband—"Couldn't. All the dishes were dirty."—*New York Weekly*.

Mr. Hall B. Roome—"Do you buy your sausage by the pound, Mrs. Hamoneg?" Mrs. Hamoneg—"Yes; why?" Mr. Hall B. Roome—"Nothing; only I would humbly suggest that in future you select a butcher-shop a little more remote from that institution."—*Puck*.

It is related that a chronic office-seeker died a few years ago, and his friends asked a well-known journalist for an epitaph for his tombstone. The journalist suggested the following, which was not, however, adopted: "Here lies John Jones in the only place for which he never applied."—*Blissard*.

Henry Irving is fond of relating a little incident that occurred to him when in a Dorsetshire village last summer. While passing a group of children, one of them eyed him so sharply that the actor said, "Well, little girl, do you know me?" "Yes, sir," was the reply, "you are one of 'Beecham's Pills.'" She had seen his face in one of their advertisements.

Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc. use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

—LADIES WILL FIND A VISIT TO THE PARLORS of the California Cloak Company, at 105 Post Street, a source of much pleasure. The splendidly lighted parlors offer every facility for inspecting the large stock of latest New York and Paris styles.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club.

The members of the Loring Club gave their first concert of the sixteenth season last Wednesday evening in Odd Fellows' Hall, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring. The club was assisted by Mrs. Louis Brechemin and Miss Ruth W. Loring. A large and fashionable audience was entertained by the following programme:

"Song of the Viking," Chadwick; "Proposal," Osmond; "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice," Saint-Saëns; "At Evening," Debussy; "On the Mountains," Abt; "Holiday Scenes in Karinthia," Koschat; "Bedouin Song," Foote; "The Ruined Chapel," Becker; (a) "To the Queen of my Heart," (b) "Heart's Devotion," Ford; "I Love My Love," Foote; "Jabberwocky," Chadwick; "At Sea," Buck.

Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mrs. Carnichael-Carr will give a series of Saturday Popular Concerts during the winter, and will provide programmes that will please all classes of music-lovers. The first concert will take place on September 24th, in Irving Hall. Two novelties will be presented, a violin solo, a Highland ballad by McKenzie, played by Mr. Beel, and a trio by Tschakowsky, played by the "Pop Trio." Tickets for the first concert and also for the season are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

William H. Sherwood has prepared an admirable programme for his piano-recital at Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, September 13th, which will be his only public appearance during his present visit to San Francisco. It ranges from Beethoven's sonata appassionata, op. 57, to a minuet in A flat of Mr. Sherwood's own composition. Among the numbers is Liszt's arrangement of the death of Isolde from Wagner's "Tristan and Isolde," which is new here.

Mrs. Marguerite Morrow announces for Friday evening, September 10th, at Irving Hall, a concert, at which she will be assisted by Mr. Sauvlet, pianist; Mrs. Fleissner-Levis, soprano; Mr. Harry Samuels, violinist; and Messrs. Mills, Fortesque, and other well-known artists.

RECENT WILLS AND SUCCESSIONS.

Mrs. Julia S. Hamilton has applied for letters of administration on the estate of her father, the late Judge James McV. Shafter. In her application, she states:

That to the best of her knowledge and belief, the decedent left no will; that the value of the estate is unknown, but it is estimated at about half a million of dollars; he owned real estate in this city worth \$300,000, real estate in Marin County valued at \$450,000; and personal property valued at \$30,000; his only heirs-at-law are the petitioner and two sons, James C. Shafter, of this city, and Payne J. Shafter, who resides in Marin County. Both sons have requested in writing that their sister's petition for letters of administration shall be granted.

By the will of the late Emanuel L. Goldstein, the following testamentary provisions were made:

The estate is valued at between \$1,000,000 and \$1,500,000, all of which is community property. Half of the estate is bequeathed to his wife, Mrs. Virginia Goldstein; Cecilia Moss, residing in Germany, who is a daughter of the testator by a former wife, is left \$50,000; Jacob Goldstein, brother of the deceased, is to have an income of \$300 per year during his lifetime; the remainder of the estate is left in trust to Jacob Frowenfeld for the benefit of the testator's six children by his second marriage, who are to have share and share alike. They are Mrs. Carrie Frowenfeld, wife of Jacob Frowenfeld; Mrs. Tillie Ackerman, wife of J. S. Ackerman; Mrs. Beckie Ackerman, wife of J. H. Ackerman; Mrs. Sophie Steinberger, wife of A. Steinberger; William Goldstein and Sanford Goldstein. Testator was seventy years of age at the time of his death.

The disposition of the late Mrs. Martin Murphy's estate, valued at \$5,000,000, is as follows:

In 1833, Mr. and Mrs. Murphy executed a trust deed by which James D. Murphy, of San José, and Patrick W. Murphy, of San Luis Obispo, were made trustees of the entire estate for the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Murphy, who themselves retained only a life interest. The property was transferred to the children thus:

To Patrick W. Murphy, an undivided interest in 800 acres of the Murphy Ranch, or what is officially known as the Pastoria de las Borregas Rancho; 2,219 acres of the Santa Margarita Ranch in San Luis Obispo County; also all adjacent parcels of lands confirmed by United States patent to Martin Murphy.

To Bernard D. Murphy, an undivided interest in the 800 acres of the Murphy Ranch, the property known as Washington Block; an undivided one-third in the Murphy Block and a lot on Light Street in San José; all the remaining interest in the Santa Margarita Ranch, or that portion not conveyed to Patrick W. Murphy, including parcels of land adjacent to the Ascension Rancho, about 5,223 acres; a one-third interest in the Atascadero Rancho, in San Luis Obispo County; all of the Cojo Rancho, in Santa Barbara County.

To James T. Murphy, an undivided 800 acres of the Murphy Ranch; 12,206 acres of the Ascension Rancho; and a one-third interest in the Atascadero Rancho. The Murphy Ranch, except 200 acres, is bequeathed to Patrick W. Murphy and Bernard D. Murphy in trust for James T. Murphy. The trustees are instructed to receive the rents, issues, and profits, and apply the same, in their discretion, to the use of James T. Murphy. It is also provided that the share of James T. Murphy shall be held in trust until he reaches the age of twenty-one years. He is now forty.

To Ellen C. Arques, an undivided 800 acres of the Murphy Ranch, an undivided one-third of the Murphy Block, a large lot in San José, a lot and improvements at the north-east corner of Clay and Stockton Streets in the city of San Francisco, the Jefferson Block in San José, an undivided 200 acres of the Murphy Ranch.

To Ellen C. Arques, an undivided 800 acres of the Murphy Ranch, an undivided one-third interest in the Murphy Block, a lot on Santa Clara Street, the Hanks Place (otherwise known as the home place), and the City Market property in San José.

To Martin William, Mattie, and Mary Taaffe, an undivided 800 acres of the Murphy Ranch, the Eriones Ranch, officially known as the La Purissima Concepcion Rancho, of 3,000 acres; the Linn place, adjoining the above; 12,206 acres of the Ascension Rancho, in San Luis Obispo County.

To Susanna Murphy, relict of Martin Murphy, Jr., a block of land at the Paterno, in San Francisco. All the live-stock, farming implements, and such like on the ranches in San Luis Obispo and Santa Barbara Counties are bequeathed as follows: One-third to Patrick W. Murphy, a like proportion to Bernard D. Murphy, one-sixth to James T. Murphy, and one-sixth to the four Taaffe children. The live-stock, farming implements, etc., on the Murphy Ranch in Santa Clara County are bequeathed in equal proportions to Patrick W. Murphy, Bernard D. Murphy, James T. Murphy, Mary Ann Carroll, Ellen S. Arques, and the four Taaffe children.

An offensive breath, either from indigestion or catarrh, is cured by using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

STAGE GOSSIP.

"The New South," a play by Clay M. Greene and Joseph R. Grismer, will be given its first production on Monday night by the Grismer-Davies Company.

In speaking of Roland Reed's reappearance in New York, the *World* says:

"The engagement will be noteworthy from the appearance of Miss Irene Everett, a Californian, who made her debut with Mr. Reed's company in Boston two weeks ago, and proved herself a remarkably competent artist."

Mrs. Bernard Beere's company for her American tour has been radically changed. Among others, Isabelle Urquhart has retired, and the new people include Miss Grace Huntington as leading lady, E. J. Buckley as heavy villain, Maurice Barrymore as leading man, and Marius as stage-manager.

Henry Miller is said to do a very clever piece of acting in the title-role of "Frederic Lemaître," the curtain-raiser that precedes "The Junior Partner." The company that will be seen in the latter includes Mr. Miller, Hugo Toland, Thomas Ryley, May Irwin, Mrs. McKee Rankin, Emily Bancker, Phyllis Rankin, and others of less note.

Mrs. Potter is coming back to America after all. She has been engaged for a long tour by John Stetson, the Boston manager, and is to play in the same company with Kyrle Bellew, though Mr. Stetson made a separate contract with each of them. They are to try first a play founded on one of Zola's novels, and if that fails, they will fall back on their old repertoire.

Varney's light opera, "The Musketeers," is to be given at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Narcisse de Brissac, Phil. Branson; Contran de Solanges, Arthur Masson; Albe Pridalme, Ferris Hartman; Governor of Touraine, Edward N. Knight; Rigobert, George Olmi; Pichard, George Harris; Simon, Gracie Plaisted; Marie de Pontcourlay, Tillie Salinger; Louise, Emma Vorce; Superior of the Ursuline Convent, Irene Muller.

"Olivette" is announced for the following week.

Colonel Richard H. Savage's novel, "My Official Wife," has been dramatized, and is shortly to be put on the stage with Minnie Seligman in the titular rôle. She will act under the name of Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, however, and her young husband will also be in the company. He has been a prominent amateur for five or six years, and it is said that he once refused an offer of two hundred and fifty dollars a week to join the Lyceum Stock Company. His present salary is not mentioned. No overtures, by the way, have been made as yet to secure the services of Mr. Cutting, Sr., to appear with them.

The costume which Mme. Sarah Bernhardt will wear in Mr. Oscar Wilde's one-act play, "Salomé," consists of two parts, the long, flowing under-robe being of cloth of gold of splendid texture. It cost, by the way, sixty dollars a yard. This golden undergarment is hand-embroidered all over with large blue and salmon-colored flowers, with pearl centres of delicate shape, outlined with gold. Over this foundation hangs a shorter robe of brilliant yellow-silk gauze, also embroidered with huge flowers, with jeweled centres. Mme. Bernhardt has a special predilection for embroidery of the richest and most superb designs. Of the more common and less expensive style of appliqué work she will have none on her stage dresses.

Although the opera of "La Cigale" is spoken of favorably in our dramatic column, it may be well to say here that it is the opinion of another member of the staff that "La Cigale" is weak; that there is very little music in it, and what there is, is not good; that the only person in the troupe who made a hit is Mr. Hayden Coffin; that while Mr. Coffin is an agreeable and painstaking artist, his voice is a baritone, and not suited to a tenor rôle; that he is forced to sing much of his music in mezzo-voce, in falsetto, or in his head, as you prefer to style it; that the low-comedy business of Louis Harrison sounds like the gags of negro-minstrel end-men, and grows very tiresome indeed; that the only good thing to be said for the performance is that the scenery and costumes are handsome. Otherwise the performance is not worth attending, and is distinctly dull.

The circus at Central Park will be the thing to see next week. A circus always draws large crowds in San Francisco, and this one is particularly good. In it, old John Robinson has combined the best features of ten big shows, and in each of the three rings in which the entertainment goes on simultaneously and side by side, the performers are all stars in their special lines. Acrobats, tumblers, jugglers, clowns, trapezists, club-swingers, contortionists, bare-back riders, and fair equestriennes are among the specialists, while the array of "beautiful lady riders" and "handsome cavaliers" will dazzle the youngsters and amuse older spectators. The performance begins with a pantomimic spectacle, representing King Solomon's decision between the two mothers and the visit paid him by the Queen of Sheba, which concludes with an elaborate ballet that takes up an hour of the evening. Then the athletic and other circus features are given in the three rings, being followed by chariot and other races, and finally there is the managerie to see. This latter has been notably augmented in the past year, and among its fifteen hundred animals are to be seen examples of some

of the most rare, strange, and savage beasts ever captured alive.

Managers in New York are seriously considering the adoption of restrictions such as exist in Europe when plays are produced at the theatres. An Eastern dramatic writer thus states the case:

"During all of the first-night performances this season, the theatres have been crowded to the doors by actors, and it is claimed that these unemployed professional workers have spent their time between the acts in telling one another and the general public how much better the play could be done if it were done in some other way. Several plays have been so severely criticised in this fashion, that the impressions that they were failures were spread about town, and the managers suffered not only from the box-offices, but in spirit and pride as well. In most of the European theatres, actors are undesirable spectators. Every theatre has a list of regular patrons of the house, to whom first-night seats are sent, and paid for on receipt. The critics are restricted to one seat for each paper, and the managers keep a very keen eye upon the tickets which are sold to the general public. As a rule, actors who apply, even to purchase seats, are compelled to wait until the manager can be consulted upon the advisability of admitting them. Any such rules as these would probably raise a howl of indignation in this country, but the managers are becoming more and more severe in their efforts to exclude professional actors from their theatres. Mr. Augustin Daly not only refuses to admit them free to his theatre on first nights, but he takes extraordinary precautions to prevent them from buying seats."

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it was working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

There are two kinds of "newspaper enterprise," with both of which the world has grown familiar. The first sort is real, and has won for modern journalism universal admiration. It sent Stanley to Africa, Forbes to the Soudan, and

places its signaling sentinel on every battle-field, at every post of danger, at every point of capital interest, and supplies at any cost what all mankind wants—news. The other kind of enterprise is embodied by the New York *World*. The *Sun* of the same city has recently done the newspaper trade and the public a service of no inconsiderable value by trapping and exposing to shame and contempt this exemplar of mock-auction journalism. Nothing could be more beautifully complete than this exposure—no, not even the polishing off to which the able Mr. Corbett, of San Francisco, treated Mr. Sullivan, of Boston. The *World*, like all newspapers of its kind, is apparently unable to do anything honestly, so imperious is the behest of habit. It is so accustomed to bragging and false pretense that it has acquired a taste which moves it actually to prefer the counterfeit to the real. For a long time it has made a special feature of its European cable dispatches. There was no reason—no financial reason, at least—why these should not have been genuine, for Mr. Joseph Pulitzer has acquired a fortune by means of his mock-auction sheet, and could easily afford to pay the cable tolls, which are not high. But the real news of the earth is not always stirring enough to suit the sensational *World*; and its management is too mean to compete with journals like the *Herald*, of New York, and *Times* and *Telegraph*, of London, in supporting a globe-encircling corps of correspondents. So, prompted both by miserliness and love of the fraudulent for its own sake, it has been the custom of Mr. Pulitzer's great metropolitan daily to assume a cablegram if it had it not—that is to say, to manufacture English, German, French, and Russian "news" in the New York office. It is not surprising that, by this method of creating instead of recording events, Mr. Pulitzer's news factory occasionally distanced and bewildered the *Herald*, *Times*, and *Telegraph* by printing what seemed to be highly important intelligence which their costly correspondents and bureaus had failed to secure. Indeed, these "scoops" became so frequent as to excite general surprise and wonder among newspaper men; and, as the *World* never neglected to crow over every such proof of its superior enterprise, its reputation as a newspaper willing to spend any quantity of money for news and possessing a genius for "getting there" grew apace, and, of course, brought endless nickels over the counter of the business office to the smiling Mr. Pulitzer.

But the venerable Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, who was born a long, long time ago, and who has been in the newspaper business a sufficient length of time to know all about it, quietly dug a pit for his esteemed contemporary, and into that pit his esteemed contemporary tumbled with that strange stupidity always sooner or later shown by knaves, which never ceases to astound honest folk, who are wont to credit rascals with a mysteriously superior acuteness. One day last month, the *World* published what purported to be a long cabled interview from Milan with the astronomer, Schiaparelli, anent the opposition of Mars. The *Sun* next day declared it to be bogus, and offered to turn over one thousand dollars to the *Tribune's* Fresh-Air Fund if the *World* could demonstrate to the contrary; Mr. Nicholson, the business-manager of the *Tribune*, to be the judge. The *World* at once exhibited to Mr. Nicholson what seemed to be the original copy of the cablegram, and invited the *Sun* to hand out the one thousand dollars. This seemed a triumph for the *World*; but the venerable Mr. Dana, so far from being dismayed, calmly declared that the *World* people had possessed themselves of the cable company's blanks and done the necessary writing in New York. Mr. Dana added that another *World* "cable," printed on the twelfth of July previous, a pretended interview with Bismarck at Kissingen, was also of home manufacture. This new charge led the *World* establishment to commit an act which it is to be regretted the law does not sufficiently cover, for, morally speaking, it was no better than forgery and an attempt to defraud the *Sun* out of one thousand dollars. Conscious of the truth of Mr. Dana's accusation, the *World* people had the villainy to set about manufacturing false evidence. On August 8th, almost a month

after the pretended interview had appeared in its columns, the following message was cabled to the Dalziel News Agency, in London:

To DALZIEL, London: Cable following message back immediately as its reads, commencing with address and date line—DALZIEL, New York *World* special, Berlin Kissingen correspondent telegraphs I just met Prince Bismarck in Kurhaus promenade, etc.

Then followed the whole bogus Bismarck interview. The anxiety that prevailed in Mr. Pulitzer's world-scooping news factory was indicated by further cable instructions, such as:

AUG. 8.

To DALZIEL, London: Please give repetition precedence over everything. Rush.

AUG. 8, 1892.

To DALZIEL, London: Send repetition fifty words to sheet, commencing with sheet one. This also vital.

AUG. 8, 1892.

To DALZIEL, London: Please rush repetition correctly from beginning. Don't alter text one iota. Fifty words to sheet.

The Dalziel Agency at London, finding itself in possession of a seemingly important interview with Bismarck, naturally desired to make use of it in the London press, and cabled to the *World* for permission to do so, whereupon this frantic message flew back under the ocean:

AUG. 8.

To DALZIEL, London: Private. It impossible under any circumstances you use Bismarck interview. *World* printed it month ago. Will not print it again.

The *Sun* went to the further trouble of getting from Professor Schiaparelli a denial that he had been interviewed for the *World*, and another from Dr. Hoffman, who was represented in the bogus interview as having introduced the correspondent to Bismarck. The *World's* answer to the *Sun's* crushing array of evidence is to call the *Sun* a liar and to present a statement from the cable company that on August 8th the *World* sent no dispatches to the Dalziel Agency. As the New York branch of that concern is located in the *World* building, it doubtless was obliging enough to do the telegraphing on its own apparent account for its landlord and customer.

It is a terrible showing up, and all Eastern newspaperdom has been shaken by it. One universal cry of horror at the *World's* wickedness has gone up from the press, and doubtless the cry is sincere so far as it concerns the balked effort at swindling, of which the cablegrams we have quoted are the proof; but the condemnation of news "faking" is largely insincere, for there are very few daily newspapers that have any conscience at all about giving increased value to news matter at the small cost of a lying word or two at the beginning of it. The newspaper which can refrain from marking as "By telegraph" news that comes by mail is a rarity. The most respectable of them do this thing without a qualm, but it is not often that one goes into the business wholesale as the *World* has done. Its sins in this regard forced it, in a manner, into the crime whose detection has covered it with confusion and disgrace. In order to save itself from conviction as a liar, it was compelled to turn forger.

Right upon the heels of this shameful business, Mr. Pulitzer's paper committed another piece of "enterprise" which has filled all New York with indignation. When the *Moravia*, flying the cholera flag, came into the harbor, the city editor and four reporters went down the bay on a tug and attempted to board her. They were arrested and taken to the quarantine station. Here they essayed to escape, and were only deterred by a threat to shoot them. Health-Officer Jenkins was weak enough to let them off with a reprimand—a criminal blindness to duty on his part, for the least he should have done would have been to immerse these "enterprising journalists" with the immigrants at quarantine. Not satisfied with this experience, the *World*, a few days later, secreted a reporter on the quarantine commissioners' steamer, which was about to start for the infected fleet. He was discovered and thrown ashore. As the sort of reporters who are willing to do this kind of work are quite as likely as the average immigrant to offer first-rate advantages as a breeding-ground for the cholera bacillus, the feelings of New York at these repeated endeavors of the *World* to



bring the disease through the quarantine barrier may be imagined.

The day after this, the *World* printed what purported to be an interview, with a portrait, of the pilot who had brought in the *Moravia*. The interview never took place, and the portrait was that of a pilot who had been dead a year.

What the continuing and ultimate effect of the *Sun's* exposure and these attempts to get a "cholera scoop" will have upon Mr. Pulitzer's business as a mock-auctioneer of news, remains to be seen; but every honest man should hope that it will be disastrous. The effect upon other sensational sheets—and the *World* has imitators in plenty throughout the country—will be good, for a time, at least, since they have been given a scare that has turned the hardened cheeks of their editors blue. Temporarily the *World* is suffering, for the public as well as the profession has shown immense interest in the whole nasty business. Mr. Pulitzer must be repenting, like his forefathers, in sackcloth and ashes, for the heaviest punishment that he could conceive of has descended upon him—the sales of his paper have fallen off. His business rivals are exultantly printing the information that bundles of unsold copies of the *World* are being shipped by whole canal-boat loads up the Hudson to the paper-mills. This is satisfactory news, as it indicates that the people are exerting their power, which they always possess, to correct the course of a newspaper when they have cause to disapprove of it. However, the fact that canal-boat loads of unsold *Worlds* are going to the paper-mills does not prevent these same boat-loads from figuring as part of the "circulation." It is a little way they have in daily newspaper business offices. It is not the papers sold that are counted, but the papers "circulated." And this canal-boat business is "circulation."

The utter absurdity of intrusting the defense of a nation of sixty-five millions of people to the local authorities of a single city, even though that city be New York and the man in power be Son-in-law Jenkins, has been decisively illustrated by the startling news that there have been five deaths from true Asiatic cholera in the city of New York in the past ten days. Secretary Foster went to New York to lend the aid of the Treasury Department to the exclusion of cholera and the perfecting of quarantine arrangements, but found himself powerless before the omnipotent Jenkins. Governor Flower, the chief magistrate of the great State of New York, was obliged to doff his official head-covering and make obeisance when he came into the presence of the lordly Jenkins; while such small fry as the mayor and aldermen of the city of New York have not yet emerged from the eclipse into which the great and only Jenkins has cast them.

And yet a committee of the *Normannia's* passengers, represented by several physicians on board, have declared that the arrangements made by Dr. Jenkins have been faulty in the extreme, and E. L. Godkin, of the *Nation*, has been unsparing in his criticisms of Jenkins and of everybody connected with him. The truth is, of course, that no human being could do the work which Dr. Jenkins has assumed to do, and that he is at fault chiefly because he has not been willing to accept the offers of assistance made to him. He has blundered through excess of confidence in his own abilities. But his is one of those blunders that are worse than crimes, and not all his self-esteem will sustain him in the crisis which his folly has brought upon the nation.

The Fire Island episode is another striking case in point in favor of the Federal Government assuming control of quarantine. The island lies several miles distant from the mainland, has extensive hotel accommodations, having been quite a popular summer resort, and would seem well adapted for a quarantine hospital ground. The owners sold it to the State a few days ago for that purpose; but the people who live on Long Island, in the vicinity of Fire Island, are making strenuous objections to the transfer, and have even offered forcible resistance to the taking of possession by the quarantine officials. Governor Flower showed himself fully alive to the emergency; but had the matter of quarantine been in the proper hands, there could have been no such emergency. It is disgraceful to a government like that of the United States that a board of health of the village of Islip could defy all authority and block every attempt to furnish adequate relief to passengers on plague-stricken ships.

Some doubt has been expressed as to whether the Federal Constitution furnishes sufficient warrant for Congress to pass a national quarantine law; but this doubt, we think, is rather fanciful than real. The regulation of commerce with foreign nations is an undoubted attribute of the general government, secured to it by the most positive and direct terms of the constitution, and it requires no distortion of words out of their ordinary meaning to make it clear that the admission or exclusion of passengers, or, still more, their detention until the propriety of their landing is deter-

mined, is just as much a regulation of commerce as the imposition of import duties on merchandise, or the exclusion of articles detrimental to the health and safety of the people of the United States.

At any rate, if this power be not broad enough to cover the case of quarantine, the opening clause of Section 8 of Article I, which gives Congress power "to provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States," is certainly ample. The "common defense" is not, by any fair construction, necessarily limited to defense against a foreign fleet or a foreign army, approaching our shores with hostile intent. The power is given to Congress and the duty is imposed upon that body to defend the United States against any and all dangers which may threaten us as a nation. How undoubted, then, is its duty, in behalf of the general welfare, to provide against the inroads of a pestilence which might be more fatal than the combined armies and navies of the world.

There is another aspect of this case which, if such thing be possible, is even more conclusive. If the control and regulation of quarantine be left to the several States, it is clear that we may have as many quarantine systems as there are States. We may see State arrayed against State; one refusing admission to new-comers from another; one State requiring ten days' detention and another forty; one State paying no attention at all to sanitary measures or to methods of prevention; and one State, for selfish purposes, throwing open its doors to the very classes of immigrants which other States have rejected. There would be just as much reason in the several States having each its own tariff system as to permit each to have its own quarantine regulations.

President Harrison has declared, in explicit terms, that he will, at the next session of Congress, recommend the immediate passage of an act to provide against the importation of infectious diseases. Senator Harris, of Tennessee, has given much study to this subject, and, some time ago, as chairman of the Senate Committee on Epidemic Diseases, introduced a bill to prevent steamship companies from importing infectious or contagious diseases; but his efforts were defeated by certain sticklers for States rights, who would rather sacrifice all their wife's relatives to cholera or yellow fever than to abate a jot or tittle of their strict construction of the constitution. Now, however, that an advance guard of the plague has slipped in at the doors of the nation, it may be that the States-righters will not be so vehement in their opposition to a measure which, as they must know, is for the common defense and general welfare.

But even this is not enough. There must be fashioned a complete and symmetrical quarantine system, to be carried into operation by the Federal Government all over the United States, the quarantine officers being vested with all the power necessary in the premises. The system should reach to every portion of the country where it can be of any use, and should be operated from a central point. In other words, and to put it in brief, we must have a national system of quarantine, instead of forty or more systems which may be inefficient and which are almost sure to be inharmonious and conflicting.

Now that peace has been restored at Buffalo, and the machinery of the law has been set in motion to punish crime at Homestead and Cœur d'Alene, the time has come to review the labor situation as affected by the recent outbreaks. In every case the strikers have been defeated. But have the defeats been of such a nature that they constitute a guaranty against warfare in the future?

In one point of view, they may be said to imply a sounder condition of public opinion than has prevailed for many years. Strikers, especially when their antagonists have been corporations, have enjoyed public sympathy in a marked degree. Until now, when a strike occurred, the public saw on one side a rapacious employer, bent on grinding his workmen to the earth; on the other side, a toiler contending for the right of putting bread in his children's mouths. Hence, both civil authorities and militia were slow to suppress disorder by force, and the general tenor of legislation favored labor instead of capital. With few exceptions, the press, when not neutral, leaned to the side of the strikers.

The events of the past month or two have tended to dissipate this unwholesome condition of opinion. At Homestead, at Cœur d'Alene, at Buffalo, and at the mines of Tennessee, the action of the militia has been vigorous and unhesitating, and, as a general rule, the civil authorities have also done their duty. No one—for, after all, old Senator Palmer and the *World* do not count—has seriously claimed that there were two sides to the controversy. Everybody, outside of the labor organizations, has seen that there was but one side, which was the side of order. The intelligent press in all the leading cities has been unanimous on that side. The net lesson of the events of July and August should teach workmen that attempts to redress their wrongs by assaults on persons or property, or by usurping

control of other men's business, must end disastrously, however it may have been in the past. That is a decided gain for order, good government, industry, and labor itself.

The event does not indicate that there has been any diminution in the sympathy for the laboring class, which led in the past to the espousal of their cause, whenever they became involved in conflict. The sympathy is as lively as ever, and the hope that plans will be devised by which they can better their condition is still cherished among humane men. But the people at large have come to the conclusion that the working class, as at present led, is foolishly led, and that an orderly commonwealth can not suffer it to carry out its doctrines. They have lost faith in the wisdom of nearly all the labor leaders, and in the honesty of many of them. They do not believe that a sound assertion of the rights of labor necessarily implies a denial of the right of a son to learn his father's trade, or of a non-union man to earn his bread; and when they find that strikers deny both, they see danger to the State in so untenable a contention.

It was in the nature of things when the labor unions spread over the country, and their power became centralized in federations and orders, that they would fall under the control of leaders who were not their wisest or their purest members. It was almost inevitable that the scum would rise to the surface. The public observe that it has done so. In the *Philadelphia Times* of August 28th a page is devoted to communications from labor leaders on the present crisis. Not one of them contains a valuable suggestion or a luminous thought. They are all filled with the idle chatter of ignorant demagogues. A leading member of the executive board of the Knights of Labor says that the employer who makes money by hiring the labor of others is "a robber" who will one day be called to account. A leading member of a union says that all would be well if foreigners were kept out and the government owned and ran the railroads. Another leading light in the unions demands that employers should pay their men for time lost on strikes. Another says that "death is the only escape for the workman from weary toil." Yet another says that foreign workmen should be driven out of the country. Yet another proposes a law to make employers and employees friends under all circumstances. And another says that an employer should be required to satisfy the State that his men are "contented" and earning wages that suit them. What can be expected from organizations whose controlling minds have nothing better to suggest than such stuff as this? And these men are fair types of their class. Samuel Gompers has expressed his hearty sympathy with the Homestead rioters, who claimed to be part owners of the Carnegie works and shot down the watchmen who came to guard them; and Terence V. Powderly has given utterance to similar views.

It is because the recent strikes have thrown a search-light on these men that the public have changed their views on the labor question. Every one can see where such leadership must lead and how necessary it is to prevent its gaining headway. Life would not be worth living in a country where such men gained sway. Neither property nor society could withstand the shock. Anarchy would be installed, and on the wreck of the institutions which it has taken us a hundred years to build, some wild Irishman or crazy German would plant an edifice conceived in madness and cemented with blood. Americans are not ready for that quite yet.

It is amusing in the extreme to see the Democratic free-traders of this country squeal and squirm over the report of Labor Commissioner Peck, of New York, who was originally an appointee of Cleveland. The mildest epithet they apply to him is traitor, and most of the Democratic press depict him as a composite picture of Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold. And yet all that this Democratic official did was to tell the truth about the condition of wages, labor, and production in New York under the first year of the new tariff. As he has always done, he sent out his letters of inquiry to the representatives of the great labor-employed industries of New York, received the replies, collated and digested them, and published the results.

Some of the figures which he published, and which have so excited the ire of the free-traders, will bear repetition, in view of the fact that the Democrats still insist that the McKinley Bill represses production and tends to reduce wages. Mr. Peck found, comparing 1891 with 1890, that the increase in the value of products in a single year in New York was \$31,315,130; that the amount of wages paid in the State was greater by \$6,377,925 than during the preceding year; that the total average increase in yearly earnings was \$23.11 for each person; and that there were 89,717 instances of individual increase of wages during the year in the industries reported to the bureau. Because of this report, which has not been challenged or disproved by any argument except denunciation, Mr. Peck has been denominated an "ignorant and venomous liar," though his re-



port disproves the accusation of ignorance and it is hard to find any venom in cold tables of figures.

Where the shoe pinches need not be explained. Unless the Democratic party can make the workingmen of the great industrial State of New York believe that protection is inimical to their interests and that tariff for revenue would better their condition, Mr. Cleveland will be elected to stay at home. Without New York, as the *Argonaut* has already shown, the election of Cleveland is an impossibility, and the Peck report puts a spoke in his wheel which will most certainly defeat him, unless the effect of the showing made by the report can be nullified in some way.

Wherever there is an expression of public opinion, the beneficial effects of the doctrine of protection, as exemplified by the McKinley Bill, are conceded. The election in Vermont, which put the State back on to its former level of Republicanism, was followed shortly by the election in Maine, which resulted in a real, old-fashioned Republican victory for the Dirigo State. Among the members of Congress elected from Maine was Thomas B. Reed, who, it is safe to say, will not be any more a *persona grata* to the Democrats in the Fifty-Third Congress than he has been heretofore.

Colorado, which had been assumed to be ready to bolt the Republican party on account of the silver question, held its State convention a few days ago, and swung into line with a vim which bespeaks a good majority in November for the Republican ticket; and even Nevada, which has been coquetting with the People's party, is showing signs of coming to its senses and remaining loyal to the party to which it owes its existence as a State.

Some discontent is expressed occasionally that the present campaign lacks enthusiasm, but if so it is because the Democratic candidate fails entirely to arouse it. The Republican party has no need of a burrab campaign. Their candidate has shown himself, by the very best test possible—that of a four-years term in the Presidential chair—a man of ability, integrity, discretion, wisdom, judgment, and pure patriotism. All the brass bands that could be mustered between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans could not swell President Harrison's fame beyond the point which his unimpeachable record has made, nor could any number of torch-light processions inspire in the breasts of the American people any more confidence than they now feel in the candidate of the Republican party. It is the Democrats who must win on enthusiasm, if anybody, but Grover Cleveland is no more capable of arousing enthusiasm than a jelly-fish would be, while as for Adlai E. Stevenson, he is known and will continue to be known only for his record in chopping his way through the civil-service law which Cleveland was pretending to defend and uphold.

An unbiased review of the whole situation will convince any one that Harrison's chances of election are at least one-third better than they were in 1888, and that nothing short of a political cyclone or tidal-wave can translate Cleveland from Buzzard's Bay to the White House. Tariff for revenue only is so well known to be unsuited to the needs and wants of the American people that the Democratic party is cursing its own stupidity in allowing Henry Watterson to force it on the Chicago convention; and the long delay in Cleveland's formal letter of acceptance is said to be due to his anxiety to dodge the free-trade issue and yet stand on the platform of his party. He is a good phrase-maker, but he will find that it surpasses his skill in juggling with words to do away with the flat and uncompromising declaration of that platform, that protection to American labor and industries is inhibited by the Constitution of the United States.

Whether the doctors do or do not succeed in stamping out a few cases of cholera now in New York and maintaining a strict quarantine this fall, the opinion is general that the epidemic may be expected next year. On past occasions, the pestilence has taken a year to cross the Atlantic. It ravaged Europe in 1831, and appeared in America in 1832; its advent in this country in 1849 was preceded by a European visitation in 1848. It would be in accordance with precedent for it to become epidemic in the United States in 1893—the year, by the way, of the Chicago Exposition.

The German doctors, with Bismarck's physician at their head, are educating people to the belief that our present system attacks the epidemic at the wrong end. We establish quarantines at populous seaports where there is no present disease. These quarantines can not be absolute, like the old lazaretto of the Levant; doctors, nurses, and purveyors of food, fuel, medicines, and other supplies, must have access to the vessel in quarantine, and must return from it to the centre which the quarantine is intended to protect; and certainly there is no reason why a doctor, or a nurse, or a grocer, or a ship-chandler should not carry the germ of infection about with him just as well as an immigrant. In the meantime, having exhausted our energy in attempts to prevent the cholera from getting into places which are healthy, we make no effort whatever to confine the disease to the places which are infected. Would it not be more logical to

try to prevent cholera from getting out of Hamburg and Havre than to endeavor to prevent its getting into New York and Quebec? As between a quarantine and a *cordon sanitaire*, the latter seems by far the more sensible plan of arresting the march of a plague. If it can not get out of its own nest, it certainly can not get into other nests.

Let us suppose that, when first the epidemic made its appearance at Astrachan, that seaport had been circled by a military line which had forbidden ingress or egress and had sealed up the place hermetically. If the cordon had been made so tight that no human being could get through it at any point, what would have happened? We have Dr. Virchow's word for it—and he has just returned from an exhaustive study of the epidemic in Russia and Germany—that cholera can not travel through the air; therefore, if no person carrying about him cholera germs could get out of Astrachan by land or water, the disease would never have ascended the Volga, would never have reached St. Petersburg or Moscow, and would, after a given time, have died in its cradle for want of matter to feed on.

Again, let us suppose that when the cholera broke out at Hamburg, about August 18th, the German authorities had besieged that city as closely as they besieged Paris twenty-two years ago—allowing no vessel to leave, no train to depart, no individual or parcel of goods to get through the lines—it is plain that the cases which have been traced to contagion from the sick at Hamburg would not have occurred, and that the alarm which pervades the world would not have been aroused. The plague would have been walled in, and could not have spread. In course of time, vigorous measures of sanitation, fumigation, and disinfection would have extirpated it in its hot bed, and, meanwhile, the rest of the world would have had no grounds for terror.

It is not too late to adopt these preventive measures against a possible revival of the plague next year. All the maritime nations should be willing to cooperate in the work. With the aid of the telegraph, it would be an affair of a week to conclude a sanitary treaty between the United States, Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Spain, binding each nation to furnish a contingent of sanitary inspectors, with a field corps, to take charge of the work of isolating disease-centres, and pledging each country to bear its proper share of the expense of the work. Up to date, New York has spent thousands on its imperfect quarantine, and, if the cholera comes next year, the Eastern seaports will have to count their outlay by millions. If the object sought can be attained by besieging the cholera where it is known to exist, a much smaller outlay would suffice.

When a mad dog makes its appearance in the streets of an Eastern city, the wise course is to lure it into some barn, where it can bite no one and it can be shot at leisure; not for every man to shut his own door and let the dog roam the streets and bite those who have not found shelter. The cholera is our mad dog. But, instead of trying to shut it up, we let it loose, so that it can spring at people's throats; and each of us, in turn, consoles himself with the thought that we have barricaded our own particular front door. This course is as silly as it is selfish.

If the cholera continues to rage at European centres, the President will probably stop the movement of immigrants, or for that matter of all travel between Europe and the United States. But intercourse can not be wholly suspended between the two continents. Europe must have American food, and the central valleys where it is grown would not submit to total exclusion from their markets. A complete embargo on European trade would mean bankruptcy to our farmers and starvation to the European masses. Therefore, steamers would continue to ply, though immigration were suspended. But sailors, stokers, firemen, and naval roustabouts are just as likely to carry cholera germs on their persons as other people; and if they sailed out of infected ports, there would be little gained by the stoppage of immigrants. If the war is to end in victory, it must be carried into Africa. The cholera must be fought where it is, not where it is not.

When Sullivan went down before the abler fists of Corbett, the normal mind took it for granted that that would be the end of him. The normal mind quoted to itself the lines of Byron on another crushed fighter, in a different branch of the art:

" 'Tis done—but yesterday a King!  
And armed with Kings to strive—  
And now thou art a nameless thing:  
So abject, yet alive!"

The invincible vincible, the unlickable licked! The normal mind had adjusted itself to the existence and obtrusive renown of the only Sullivan, as it adjusts itself to all things in time, including defective sewers, cholera, small-pox, and municipal politics. Consequently, when the champion was tumbled on the sand a hattered, bleeding, groveling heap of stale flesh, there occurred a sudden gap on the wall of the mental picture-gallery. The normal mind craned its neck over the edge of the precipice of The Was, and, regarding with mixed awe and satisfaction the wrecked What Is,

thought of Charles Phillips's remarks on the same warrior of whom Byron wrote. "He is fallen!" exclaimed Mr. Phillips, as unnumbered thousands of school-boys have declaimed after him. "We may now pause before that splendid prodigy, which towered among us like some ancient ruin, whose frown terrified the glance its magnificence attracted. Grand, gloomy, and peculiar, he sat upon the throne, a sceptered hermit, wrapt in the solitude of his own originality."

But the normal mind turns out to have been quite mistaken about Mr. Sullivan. All the reflections appropriate to a sympathetic view of fallen greatness are inapplicable. It would occur to one that a mere slugger, necessarily holding his preëminence solely by strength of arm, would, when vanquished, be worse off than Napoleon the First on St. Helena, Napoleon the Third at Chislehurst, James of England in exile in France, or any other dethroned and helpless monarch, since it is to be presumed that such exalted personages had the solace of reasonably good intellects to tell them of the essential vanity of earthly honors and station, whereas what philosophy can a two-legged brute of a whipped and disgraced pugilist summon to calm the wild chagrin of his tumultuous and eternally embittered soul? The answer is that he hasn't any soul, and is therefore proof against the sort of tumult mentioned. The normal mind is incapacitated by reason of structure from entering into that of a fellow-being built on the plans which an All-Wise Creator followed when he constructed Sullivan and his kind. However much decent people may have been disgusted with the combat in the ring, those who possess humor can not but have been diverted by the subsequent proceedings. Sullivan was not only whipped in such a way as to show that he was no match for the stripling Corbett, but in such a way as to prove that he never was a fighter, really—only a human bull, able by sheer strength to rush upon and overbear weaker men without skill—that, in short, the earth has been bestridden for a dozen years by a hogus terror, a sham "champion." Is the trounced boaster and swaggerer, the exposed humbug, asbamed? Not at all. "I am still John L. Sullivan, ain't I?" he inquired, with placid pride, of a reporter, who asked him if he would accept a proffered "benefit" at his conqueror's hands. "Sullivan"—he spoke of himself with solemn respect in the third person, observe—"must make his own way, and can't take no favors of the clever young fellow that licked him." Under stress of thrifty advice he has abandoned this dignified attitude; but what a noble notion of importance those stately sentences expressed! To the deuce with philosophy in defeat; one whom heaven has endowed with egotism has no use for it. Sullivan feels that his greatness is something apart from his ability to fight, and apparently he is right. An empire crumbled when he fell—an Irish empire, chiefly; but his kingless subjects are still loyal. Poland groans under the Russian yoke, but does not love the Russian tyrant; Alsace and Lorraine are governed by Germany, but yet love France; the States lately in rebellion accept the verdict of battle, but there are statues of Lee, and Johnston, and Davis, with flowers in plenty for their pedestals. The Irish of the slums of New York and Boston, and the saloons of every American city, which the proud and sensitive race frequent, are loyal to "John," and John knows it. Millions offer him respectful sympathy from bleeding hearts, and will pay their pitying dollars for months to come at the doors of theatres where the fighter who can't fight will condescend to "act." The brute is for them clothed in a pathetic mantle of misfortune. Though deposed, John L. continues to be the pugilistic pope.

There is something not altogether humorous in this aspect of the grotesque business. Thackeray defined a snob to be one who meanly admires mean things. What shall we say of the millions of American citizens—voting citizens—who can find in this gross, mindless animal, Sullivan, an object to revere? Any one may properly admire physical prowess and courage, but that is a sentiment at the opposite pole from the horrible reverence and positive affection which the slums and the groggeries entertain for this drunken bully, debauchee, and spendthrift, whose only semblance of virtue is the mad wastefulness of a roystering sailor on shore-leave. The Irish of Boston once talked of sending him to Congress, in imitation of the Irish of New York, who testified their appreciation of Slugger Morrissey in that flattering fashion. There are districts in the American metropolis, and possibly in Boston—the city has been Hibernicized—capable of repeating that performance, which forms so agreeable and pride-inspiring a paragraph in the republic's history. Sullivan's greatness is not to be punched away, that is plain. We owe much to Ireland, and, therefore, let us be grateful that the Irish race, by which we are mostly governed, was spared the maddening grief and humiliation that would have come to it had its hero been felled by "the nigger, Jackson,"—as certainly would have happened had the two fought—instead of by another Irish-American. The "belt," thank God, remains in Erin's keeping.



## SEXTON GARCIA.

The Curious History of his Many Marriages.

Arthur Deering, fresh from a New England village and as green as the hills in June, was stenographer to a railroad magnate who was making a trip to the Mexican capital. Their private car had been cut off at a town on the way the day before, when leave of absence had been given to Arthur. He had strolled about the old Mexican town and finally made his way to the cemetery, where he made the acquaintance of Sexton Vicente Garcia, who had told him yarns for drinks, each yarn one drink, and had entertained him, as long as Arthur's flask lasted, with anecdotes of certain dead persons whose tombs he pointed out.

Having another free day, Arthur went immediately to the cemetery, but, not finding Garcia there, he went out on the road in search for a possible place to make inquiries, and seeing, about a block off, what looked like a grocery-store, he went to it and entered. There, leaning up against the counter, stood the sexton, talking away to the proprietor, who paid seemingly but little attention to him.

Arthur, on recognizing his acquaintance of the day before, approached and accosted him: "Good-morning, sexton."

"Ah, *valgame Dios*, good-days, *amigo*, frent," and the Mexican threw his arms around Arthur, then took his hand and shook it earnestly. "How des do, frent?"

"I'm well," answered Arthur.

"Take drink," quickly said the sexton, then, turning to the proprietor: "*Agame favor dos copas*" ("Do me the favor two drinks"), but the latter shook his head. The sexton's credit was exhausted.

"He won't do it," said Garcia. "I married his sister, he don't like me, you ask him."

Deering put twenty-five cents on the counter, and the sexton took both drinks, as Arthur declined his; and also inadvertently Garcia pocketed the change.

"Ah, frent, much dam pleasure to see you. I wonder all night bydam if I see you again. I feel like father to you. Got eight bits?"

"What's that?" asked the American.

"Eight *reales*. One dollar, you got that?"

"I think so," answered Deering.

"Give it me. President Diaz give you fine time, cost you thousand dollar. I give it, one dollar."

"I haven't any money to throw away," said Arthur.

"You want story, no, frent?"

"Yes, you know that."

"You starve for story and won't give me dollar. Bydam I one time give five thousand dollar for cross."

"Well, give me that story."

"No, you want me to give everything, you give nothing. I got sickness, *tisis*. You let me tell story and die. Medicine cost two bits."

"I didn't know that you were ill," said Arthur, apologetically; "here's a quarter; buy yourself medicine."

"Ah, frent, much thanks; you have good, but dam slow heart. I notice that yesterday. I buy mescal, after while you give me more money and I buy medicine. Now I give story:

"Thirty years ago bydam, I very rich merchant, plenty store, plenty business. One time I want to take five thousand dollars, this town to dam town over mountain. Diligence go every day, but every day thief take diligence. Then I think. I take one mule for me, one for money. Early in morning, three o'clock, I leave store. I think to myself, if dam thief take diligence on road, take me too; so I don't go road, I find new way. Bydam I big fool. In five days I lost. That very bad. Nothing to eat and plenty water. That make sickness."

In memory of that sad occasion, the sexton took his third swig at the cup of mescal that Arthur's quarter had bought him.

"Then I think. If I kill mule, I have to walk. If I kill other mule, no can take money. Then I sit down and starve. Die every day for five days. Then two man come. I yell '*Viva, viva, amigos!*' give me mescal, give me food!" One man be ask me 'How long you hungry?' I say 'Two weeks bydam.' That I think make me very important. 'Ab!' he say, 'you sanctified now. Go to sky sure,' and he hit me on head with carbine. When I wake up, I find two little sticks tied together like cross on my thin stomach. No mule, no money, all gone bydam."

Garcia drained the last drop of mescal.

"How you think I get home? Fly? No; got no wings. I walk home. Ha! ha! ha! That good joke. You think I walk home on my head? No. On my foot? Ha! ha! ha! Two jokes, give me four bits. Two jokes, that's cheap bydam."

"Say, look here, sexton," said Arthur, "you are trying to make a fool of me. After being starved for five days and knocked on the head, how could you walk home, and if you knew the way, why didn't you return before starving?"

"Ah!" said Garcia, quickly, "you forget I had cross, and man with cross and bydam sanctified nearly a saint, and a saint can do anything he dam like. I hold my cross in front and follow, that take me home. You don't know Mexico, frent. Miracle here every day. You like more miracle story?"

"No," said Arthur, decidedly; "but I would like to learn something of the habits, and customs, and peculiarities of these people—their home life."

"Ah, life of domicile! I got one. Give me dollar and I show you."

"What do you want a dollar for?" asked Arthur, showing his irritation in his voice.

"Bread and cheese for domicile," answered Garcia, soberly, "to take to sick wife."

"Well," said Arthur, hesitatingly, "all right, here it is."

With this, the Mexican bought two bottles of mescal, a piece of cheese, and two small breads, on seeing which Arthur frowned.

"Adios, *amigo*," said Garcia, winking to the proprietor, then, motioning to Arthur: "Come, frent," he started down the street with the latter, turned a corner, went two blocks more, then into a lane, where the sexton, stopping in front of an open door, directed Arthur to enter, then followed him.

"*Señoritas*," said the sexton, bowing low to some women who were seated around the room; "*señoritas, mi amigo, my frent*."

"Do these ladies speak English?" asked Arthur, after he had bowed.

"No, not dam word."

"That's too bad."

"Oh, never mind, frent. I talk enough. Take the trouble to sit down," said Garcia. "These ladies my wives."

"Your wives!"

"Yes; what's matter?"

"Why, there are six of them!"

"Oh, I forget one, Inez, my daughter—other five wives."

"Why, that's bigamy!"

"Oh yes, very happy; all love me very dam much. I very good man bydam. Wait moment, I open bottles, then we take a drink."

"How in thunder is it, sexton," asked Arthur, surprised to the utmost limit, "that you have five wives?"

"You want to hear that story—how I get married?"

"I should say so. Five, by thunder!"

"Yes, five bydam. I tell you story. You see that lady in corner, that Marcelina. I know her long time. She widow when I marry. She have house, she have money. I go to see her. I say 'Good-days, Marcelina.' She say 'Good-days, Don Vicente.' I say 'You very pretty, you very nice, you got very fine forms'—all that I say. She say 'Much thanks.' Then I say she 'lovely *encantadora*.' She say 'Much thanks.' Then one day I say 'Marry me, beautiful woman.' And she say 'With much thanks, mister.' I go to priest; I say '*Padrecito*, I want to marry.' He say 'Fifty dollars.' I answer him, 'Oh, *padrecito*, she dam ugly, only thirty dollars.' He make me no *contestacion*. I go to Marcelina and say to her 'Oh, beautiful woman, lend me fifty dollars.' She want to marry very much—just like widow, all time want to marry quick. She lend me fifty dollars. I make count of money, put thirty dollars in one pocket, twenty in other; then I go to priest and count out thirty dollars and put him on table. All white money—one, two, three, four, thirty dollars—beautiful money. The *padre* bydam he look very bard at that beautiful money. When I see that I put it in my pocket and say 'Padre Serafino, you got any cognac?' He say 'Yes, got a leetle.' Then we take drink, wait while, take two, three more. Then I tell him, '*Padrecito*, I don't think bydam I get married. I drink thirty dollars cognac.' He say that 'very wrong, very hurtful; he marry me for thirty dollars preference to see me drink so much white money.' That make me think, when he drink he like money more. Then I say 'Got any more cognac, *padrecito*?' 'Got a leetle.' He more generous now, after have take drink. He bring out half-bottle, we drink and finish bottle."

"Well," he say, 'Son Vicente, you good boy, I suppose I marry you for thirty dollars.' I say to him 'No, *padrecito*, sbe dam ugly, you marry her yourself.' 'What you say that for?' he say, angry; 'don't you know I priest?' 'Yes, I know,' I say; 'you no got thirty dollars?' He look very sad and say he no got a dam cent. Then I take out from other pocket twenty dollars and count very slow—one, two, three, four, twenty. He very astonished. 'That only twenty dollars,' he say, 'other time you have thirty dollars.'

"No," I say, very serious, very truthful face, 'I never have thirty dollars. I count five dollars two times, make sound like thirty.' '*Madre de Dios!*' he say; 'how you astonish me.' Then he make big groan. '*Bueno*, give me the money, and I marry you for twenty dollars,' and he have water in eyes when he pick up bottle of cognac and see all gone."

"You see I very good merchant, very good beezness man. You lend me hundred dollars and bydam I astonish you quick. That way I marry la *encantadora* Marcelina. 'That fat woman over there. She ugly bydam, but she have house and money, and feed herself and me and daughter and other five wives, so it does not importance me so much dam ugly fat. I treat her dam fine, she have most money of all.'"

By this time, the sexton and the women were about finishing the second bottle. Arthur was very much interested by this insight into Mexican life. He had read his Bible, and remembered that in the early times men had many wives, so, though surprised, he was not shocked at the idea of a man in a foreign country having five wives, all living in harmony. The Mormons in Utah even have many wives. The faces of the Mexicans seemed Oriental to him, and, in addition, the sandals that the mass of the population wore and the way the women had of covering up their faces as they went along, further impressed him as being Oriental. All this worked upon him. Everything was so different, so strange to this verdant young man, fresh from a New England village, that he was dazed, and, while he did not take all that the Mexican said as absolutely true, the very position that the sexton held lent him a certain dignity and trustworthiness in Arthur's eyes.

Meanwhile, the sexton and the women kept up a jabber in Spanish. Deering did not want to disturb them, but the story of Garcia's first marriage had whetted his desire to learn more, so he touched the man on the shoulder.

"Excuse me, sexton," he said, "but you told me about only one wife."

"Ah! yes; but the ladies very dam tired. Mescal all gone. Can't tell any more story to-day."

"Do they want any more drink?"

"Certainly, always! Hot climate in Mexico," answered Garcia.

"What does it cost?"

"One dollar."

Arthur took his purse, which held four dollars, out of his pocket, and opened it slowly; then, still hesitating, took out a dollar. This hesitation the Mexican did not allow to continue; he put his hand over Arthur's, and, closing upon it, took the money and handed it to the youngest woman of the party, saying, in Spanish: "Run, girl, two bottles mescal, bread, and cheese."

"You want to hear about my second wife, all right. One day Marcelina get very angry with me because I ask for money. I get mad too because she no give it. Then I think. I know old woman with three cow. She fifty year old, too old for me—I sixty, like wife twenty—but she have three cow. I go to her, I say 'I want to marry you, Josefita.' She answer me, 'But you married to Marcelina.' I say: 'Yes, by the church. I marry you by the law, you then legitimate wife. Mexican law say church marriage not lawful, not good. Children from church marriage, natural children, but children from civil marriage get father's money.' That I tell her. That true, too. I never tell lie to anybody. I very truthful. That my dam nature. I talk to her sweetly. Then after while she say 'Yes.' Then I go to see judge. I say 'Mr. Judge, I want to marry; but got no money, got three cow. How much cost?' He answer me 'Twenty-five dollars.' Then I say 'You take cow, Mr. Judge?' He say 'Yes, enough cow.' Then I ask him how much he pay for cow, and he tell me 'Fifteen dollars for good one.' I say '*Bueno*, I bring you cow, then I bring you woman.'

"I go away and never let Josefita see me bring her three cow from *potrero*. One cow no good, eight year old, never have calf, but very fat, look like be mother two months. I tell judge that splendid cow, magnificent. He look at cow and think going to have calf. I very good merchant, you see. He pay me twenty dollars for that cow and fifteen each for other two. Judge know plenty law, but don't know anything about cow. Dam fool to do beezness with me. Then I think to myself, I be dam fool too, like judge, if I marry old woman, now I have money. But then I think again, if I don't marry I go to jail. I very good merchant and too bydam smart to go to jail, so I marry old woman. Then I take her here. *Caramba*, Marcelina angry! She sorry then she no give me money. After while Josefita she say to me: 'Vicente, go bring cow from *potrero* and put him in corral.' I tell her I sell cow to judge that day. Oh! then she angry too. She yell! very strong dam yell. Then she say '*Jesus de mi vida*, you then sell me soon too.' I say 'Too bad you not cow, can't sell you. Sorry.'"

Garcia turned around on hearing the young woman enter with the mescal.

It was past one, and Arthur felt hungry, so he took one of the breads and a piece of cheese and asked the sexton for a glass of water, who, thereupon, spoke to the young girl. This one motioned to the young American to follow her, which he did, through two rooms into a back-yard, where she gave him, from an earthenware jar, a tumbler full of water as cool as if taken from a deep well. When Arthur had drunk, Inez threw her arms around him and, though he struggled, gave him a smacking kiss on the cheek. She wanted to repeat the feat, but Arthur sprang away, his fair skin tinged a deep red.

"What would your father say, Miss Garcia, if he knew this?"

"No *ablo Ingles*. Otro *abrazo*" ("I don't speak English. Another embrace"), she said, and made for him; but Arthur jumped and ran into the house, joining the party, the girl following, laughing merrily.

All noticed Arthur's extremely red face, and looked to the girl for an explanation.

"Don *Pendejo*," the girl said, laughing, "*me dio un beso*" ("Mr. Fool gave me a kiss").

"Ah!" said the sexton, "you want to marry my daughter? All right. Take her."

"I'm too poor to marry," said Arthur, giving the first polite excuse that occurred to him.

"You got three dollars," answered the sexton, "that's enough. Come here. *Ben aca, Inez*."

When Arthur saw Inez making toward him, he jumped up and ran to the door. This caused all to rise, seeing which Arthur grabbed his hat and scampered to the middle of the street.

"Come back," shouted the sexton. "You got three dolars. *Valgame Dios*, come back!"

But Arthur felt the kiss of Inez, the dark one, burning on his cheek, and he shook his head and went his way, regretting that he had not heard the three remaining romances of the sexton's life.

FRANK LORINGEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, September, 1892.

Enterprising young men who contemplate going into the burglary business will be pained to learn that it does not pay. The annual report of the London police department proves this in black and white. There were something over two thousand burglary and house-breaking cases there last year and the average amount secured by the burglar was less than five dollars. When one takes the risk and the night-work and the rather long hours into consideration, it is easy to see that the burglary business is not a paying one in London, at least. Besides, some one of the fifteen thousand London policemen is very apt to take hold of the burglar and lock him up.

A chimney-piece, carved from wood over six thousand years old, has recently been erected in a house in Edinburgh. The wood, an oak-tree, was found in a sand-pit at Musselburgh, thirteen feet below the surface. Professor Geikie, of the geology chair of the University of Edinburgh, after personally examining the strata in which the oak was found, said the tree—which was five feet nine inches in diameter—must be at least six thousand years old and describes it as a relic of neolithic man. It was in a fine state of preservation, due to the sand, and was easily workable.



## WOMEN'S ARTS AND DRESSES.

An Exhibition of their Work and of the History of Costume.

Thanks to the Exposition of Woman's Arts, lately opened in the Palace of the Champs-Élysées, feminine costume has assumed the importance of a social question, to be treated either with becoming gravity or with the light, semi-humorous style so familiar to French lips and to the French pen. This exhibition presumes to trace the history of costume from the earliest times to the present day, as well as to show us the best productions of the French female art world, and a good selection of the arts and industries that come specially within the feminine province. Had the programme been carried out to the full, we had had a show as interesting as the promised one of Chicago; but the Union is a semi-private affair, with limited resources. Its intentions are excellent, its capabilities small; its principal merit lies in being suggestive.

An equestrian statue of Joan of Arc is the first thing that meets the eye on entering. No maudlin bit of plaster sentiment, that proud, iron-clad figure on the war-horse. I have heard that the Duchesse d'Uzès was much surprised she was not invited to lend for the purpose her statue of the maid modeled by her own aristocratic hands: for, as you know, the heroine of the Boulanger episode does many things, and sculpture is one of them—but Frémiet's work is so infinitely superior in all ways. There are there a few really admirable groups sculptured by women artists. The wife of Bernadotte—the painter whose good luck it is to form the subject of endless art discussions—shows a woman nursing her child, she crouching on the ground just as Bernadotte himself loves to depict the female form; and Mme. S. le Dieu, an allegory of "Work and Study"—manual work being represented by a young woman, with a distaff and book; learning, by a child puzzling over her A B C. The two galleries devoted to the pictures by female artists contain some few first-class works, and many that are well above mediocrity. Among the former are the portraits and genre paintings by Henriette Brown—a Frenchwoman, with an English name—of whom the present generation knows little, a counterpart of Rosa Bonheur, content now to rest upon her laurels; or one or two minor pictures by Marie Bashkirtseff; a portrait by Mlle. Abbema; some sea-pieces by Mme. la Villette, who has spent every summer for the last twenty years painting on the sea-shore; flowers and fruit by Mme. Madeleine Lemaire; and a selection of the best works of the students of the Julian studios who have won their spurs at the later Salons.

In the industrial sections there is nothing very new to arrest our attention. It is the History of Costume which claims our notice—for its own sake, to begin with, and also because it has suggested such endless commentaries in the French press. We are told that the art of dress is the most spontaneous of all arts, and it needs only a peep at the bead necklaces, the feathered head-dresses, and embroidered loin-cloths of the savage tribes to be assured of the truth of this; also that it flourished long before any class distinctions were made. It were as natural to primeval man to deck his body with outward ornament as to the birds to plume their feathers in the pairing season; it is a natural instinct of the beast. And luxury and extravagance are only phases of the same instinct. Sumptuary laws promulgated against extravagance in dress never had more than a transitory effect; its caprices rise superior to edicts and restrictions. Nor is it fair to try and throw the blame on our condition of society more than another. Monarchies may have helped to foster it, but it has always flourished under republics, and nowadays, if the relative amount of money spent in fine clothes *per capita* were reckoned up, I am much mistaken if we would not find the United States at the top of the list.

The century of Louis the Fifteenth and Louis the Sixteenth was the golden age of aristocratic social life, and dress then occupied the thoughts of men and women alike, but it was the privilege of the higher classes only. The first Revolution transformed the Old World completely, yet it did not do away with a taste for pretty raiment—or what was thought pretty in those days—it merely generalized it; the love of dress survived the downfall of the monarchy and all the old institutions.

It is most interesting to study the rise and fall of one fashion and another by means of the collections of old engravings, photographs of pictures of the different schools, fashion-plates, tinted wood-cuts, caricatures, and barber's blocks that constitute the "History of Costume" as exhibited in the Palace of the Champs-Élysées. The cynic will tell you it is the history of human imbecility. Marivaux declared once, being in a spiteful humor, that studying womankind from a certain standpoint, they seem so ludicrous it is a wonder we will have anything to do with them! Yes, there have been, and still are, fashions that deserve ridicule. The Empress Maria Thérèse read her daughter a salutary lesson when she returned the portrait of the lovely Marie Antoinette, whose head-dress was surmounted by a cockade ten inches high and a plume of feathers to correspond, accompanying it with a message to the effect that there was doubtless some mistake, and they had sent her the portrait of an actress and not that of the Queen of France!

Some old English caricatures of the last century and the beginning of this show us to what absurd lengths fashion will go when given the rein. A certain latitude must be allowed for exaggeration, of course. The various protuberances in particular are portrayed in monstrous form, now they are put on in front, now behind; the crinoline of a later date, however, was quite as ridiculous, though more decent. "Good morning, madame"—the salutation is pronounced by a gallant, who, to obtain a glimpse of the fair one's features, is forced to poke his head into the orifice of her telescope bonnet. Others—frail beauties of the Restoration—wear hats so wide in the brim that they can protect from sun or shower a numerous crowd of admirers. An engraved portrait, by David, of an elderly female, whose bonnet is the

exact reproduction of a Roman helmet, tied beneath the chin with satin strings, had such a fascination for me that I could not take my eyes off it. Still, reflecting on the matter in cold blood, is it worse than the blonde wig and diamond coronet surmounting wrinkled threescore-and-ten that we have all come across this winter, with its artificial eyebrows and cherry lips, and wonderful ruff in finely spun threads of silver to hold in its place a vacillating jaw?

For years we have considered the modes of the First Empire as sadly lacking in modesty, and gradually we are drifting into the same channel; draperies and petticoats are discarded one by one (some of the most *fin de siècle* among us dispense with petticoats altogether, and wear tights beneath their dress-skirts), and even the much derided short-waisted bodice is donned by Parisians of the best society. Aristocratic dames of the eighteenth century, obliged to kneel on the floor of the coach, because the head-dress was so tremendously tall it could not be otherwise accommodated, find a parallel in later times. Yet, perhaps, the *coiffeur's* art had reached more perfection, on the whole, in that frivolous century, when *grâces piquantes* were considered the acme of beauty, than in our age of good form and "grooming." What an astounding collection of head-dresses is shown at the Palais des Champs-Élysées! Of course there is the legendary *Belle Poule* coiffure—a three-mast frigate fully equipped, majestically sailing on a sea of undulating locks. But I am not sure that the names bestowed on those creations of Legros and Leonard are not more curious than the head-dresses themselves. Fancy a nineteenth-century matron weighed down by a "windmill," an "Eurydice," a "*pouff au sentiment*." The last is a mass of flowers, fruit, and birds nestling in a friz of close curls surnamed "a wood." Still I confess a secret liking for one of the Duchesse de Chartres's *pouffs*, which was made up of three separate groups of figures—a woman nursing a baby in the centre (representing young Louis Philippe and his nurse), on one side the duchess's favorite bird, a parrot, pecking a cherry, and on the other the figure in miniature of her page—a pet negro; the whole construction was ornamented with locks of the duke's hair. How deliciously named, too, are the "cabbage," the "mouseteater," and the "palings" head-dresses! The Revolution is grim even in its fashions. What a horrible idea for a woman to have her hair arranged "*à la victime*"—that is to say, caught up in a rough tuft, as if by the bloody hand of the executioner, leaving the throat bare for the knife!

Costumes and various articles of dress were no less amusingly denominated a hundred and fifty years ago. 'Tis said of a famous beauty and actress, Mlle. Dathi, that she appeared at the opera one night attired in a robe of "suppressed sighs," garnished with "superfluous regrets"; her "perfect candor"—that is to say, her mantle—was furnished with "marked attentions"; her hair was surmounted by a "certain conquest"; the ribbons of this fetching cap were made up in "downcast eyes," bows; while she tucked the tips of her fingers in a "momentary agitation" muff! This verges on imbecility. More like our own times is the rage for giving queer names to colors. They had their "penniless adventurer" gray, and their "dying mouse" color, their "*cuisse de puce*" and "*ventre de puce*," which originated in a joke made by Louis the Sixteenth, who declared that a dress Marie Antoinette once appeared in was the exact hue of a flea. The Louis Fifteenth *panier* has been retained as the name for all excrescences on the hips; but in the beginning they were really something like baskets, and were made in osier, and those of quite a small size were called "*considerations*," the large ones being dubbed "*royales*," and when wooden hoops were added, they became "*criardes*." The Revolutionary dresses, being more simple—very simple, sometimes; a muslin robe open up to the thigh, a tunic of spangled gossamer hardly veiling the form beneath—bore less quaint names; the *fichu menteur*, the voluminous scarf tucked into the bosom of the bodice and giving it fictitious proportions, is one of the best.

And what a fertile subject for musing and psychology there is in the eighteenth century patches! What barbarian imagines that the spot where the little black wafer was placed was a matter of indifference? He knows not, then, the subtle difference between the "*galante*" just by the corner of the eye and the "*passionnée*" beneath it, the "*engageante*" placed close to the lips and the "*assassine*" on the bosom. Talk of the language of flowers, the language of dress was infinitely more eloquent. A whole intrigue might be carried on by means of colors—the set of a bow, the place of a patch here or there; and as for the hair-dresser, he was capable of putting an entire romance into action. One can imagine an episode of love—or, rather, gallantry, for the existence of eighteenth century love between a Louis the Fifteenth dame and her suitor is problematic; how the latter must have leaped for joy when his flame received him attired in a "*souffirs étouffés*" robe, with a *passionné* patch beneath her piquant eye. No good nowadays for a nineteenth-century youth to search for encouragement in the cut of his lady-love's tennis-blouse or the knot of her mannish tie.

PARIS, August 25, 1892.

PARISINA.

A London paper, mentioning a recent anarchist meeting, says that speeches were delivered in Yddish. This is a term employed to designate the queer mixture of Hebrew, German, and other words that is called Jargon in New York. Jargon is so extensively spoken and read in that city that it is profitable to issue several newspapers in that language. The expression, "our esteemed Jargon contemporary" is occasionally found in the Jewish papers of the higher class, and its use does not imply any disposition to speak slightly.

Wishing to mark the extremes of social gradation, King Frederick William the Fourth used the expression: "*Vom König bis zum Künstler herab*" ("from the king down to the artist.")

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joel Chandler Harris, author of the "Uncle Remus" sketches, is about to revisit his birth-place on the African coast, where his parents were once engaged in missionary-work.

The distinction which Lord Salisbury proposes to accept from the crown in reward for his services as prime minister is, it is said, to be the privilege of wearing the Windsor uniform.

The French "human ostrich," Cligno, has a new trick. He swallows a watch. The spectators watch him swallow and then listen to what they are sure is the ticking of the time-piece in his inwards.

The Duke of Norfolk, premier peer of the realm, is about to make another pilgrimage to Lourdes, in the hope of mitigating the condition of his son and heir, the Earl of Arundel and Surrey, who is blind, deaf, and dumb.

Verestchagin, the celebrated Russian painter, has settled himself at Moscow, where he intends to reside permanently, and he is going to paint a series of huge pictures representing the principal events of the French invasion of 1812.

The Khedive is making himself solid with the newspapers. He starts in with decorating the wife of the editor of *El-Ahnam* with the Order of the Chefakat—whatever that is—and by giving a newspaper proprietor a place in the foreign service.

"The first time I ever saw Lord Rosebery was in Edinburgh, when I was a student, and I flung a clod of earth at him. He was a peer; those were my politics." This is the opening paragraph of Barrie's new book, "An Edinburgh Eleven."

Home Secretary Asquith is not only "one of the very youngest cabinet officers on record," he is declared by high authority to be the most finished of the younger race of Parliamentary orators, for "restrained excellence of style" comparing with Mr. Gladstone.

Governor Pattison, of Pennsylvania, while rambling in the suburbs of Philadelphia recently, ventured to sit on a rustic-bench beneath a tree on private grounds; whereupon a child informed him that he was trespassing on her father's property, and politely escorted him off the domain.

Lord Morris, of Spiddall, who occupies Ireland's highest legal office—the lord chancellorship—is the possessor of a mellifluous brogue unsurpassed by any in his native Connaught. The otherwise dignified chancellor revels in his broad accent and in the embarrassment which it creates in court at all important public functions.

One of the last public appearances of Lord Dufferin before he returned to Paris, the other day, was at a West End music-hall. He sat out nearly half the programme, and seemed much amused with Chevalier's famous coarser-songs. The last verse of one of them was sung by the author in French, in honor of the ambassador.

When Verdi wrote "Aida" it was looked upon as his last work. Sixteen years later he wrote "Otello," and the year following "Falstaff." He now tells a friend that he thinks of writing another opera, with a libretto by Boito. "It is impossible for me to remain idle," said he; "I am still alive and well, and why should I not begin another work?"

Without specifying the time or place, the *Pall Mall Gazette* says that, "not long ago," Lord Houghton, the new Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, was announced to speak at a public meeting, but discovered Sir Charles Dilke also on the platform when the occasion arrived. Having learned that this gentleman was also to deliver an address there, his lordship arose and withdrew.

James J. Hill, of St. Paul, president of the Great Northern Railroad, while in New York a fortnight ago, secured the largest life-insurance policy which it is possible to obtain on a single human life from one company—one hundred thousand dollars. He has policies in many companies, and his life is insured in all for one million dollars. He pays about forty-five thousand dollars a year in premiums.

Emperor Wilhelm gave expression the other day to his high sense of justice. Count Hammerstein-Loxten had conducted the negotiations with the Duke of Cumberland which ended in the restoration to the duke of the large property sequestered by Prussia since the year 1866. In recognition of the count's zeal and success, his majesty presented him with his likeness, and wrote under the picture the following motto: "Right, after all, remains right."

To illustrate how widely read a man is Sir Lyon Playfair, one of the new British peers, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gives this list of authors from whom (in addition to several pure scientists) he quoted in his presidential address to the British Association in 1885: Emerson, Washington, Swift, Frederick William of Prussia, Shakespeare, Milton, Voltaire, Epictetus, Goethe, Virgil, Euripides, Swedenborg, Addison, Chi Hwangti, Antipater, Homer, Solomon, Jules Simon, Horace Mann, Ali Mahomet, Pope Philip the Good, Plato, Aristotle, and the Prince Consort.

Emin Pasha, the African explorer, when very young, became enamored of a pretty Hungarian girl, a child still in short dresses, and though "no words of love passed between them," as the story relates, Emin cared for her so that he has never since been fascinated by another woman. He became a recluse, almost a misanthrope, but years later when called, as a physician, to attend the wife of Ismail Pasha, he recognized in her his youthful sweetheart. After the vicissitudes of war and of long confinement in prison, Ismail died, and Emin, declaring his love for the first time, wooed and won the widow.



## THE MARQUISE'S RING.

What Came of a Pretty Widow's Walk in a Moonlit Park.

The Marquise de Beauminois had mourned sufficiently for a gouty and unreasonably jealous husband; she had recently laid aside her weeds and began a *neuvaine*, when an order from the king enjoined her to lodge a captain and his squadron, which had been sent to clear the country of an audacious band of brigands. The young widow submitted with good grace. While the dragoons had free access to the pantry she did the honors of her table for their chief, the Duc de Merval. Dom Maroufot, the chaplain of the château, acted as chaperon. Was there any need of this? The handsome captain paid much more attention to the good cheer than to the hostess, and everything went well, especially for the brigands.

One evening the duke was talking and drinking in the large wainscoted room, where he was playing chess with Dom Maroufot. The marquise, who wore an exceptionally elegant toilet, was asking herself, for the thousandth time that week: "Do I really love him?" and, though she reflected seriously, her question remained unanswered. She could not read her heart.

"That Gillou is a clever bandit!" growled the captain between two games; "for two weeks we have scoured the country, and still he slips through our fingers. I have decided to search for him to-morrow with the whole squadron."

"I beg you will do so, for then we can live in peace," exclaimed Dom Maroufot, calmly sipping a glass of chartreuse.

"Gillou is not an ordinary brigand," continued the duke; "they say he is educated, courteous, and even gallant upon occasion."

As the marquise drew her chair nearer to the table where the two men were sitting, the captain began to tease her.

"What a serious countenance, madame! I fear my stories about brigands have so frightened you that you will not dare to venture two steps in the park this evening."

Dom Maroufot looked at the clock, and said: "It is the hour for your *neuvaine*, madame; I will ring for the servants to escort you."

"No, no; it is needless!" replied the marquise, piqued by the duke's sarcasm; "I shall go to the chapel alone. I wish to prove to Captain Merval that women are not such cowards as he believes."

The old chapel was at the further end of the park. Once out of the house the marquise began to regret her bravado. The night was warm and balmy, breaths of spring floated through the air, and a nightingale sang in the distance. But Mme. Beauminois's mind was filled with the stories she had heard concerning Gillou—"the man in the mask," as the old women of the country called him. Under her fine satin corsage her heart beat so loudly she could almost hear it.

At last she reached the chapel, and, entering, knelt and said her prayers a little more quickly than usual. Then she rose and went toward the door. Suddenly she stopped and caught her breath. A masked man was standing near the holy-water vessel. As she saw that he remained motionless and in a respectful attitude, she took courage and advanced. The man dipped his fingers in the holy water and held them out to her. She did not dare to refuse the stranger's offer, and, thanks to a ray of moonlight that filtered through a stained-glass window, she remarked that he had a very beautiful hand. A little reassured, she made a sign of the cross and left the chapel.

She had scarcely taken ten steps before the unknown man rejoined her, and she started at hearing a voice which she thought she recognized, although it was singularly softened. "Will you allow me to offer you my arm, madame? Some accident might befall you, alone in this great park at such an hour."

He had such a courtly bearing that the marquise felt perfectly safe. As they crossed an opening bathed in moonlight, she examined her companion more closely. His mask left the lower part of his face uncovered. Not only did she believe that it was not the first time she had heard this voice, but it seemed to her that it was the same blonde mustache which had lightly touched her hand each evening in a discreet kiss. The masked man had, therefore, almost the same voice, mustache, and figure as the duke. She concluded from this that it was the duke himself. What could be more plausible? He had disguised himself to frighten her. This discovery gave her a great desire to laugh, and she leaned upon his arm with more confidence. Finding the adventure a pleasant one, she resolved to play her part of the courageous woman seriously, so long as it should please the duke to remain a brigand. Besides, what a fine occasion to learn, under cover of jocularly, the duke's real sentiments?

Meanwhile, the masked man contemplated the marquise's pretty features. With laughter upon her lips and a merry sparkle in her eyes, she seemed thoroughly content with her mysterious escort. Her heart beat, but not on account of fear. The two walked slowly along, when suddenly a nightingale on a branch near by launched its sweet refrain, and so awakened them to their silence.

"Do you often go out alone, like this, my pretty devotee?"

"Yes, M. Mask, all alone, just like this."

"Do you not know that Gillou and his band are running about the country?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Are you not afraid of brigands?"

"That depends upon the brigand."

"Myself, for example."

"Are you a real brigand?"

"Alas! yes, fair lady," he said, in a melancholy tone.

"Indeed!" replied the marquise. "I am sorry for you, but you do not frighten me a bit. Quite the contrary."

The stranger had such a grateful, tender, and eloquent look that the young woman was touched; she would never

have believed that the duke's eyes could express so much as that.

Her companion continued in a lower tone, as if to place their duet in unison with the mysterious stillness of the night: "Would it be indiscreet, beautiful princess, to ask why you went to the old chapel?"

"I went to finish my *neuvaine*."

"A *neuvaine*? And for what reason?"

"Guess."

"Are you married, my queen?"

"I have been, but—"

"Ah! I understand. You were offering up vows for the end of your widowhood."

"Perhaps that is it."

Without another word, he began to press a series of kisses upon the marchioness's taper fingers. She was at first so surprised that she did not think of placing herself on the defensive. Her hesitation increased the enemy's boldness, and when she thought of drawing away her hand, he had already abandoned it for a skirmish where the kisses closed her eyes.

Suddenly she escaped from her imprisonment and noticed that his eyes were fixed upon the brilliant diamond she wore upon her little finger.

"Do you want a pledge of pardon for your boldness?" she said; "here it is." And putting her whole soul into a last, playful smile, she added: "It is a talisman that will aid you in returning to the right path, my dear brigand. Remember that I should prefer to see you dead rather than unfaithful or a felon."

At these words, lightly uttered, the masked man showed extraordinary emotion. He took the ring with a trembling hand and placed it upon his finger. Then, with reverence this time, he kissed the lady's hand. His lips scarcely touched her fingers, and yet the sensation was so delicious for the marquise that she closed her eyes.

When she opened them she was alone.

She returned slowly, as though in a pleasant dream. In spite of her desire to love the captain, she had never believed him capable of such tenderness.

When she entered the house, she found the duke and Dom Maroufot at the chess-table. The duke was so absorbed that he did not even turn his head as she came into the room. She thought that really she was in the presence of a consummate actor. She leaned over his shoulder as he was moving a knight, and suddenly turned pale—the duke had no ring on his finger!

Without quite knowing why, she was afraid to question him.

The poor marquise passed a restless night. The kisses she had received nestled in the rosy dimples of her hands, in the wavy curls of her hair, and even upon her eyelashes. Toward morning, she had scarcely closed her eyes, when she was awakened by the sound of gun-shots, followed by the noise of galloping horses.

The duke, at the head of his dragoons, was returning to the château. He had alighted and was taking off his pistols when the marquise appeared.

"It's all over," he called out to her. "I brought down Gillou with a single shot. We had hardly got outside the park gate before the idiot came to us; he threw himself between our horses' legs, so to speak. And for fear that I might not recognize him, he cried out: 'I am Gillou! kill me!' He knelt down ten steps from me. When he saw me aim my pistol at him, he raised his hand in the air and held up something brilliant; then he cried out again, but I don't know what he said, for the report of my pistol drowned his voice. He fell, and one of my men picked up the brilliant thing he held in his hand. If you want it, here it is; it shall be your part of the booty. But there is a little blood on it."

The duke handed a beautiful diamond to the marquise. Recognizing her ring, she turned deathly pale, and suddenly she read clearly in her heart. She had never loved the duke, and now she detested him.—*Translated from the French.*

## COMMUNICATION.

## The Educational Qualification.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 10, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: In to-day's issue of the *Argonaut* is printed a communication from Mr. McLane, Jr., in regard to the educational qualification of voters, which you answer in an editorial in a way which is hardly plain to most minds.

As printed in the proclamation the amendments are:

Amendment No. 1 (Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 10) is in regard to the sessions of the legislature, etc.

Amendment No. 2 (Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 2) is in regard to the incurring of indebtedness over and above the income for the year, etc.

Amendment No. 3 (Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 11) is in regard to the election of lieutenant-governor and the pay of State officers, etc.

Amendment No. 4 (Assembly Constitutional Amendment No. 5) is in regard to the General Appropriation Bill and the Deficiency Bill, containing more than one appropriation, etc.

Amendment No. 5 (Senate Constitutional Amendment No. 14) is in regard to the power of cities to make charters, etc.

I have read them all carefully and fail to see wherein the "educational qualification clause" is mentioned as an amendment.

I am, together with many others, strongly in favor of such a law, firmly believing it to be the cure-all for the ills of the body politic, both North and South, and would like to vote and work for such an amendment.

Could you state in the columns of your paper the number of the amendment and its exact wording, and thus aid many whom I know to work for its adoption?

Respectfully yours, C. UNION BREWSTER.

[It is not an amendment. It is one of the acts to be voted on, and is entitled "an act to ascertain and express the will of the people of the State of California upon the subject of requiring an educational qualification of voters." It calls for this expression of the wishes of the people "in order that future Legislatures may be guided thereby in submitting amendments," etc. Constitutional amendments must be advertised by the governor for three months previous to the election at which they are to be voted on; the act referred to provides that it shall be proclaimed by the governor thirty days prior to the election. It will, therefore, appear early next month. But we would again advise Mr. Brewster and all other citizens to procure a copy of the pamphlet published at Sacramento by the Secretary of State, Hon. E. G. Waite, for free distribution, in which the text of this act will be found on pages 68 and 69.—EDS.]

Queen Victoria is about to publish a collection of music composed by the late Prince Albert, who was an accomplished musician.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## The Dæmon Lover.

Under the night,  
In the white moonshine,  
Sit thou with me,  
By the grave-yard tree,  
Imogene.

## The fire-flies swarm

In the white moonshine,  
Each with its light  
For our bridal night,  
Imogene.

## Blushing with love,

In the white moonshine,  
Lie in my arms,  
So, safe from alarms,  
Imogene.

## Paler art thou

Than the white moonshine.  
Ho! thou art lost—  
Thou lovest a Ghost,  
Imogene.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## Uialume.

The skies they were ashen and sober;  
The leaves they were crisped and sere—  
The leaves they were withering and sere;  
It was night in the lonesome October  
Of my most immemorial year;  
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,  
In the misty mid region of Weir—  
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,  
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here once, through an alley Titanic  
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—  
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.  
These were days when my heart was volcanic  
As the scorific rivers that roll—  
As the lavas that restlessly roll  
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek  
In the ultimate climes of the pole—  
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek  
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,  
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—  
Our memories were treacherous and sere—  
For we knew not the month was October,  
And we marked not the night of the year—  
(Ah, night of all nights in the year!)  
We saw not the dim lake of Auber—  
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—  
We marked not the dank tarn of Auber,  
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,  
And star-dials pointed to morn—  
As the star-dials hinted of morn—  
At the end of our path a lighthouse  
And nebulous lustre was born,  
Out of which a miraculous crescent  
Arose with a duplicate horn—  
Astarte's hediamonded crescent  
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said: "She is warmer than Dian;  
She rolls through an ether of sighs—  
She revels in a region of sighs—  
She has seen that the tears are not dry on  
These cheeks where the worm never dies,  
And has come past the stars of the Lion  
To point us the path to the skies—  
To the Lethæan peace of the skies—  
Come up, in despite of the Lion,  
To shine on us with her bright eyes—  
Come up through the lair of the Lion,  
With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,  
Said: "Sadly this star I mistrust—  
Her pallor I strangely mistrust—  
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!  
Oh, fly!—let us fly!—for we must."  
In terror she spoke, letting sink her  
Wings till they trailed in the dust—  
In agony sobbed, letting sink her  
Plumes till they trailed in the dust—  
Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied: "This is nothing but dreaming—  
Let us on by this tremulous light!  
Let us bathe in this crystalline light!  
Its Sphyllic splendor is healing  
With Hope and in Beauty to-night—  
See! it flickers up through the night!  
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,  
And be sure it will lead us aright—  
We safely may trust to a gleaming  
That can not but guide us aright,  
Since it flickers up to heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
And tempted her out of her gloom—  
And conquered her scruples and gloom;  
And we passed to the end of the vista,  
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—  
By the door of a legendary tomb.  
And I said: "What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legendary tomb?"  
She replied: "Uialume—Uialume—  
'Tis the vault of thy lost Uialume!"

Then my heart it grew ashen and sober  
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—  
As the leaves that were withering and sere,  
And I cried: "It was surely October  
On this very night of last year  
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here—  
That I brought a dread burden down here—  
On this night of all nights in the year,  
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?  
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—  
This misty mid region of Weir—  
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,  
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

—Edgar A. Poe.

Fleet Street, in the heart of London, has been visited by a plague of tiny, but persistent and venomous, mosquitoes. It is believed that they were of the Algerine variety, and that they were imported with "esparto grass," of which paper is made in the London mills.



## CHOLERA-STRICKEN GOTHAM.

"Van Gryse" on the Social Aspects of the Plague.

The summer is over. Town is beginning to look alive. Despite the growing dread of cholera that is stirring in the city and its suburbs, the wanderers are dropping back from seashore and mountain-side, and the big thoroughfares are beginning to put on a resemblance of autumn life and movement.

But at heart the city is frightened. It is a long time since New York has been so badly scared as it was the morning that the papers announced the arrival of the *Moravia*, with a record of twenty deaths at sea from cholera. Every paper published a list of directions how to live, what to eat, and what general precautions to take should cholera enter the city. Everybody who had friends in Europe, as almost everybody has, began to realize that the case was serious. Even the innocuously frivolous were affected, for it was stated that all goods entering from infected cities on cholera steamers would be fumigated, and the men and the women who had winter wardrobes en route from London and Paris experienced a bad quarter of an hour.

Up in the watering-places, the exodus cityward has had a sudden check. Nobody feels quite easy about going back to town while those three silent steamers lie off Hoffman Island and fly the yellow plague-flag. Before leaving, one heard the same query on every tongue: "Aren't you afraid of the cholera?" We think of staying here till the frost comes." And should the watering-place be one that has a short season, and hotel and boarding-house close early in September, the outcasts telegraph for rooms to any spot far distant from Gotham where there is food to be had and a bed to be slept on. Judging by what one hears, all the popular autumn places will be packed. Lenox, Stockbridge, Lakewood, Tuxedo, are going to be overrun with frightened people, who would rather sleep in tents than show their noses in town before the first hard frost.

Meantime, one finds the city roused, but not excited. The experienced say there is no cause for panic this autumn, that next spring will be the troublous time. The scare will do good work in keeping the city clean. Otherwise, mind the instructions given, and then one reads on the front page of a close-printed daily not to eat any fruit or uncooked vegetables, not to drink water unless it has been boiled, not to drink milk, to wash your hands in hot water whenever you come in from out-of-doors; above all things, not to harbor any sick person who happens to fall at your gates or on your doorstep. What you are to do with this unfortunate, it does not state, but, presumably, you are expected to go in the house, lock the doors, and forget all about him. One reads the instructions, and then is not surprised to find that every one else has done the same thing, that people have taken them very much to mind, and that in careful families the water is already being boiled and the green-grocer no longer visits the back-door for orders. The knowledge that those motionless, dark ships are lying silent off Hoffman's Island, where day and night the crematory is smoking, has sent a shudder of alarm through the suddenly startled city.

The three quarantined steamers are lying in the Lower Bay off the south coast of Staten Island, close to the two store islands, and with the low, dark hull of the old hospital-ship *Callin* near by. Their grewsome proximity has scared the dwellers along the adjacent coasts. Coney Island, which is across the Narrows, is pouring many of its frightened summer visitors back into the city and then to the Berkshire Hills. But the south shore of Staten Island presents a picture to awake the comments of the cynic.

In their hurried, feverish holidays the poor of the city have shown a decided predilection for this accessible spot, where they could bathe in a warm, waveless sea, somewhat incumbered by melon-rinds, the mortal remains of dead dogs, and all varieties of tin-cans—and where their miserable, pinched, and bloodless babies could breathe in air that was pure and fresh from the tranquil, salt-smelling ocean, and roll all day on the soft, sun-warmed sand. For the entertainment and hegulement of these poor creatures a miniature Brighton Beach has sprung into being. A long line of mushroom, ramshackle, wooden hotels, a broken-down promenade, beer-gardens, Russian slides, dime-shows, places where they have clam-bakes, swings, nickle-in-the-slot machines, merry-go-rounds, photographic studios, and numberless hawkers of bad candy, pop-corn, and over-ripe fruit, have lined the reach of smooth, shelving shore where five years ago there was nothing but sand, dry-grass, and sea-gulls.

All summer this place is packed with all types of the masses. On Sundays they swarm there, and the Russian slides and the merry-go-rounds get in their deadly work and succeed in making all their votaries extremely seasick. Though it is late in the season now, the Sunday crowd is still good-sized. The dark hulls lying motionless across the level, shining sea do not seem to exercise a depressing effect upon the spirits of these determined holiday-makers. Sitting on the sand among their opened lunch-baskets, carousing on hard-boiled eggs, over-ripe fruit, and lemonade in glass bottles, they have only to raise their eyes to see the three plague ships, the circling cordon of patrol-boats flying the white police flag, the dark shapes of the two islands, from one of which a steady line of smoke rises from the tall tower of the crematory. But this fateful sight seems only to be regarded with a sort of fascinated curiosity, as one looks at a thrilling, blood-curdling play from the security of the orchestra chairs.

Meantime, the news from the quarantined steamers is fragmentary. The newspaper-tugs go within hail and shriek out queries and get answers from the uneasy prisoners. The *Normannia* carries over four hundred first-class passengers whose state of mind is not tranquil. The emigrants have at last been removed to the islands, and on Monday, people on the shore could see that the *Normannia* was wrapped in clouds of smoke issuing from the steerage, and passengers

on vessels skirting her windward side could smell the odor of powerful disinfectants. The steerage was being fumigated. The cabin-passengers are naturally anxious to get off the infected vessel, and in their shrieked conversations over the rail to friends in tugs below have stated their ability to raise ten thousand dollars to charter a vessel into which they can be moved and lie off the quarantine at a safe distance from the plague ships.

Up to within a few days ago, there was no police patrol to regulate the distance to which passing vessels and tugs, bearing friends of the prisoners, could come. Steam-yachts, tugs, and sailing vessels curiously ranged round the cholera fleet, sometimes circled in between the steamers, as a rule taking pains to keep on the windward side. Now the police patrol is organized, and two tugs skirt the fleet, keeping off the curios and the foolhardy. The distance to which vessels may come is one half-mile. The press-tugs are allowed to approach within talking distance. But any one attempting to board one of the quarantined steamers will be shot down, and the patrol-boats will arrest and confine in the old hospital-ship, *Callin*, the captain and crew of any craft that attempts to approach too close to the stricken trio.

The *Normannia's* passengers have been kept busy screaming over the rail to the reporters and their friends in the press-boats. The men clamor for tobacco. Order after order has gone out for cigars and cigarettes to be brought in by the health officers. Some complain bitterly of the fare. Everything served is cooked to shreds, for the purpose of destroying the cholera germs. Supplies of food and mineral-water have gone down the bay, and despite the overcooked state of the *cuisine*, the *Normannia* is said to set a good table.

The theatrical people on board are naturally in a very disgusted state of mind. Miss Lottie Collins, who was billed to astound New York in her startling conception of "Ta-ra boom-de-ay," looks over the rail and screams down her indignation and impatience to scores of listening reporters. Miss Collins, from this long-range view, is said to be very pretty, and to wear a gray-cloth deer-stalker cap. Meanwhile, New York waits for "Ta-ra boom-de-ay." Miss Johnstone Bennett, who was to appear in "Jane" last Monday evening, is also held in quarantine. She has trunks full of gorgeous frocks in the hold, which will one and all have to be fumigated. Her stout but nicely made figure, her round face, and her dark head, with its sleekly parted, shining hair, are to be seen on the deck of the waiting steamer. Mr. Palmer, manager of the Palmer Company, is there, too. His company await him, so does his theatre, so does the admiring audience that his players have so often charmed and amused. But every death that occurs among the *Normannia's* emigrants prolongs Mr. Palmer's stay in the Lower Bay for twenty days more.

To pass from the tragic to the comic at one single bound, here is a conversation that took place some days ago between a young New York girl, of what is vaguely known as the best class, and a tourist, who was resting from a long Western trip at one of the higher-class watering-places. It is worth while reporting this conversation, to show the manner in which the average young New Yorker regards the country outside her native town. Parisians, it is said, look upon Paris as all France. The New York girl regards Gotham as all the United States; and, while she may be quite well up in the geography and peoples of Europe, af ignorance, showing itself naked and not ashamed, marks her conversation when the West becomes the subject of discussion.

The girl here referred to belonged to the class of fairly intelligent, well-brought-up, carefully trained New York young women. She looked sixteen, and may have been twenty-six. She was not pretty, and was very simply dressed, though her father is immensely wealthy and a good deal of a person. She had a singularly candid, childish manner, and a soft and deprecating way of talking, as if she had been trained to regard herself as a young person who should be seen and not heard, in the English style. She was speaking of her affection for a certain watering-place on the New Jersey coast:

"There are a good many Western people there," she said, "and you know I like to see the Western people. Of course you don't always want to know them, but it is interesting to see them."

The gentleman assented, and said he thought so, too. "It is broadening," she continued, "to go to those watering-places where one sees the Westerners. It broadens your mind to meet them. One is apt to get rather narrow if one never goes out of New York or meets only New Yorkers."

The gentleman acquiesced in this extremely revolutionary sentiment. The girl, encouraged by his tranquil reception of her original reflections, grew more daring.

"I," she announced, defiantly—"I have met some of those Westerners, and I liked them. I never knew any till I went away to the seaside in the summer, and I liked some of them. They have broadened my mind. There are nice people in the West."

The gentleman looked at her, and said he thought there were—quite a good many.

"You see," she went on, "we never see them in New York, and so we don't really know anything about them, unless we meet them in the summer at the seaside. That is why I like the seaside so much. I have met them, and I feel that my mind has been very much broadened."

"You have never been West?" said the gentleman, a trifle curiously.

"Oh, no," she said, with a little simpering laugh; "at least, never further west than Philadelphia, and, of course, you can't call that far."

VAN GRYSE.  
NEW YORK, September 7, 1892.

Lord Rosebery is credited with this sarcastic comment on the taste of the people of Sydney, New South Wales: "They sit on twenty-two-guinea chairs and look at sixteen-shilling oleographs."

## HARDY'S "PURE WOMAN."

What the Novelist Says of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Thomas Hardy, in a recent interview with Raymond Blathwayt, spoke freely of his latest novel, "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," and said much that will interest our readers. Those who recall the symposium of critical discussions of the question as to whether or not Tess was "a pure woman"—as Mr. Hardy designated her in the subtitle of his story—which the *Argonaut* printed shortly after the book came out, will be especially glad to hear the author's presentation of his reasons for so describing her.

In reply to Mr. Blathwayt's suggestion that "surely without any very great stretching of points Tess might have left with Angel when he returned to her, and so have avoided her last great sin, with its fearful punishment," Mr. Hardy shook his head and said:

"No, the optimistic 'living happily ever after' always raises in me a greater horror by its ghastly unreality than the honest sadness that comes of a logical and inevitable tragedy. The murder that Tess commits is the hereditary quality, to which I more than once allude, working out in this impoverished descendant of a once noble family. That is logical. And again, it is but a simple transcription of the obvious that she should make reparation by death for her sin. Many women who have written to me have forgiven Tess, because she expiated her offense on the scaffold. You ask why Tess should not have gone off with Clare, and 'lived happily ever after.' Do you not see that under any circumstances they were doomed to unhappiness? A sensitive man like Angel Clare could never have been happy with her. After the first few months, he would inevitably have thrown her failings in her face. He did not recoil from her after the murder, it is true. He was in love with her failings then, I suppose; he had not seen her for a long time; with the inconsistency of human nature, he forgave the greater sin when he could not pardon the lesser, feeling, perhaps, that by her desperate act she had made some reparation. She had done what she could. She had done exactly what I think one of her nature under similar circumstances would have done in real life. It is led up to right through the story. One looks for the climax. One is not to be cheated out of it by the exigencies of inartistic conventionality. And so there come the tears of faithful tragedy in place of the ghastly and affected smile of the conventionally optimistic writer. And it is the very favorable reception by the public of this sad ending to my story that has impressed me as a good sign. At one time a publisher would tell you that 'a tragic ending' was always a failure. Now, however, people have studied more fully the fictions of all time, and are infinitely more artistic."

When asked if his characters were drawn from life, Mr. Hardy replied:

"Oh, yes, almost all of them. Tess, I only once saw in the flesh. I was walking along one evening and a cart came along in which was seated my beautiful heroine, who, I must confess, was urging her steed along with rather unnecessary vehemence of language. She colored up very much when she saw me, but—as a novelist—I fell in love with her at once and adopted her as my heroine. Old Mr. Clare was a Dorsetshire parson whose name still lives enshrined in the hearts of thousands. Girls resembling the three dairymaids used to get me to write their love-letters for them when I was a little boy. I suppose that unconsciously I absorbed a good deal of their mode of life and speech, and so I have been able to reproduce it in the dairy at 'Talbothays.'"

Then the interviewer wanted to quarrel with the author for his description of Tess as a *pure* woman after her unnecessary return to Alec D'Urberville, and for adding to her sin a cruel murder; the latter Mr. Blathwayt thought unjustifiable.

"Very well," replied Mr. Hardy, "but I still maintain that her innate purity remained intact to the very last; though I frankly own that a certain outward purity left her on her last fall. I regarded her then as being in the hands of circumstances, not morally responsible, a mere corpse drifting with the current to her end."

The interviewer next accused Mr. Hardy of appearing to ignore the idea that purity is as binding on men as on women, when he depicts Angel Clare casting off his wife for an offense of ignorance, and yet the very next week proposing to elope with her friend. "Nature herself," he said, "remorselessly exacts a purity in woman which she does not demand from man; and you have shown this truth in 'Tess,' I think." Mr. Hardy replied:

"Exactly. That is what I have striven to show. I have adhered to *human nature*. I draw no inferences, I don't even feel them. I only try to give an artistic shape to standing facts. Angel Clare you describe as odious. Well, I have had many letters from men who say they would have done exactly as he did. Angel is a type of a certain class of the modern young man. Cruel, but not intentionally so. It was the fault of his fastidious temperament. Had he not been a man of great subtlety of mind, he would have followed his brothers into the church. But he had intellectual freedom in the dairy. A subtle, poetical man, he preferred that life to the conventional life. As to the pretty dairymaids falling in love with him, all my men correspondents condemn it as impossible; all my women friends say it is exactly what would have happened."

To the statement that, in the case of women especially, *les extrêmes se touchent*; that human nature is far stronger in the duchess and the dairymaid than it is in the daughter of the lawyer or the draper; that you would find far more Tesses among the aristocracy than you would among middle-class provincials:

"That is probably true," was the reply; "one often notices in the woman of position the same transparency of passions, the same impulses, the same gentle, candid femininity that you meet with in dairymaids. The higher or the lower you go, the more natural are the people—especially the women. Hence, perhaps, they are deceived more easily."

"Protestations and approvals," he continued, "came from the most unexpected quarters. Every clergyman I know has broadly approved of my book as a story, and especially of the christening scene, which, in deference to the advice of a certain friend of mine—a thorough man of the world—I had left out in the serial publication of 'Tess.'"

Finally the interviewer ventured the hope that the ultimate result of the book would be greater freedom for grave consideration of certain deep problems of human life.

"Well," replied Mr. Hardy, with a smile, "that would be a very ambitious hope on my part. Remember I am only a learner in the art of novel-writing. Still I do feel very strongly that the position of man and woman in nature, things which every one is thinking and nobody saying, may be taken up and treated frankly. Until lately novelists have been obliged to arrange situations and *dénouements* which they knew to be indescribably unreal, but dear to the heart of the amiable novel-reader. See how this ties the hands of a writer who is forced to make his characters act unnaturally, in order that he may produce the spurious effect of their being in harmony with social forms and ordinances."

A Frenchman has invented an envelope which exposes part of the letter to the stamp that makes the postmark. Thus the inclosure will bear official proof of the date on which it was posted.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Eva McGlasson, the author of the successful book, "Diana's Livery," and of "An Earthly Paragon," which has been running as a serial in a weekly paper, is a young Southern woman. She wrote "Diana's Livery" before she was twenty.

Dr. Holland's "Bitter Sweet" and "Kathrina" will soon be reprinted in the Cameo Series.

A novel by a new American author is to be published shortly in Appletons' Town and Country Library. The title is "In Old St. Stephen's," and the author is Miss Jeanie Drake, of Charleston, S. C. Her story presents a sketch of the life of an old family in South Carolina in the early part of the century. General Lafayette and Calhoun are among the characters introduced.

Sir John Lubbock, F. R. S., D. C. L., will shortly publish a work entitled "The Beauties of Nature and the Wonders of the World," uniform with his "Pleasures of Life."

There is no failure in the popularity of Walter Scott, in Great Britain at any rate. The new six-penny edition is having a remarkable sale. Only one firm receives them on the terms of "sale or return"; but although twenty or more numbers have already been issued, this firm has not yet returned or changed a single copy.

A new story by Amélie Rives, entitled "Barbara Dering," will soon be issued.

The London *Spectator* says:

"When we feel the inevitability of a quotation, it must be of a transcendent merit not to make us cry mercy from it at last. It is for this reason that, grateful as we are to Lord Tennyson for his beautiful lines, 'The old order changeth,' etc., and 'Prayer moves the arm that moves the world,' we have been tempted to wish sometimes that they had not been written, since, when suggested by the subject, they are never left to our own recollection. Neither can the favorite topic of 'woman' ever be treated without a nervous dread creeping over us, of the creature too bright and good, for human nature's daily food, and of the 'Oh, woman! in our hours of ease.'"

"Out of the Jaws of Death," by Frank Barrett, author of "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," is ready.

The Shakespeare Society of New York propose a four-text edition of "Hamlet," to be sold to seven hundred and fifty subscribers. In exact fac-simile the texts of 1603, 1604, 1623, will be paralleled with an eclectic modern text and accompanied by a translation of the German version performed in Dresden in 1603. The volume will be luxuriously got up.

In view of the revival of interest in the cholera, the price of Dr. Klein's work, "The Bacteria in Asiatic Cholera," has been reduced.

The editorial preface of the *Pagan Review* declares that the directors of the magazine "aim at thorough-going unpopularity," and adds: "There is every reason to believe that with the blessed who expect little, we shall not be disappointed." It states further that the *Review* is to be "a mouthpiece of the new pagan sentiment of the younger generation."

The last volume in the Appleton Summer Series will be "Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims," by Richard Malcolm Johnston.

A unique and valuable work by Walter Besant, entitled "London," is soon to be published. It is not a history of the city as a body-politic, but the story of the life of the people at different periods, from the earliest historical records to the times of the Georges. The book will be very fully illustrated.

M. Daudet testifies that Frenchmen of letters are generally haters of music. It was Gautier who talked about music being the most expensive of all noises.

An English critic notes that upon the younger generation of writers the influence of Robert Louis Stevenson is steadily growing; that from him they are learning the secret of fastidious and scrupulous diction, of rapid and veracious narrative, of measured design and proportion.

Mrs. Alexander's new novel, "The Snare of the Fowler," is announced for early publication.

Brander Matthews has collected a number of his magazine articles on literary and philological subjects, and they will shortly appear in book-form under the title of "Americanisms and Britishisms, with Other Essays on Other Isms."

The latest posthumous Hugo, "France et Belgique," is made up of notes of travel in the two countries from 1834 to 1839.

Mr. Warner says in *Harper's* that if people were as careless about what they eat as about what they read, dyspepsia would be much more common than it is now; and he attributes the comparative failure of some good books to a defect in distribution. "Many a volume of high character," he declares, "has a success within a limited circle and is praised by the critics, and then drops out of notice when not a tenth of the people had ever heard of it who would be as likely to buy it as the few who did read it when it was first launched."

H. A. Beers, Professor of English Literature at Yale, has prepared a volume of "Sketches of Yale Life."

Sir Edwin Arnold's play, "Azuma; or, The Jap-

anese Wife," is said to be "Japanese in scene and character and 'Frenchy' in motives." The playwright himself says of it:

"The present author has spared no pains to obtain full narratives, and has written his play with the double purpose of composing a literary work in romantic form worthy, if it may be, of the beautiful heroine, who is a pure and true type of the highest Japanese womanhood, and also supplying for the modern English and American stage a tragedy in all respects actable, and illustrating, with close fidelity, the manners and motives of the Japanese people."

A very timely book is "The Career of Columbus," by Charles Elton, M. P.

Henrik Ibsen is at work on a new play which is said to contain characters taken from personal friends. The first act is finished and has been printed at Copenhagen. The play is a comedy, with scenes laid in Christiania.

Robert Buchanan's new novel is the story on which his play, "Squire Kate," is framed.

In a month or two, a new volume by the Duke of Argyll will make its appearance in England, called "The Unseen Foundations of Society."

Lord Salisbury has distributed three baronetcies and a knighthood among some of his chief supporters in the press. Mr. Edward Lawson, of the *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. John Jaffray, of the *Birmingham Post*, and Captain Armstrong, of the *Globe*, have all become baronets, and Dr. William Smith, the venerable scholar and editor of the *Quarterly*, to which Lord Salisbury was in the old days a contributor, is made a knight. It is understood that Sir Algernon Borthwick, proprietor of the *Morning Post*, could have had a peerage under certain conditions which he has not chosen to accept; but the list of honors to journalists has not, as was expected, been rounded with a peerage to Mr. Walter, the proprietor of the chief ex-ministerial organ, the *Times*.

Mrs. Deland has written one of the most successful of modern books. "John Ward, Preacher," is said to be in its fifty-fifth thousand.

A volume of "Essays: Historical and Political," by Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, is coming from the Riverside Press.

Miss Katharine Wormeley is still at work upon her Balzac translations, and "Lost Illusions" will succeed "Pierrette."

## Making a Market for Books.

Writers who are interested in the methods of introducing a book will be astonished at the success that attended the efforts of Mr. William H. Maber, as recorded in *Printers' Ink*. Mr. Maber's book was technical, to be sure, but it was published by a book firm, and they should have known how to dispose of it; and yet, after they had "exhausted the demand" for it with twelve hundred copies, he by advertising ran the sales up to fourteen thousand, and then sold out while there was a steady demand. The lesson is plain that publishers are too chary of advertising. Mr. Maber says:

"Once upon a time a book firm asked my consent to its getting out, in book-form, a series of articles I was then writing for the *Toledo Blade*. I consented, and an edition of two thousand copies was printed."

"When twelve hundred copies were sold, I was told that the market was supplied, and that the remaining copies were dead stock—worth only so much as they weighed for old paper."

"When this had been told me several times, I offered to take the unsold copies at a low price, as part pay for royalty due me."

"The publishers had handled the book in the regular beaten way. Copies had been sent to forty or fifty papers for notice, and these notices were decidedly favorable. An advertisement or two had been inserted in the *Weekly Blade*, and then 'nature took her course.'"

"I was assured that a sale of twelve hundred copies was not to be despised, that the majority of books published rarely reached a sale of one thousand, and that a book ten months old was as dead as if entombed with the Pharaohs."

"Having eight hundred copies in my possession, I proposed to turn them into cash, and I believed that I could create a market for them by spending a few dollars in advertising. My writings had made me acquainted with two valuable constituencies—the business world, reached weekly by the *American Grocer*, of New York, and the general public who read the weekly *Toledo Blade*. I wrote an advertisement for the *Grocer*, that would appeal to merchants and clerks (the book was about business); selected my position, and changed copy every week. My advertisement for the *Blade* was written for parents and for young men who thought of entering stores as clerks."

"In four weeks I had closed out my eight hundred copies, and was beginning to be annoyed at the large number of orders I was compelled to return unfilled. I showed these to a Chicago publisher, and it resulted in his deciding to take hold of the book, and in the next two years he sold five thousand copies. Then he decided that the market was closed forever. But I took the plates off his hands, got out a new edition of the book, advertised it by sample pages and a nest circular, and kept selling sales reached fourteen thousand copies, and I was ready to admit that the end was reached."

"Just then I received a proposal to sell the plates and copyright, that the book might be brought out as a subscription work. I sold out and have no further knowledge of the book."

"So much for that experiment."

"Some five or six years ago, I wrote a series of articles for the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, discussing business methods and business houses. They attracted some attention, and my friend, Mr. Nixon, was sure they would sell well in book-form. I submitted them to two publishing houses, and they were declined. I knew they would sell if in a book, and though I did not like the bother of marketing a book, I determined to be my own publisher."

"I had the matter set up and stereotyped, and the little book got up in neat shape, and then went to work to make a market and a market it made."

"It particularly appealed to traveling salesmen, but would also interest business people of all kinds and in all departments."

"I proposed, first, to induce people to want the book, and then to educate the trade regarding it and where it was to be had."

"I prepared a circular that was mailed direct to a select list of houses employing traveling men, and this sold me two thousand copies before the book was out."

"I then advertised it to the amount of fifty cents in two-line notices in the *New York Sunday papers*. I also put a snappy advertisement in a few leading trade papers, and then devoted myself to the news companies."

"Having other business in New York, I dropped into the office of the *American News Company*. I had always heard of this concern as wanting the earth, and I went there

prepared to give it to them, charges prepaid. Instead of this, however, I was turned over to the man having charge of the book department, and he met me in a surprisingly fair manner. He told me what the concern had to do with books they handled, and what it wanted as its pay for doing it, and I am free to say I thought the margin low enough."

"The concern took hold of my book and pushed it for me, entirely to my satisfaction, and I trust to its own credit of profit on each copy."

"About this time a Chicago firm got its eyes on it, and, knowing that the selling of books was not my business, proposed to buy the plates and copyright, and I sold to them."

"I have seen occasional articles upon the subject of advertising books, and it seemed to me it might have some interest in this I am sure; there is a great public ready to buy an entirely outside of the book-trade channels. And if this can be done by such an one, how much better might it not be done by one in the trade?"

"It is not too much to say that ninety-nine books in one hundred are put on the market and left to sell themselves. Of this I am sure; there is a great public ready to buy books—a public that the average publisher never reaches."

## New Publications.

"Dora Darling; The Daughter of the Regiment," by Jane G. Austen, has been reissued in the Good Company Series published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Big Stake," an English love-story by Mrs. Robert Jocelyn, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Rovings of a Restless Boy," by Katharine B. Foot, is the story of a lad who ran away to sea, and describes the strange sights he saw and the hard life he led in the forecastle. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Rhythmical Gymnastics," by Mary S. Thompson, contains exercises for the improvement of the voice and the cultivation of grace. As a presentation of the newest ideas in its line it is highly recommended by excellent authorities. Published by Edgar S. Werner, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Son of Old Harry," by Albion W. Tourgée, is a lively story of life in the middle West of forty years ago, where men had strong passions and mingled piety with their horse-racing and prayed for the destruction of their enemies. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Song of America and Columbus," by Kinahan Cornwallis, is a metrical account of the voyages of Columbus and a "sequel to the discovery of the New World by Columbus as seen in the United States of America." Published at the office of the *Daily Investigator*, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Family Canoe Trip," by Florence Watters Snedeker, is an entertaining little account of an expedition by water from New York to Lake Champlain. It is copiously illustrated with dainty little "thumb-nail" sketches and reproductions of photographs, and is issued in their Black and White Series by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Table Book and Test Problems in Mathematics," prepared by J. K. Ellwood, A. M., contains seventy-eight formulas for various mathematical processes, from finding the area of a circle to determining the volume of a spherical cone; tables of logarithms and of logarithmic and natural sines, cosines, tangents, and cotangents; and a large number of problems in which the formulas are used, with solutions. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Schoolmaster in Literature" is the title of a volume of six hundred pages, edited by Edward Eggleston, containing selections relating to pedagogues and pedagogics taken from the writings of Roger Ascham, Molière, Fuller, Rousseau, Shensstone, Cowper, Goethe, Miss Mitford, Charlotte Brontë, Thackeray, Thomas Hughes, Dickens, George Eliot, Washington Irving, and others. Each extract is preceded by a brief biographical sketch and one or two paragraphs from the famous critics. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, \$1.40; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Woodman" is the title of an English translation, made by Mrs. John Simpson, of "Le Forestier," by "Jules de Glouvet"—the pen name of Guernay de Beaurepaire, the Procureur-Général of France, who drew up the act of accusation against General Boulanger and conducted the recent trial against the Parisian anarchists. It is a "rustic romance," a story of deep pathos, in which the purity of passion and dignity of love among the French peasants is shown in striking contrast to the indecencies that are the most prominent characteristics of the same class when treated in novels by Zola and the other realists. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND MONOGRAMS; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbottle Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

— STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS ARE NOW only fifty cents a packet.

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NEW BOOKS.Pictures from Roman Life  
and Story.

By Professor A. J. CHURCH, author of "Stories from Homer," "Stories from Virgil," etc. Illustrated. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.50.

In the picturesque and graphic manner which distinguishes his work, Professor Church has drawn a series of vivid pictures of the lives and times of the Roman emperors. He brings up before the reader Horace and Minucius and Seneca, and other contemporaries of the doomed line of Caesars, as well as the triumphs and tragedies and frantic excesses of the emperors themselves. He is never didactic, but always readable, and his book is an admirable example of history presented intelligently and judiciously in popular form.

A Chronological Table of  
Universal History.

Extending from the Earliest Times to the Year 1892. For the Use of Students, Teachers, and Readers. By LOUIS HEILPRIN. 12mo, 200 pages. Cloth, \$1.25.

Mr. Fortner's Marital  
Claims,

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VANITY FAIR.

The first gathering of the New York Vaudeville Club will take place on the night of November 1st. The English prototype of the Vaudeville is the Lyric Club, formerly the New Club, which was started five years ago in London. There is nothing more intensely swaggy in the way of clubs than the Lyric is now. In the club building there is a pretty theatre where all sorts of entertainments are given two or three times each week, such as orchestral concerts, little light operas, or variety performances to which women are admitted. Naturally none are asked to the Sunday night smoking concerts. The members include the Prince of Wales's set and representatives of the best talent in different lines. Sir Arthur Sullivan, for example, and some of the best actors, conductors of the Randegger stamp, figure in it, as do authors and actors of acknowledged ability. One of the popular features of the club is the ladies' dining-room, though it is practically a supper club for both sexes. As matters stand for this coming season, the members of the Vaudeville Club will begin to collect at midnight at the Madison Square Garden. At the garden the club will have the use of the assembly-room, foyer, and all the rooms adjoining, concert-hall, with private staircase and service. The club will doubtless later on have a fine new building of its own. Each member is privileged to take his own party with him in the evening, and must fill out a card with his own name and that of the friend or friends to be with him. These cards will be looked over every day by a proper committee, which will have authority to suspend any member for a month. A member may be expelled by a two-thirds vote of the committee. The entertainments are to be as varied and interesting as possible. Among other projected entertainers at the moment are Lillian Russell and Marie Tempest, who will sing solos. The members and their parties will be seated at small tables, where they can eat, drink, and smoke as best pleases them. In some matters the Vaudeville Club will have a decided financial advantage over other swell clubs, for with them the restaurant is always a drag. Naturally, at the Vaudeville there will be no breakfasts, luncheons, and dinners to be provided—only suppers. It will be a tremendously cheap amusement, in point of fact, for the subscribers. The admission of strangers will be on a very limited scale. A contingent of out-of-town membership, at a reduced subscription, will probably be considered. A first-class orchestra of twenty pieces will be on hand nightly to assist the performing professionals. A competent manager is to be paid a good salary, and will be sent abroad at once to procure first-class entertainers. The subscription of the two thousand members mounts up to one hundred thousand dollars a year. A first-class variety show can be run for two thousand dollars a week. At this rate the expense of the thirty weeks' club season will mount up to sixty thousand dollars, leaving a margin of forty thousand dollars for other expenses. The bar will necessarily be productive of revenue.

I have observed (says an old minister in the Glasgow Herald) that marriage, especially among the working classes, is greatly affected by the state of trade. When trade is good, marriages increase, and are less frequent in times of commercial depression. This fact indicates that the romance of life among a class, who are generally regarded as reckless in the matter of marriage, is, after all, restrained by the dictates of common prudence. During the Lancashire cotton famine, early in the sixties, I had a church in Dundee. The failure of cotton occasioned an abnormal boom in the jute trade, and Dundee was the principal emporium for the import and manufacture of the flexible fibre. It was then that that town laid the foundation of its wealth and greatness. In those prosperous times marriages were frequent, and, in the course of a few years, I united in the sacred bonds of matrimony a greater number of young couples than in any similar period during my ministerial career.

Here is a little story from the St. James's Gazette, which should convey a valuable hint to those about to become "English wives." An uncle promised his niece a wedding-dress whenever she should stand in need of that commodity. The auspicious day on which such an article would be necessary hove in sight, and the uncle, true to his pledge, presented the young lady with a check for two hundred and fifty dollars with which to make herself beautiful at the important event. The young lady, wisely re-

solving to have competent advice on so momentous a subject, conferred with a friend, who had some six months previous herself become an English wife. "An expensive wedding-dress is an odious extravagance," quoth the youthful matron; "I wish I had never thrown away my money on one." "And yours was such a beauty!" replied the prospective bride. "It was; but it is a white elephant now. I have never had a chance to wear it since. And my husband calls it a 'heavily thing,' and says it will never be any use until he's dead and I go to the hymeneal altar again. I'll sell it to you for a third of what it cost." "It would just fit me. Our figures are so alike. And the rest of the costume, dear?" "You can have the whole affair—veil, shoes, all. None have ever seen daylight since my wedding." A long pause ensued. The maiden was considering the offer. Presently she said: "I'll tell you what I'll do, dear. I don't believe I'll buy a wedding-dress at all. I'll hire yours for the occasion, just as people hire their flowers for the same ceremonies. How much will you take for the use of it for one day?" "Ten dollars." "It's a bargain. What a capital idea! And I shall look just as well as if I had spent the whole two hundred and fifty dollars on a dress." And this thrifty young damsel became an English wife in an exquisite costume which was glowingly described in all the ladies' and fashion papers; but for the use of which she paid only ten dollars. And already, from this small beginning, there is springing up an industry which consists in the application of the "hire system" to wedding costumes. Soon, no doubt, we shall see numerous advertisements in this style: "Young ladies about to marry. Do not throw away your money on useless wedding-dresses, but call at A. B. & Co.'s, and see the things of beauty which you can hire for the day at most reasonable prices."

The hunting-dress, with its moderately short skirt of stout tweed or thick serge, its comfortable and neatly fitted bodice, completely supersedes all other costumes on the Scotch moors, and is rapidly taking the place of less cumbersome costumes for mountain climbing in this country. No petticoat is worn with this dress. Comfortable knickerbockers of the material of the gown, confined at the knee by a band, meet the long gaiters, which are buttoned over comfortable walking-boots. In such a mountain-suit as this, a lady may walk for miles without feeling any discomfort, when she would be exhausted in a short time if she wore her ordinary city walking-dress. Ladies who have worn this dress say that a rather wide, thick-soled boot, with cashmere stockings, is the proper covering for the feet.

The line in woman from the armpit to the ankle is the one of principal beauty in the sculpture that has been extolled by nine generations of the most intellectually cultivated of our race, through the varying conditions of three hundred years. It is this line that is pushed inward by mechanical force, till an ugly angle is produced at the hips. So wide is the departure from true beauty, that it is assumed that the distortion is natural, and that the normal use of the hideous hollow is to support weight. The outline of the front of a woman's body is also composed of similar gentle, outward curves, not one inward curve from the chin over the breast-bone and below. Never a corset was made that did not destroy the beauty of this line, making a depression below the bust, exaggerating its proper size, and most repulsively enlarging the natural, outward curve of the abdomen. A slight sketch by an artist would show, at once, that the modest curves of the typical womanly form are distinctly unlike the more spirited lines of a man—one suggesting retiring beauty, the other aggressiveness and bravery. We consider the finest development for a woman that which best illustrates her typical qualities. We consider the best dress for woman that which fails to obscure her distinctive physical features. In pictures of good costumes, faithfully represented or idealized by artists, we find those giving most pleasure which tend to enhance these differing characteristics.

The failure of young men to marry has compelled hundreds of thousands of young women to earn an independent living (writes John Lambert Payne in the September Ladies' Home Journal). All honor to the girls who work; but the divine plan was that men should be the bread-earners and that women should be the centre of homes. Whenever such a fundamental law of society as this is violated, retribution is inevitable. There are to-day upward of two

million women in the United States who make a living by professional and personal services, such as the practice of law and medicine, the teaching of music and art-work, clerical service of one sort or another in government and other offices, quite apart from the army of young women who serve in stores and toil at mechanical labor. No one who can look back over a generation of time has failed to observe the extent to which women have become independent bread-earners within comparatively recent years, and particularly in those avenues which education and refined habits of life have opened up. It is, in fact, a grave social problem where this thing will end. It would seem that this, among other causes, is accomplishing the purposes which Malthus aimed to teach; for the inexorable conclusions of the statistician show that the American and Canadian family is steadily growing smaller. If the average number per family had been as great in 1890 as in 1860, there would have been six million people in the United States and four hundred and thirty thousand in Canada above what the recent censuses revealed. Is there a remedy? Certainly there is none which can be easily and readily applied. Two hundred years ago, guided largely by the Jesuits, the zealous King Louis of France made stern laws for the government of this young colony in respect to marriage. He decreed that every father, having a son eighteen years of age or a daughter of fifteen, should be held accountable to the state if they were not married.

Reports received by the Idaho superintendent of public instruction show that the trustees of nearly every school district in the State of Idaho are having difficulty in retaining school-teachers. The fair pedagogues marry at an alarming rate, and there is a constant call for new teachers. Young women flock into Idaho from the East—particularly Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri—easily obtain situations as teachers, and in from three to six months about fifty per cent. of them are married, leaving their schools for the more congenial surroundings of homes. There are in Idaho so many more men than women that a pretty and intelligent girl from anywhere has no difficulty in securing more admirers than she knows what to do with. The school-trustees complain because, in many instances, teachers marry and desert their schools in the middle of the terms, thus causing much inconvenience and loss of time. The State superintendent has on file letters from over three hundred women who are desirous of obtaining positions in Idaho, and he is inclined to believe that about five-sixths of the applicants, having heard of Idaho's fame as a matrimonial field, are more anxious to go there in search of a rich husband than to instruct the hardy youth of the State. If any more women are employed this year, they will be compelled to sign an iron-bound contract not to marry during the school terms, and a generous share of their salary will be retained as a surety.

Two or three generations ago, mothers held it as part of their maternal duty to live with their daughters in a closer kind of companionship and to have a stricter supervision over their works and ways than is considered necessary now. For instance, it would have been impossible for a well-conducted young lady of a certain social condition to walk alone in London streets; to go to a public ball, save with so strict a chaperonage and so large an *entourage* as kept her sheltered and made her safe; to read the police reports or the divorce cases in the newspapers; to read, at least openly, improper books; to see loose plays; to be in any way made free of the mysteries of life, not to speak of its moral sores. These were reserved for the matrons who had bought their privileges of knowledge by age and experience. But the maiden mind was held sacred, and the maiden life was like a fenced-off garden, which the rude plow-share of independence was never suffered to deface. All this is changed now (declares a writer in *Truth*), and the weather-cock of fashion has set to the exactly contrary quarter. Now, all the cry is for girlish independence, the abolition of maternal supervision, the disregard of maternal authority, and the unqualified possession of the "key of the fields." Now, girls may wander all over London unattended and unprotected. Along Pall Mall, where clubmen flit to and fro, and keen eyes watch from windows for likely chances; in Regent Street, where *faneurs* still pass slowly up and down, also on the lookout for likely chances; down the Haymarket to the Strand, meeting the city men returning from their offices to their lodgings—anywhere and everywhere, the modern girl may wander if she has a mind, and the loose curb of the present day will not be tightened by so much as one link. Nor will her mother be condemned, nor she herself warned, reproved, or exhorted. She says she is safe, and that she likes her independence; why, then, should she not have it? Mother can not walk as far as she can; why may she not have the air and exercise which her constitution requires and her youth craves? She might as well be given her head, for she will take it if not given; but she has her little adventures, all the same, demure as she looks when she is at home, and warm as are her protestations of absolute immunity from "anything disagreeable."

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL, February 13th, 1892.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Dickinson Reception.

Brigadier-General John H. Dickinson, commanding the Second Brigade, N. G. C., gave a reception to the officers of the brigade last Saturday evening at the Pacific Yacht Club, in Sausalito. It was the first affair of the kind ever given here, and every feature of it was enjoyable. The tug-boat *Fearless* was chartered to convey the guests from this city to Sausalito, and, upon arriving there, a picturesque sight was witnessed. Throughout the grounds of the club and the property of General Dickinson adjoining, hundreds of Japanese lanterns were suspended from the trees, and they appeared most attractive as they swung to and fro with every movement of the gentle breeze. "Craig Hazel," the residence of the host, was brightened with rows of lighted lanterns, hung along the veranda and to the top of the flag-staff. The tugboat experienced some little difficulty in effecting a landing at the wharf, owing to the extremely low tide, and, while it was steaming about, its search-light was played over the water and grounds with pretty effect.

Finally the guests were landed, and at once proceeded to "Craig Hazel," where in the flower-decked parlors they met with a cordial welcome from General and Mrs. Dickinson. Soon afterward they repaired to the club-house, and, to the strains of a military band, sought enjoyment in the dance. The beautiful toilets of the ladies and the full-dress uniforms of the officers made the scene a brilliant one. During the evening an elaborate supper was served, and at midnight departures were made. The quartet of horns sounded "taps" as the guests boarded the tug-boat, and then they enjoyed a sail across the bay under the silvery rays of the moon. The hospitality of the genial host and his charming wife was bountiful, and the entertainment they provided was greatly appreciated by their guests. Among those present were:

Brigadier-General John H. Dickinson and the following members of his staff: Lieutenant Colonel William Edwards, Major Charles T. Stanley, Major George M. Terrill, Captain Frederick S. Pott, Jr., and Captain Carlton C. Coleman.

From the First Infantry Regiment N. G. C.: Colonel William P. Sullivan, Major George R. Burdick, Captain A. H. Williams, Lieutenant D. C. Gray, Lieutenant Franklin P. Bull, Lieutenant J. B. Smith, Captain J. A. Marshall, Lieutenant F. C. Fetter, Lieutenant Eugene V. Sullivan, Captain Irving B. Cook, Lieutenant E. C. Lundquist, Lieutenant George Filmer, Captain Homer H. Woodruff, Lieutenant Andrew J. Ruddock, Lieutenant James W. Dumbrell, Captain Charles Jansen, Lieutenant Edward A. Lindberg, Lieutenant Arthur W. Baker, Captain James A. Margo, Lieutenant J. Frank Egert, Lieutenant W. H. F. James, Lieutenant Charles E. Thompson, Lieutenant Edgar C. Sudliffe, Captain E. G. Eisen, Lieutenant T. A. Evans.

From the Second Artillery Regiment, N. G. C.: Colonel William Macdonald, Lieutenant Colonel Denis Geary, Major William D. Vaters, Captain Alfred J. Kelleher, Lieutenant Fred F. Follis, Captain Adolph Huber, Lieutenant Henry Parsons, Lieutenant Burns Macdonald, Lieutenant Fred A. Kuhls, Major William D. McCarthy, Lieutenant Robert H. Wieland, Captain Charles Boxton, Lieutenant Reinhold Richter, Lieutenant Herman Huber, Captain A. B. Dohrmann, Lieutenant Christian F. Seitz, Lieutenant Edward C. Mearns, Captain Thomas J. Cunningham, Lieutenant Edward D. Finley, Lieutenant J. R. Mahone, Captain James A. White, Lieutenant Charles F. Kinsman, Lieutenant John A. Miller, Captain Thomas F. O'Neill, Lieutenant John A. Vanni, Lieutenant Edward D. Carroll, Lieutenant John H. Leo, Lieutenant Francis H. Kinsman.

From the Third Infantry Regiment, N. G. C.: Colonel Thomas F. Barry, Lieutenant Colonel Jeremiah O'Connor, Captain P. M. Delany, Lieutenant E. A. Kehrlin, Lieutenant Thomas Drady, Major Jerome A. Hughes, Captain James Duffy, Lieutenant John F. Connolly, Lieutenant Charles Thigbide, Lieutenant James T. Burns, Captain S. J. Ruddell, Lieutenant John J. Kerwin, Lieutenant Arthur J. Barlow, Captain William M. Sullivan, Lieutenant Edward Fitzpatrick, Lieutenant John F. Murphy, Captain E. I. Sheehan, Lieutenant P. O. Mahoney, Lieutenant H. J. Meagher, Captain James F. Smith, Lieutenant Frank W. Warren, Lieutenant C. Dunlevy, Captain Daniel J. Driscoll, Lieutenant John P. White, Lieutenant Charles W. Ozias.

From the Fifth Infantry Regiment, N. G. C.: Colonel D. B. Fairbanks, of Petaluma, Lieutenant Colonel A. K. Whitton, of San José, Major Frank R. O'Brien, of Oakland, Captain D. A. Smith, of San Francisco, Lieutenant John H. Hendy, of Oakland, Lieutenant William G. Hawley, of San José, Lieutenant C. E. Singley, of Petaluma, Lieutenant James W. Cochrane, of San Rafael, Lieutenant E. S. Heller, of San Francisco, Captain A. L. Smith, of Oakland, Lieutenant Charles L. Poulter, of Oakland, Lieutenant Isidor L. Glickson, of Oakland, Lieutenant Edward L. Emmons, of Petaluma, Lieutenant John T. Stone, of Petaluma, Captain William Elliott, of San Rafael, Lieutenant John P. Davenport, of San Rafael, Lieutenant Frank J. Murray, of San Rafael, Captain Thomas Macleay, of Santa Rosa, Lieutenant John Dunbar, of Santa Rosa, Lieutenant Charles H. Holmes, Jr., of Santa Rosa, Captain John F. Hayes, of Oakland, Lieutenant Edwin G. Hunt, of Oakland, Lieutenant George H. Wethern, of Oakland.

From the First Troop Cavalry, N. G. C.: Lieutenant John M. Brunson, Lieutenant Charles W. Lincker, Lieutenant John F. Stone.

From the Signal Corps, N. G. C.: Captain Charles J. Evans, Lieutenant Abbot A. Hank.

From the First Infantry, U. S. A.: Captain Thomas H. Barry, Captain William E. Dougherty, Lieutenant Frank de L. Carrington.

Among the ladies present were—Mrs. John H. Dickinson, Miss Elizabeth Shipman, Mrs. William Edwards, Miss Daisy McKee, Mrs. Selden, Mrs. D. C. Gray, Mrs. Margo, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. W. D. Waters, Mrs. Thomas F. Barry, Mrs. Thomas F. O'Neill, Mrs. Emil A. Kehrlin, Mrs. James Duffy, Mrs. S. J. Ruddell, Mrs. A. L. Smith, Miss Fairbanks, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Geary, Miss Huber, Miss Berry, and many others.

Trinity Home, which is under the management of the ladies of Trinity Parish, has removed to new quarters at 1611 Bush Street, where its friends, and strangers interested in its welfare, will be cordially welcomed. Its purpose is to provide a temporary home for respectable women, who pay for their accommodation or not, according to their ability. It has done much good in its line since its establishment in 1891, the full complement of accommodations for twenty-six persons having been almost constantly in use.

—A CHANGE HAS BEEN MADE IN THE STEWARDSHIP of the San Francisco Yacht Club. Max Abraham has been replaced by Ernst H. Ludwig, who was the steward several years ago. The members regard the change as a great improvement. This will in no way interfere with Mr. Ludwig's business of catering,

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

Part of the money earned by Mrs. Custer last winter and spring, in giving parlor lectures, is devoted to the education of the daughter of a soldier killed on the same battle-field with General Custer.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde is described as a small woman, with no distinguishing graces, who dresses plainly and conventionally, except that she invariably wears an enormous Gainsborough hat, laden with drooping plumes.

Mme. Nordica is the first English or American artist to be honored by an invitation from Frau Wagner to sing at the Bayreuth Festival. To her was assigned the important rôle of Elizabeth, in "Tannhäuser."

A wild, weird tale has been published that the Princess Pauline Metternich, honorary president of the Vienna Musical Exposition, and the Countess Kielmandsegg, wife of the governor of Lower Austria, recently fought a duel with sabres, in which both were wounded.

Clara Schumann, the widow of the composer, is said to be in failing health. Her romance may be summarized as follows:

Robert Schumann fell in love with her when she was but thirteen years of age. She was already on the concert stage, and, with her maiden name of Clara Wieck, had won a reputation as a pianist. Schumann was a lawyer's clerk, but studied music with his inamorata's father, and after seven years of courtship, won his wife. It was not until after his marriage that his wife succeeded in inducing him to attempt musical composition. Since his death his widow has devoted herself to interpreting his works.

Miss Frances Tallman, of Thompson, Conn., to whom Ferdinand Ward, ex-bank-wrecker and ex-convict, is said to be engaged, is a brunette, nineteen years of age, rich, and a niece of Dr. T. Thatcher Graves, now under sentence of death at Denver for the poisoning of Mrs. Barnaby.

Professor Buchner, of Darmstadt, states that, in the case of some old women, a complete rejuvenation occurs when they have reached an advanced age, and he instances two, the Marquise de Mirabeau and Margaret Verdur, who renewed their youth, one at sixty-five, the other at eighty years of age.

The following remarkable paragraph is from the *New York Sun*: "A very sad and serious scandal is afloat in court circles about the young Princess May, the betrothed of the late Duke of Clarence. The rumor lacks confirmation and should not be repeated, but it is beyond a doubt that she will not be affianced to the Duke of York."

Seven women now hold the place of regimental chief in Prussia, and five of these have been appointed by the present emperor. The oldest of these women-colonels is the ex-Empress Frederick; the latest to be appointed is the Queen-Regent of the Netherlands. The Empress Augusta is commander of one of the regiments.

Few persons know that W. D. Howells has a sister; but he has, and she is by no means a nonentity, as the following anecdote shows:

Mrs. Achille Frechette, sister of William D. Howells, the author, once wrote a clever little skit as a sequel to her brother's "Chance Acquaintance," in which it will be remembered that the elegant Boston hero, Arthurton, is cast off by the Western girl whom he had courted and loved, because he leaves her alone under the strong influence of a *grande dame* from the Back Bay, who turns up unexpectedly and freezes his better nature back into local snobishness. Mrs. Frechette made the hero, after a marriage of convenience with a properly dowered Boston girl, meet his old flame at the top of Bunker Hill monument. He chased her down the stairs—there is a long pursuit and a double suicide from the Bridge of Sighs, in the public garden. Mrs. Frechette's brother did not relish the suggested satire on his own work, and the little piece was never printed, but destroyed after some private readings.

Marie Corelli writes to a friend, saying: "I shall be very glad if you will contradict the erroneous reports that circulate in the American press about me. I am not the daughter, but the adopted daughter, of Charles Mackay, and my legal name is Marie Corelli." She is said never to write except under strong inspiration, and this always attacks her at night. She can not compose by daylight.

Lady Dilke has been well utilized as a heroine of romance. She is said to be the Dorothea of "Mid-dlemarch" to the Mr. Casaubon, for which her first husband, Professor Mark Pattison, is believed to be the model. She is the charming Belinda of Rhoda Broughton's entertaining novel of that name, and, as the lovely young wife of Dryadst, has figured in numerous stories which always happily marry her finally to the other man.

Mme. Blanche Roosevelt has an interesting personality, as this little sketch of her career shows:

Her first volume was a sketch of herself as a singer. To this succeeded a volume concerning Longfellow, whose "Masque of Pandora" she brought out in Boston as an opera, with music by Alfred Cellier. The failure of the opera gave interesting glimpses of the amiability of the poet's character, which the singer and writer disclosed in her book. Her next volume was a sumptuous life of Gustave Doré, for which the artist's family furnished materials, supplementing the writer's acquaintance with Doré. Blanche Roosevelt occupies a unique position in the artistic world of Paris. Her failure as a singer she frankly avowed, and with smiling courage she took up her pen. Her beauty of face, remarkable in its regular, sculptured delicacy, united to a lively imagination and unusual fluency of speech in Italian and French, as well as in English, has made her a welcome guest in many circles. She was petted by Victor Hugo, on terms of sarcasm and repartee with Arsène Houssaye, rapturously adored and adored of Verdi—of whose "Requiem," when it was brought out at Milan, she wrote descriptively of its influence: "I walked home afterward in a state of comatose." There have long been rumors of a drama to be written in collaboration with Sardou. The manifest result, however, is the volume just brought out, "Victorian Sardou: A Personal Study." She is the first American authoress to be decorated by

the French Academy, of which she is an officer; and, quoting from the gallant M. Houssaye, "she is lovely with every loveliness . . . her profile one that might have been designed by Apelles or Neuxis."

Of the modern American college girl, in Turkish trousers, who crosses swords with a fencing-master, vaults bars, climbs ropes, plays ball, rows, swims, and decks her boudoir with the trophies of gymnasium tournaments, a writer says:

"Calisthenics or gymnastics, in a desultory way, have always been exercised in girls' schools, but physical training, as now understood, was unknown to all American educational institutions until the past three years. Vassar, in its earliest days, had a riding-school and two foreign masters of horsemanship. To its alumni association Vassar is indebted for its present gymnasium. Wellesley needs a separate gymnasium building, but one of its spacious halls is replete with the paraphernalia demanded by the Sargent system. The Smith Institution has a commodious structure. Before equipping it President Seelye visited the gymnasium of Europe, the instructor, assisted by two Swedish women, graduates of the royal schools of Stockholm. The students of Harvard Annex avail themselves of Dr. Sargent's gymnasium at Cambridge. Most of these gymnasia have race-tracks and swimming-tanks. The efficacy of the German, Swedish, and American (Dr. Sargent's) methods is now the bone of contention among physical trainers. The colleges are divided in their allegiance. Dr. Sargent's system, varied by the Swedish, prevails at Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Bryn Mawr, and Mount Holyoke, while the Baltimore college advocates Swedish. The development of the heart and lungs by free movements of the body is the basis of the Swedish system, while muscular strength, developed by machine exercise, is the pivot of Dr. Sargent's method. The German system pays less attention to hygiene than the American or Swedish does, and the latter are more educational in their tendency. At the majority of women's colleges, systematic physical training is obligatory. Each student is measured, a chart drawn defining physical deviations from accepted normal development, and exercises are prescribed to counteract existing defects. From time to time measurements are made, and a record kept showing the progress achieved. Records of one hundred cases at the Baltimore college this year reveal a chest development of from one to five inches. The effect of this scientific hygienic training, the presidents of these colleges assert, is strikingly apparent in the condition of the girls at the completion of the four years, in comparison with their physique on entering college."

Miss Kate Field recently addressed an open letter to Secretary Tracy, through the columns of her paper, suggesting that the new cruiser No. 13 be named *Isabella*, as particularly appropriate in this quadricentennial period. To this suggestion the Secretary of the Navy replied that the law required vessels of that class to be named after rivers or principal towns and cities of this country. Undaunted, the fair editor renewed the argument, pleading that there are six towns, a country, and a river in the United States bearing this name, so that there is a technical pretext after all.

"You Yorkers seem mighty fond of the beach," said an old woman who lived barely a quarter of a mile from the ocean to one of her summer boarders. "I don't keer much for it myself, in fact, I hain't seen it for forty years I guess, not since I was a girl, when I went down to see a big whale brought in. Father was one of the life-saving men, and he promised me a new dress if they caught it, and naturally I felt interested."

Judge Thomas Moore Paschal, the Democratic nominee for Congress in one of the Texas districts, wears a mustache that measures sixteen inches from tip to tip. When it comes to a hirsute show-down, Paschal is as broad as Peffer is long.

Antonin Dvorak, the celebrated composer, will arrive in America soon to occupy the position of director of Mrs. Thurbur's National Conservatory of Music in New York.

## The Ceramic Exhibition.

Everybody who is anybody has been down to see the Ceramic Exhibition at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s art-gallery, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, once or twice this week. There has been a constant stream of people there, ladies and gentlemen, from ten o'clock to five every day since it opened, and it is expected that this afternoon and evening the handsome art-rooms will have the brilliant appearance of a fashionable reception.

The exhibition is really one of unusually great beauty and interest. The dinner-services, vases, plaques, and other pieces of decorated china are exquisitely painted, and only a connoisseur could distinguish them from Royal Worcester, Doulton, and the other famous wares. The exhibitors are, in fact, artists of great ability, the list of those who have sent examples of their work including Mesdames Balles, Nourse, Pearley, Shoaff, Culp, Ray, Silberborn, Farnham, and Ross, and Messrs Smith, Auger, Cole, Mead, French, Taylor, Hobbs, Paterson, Bacon, Donnelly, Neale, Sroufe-Lossely, Bell, Stallman, Morgan, King, Haste, Crosset, Herman, Philip, Hartman, Adams, Rulofson, Herrick, Parke, and Allen.

It would take too much space to describe the various pieces here; suffice it to say that, from an artistic point of view, the exhibition would take high rank in any city of the world. It has been a great popular success, also, and the public as well as the artists are enthusiastically in favor of making it an annual event. It is sincerely to be hoped that Messrs. Sanborn, Vail & Co. will continue the exhibitions, and their well-known energy in furthering all movements in the local art world is a sufficient guaranty that they will do so.



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SOCIETY.

The Taylor-Sanford Wedding.

A notable wedding took place in Trinity Church last Thursday evening, when Miss Frankie Janet Sanford and Mr. Edward Sanford Taylor were united in marriage. The bride is the daughter of Mrs. Mary G. Sanford and the late Ransom Sanford, and the groom is a member of the firm of Taylor, Nason & Co., of this city. The church was well filled with friends of the young couple, and the chancel was decorated, in exquisite taste, with a profusion of potted tropical plants and beautiful flowers.

At half-past eight o'clock the wedding march was played, and the bridal party entered and proceeded down the aisle to the chancel. The ushers were Mr. Charles F. Adams, Mr. Arthur Castelazo, Mr. Fred B. Dallam, and Mr. John W. Doubleday. The maid of honor was Miss Josephine Dunlop, and the best man was Captain Irving B. Cook. The dresses of the bride, her mother, and the maid of honor are described as follows:

The bride appeared in an elegant robe of white faille Française, made with a court-train and trimmed with old point applique lace that had adorned her mother's wedding dress. The round corsage was filled in with the lace, and the Empire sleeves ended with cascades of lace that covered the ungloved hands. The skirt was made plain and was finished with a ruching of the silk around the bottom. The veil of white silk moulure was confined to the coiffure by a diamond pin and fell gracefully to the end of the train. She wore diamond ornaments, gifts of the groom, and carried bride roses.

The maid of honor wore a becoming gown of white China silk, made walking length and trimmed with white chiffon. The corsage was à la Pèrre and filled in with chiffon, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, meeting gloves of white undressed kid. She carried a bouquet of Duchesse de Brabant roses, tied with pink silk ribbons.

Mrs. Mary G. Sanford, mother of the bride, was attired in a rich costume of black gros grain, en train, trimmed with point de Gènes lace and white surah. Her capote was of pink lace, and her ornaments were diamonds.

Bishop W. F. Nichols, assisted by Rev. Hobart Chetwood, performed the impressive ceremony, and Mr. William Jay Smith gave the bride into the keeping of the groom. After the ceremony there was no reception, but the members of the bridal party enjoyed a delicious supper at a down-town hotel. On Friday Mr. and Mrs. Taylor departed for the East. They will be away several months, and will reside in this city when they return. The groom gave to his attendants handsome scarf-pins of gold, set with a four-leaved clover of pearls. The maid of honor received a handsome souvenir from the bride. The presents sent to the newly wedded couple were numerous and elegant.

Notes and Gossip.

The most notable event of the coming week will be the wedding of Miss Ida Carleton, niece of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris, and Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N., son of Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi. The ceremony will be performed at eight o'clock next Tuesday evening in St. Luke's Church, and it will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride, 1822 Sacramento Street.

Judge Ralph C. Harrison, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, will soon leave for the East to be married to Miss Ella Spencer Reid, niece of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, of New York. The wedding will take place on Thursday, September 29th, at Ophir Farm, the country seat of Mr. Reid, in Westchester County, N. Y.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Ella Whitney, sister of the late Calvin E. Whitney and daughter of Mrs. S. D. Whitney, of Petaluma, to Mr. Charles B. Wheaton, secretary of the Pacific Coast Oil Company, of this city. The wedding will take place about the middle of October, and only relatives will be present.

The wedding of Miss Rosalie Meyer and Mr. Sigmund Stern will take place on Monday, October 3d, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Eugene Meyer, on Pine Street.

Mr. Allen M. Clay, of the Bank of California, and Mrs. Minta R. Crockett, widow of the late Robert Crockett, were united in marriage last Wednesday evening in St. Luke's Church. Only a few friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Church. Mr. and Mrs. Clay will reside in Alameda.

Miss Margaret Grace Andrews and Mr. George

Ord McMullin were married last Thursday at the residence of Mr. Marcus P. Wiggin, in Alameda. Rev. A. T. Perkins officiated. The affair was very quietly celebrated.

Company D, Naval Battalion, N. G. C., will give a reception and dance at the armory, 1615 Pacific Avenue, on Tuesday evening, September 27th. Officers of the army and navy are requested to appear in uniform.

Under the auspices of the associated German societies of San Francisco and vicinity, and for the benefit of the German Old People's Home, a grand kermess will be held in the Mechanics' Pavilion commencing next Tuesday evening and ending on the following Monday night, with a children's matinee on Saturday at two o'clock. Each evening there will be a grand march by the hundreds of participants attired in historical costumes, fancy drills, gymnastic exhibitions, tableaux vivants, a promenade concert, and singing by a chorus of five hundred voices. The tickets are fifty cents each, children half-price, and season tickets are two dollars each.

Moverents and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will return from Europe in October. They will be accompanied by Miss Jennie Catherwood, who has been abroad several years.

Miss Helen Wheeler will be visiting the Misses Bourgo at their villa near St. Helena.

Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry are at their ranch in Napa County.

Miss May Hoffman will leave on September 26th to visit friends in New York city.

Miss Madeline McKenna departed for Washington, D. C., Sunday, and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean will leave for Farmington, Conn., on September 26th, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Edith McBean, and Miss Carrie Taylor, who will resume their studies at the seminary there.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis have returned from Monterey. They will pass the winter season here.

Misses Florence and Lillian Reed have returned from a pleasant visit to Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook and Miss Mamie Holbrook have returned from a fortnight's outing at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin have been passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. W. P. Harrington and Miss Mary Harrington are visiting Monterey for a few weeks.

The Misses Hohart intend leaving soon on a trip to Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Harvey and Mrs. B. B. Cutter recently paid a visit to Monterey.

Misses Grace and Kittie Pierce, who have been traveling in Europe for the past year and a half, will return in December.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy and Mr. and Mrs. George Poppleton expected to return from their European trip in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Claus Spreckels are passing a few weeks at their cottage at Aptos.

Bishop and Mrs. W. F. Nichols and Mrs. Quintard will leave here in a couple of weeks on a visit to Philadelphia and other eastern cities.

Mr. and Mrs. Russell J. Wilson will return in a few days from their visit at Castle Craig.

Mrs. William H. Mills and her daughter, Miss Mills, will leave for Philadelphia on Sunday, where the latter will attend school.

Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Baker have returned to the city after passing the season in San Francisco.

Mr. H. C. Dearborn, of Tacoma, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Chesebrough at their residence, 2428 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, and Messrs. Peter, Walter, and Andrew Martin are at Richfield Springs, N. Y. They have been on a trip to Niagara Falls down the St. Lawrence River, and through the Adirondacks.

Mr. Samuel Boardman returned last Monday from a two weeks' visit at Castle Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Valentine have returned from their visit to Alaska.

Miss Susie Russell has returned from a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase at Stag's Leap, in Napa County.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco is expected to return from the East early in October.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick S. Moody will pass the winter at the Corbett villa, near San Mateo.

Miss Ella Morgan will leave in a fortnight for Farmington, Conn., where she will attend school.

Mrs. W. V. Garvey and her daughter, Mrs. Bessie Wilcox, have returned to New York after passing the season in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, who passed the summer months in France and Switzerland, returned to New York a week ago.

Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg will return to the city in a couple of weeks after passing several months at West Point, N. Y.

Mrs. Austin D. Sperry is making a tour of Southern California.

Colonel Creed Haymond has arrived in New York after making a tour of Europe, and is expected here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have returned from their European trip and are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill are at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins is in New York city and is staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. Edwin Goodall, and Miss Tina Goodall were in Geneva when last heard from.

Mrs. Calvin E. Whitney will hereafter be at home on Thursdays at her new residence on Orange Street, near Perry, Vernon Heights, Oakland.

Mrs. John F. Swift has returned from a prolonged visit to friends in Washington, D. C.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant left last Saturday to visit the State of Washington for several weeks. Soon after his return he will go East.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Helene Berger are at the Palace Hotel, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have been passing the week at Monterey.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Mamie Burling have been at Castle Craig during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery, of Alameda, are expected to return to-day from a ten days' visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Barnard, nee Currier, have returned from their wedding trip, and are residing at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hume have returned from a month's trip to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wooster, nee McMillan, are at Coronado Beach. They will return to town in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William Magee are in London.

Mr. and Mrs. William Dunphy and Miss Jennie Dunphy have been enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. Pedar Sather and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., of Oakland, are at Castle Craig.

Mr. Frank D. Willey left last Wednesday on a brief visit to Fresno.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mrs. Henry Janin will return to New York in a few days, after passing the summer here and at Monterey.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson has given up her idea of going to Europe, and will pass the winter in Oakland.

Colonel Edward A. Belcher left the city last Saturday for

Spokane, Wash., to reside there permanently and engage in the practice of his profession.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bancroft are now residing at 2118 Washington Street.

Mrs. Nellie Brook-Bian is at the Strathmore-Arms Hotel, in Washington, D. C.

Dr. R. W. Payne has returned from San Rafael, and has taken rooms at a down-town hotel for the winter.

Mrs. H. B. Bissell and family will return from Sausalito about October 15th, after passing the season there.

Theresa Bissell has almost entirely recovered from her recent severe illness.

Mrs. John Skae and Miss Alice Skae, who are now visiting Paris, are looking forward to building a residence in Washington, D. C., upon their return, in order to make that city their permanent home.

Mrs. Florence Lockwood is at the Hotel Normandie, in Paris.

Miss Laura McKinstry is staying at the Hotel Binda, in Paris.

Mrs. E. W. Hopkins is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. B. F. Norris is at the Hotel Vendome, in New York city, and will remain East several weeks longer.

Mrs. L. S. Adams and Miss Adams have returned from a visit to Castle Craig.

Mr. Harry Babcock and Mr. Henry Redington are visiting Dr. and Mrs. C. B. Brigham at Lake Tahoe.

Mrs. M. V. Baldwin and Miss Cora Wallace have gone East, and may prolong their trip to Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Drury Melone have returned to the city after passing the season at their country residence, Oak Knoll, in Napa County.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair are at Carlsbad. Mr. Dodge is in very poor health, and it is probable that they will remain there all winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall have been passing the week in Grass Valley.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise have returned to the city after passing the summer in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sonntag will leave soon to visit Coronado Beach.

Miss Lillian Thurston has returned to Stockton after a two weeks' visit here to her sisters.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Wilshire are visiting friends in Los Angeles.

Mr. William Gerslie will return from Europe early in October.

Mr. W. S. McMurtry has gone to New York on a brief visit.

Mr. Henry Bissell will return from Fresno on Monday, after a prolonged visit there.

Mrs. Alfred Wilkie and Master Fred Wilkie are at St. Helena, and will remain there during this month.

Mr. E. Y. Judd will go East on a visit in about two weeks.

Miss Julia Peyton has been visiting Mrs. Hall McAllister at her home in Ross Valley.

Mrs. Webster Jones returned last Wednesday from a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Mrs. H. N. Cook is occupying her beautiful villa at Beldere and has been entertaining many of her friends during the season.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham returned last Thursday from his Eastern trip.

Miss Blanche Castle is paying a visit to friends in Sacramento.

Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland has returned to town and will receive on the first and second Thursdays of each month.

Mrs. M. Nuttall and Miss Roberta Nuttall left New York last Saturday on the steamer *Fulda* for Genoa, Italy.

Mrs. M. A. Mesick and Miss Mesick are at the United States Hotel in Saratoga.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair has returned from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Kelley, in Mendocino County. Miss Elise Kelley is visiting Mrs. Blair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Emeric and Miss Lorena Barbier have returned to their home, on Geary Street, after passing the summer at their ranch near San Pablo.

Mrs. Bessie Shreve is the guest of Miss Minnie Houghton in Oakland.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford has returned from a visit to Mrs. J. B. Wright in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Keeney will return soon from Santa Cruz, where they have been passing the summer.

Mrs. Robert W. Clark, Mrs. John C. Yates, and Miss Ethel Yates will leave for New York on September 26th.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Marina has returned to the city and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman are visiting Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott will remain in San Rafael until the end of September.

Mrs. Terence Clark, Mrs. Charles G. Lyman, and Miss Clarke have returned to town, after passing the summer in Sausalito, and are at The Colonial for the season.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Morrow Concert.

Mrs. Marguerite Morrow gave her first concert last Friday evening with the assistance of Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, soprano; Mr. G. Sauvlet, pianist; Mr. H. M. Fortesque, tenor; Mr. G. St. J. Bremner, tenor; Mr. F. G. B. Mills, basso; Mr. Charles Dickman, basso; Mr. Harry Samuels, violinist; and Mr. Otto Fleissner and Mr. F. Delleplane, accompanists. The attendance was quite large, and the following selections comprised the excellent programme:

Vocal quartet, "Rhine Wine Song," Sommeir, Mr. H. M. Fortesque, Mr. F. G. B. Mills, Mr. G. St. J. Bremner, Mr. C. Dickman; contralto solo, "Ah rendimi," Rossi, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; piano solo, "Silver Spring," Maudslayi, Mr. G. Sauvlet; Jewel Song (from "Faust"), Gounod, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; bass solo, "Bedouin Love Song," Pissuti, Mr. F. G. B. Mills; violin solo, ballade et polonaise, Vieuxtemps, Mr. Harry Samuels; contralto solo, "King of Thule," Liszt, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; piano solo, (a) concert étude, Sauvlet, (b) pasquinade, Gottschalk, (c) la belle Américaine, Sauvlet, Mr. G. Sauvlet; duet, "El Deschardo," Saint-Saëns, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; vocal quartet, serenade, Marschner, Mr. H. M. Fortesque, Mr. F. G. B. Mills, Mr. G. St. J. Bremner, Mr. C. Dickman.

Mr. William H. Sherwood, of Chicago, the well-known pianist, gave a recital last Tuesday evening in Irving Hall. The following varied programme was presented in an excellent manner before a large and appreciative audience:

Sonata appassionata, op. 57, Beethoven; impromptu, op. 142, No. 2, moment musical in F minor, op. 94, No. 3, Schubert; songs without words, No. 22 in F major, No. 3 in A major (hunting song), Mendelssohn; scherzo in B flat minor, op. 31, impromptu in A flat, op. 53, Chopin; "Isolde's Liebes-Tod," Wagner-Liszt; menuet in A flat, Edgar H. Sherwood; "Waldrauschen," Liszt; "Waltz de Concert," Wieniawski; staccato étude, op. 23, No. 2, Rubinstein; "Bridal Party Passing By," op. 19, No. 2, Edward Grieg; "Military March," Schubert-Tausig.

Mr. Sigmund Beel and Mrs. Carmichael-Carr will give their first Saturday Popular Concert of this season next Saturday afternoon in Irving Hall. They have prepared a highly interesting programme, comprising selections by Tschaiakowski, McKenzie, and others. Mr. Donald de V. Graham will be the vocalist. Tickets are now on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

Miss Katherine Kimball, of Boston, is now the soprano of the First Congregational Church, having succeeded Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis.

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## TAKING HIM DOWN.

"Now, Miss—er—Miss—"

"Fosdick."

"Thanks, very much! Now, Miss Fosdick, in commencing your work as a stenographer for the firm of Poplin & Son, it is necessary for me to instruct you as to your duties. I have charge of the house's correspondence—entire charge. My name, Miss Fosdick, is Hipple."

"Yes, Mr. Hipple," the girl replied, meekly.

"In the first place," Mr. Hipple went on, leaning back in his chair so as to expand his chest to its utmost capacity, and twisting the ends of his mustache with both hands as he spoke; "in the first place, I always insist on my stenographer's taking me down *verbatim et literatim*. I suppose you know what that means. It's Latin," he added, condescendingly.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Miss Fosdick, I have had the house's correspondence in my hands for several years, and both Mr. Poplins have come to rely implicitly upon me. Indeed, I do not really see how this department could move along without me."

The girl's gray eyes looked at the indispensable clerk with an amused twinkle.

"I think I can say, Miss Fosdick," the young man proceeded, as he settled himself more comfortably in his chair, "and I think I can say it without the slightest egotism or desire to boast, that I have made the letters of Poplin & Son famous throughout the business world as models of English composition and ornate diction."

The clerk watched the countenance of his new assistant closely, to note the impression of his words.

Miss Fosdick nodded understandingly and smiled. It was a sweet smile, for she could not smile any other sort had she tried.

"Those are the reasons why I always insist on absolute accuracy on the part of my stenographer. I do not permit even the alteration of a single word, or any other change, whatever. I trust you apprehend me clearly."

"Quite so, Mr. Hipple."

"Then we will begin."

Mabel Fosdick's first day's work was perfectly satisfactory to the hypercritical correspondence-clerk. He found himself taken down with unvarying accuracy. In the transcribed letters, too, the words were spelled all correctly. She never struck the wrong character on her machine—a fault so common among type-writers, and one which sometimes helps to make type-written communications resemble Egyptian hieroglyphics.

Thanks to Miss Fosdick's skill, Mr. Hipple's specimens of ornate English composition went forth into the business world more faultlessly than ever, and aided in making smooth the rough places of commercial epistolary communication.

The firm of Poplin & Son had been served by a masculine type-writer, but the style of the correspondence-clerk had become too oppressive for him, and he had resigned. This was exactly what Mr. Hipple wished, for he longed for a type-writer with laughing eyes and golden hair, upon whom to lavish his flowers of language—such a being as he had read about in the funny papers. At last he had found one to suit him, after much examination of applicants, in the person of Miss Fosdick.

Everything went on with apparent smoothness for about a month. The members of the firm noted with approval the modest demeanor of their new type-writer, and the other male clerks in the establishment envied Hipple his pleasant duties.

One day the elder Mr. Poplin sent for Miss Fosdick to come into his private office.

"Sit down, please," he said, when she arrived;

"I have here a letter from my friend Mr. Shaw, of Shaw & King, who says that a communication from this firm contains much irrelevant matter."

Poplin looked over his glasses at Miss Fosdick, and found her blushing, with her eyes cast down. He asked, not unkindly:

"Did you write a letter to that firm lately?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you know its character?"

"Yes, sir."

"What have you to say about it?"

"I wrote it down just as Mr. Hipple dictated it, sir."

"So I supposed, after reading it; but is it not rather unusual to insert in letters extraneous remarks made during dictation?"

"He has always insisted on being taken down *verbatim et literatim*, sir," the pretty type-writer went on, with some confusion; "and really, sir, Mr. Hipple has annoyed me so much with his attentions, and has refused to desist, that I felt I must do something to crush him. I'm sorry I took the method I did—I oughtn't to—oh, dear, what shall I do?"

And Miss Fosdick put her dainty cambric handkerchief to her eyes, and her speech dissolved in tears.

"There! there! my dear girl, don't cry," said Mr. Poplin, soothingly.

He took her hand to assist in the comforting operation, and placed her head on his fatherly shoulder. He was not too old to make mental note of how long her lashes lay on her rosy cheeks, and how dewdrops of tears oozed through them.

"What am I doing?" Mabel exclaimed, as she beheld herself of the picture she and Mr. Poplin

would present if any one should come into the office, and she promptly raised her head.

"You did just right," said Mr. Poplin, referring to her treatment of Mr. Hipple. "The presumptuous rascal! Never mind, little girl—Miss Fosdick, I'll settle with Mr. Hipple myself. In the meantime, you may take a couple of days off. Go home right away, and I'll see that he annoys you no more."

After the fair type-writer had put on her wraps and gone home, Mr. Hipple was called into the private office, and Mr. Poplin asked him:

"Are you in the habit of reading and signing the firm's letters after the type-writer has taken them from your dictation and transcribed them, Mr. Hipple?"

When Mr. Poplin took the extra time necessary to use the prefix "Mister" in addressing one of his clerks, it was an indication that the subject of the interview was of more than ordinary importance. It was with some perturbation, therefore, that Mr. Hipple replied:

"Well, sir, I used to, but I found Miss Fosdick so scrupulously exact that lately I have permitted her to sign and mail letters dictated to her, without my reading. She takes me down word for word, sir; so I feel that it isn't necessary for me to read them over."

"The reason why I asked you that question is this: I received a note from Mr. Shaw this morning—of Shaw & King, you know—in which he asks an explanation of a letter he had just received from this house. Perhaps you can give the needed explanation after I have read you the letter. This is it:

"MESSRS. SHAW & KING:

"Gentlemen—Your favor of Monday was received in due course. Got that down, sweetness? In reply, we would say—I'd like a sweet kiss from those ruby lips—say that the goods you mention—your charming creature, why are you so cold to me?—mention, were shipped yesterday morning. Your bird-like voice thrills me through and through! Why do you never smile on your adorer? Hoping that they have arrived in good condition—Give me just one kiss, Mabel darling, won't you?—and that they gave perfect satisfaction—Got that down, little beauty?—we beg to remain, yours very truly—One kiss now, I insist. What are you struggling for?"

"Your obedient servants,

"POPLIN & SON."

Hipple turned alternately red and white while his employer read this letter in icy tones, and said nothing when it was concluded. The occasion did not seem to be one for the display of ornate English composition.

After a painful pause, the senior member of the firm went on:

"Mr. Hipple, I think I'll attend to the correspondence of this firm hereafter myself, and what love-making it is necessary to do to the type-writer I will also look after. The cashier will give you your salary to date. Good-morning, sir."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. Poplin to his son, the junior member, half an hour later, when he had laid the whole matter before him. "The idea that a womanly and modest girl like Miss Fosdick should be so grossly mistreated in my establishment, exasperates me. She's pretty and sweet, and altogether admirable."

"I rather admire Hipple's taste," said the son.

"Oh, you do!" exclaimed the father. "Then I suppose I have done wrong in discharging the scamp, even when he knew his attentions were distasteful to the girl?"

"No, father, you did quite right. Of course it would not do for that sort of thing to continue."

"Of course it wouldn't. It would be persecution of as sweet a girl as I know."

"Why, you are not in love with her yourself, are you, father?"

"I? A widower of fifteen years' standing? The idea! Can't an elderly man defend a helpless young woman without such an imputation as that?"

"Oh! certainly."

Then the conversation dropped.

Old Mr. Poplin was in love with Miss Fosdick, nevertheless, and he resolved to ask her to be his son's step-mother on the first opportunity. He thought, moreover, that he would make that opportunity when she should report for duty.

Miss Fosdick returned to the store at the appointed time, and proceeded straight to the private office. The elder Mr. Poplin was alone.

"Good morning, Mr. Poplin," said Miss Fosdick, with her sweetest smile.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" Mr. Poplin replied, raising his eyes above his newspaper; "sit down, Miss Fosdick, please. Before you take the lid off your type-writer, I have something—er—to say to you rather—er—important. I have been thinking of you almost constantly since you went away two days ago, and I wanted to—er—ask you—"

"One moment, please, Mr. Poplin," Miss Fosdick interrupted him to say, "you must pardon me, but I have not come back to work."

"Eh? What's that?"

"No, sir. Fact is, I—that is—your son, sir—has done me the honor to—to—propose, and—and—"

"The sly young rascal!" ejaculated Poplin, not giving her a chance to finish. "Well, I suppose I'll have to be a father to you, and I will say I am proud of my new daughter."

Then he thought:

"I wonder if she really suspected what I was going to say?"—*William Henry Siviter in S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

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IMPARTS NEW ENERGY TO THE BRAIN,  
Giving the feeling and sense of increased intellectual power.

## HOW SALTY WIN OUT.

By Eugene Field.

Used to think that luck wuz luck and nothin' else but luck—

It made no diff'rence how or when or where or why it struck;

But several years ago I changt my mind, an' now proclaim That luck's a kind uv science—same as any other game;

It happened out in Denver in the spring uv '80, when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

Salty wuz a printer in the good ol' *Tribune* days, An', natural-like, he fell into the good ol' *Tribune* ways;

So, every Sunday evenin', he would sit into the game Which in this crowd uv thoroughbreds I think I need not

name;

An' there he'd sit until he rose, an', when he rose, he wore

Invariably less wealth about his person than before.

But once there came a powerful change; one solum Sunday

night

Occurred the tidal wave that put ol' Salty out o' sight!

He win on deuce an' ace an' jack—he win on king an'

queen—

Clif Bill allowed the like uv bow he win wuz never seen!

An' how he done it wuz revealed to all us fellers when

He said he teched a humpback to win out ten.

There must be somethin' in it, for he never win afore, An' when he told the crowd about the humpback, how they swore!

For every sport allows it is a losin' game to buck

Agin' the science of a man who's teched a hump fr' luck;

An' there is no denyin' luck was nowhere in it when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten.

I've had queer dreams an' seen queer things, an' allus tried

to do

The thing that luck apparently intended fr' me to;

Cats, funerals, cripples, beggars have I treated with regard,

An' charity subscriptions have hit me powerful hard;

But what's the use uv talkin'? I say, an' say again;

You've got to tech a humpback to win out ten!

So, though I used to think that luck wuz lucky, I'll allow

That luck, for luck, ag'in a hump ain't nowhere in it

now!

An' though I can't explain the whys and wherefores, I

maintain

There must be somethin' in it when the tip's so straight an'

plain;

For I wuz there an' seen it, an' got full with Salty when

Salty teched a humpback an' win out ten!

—Chicago News.

In a hall in Glasgow, a few weeks ago, there was a lecture on "Marriage and After." The lecturer said that men should kiss their wives as they did when they were a year or two married. When the lecture was over an old man went home, put his arm around his wife's neck and kissed her. Meeting the lecturer next day, he said: "It's no go." "What isn't?" said the lecturer. "Weel," said the man, "when I kissed my wife, she said, 'What's gone wrang wi' ye, ye auld fool ye?'" —*Boston Globe.*

Headache, biliousness, and liver troubles are promptly cured by the use of Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Equally safe for young or old.

She—"That couple in front of us—do you think they are married?" He—"Yes, I am sure they are. They have been married a long time, too." She—"Why, how do you know?" He—"Haven't you noticed that when a pretty girl comes on the stage, she always hands the opera-glasses over right away?" —*Somerville Journal.*

Seaside visitor—"I have noticed that drowning bathers cease crying out, and become perfectly calm, as soon as you reach them; I suppose they are reassured by your brave and noble words of encouragement." Life saver—"No, num—it's because I always hit 'em a thump in the neck to make 'em keep quiet." —*Puck.*

Have BEECHAM'S PILLS ready in the household.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Rossini was once promised by a friend a dinner of turkey and truffles. The friend showed a disposition to postpone the dinner and to make excuses. One day Rossini said: "Well, my dear friend, when are we to have that turkey?" "Truffles are not good at this season," said his friend. "Don't you believe it," replied Rossini; "that report was started by the turkeys."

In a New Zealand school, a right angle was drawn upon the blackboard and correctly described enough; but when another was drawn, the description was thus given: "A Left Angle." Perhaps the best reply was upon an historical subject. "What caused the civil war in the reign of Charles the First?" "His leaving tacks" (for levying taxes, probably) "on the seats of the House of Commons." A very good reason for persons rising in indignation.

The Earl of Balcarres had a field of turnips upon which he prided himself a good deal. He once surprised an old woman busily employed in filling a sack with his favorites. After giving her a hearty scolding, to which she replied only by the silent eloquence of repeated courtesies, he was walking away, when the woman called after him: "Eh, my lord, the bag's unco' heavy. Would ye be sae kind as to help me on to my back wi' it?"—which he did forthwith, when the culprit departed with profuse thanks.

A young man passing through a crowd in a great dry-goods store found himself side by side with a timid-looking little man, and exactly behind a lady. A movement of the crowd forced the young man to step upon the hem of the lady's skirt. She turned quickly around, with a furious look, and was evidently about to address some fierce remark to him, when a change came over her face suddenly: "Oh, I beg your pardon, sir," she said; "I was going to get very angry. You see, I thought it was my husband!"

At the new fresh-air home for children at Ridgewood, N. J., the rector of Christ Church of that village was addressing the children. He told them how sin tended to mar all that was good, and held before them the illustration of the blossom in its blight and the young fruit in its disfigurement caused by the worm that seized upon them before they matured. "So sin enters the heart and defiles it," he said. Then, after a moment, added: "Now, boys, what is sin?" "Worms!" came back the answer from his juvenile audience.

It was on a Back Bay horse-car (says the Boston Transcript). At — Street she stopped the car, and, upon reaching the crowded platform, attempted to get off on the wrong side. "The other side, madam," said the conductor. "I want to get off on this side," she insisted. "You can't do it, madam," was the reply. "Conductor," she exclaimed, indignantly, "I want to get off on this side of the car!" Whereupon the polite official of the West End, in a loud voice, remarked: "Gentlemen, please stand aside and let the lady climb the gate!"

Russell Sage has for some years been in the habit of giving five dollars once a year to a friend of his boyhood days. This year, when the pensioner made his annual visit, Mr. Sage was unable to find five dollars in his roll of bills, and was on the point of putting his old friend off, when the latter exclaimed: "But I am in more desperate need of money than ever before, Mr. Sage. Why not give me one of those ten-dollar bills?" "Well, I never thought of that," replied Mr. Sage, in a matter-of-fact way; "here, you take this ten dollars and give me a receipt for two years."

The famous painter Fuseli had a great contempt for "chatter." One afternoon a party of friends paid a visit to his studio, and, after a few moments spent in looking at the pictures, they seated themselves and proceeded to indulge in a long and purposeless talk. At last, in one of the slight pauses, Fuseli said, earnestly: "I had pork for dinner today." "Why, my dear Mr. Fuseli," exclaimed one of the startled group, "what an extremely odd remark!" "Is it?" said the painter, ingenuously; "why, isn't it as interesting and important as anything that has been said for the last hour?"

A pretty story is told of a nobleman whom his barber left half-shaved, and in a great hurry. His lordship thought the man was mad, and sent to inquire after him. He returned in person and thus explained himself: "I was not mad, my lord, but the sight of that heap of guineas on your dressing-table, and the remembrance of my starving family so affected me, that if I had stayed another minute I should have cut your throat." "I am glad you didn't do that," said his lordship, gently; "and by all means take the guineas. I won them at the gambling-table, and should doubtless have lost them there."

In a seaport town, a general and an admiral were neighbors. The general's house was fronted by a grass-plot, on which he claimed the right to pasture

a cow. One day his wife complained that the supply of milk was falling short. The sentinel accounted for the deficiency by saying that the pasture had lately been much trodden down by the public. Thereupon the martial despot gave orders that no (human or other) animal except the cow should be allowed on the grass-plot; and added—men were not particular in those days—that, if this rule was infringed, the sentinel should be flogged. Soon afterward the admiral's wife, having a pressing engagement, took a short cut over the grass in disregard of the sentinel's repeated order to stand back. "Common soldier," said the offended lady, "don't you know who I am?" "All I know is that you're not the general's cow!"

A young woman has been taught a lesson against all communication by signs (says the New York World). There were unexpected guests at dinner the other night, and her younger sister sat on one side of the table beside one of them. The sister was extremely communicative, and the older became very nervous as revelation after revelation concerning family affairs was made. She finally took to nudging the offender beneath the table, but foot pressures, however forcible and frequent, failed to stop the chatter. After dinner the much annoyed young woman demanded fiercely: "What did you mean by not paying any attention to my signals? How dared you go on so when I kept kicking you to make you stop?" Whereupon the younger sister looked mystified. "Signals? Kicks?" said she; "but, my dear, you didn't kick me." And the family disciplinary sank back limply as she gasped: "Oh, Sara, don't, don't tell me I was kicking that man!"

Ben Butler was once chairman of a meeting at which Rufus Choate was booked for an address. Mr. Choate was about to begin his address when a man crawled up to Butler, and whispered to him that the joists in the floor and the supporting beams were giving way because of the heavy pressure on the floor, and they were likely to collapse any moment. Butler turned to the man and whispered to him: "Keep quiet." Then turning to the audience, he said: "A man has brought me information that outside of this hall there are not less than twenty thousand people clamoring for admission. I propose to adjourn this meeting to the common, where all can hear Mr. Choate. Now just see how quickly we can empty this hall." Meanwhile, Choate was tugging at Butler's coat-tails, saying: "Ben, don't! Stop, Ben. Why, I can't see to read on the common; my voice won't carry in the open air; I can't make them hear," and so on. After most of the audience had left, Butler turned around to Choate, and said: "Say, Choate, would you rather deliver this speech here in this hall or in hell?"

The old practice of badgering witnesses has almost disappeared from many courts; but in a Western Kansas town it is still kept up—sometimes, however, to the damage of the cross-examiner. Lawyer S— is well known for his uncomely habits. He cuts his hair about four times a year, and the rest of the time looks decidedly ragged about the ears. He was making a witness describe a barn, which figured in his last case. "How long had this barn been built?" "Oh, I don't know. About a year, mebbey. About nine months, 'p'raps." "But just how long? Tell the jury how long it had been built." "Well, I don't know exactly. Quite a while." "Now, Mr. B—, you pass for an intelligent farmer, and yet you can't tell how old this barn is; and you have lived on the next farm for ten years. Can you tell how old your own house is? Come, now, tell us how old your own house is, if you think you know." Quick as lightning the old farmer replied: "Ye want to know how old my house is, do ye? Well, it's just about as old as you be, and needs shinglin' about as bad!" In the roar that followed, the witness stepped down, and was not called back.

Things Worth Remembering.

When you feel a kind of goneness about the stomach, it is a sign that your food does not sit well and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion. When you begin to feel nervous and are unable to sit still comfortably; when your clothes suddenly seem to lose their fit and become too tight in places, the fit of indigestion is surely upon you. When this fit of indigestion is repeated from day to day it finally resolves itself into dyspepsia. Chronic dyspepsia will surely make the happiest life a hell upon earth. Remember that three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will cure the worst case of indigestion or dyspepsia, or both, and that a regular course of the said pills, two or three a week for ten days, will act as a preventive of either complaint.

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SAUSALITO, SAN RAFAEL, SAN QUENTIN VIA NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, August 7, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25, 6:45 P. M. Extra trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M. From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M. From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M. From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip. From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:06 P. M. (Sundays)—3:37, 5:15, 6:00, 7:02 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip. From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip. From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	8:45 A. M. Week Days
5:00 P. M. Week Days	Tacoloma	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Tonales, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays
5:00 P. M. Saturdays		6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		8:15 P. M. Sundays

EXCURSION RATES.

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates. Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Friday, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tacoloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tonales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sold only: Camp Taylor, Tacoloma, and Point Reyes \$1.00; Tonales, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.

Stages leave Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) on arrival of 7:30 A. M. train from San Francisco for Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Culey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Sept. 15th, SS. San Juan; Sept. 26th, SS. City of New York; Oct. 5th, SS. San Blas.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 15th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas. Way line sailings—September 15th, SS. City of Panama. When the ship leaves, date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: City of Peking..... Saturday, September 17, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M. Peru..... Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro..... Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY. FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!

Steamers leave Wharfe corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.

Gaelic..... Tuesday, September 6

Belgic..... Thursday, September 8

Oceanic..... Tuesday, October 25

Gaelic..... Wednesday, November 16

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 27, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21.

For freight apply to Traffic Manager at the Pacific Coast Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento,...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	12:15 P.
7:40 A.	Niles and San José.	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, Niles, and San José.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
8:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursion.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, on being asked what he mixed his colors with, replied: "With brains, sir." Apply this to your advertising.—S. C. Patterson.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco to Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M. Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. From San Francisco to Sausalito: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:30 A. M.	and Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litchfield Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 A. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 A. M.			
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 A. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Yichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Elbe, Witter, and Upper Lake. Lakeport, Willits, Caho, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usad, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$9.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.50.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.





John Robinson's "Great World's Exposition, Grand Sceneographic, Biblical Spectacle of Solomon, his Temple, and the Queen of Sheba, Four-Ring Circus, and Real Roman Hippodrome" happened upon this city at an opportune moment, when dullness reigned at the theatres and pleasure-lovers were sighing for something new. John Robinson is the son of old John Robinson, whose name has gone thundering down the ages as the successor of Barnum and Forepaugh. He is the rival of the Sells Brothers, who were here the other day and exhibited a fine collection of wild animals and some pretty equestrian shows. John has not so large or so varied a menagerie as theirs, nor does he seem to own so numerous a stud. But he gives us something new in the way of a circus show, and it appears that every evening some ten thousand people have been willing to pay fifty cents or a dollar to see it. As the performance is really worth seeing, the fact is as creditable to them as it is to the impresario (can a circus-manager be called an impresario?)

"Solomon's Temple" is a great spectacular piece, such as one sees at well-appointed theatres. Unfortunately, on this occasion, it is seen from the opposite side of the circus, so that the spectator contemplates the wisdom of the king, the beauty of the Queen of Sheba, and the graceful proportions of the dancing-girls at long range, across the ring where the strong man catches cannon-balls and the clown perpetrates his jokes. This impairs the enjoyment of the lovely picture which represents the city of Jerusalem, with its walls, its towers, its great temples, and the gates where the money-changers used to assemble to circulate sweated coin among strangers. At a signal, Jerusalem rolls up like a scroll, and a scene which is partly in the temple and partly outside of it is disclosed to the naked eye, so gorgeous and so life-like that a lady from the Mission was impelled to cry aloud that it was like going to the Holy Land.

Enter the king, in all his glory, and behind him, according to the programme, troop his seven hundred wives. Few spectators cared to count them; but there were enough of them to make any reasonable man happy and most men thoroughly wretched. The king takes his seat on his ivory throne, the ark of the covenant is brought out before him, the trumpets blow, and the people file before the throne and make obeisance. But, lo! what does this sharp bugle blast mean, and why does this galloping courier, riding *ventre à terre* at the rate of at least seven miles an hour, dash madly up to the steps of the throne?

It is the Queen of Sheba who comes. The Abyssinian sovereign has heard of the wisdom of Solomon, and comes to bring him tribute of gold, and silver, and precious stones, silken fabrics, incense, and rare ointments; comes riding on camels, and elephants, and fleet horses—not all together, of course, but alternately—and is followed by swarms of brown, and yellow, and black warriors, all in the panoply of war and models of athletic beauty, as becomes the ancestors of the Galla girls, who, to this day, command so high a price in the slave markets of Sennaar. The queen is seated on a horse-hair trunk, which is carried on the shoulders of men in short petticoats; she looks every inch a monarch; there is that in her eye which tells that, were she merely to crook her little finger, any man in her escort would bite the sawdust. With the stolid *nil admirari* stare of a modern clubman, she looks round listlessly on Solomon's magnificence, as if to say that Jerusalem may be all very well, but you ought to see Magdala.

Presently she is at the foot of the throne, and Solomon, after having rapidly appraised the value of her gown and her jewels, escorts her to a seat by his side. In order to divert her *ennui*, two Jewish mothers quarrel for the possession of a child, as the legend tells, and the wise man orders the executioner to divide the infant in twain. Everybody takes this seriously except the child, which crows and giggles as if to say that you may fool grown people but not her; when the successful claimant carries her off, she screams with joy, well-knowing that a piece of candy awaits her behind the canvas.

Then come a march and a dance, and these are really interesting, as depicting the costumes of the people who lived six hundred years before Christ. A captious critic may feel inclined to question the historical fidelity of the picture. The Queen of Sheba, who, if she ever lived, ruled over a portion of Ethiopia, may have surrounded herself with magnificence corresponding to the splendors which existed at that time in the neighboring country of Egypt. But even in the time of Solomon, Jerusalem must have been a small place. In all Judea the males of militia age did not outnumber fifty thousand. It is

impossible to reconcile the legends of Solomon's wealth and of the great trade of Judea with the absence of seaports and the sterility of the country. It is not easy to see how so much gold and treasure could have been accumulated in a state without commerce, without agriculture, and without a conquering army.

The Rev. De Witt Talmage, who seems to have had something to do with booming the circus play, observes: "To say that Solomon was a millionaire gives a very imperfect idea of the property he inherited from his father. He had at his command gold and silver in amounts that stagger all arithmetic. If he had lost the value of a whole realm out of his pocket, it would hardly have been worth his while to pick it up." It would be interesting to know where Mr. Talmage got the information on which he bases this florid Gothic. He mentions the sum which the Queen of Sheba paid Solomon for a few days' conversation—\$3,850,000. But how he came to know can only be explained on the Buddhist theory of metempsychosis, and by assuming that, when the queen visited Jerusalem, Talmage was a groom of the bed-chamber to Solomon and kept his petty cash. But this is another story.

The queen, it seems, knowing that she was the most beautiful and most splendid potentate of her day, and that Solomon was the wisest, shrewdly thought herself that a marriage between the two might result in offspring that would rule the world. She came to offer her heart and hand to the Jewish monarch, agreeing to overlook the existence of her seven hundred predecessors, if Solomon would not too closely inquire into the details of her own *fradaines* at Magdala. Here, most unfortunately, history deserts us. We are not told what answer the king made to his dusky admirer. We are left to conjecture that a man so richly wived as Solomon would not think twice about such a trifle as adding another spouse to his collection, and that he threw the queen into his already well-stocked harem. But nothing is certain. He may have played St. Anthony, though it would have been foreign to his habits. From the fact that Sheba did not declare war upon Judea, it may be inferred that the queen carried her point. It was as ticklish business in those days to balk a queen as it was in later times to rouse the *spetite injuria* formae of Catherine of Russia.

Mr. John Robinson, Jr., leaves the knotty problem where he found it. The parade which defiles before the monarchs is long enough and gorgeous enough to represent a joyful wedding march, but the expressions on the faces of the Queen of Sheba's attendants are gloomy enough to indicate that they had come on a fool's errand. Even the sagacious old elephant has a cock in his eye, which is as much as to say: Sold again!

The enormous audiences which have filled the circus-stand imply that people are tired of the old calisthenics and athletic feats which have, for a generation, constituted the chief attraction of a circus. They want something new. And it is quite possible that they want something in the line of "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba." There is no reason why grand spectacular pieces, with effects of colored lights and vast processions of warriors and dancing-girls, should not be played at circuses to audiences of eight or ten thousand people instead of being given at theatres which will not hold over a couple of thousand. Two or three years ago, a spectacular piece, representing the Fall of Babylon, was given in the open air on Staten Island, N. Y., to audiences which occasionally exceeded twenty thousand in number. In the East, such spectacles are handicapped by the uncertainties of the weather. Here that obstacle would not interfere. But a tent which would seat twelve thousand people could be covered in so that the spectators would be shielded from sun and rain. And the gate-money from such an audience would enable the manager to make a fine display. The chief trouble would, of course, be the distance between the performers and the audience. At the circus this week few of the spectators were able to see the expression on the faces of the personages. The stage was placed between the exits to the menagerie and the stables.

At the great circuses of antiquity, which were far larger than anything which exists to-day—the Circus Maximus at Rome seated two hundred and fifty thousand spectators—the performance took place in the centre of the arena. When it was a gladiator fight or a combat with wild beasts, the site was appropriate, as it is at the bull-fights in Spanish countries to-day. But both Romans and Greeks gave tragedies and comedies at their circus-theatres; and in these the actors must have stood in the centre of the ring. This would be fatal to scenery, and it would oblige the performers to present their backs to one-half of the audience. The difficulty might be overcome by a bright manager. The stage might be set with its back to the main entry and exit, and nearer to that end of the ring than to the other. Mechanical difficulties never stand in the way of an enterprise that is pregnant with dollars. And it stands to reason that if such a play as "Nero" could be produced before an audience of ten thousand people, it would make more money than it can when it is played to fifteen hundred, however high the price of admission be set.

— H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 19th: Lillian Russell in "La Cigale" and commencing Thursday in "The Mountebanks"; Daniel Sully in "The Millionaire" and commencing Thursday in "Daddy Nolan"; the Grismer-Davies Company in "The New South"; "Drifting Apart"; the Tivoli Company in "Olivette"; and Charles Frohman's comedians in "The Junior Partner" and "Frederick Lemaître."

"The Prodigal Daughter" is the title of Mr. Petit's new drama at the Drury Lane.

It is said that Miss Mipnie Palmer is to be the new principal at the London Gayety.

Herrmann, the magician, will begin his first New York engagement in three years on Monday evening at his own theatre.

Pauline Hall has worked herself down, by long bicycle rides, to the outline which made her famous in the chorus of "Venus" eight or nine years ago, and she is capturing New York again in Edgar Stillman Kelley's opera, "Puritania."

J. K. Emmett is in New York, playing "Fritz in Ireland." The play has been rewritten, and in several scenes is more effective and plausible than before. Emmett has improved to a marked degree, and would be a formidable rival for the father whose place he has taken.

A new play, entitled "Monongahela: or the Homestead of '92," a melodrama founded upon incidents of the strike of the Homestead iron-workers, is occupying the boards of the Columbia Theatre in New York city. The scenic effects are said to be accurate in every detail, having been painted from sketches taken at Homestead.

Audran's tuneful opera "Olivette" will be produced next week at the Tivoli, with the following cast:

Captain de Merrimac, Edward N. Knight; Valentine, Phil. Branson; Duc des Iles, George Olmi; Coquelicot, Ferris Hartman; Marcejo, M. Cornell; Olivette, Gracie Planted; Bathilde, Tillie Salinger; Velontine, Aggie Millard; Moustique, Emma Vorce.

"Estrella" is announced for the following week.

The attraction now at Niblo's is the "Henry Company"; but no one knows why this title is used, as there is not a Henry in the troupe of either the male or female persuasion. But there is a first-class dancer called "Texarkansas," who is delighting the audiences by her grace and agility. She is good-looking, besides, and is the best feature in the show, which is of the variety type.

Gilbert should be pleased with Dixey's success in "Patience." This comedian gives more prominence to the libretto than to Sullivan's music, and makes Bunthorne a character study, which he presents with a nicety of detail and accuracy of judgment that are winning for him unstinted praise. His portrayal of the character is said to be a very clever bit of comedy and quite free from buffoonery.

The second half of the series of dramatic readings to be given by George Riddle will commence on September 26th. On that evening, Mr. Riddle will give his reading of "Hamlet." On the evening of September 28th, he will present a mixed programme, comprising scenes from "Macbeth," Mrs. Malaprop, "The Rivals," "The Village Dressmaker," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, and "The Garroters," by Howells.

The managers of New York theatres where children appear nightly on the stage are jubilant over the Stein Bill, which went into effect September 1st. It gives Mayor Grant discretionary power regarding children's performances, and enables him to license the little ones. It is asserted that Commodore Gerry will make a legal test of the constitutionality of the act. Meanwhile, the children are earning liberal salaries again and supporting large families.

At Hoyt's Madison Square Theatre, in New York city, "A Trip to Chinatown" has passed its three hundred and fiftieth performance. This will be quoted as a "record," of course, but it does not indicate so dazzling a success as it might seem. The cast has been changed several times, even in the principal parts, and each new-comer has brought to it his or her particular specialties. The character of New York audiences should be considered, too. For possibly six weeks they are New Yorkers; after that they are visitors from out of town. A year's run in Gotham is not as high a compliment for a play as four continuous weeks in San Francisco.

Pietro Mascagni, before his "Cavalleria Rusticana" made him famous, was a poor school-teacher in Sicily. A Milan publisher offered a prize for the best serious opera in one act, and amid vigorous competition, Mascagni came out victorious. "Cavalleria Rusticana" was originally in two acts, but, to bring it within the limitations of the competition, the two acts were united by means of the *intermezzo*, which at once became the most popular number in the entire work. In his second opera, "Amico Fritz," Mascagni seems to have fully sustained the reputation he won by his first work, and now he is the composer on whom the hopes of the future of Italian operatic music are centred. His third opera, "The Ranzau," will be produced at the Pergola Theatre, Florence, in November.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KRELING BROS. PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Varney's Melodious Opera.

#### THE MUSKETEERS!

Monday, September 19th,

#### OLIVETTE!

Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents.

#### GRAND KIRMESS

For the Benefit of the

#### German Old People's Home.

Under the auspices of the Associated German Societies of San Francisco and vicinity.

#### THE EVENT OF THE SEASON!

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DURING THE

#### NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

During the campaign and ending with January 1, 1893, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the campaign of 1892.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Mr. McFad—* "By Jove! I've burst my suspenders." *Mrs. McFad—* "Take mine. I will use your sash."—*Judge.*

*Young housekeeper—* "Have you some fine salt?" *Grocer—* "Yes, ma'am." *Young housekeeper—* "Is it fresh?"—*Judge.*

*Adeline—* "What would you do if you were in my shoes?" *Madge* (after a glance at them)—"Get a pair about four sizes smaller."—*Judge.*

*Mrs. M.—* "Bridget wants to go to the plumbers' picnic to-morrow." *Mr. M.—* "Heavens! I thought plumbers had one perpetual picnic!"—*Ex.*

"Say, Josh, what makes yer mustache grow so long?" *Josh—* "Oh, I shoo some hair-ionic on a sandwich instead of Worcester sauce."—*Judge.*

"Are you married or single?" asked the census-taker of the lady of the house. "Well, I hardly know," she replied, "you see the jury disagreed."—*Life.*

*Mr. Slowmatch—* "Johnny, what do you think you'll be when you're a man?" *Johnny—* "Why, if you've got any spunk, I'll be your brother-in-law."—*Truth.*

*Chappie—* "Would you care to change your name, Miss Higgins?" *Miss Higgins* (blushing)—"Ye-es." *Chappie* (with a bright idea)—"Why don't you marry?"—*Life.*

*Stokes—* "Is Penmann a popular author?" *Maltby—* "Yes, indeed; he never writes anything that is not instantly declared to be unworthy of his reputation."—*Truth.*

*Jess—* "They went to the mountains on their wedding trip, and Ethel was wretched." *Bess—* "What was the trouble?" *Jess—* "George fell in love with the scenery."—*Puck.*

*Theosophist* (soulfully)—"Do you ever feel that vague longing to be face to face with the unknown, to consecrate your life to —" *She* (frankly)—"Yes, indeed! This is my sixth season."—*Judge.*

*The bride—* "Kiss me again, dear." *The groom—* "But, Madge, I have done nothing but kiss you for the last three hours." *The bride* (bursting into tears)—"Traitor! You love another!"—*Truth.*

*Maizie—* "I have a splendid chaperon." *Ella—* "Is that so?" *Maizie—* "Yes. She flirts with each young man who arrives at the hotel; and if she finds he has any fun in him, she introduces me."—*Puck.*

Honeymoon cookery: "And so my little wife cooked this all herself? What does she call it?" "Well, I started it for bread; but after it came out of the oven, I concluded I'd better put sauce on it and call it pudding."—*Life.*

"My son," said the old gentleman, "when you fall in love, do not be afraid to confess it to the object of your affection." "That's all right," replied the youth; "but nowadays the girls would rather have you write it."—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

*Chappie—* "What's the mattah, deah boy?" *Cholly—* "Nothing much—bwin fever." *Chappie—* "Good heavens—that's fatal." *Cholly—* "Usually, deah boy, but (superiorly) the doctor said there was no danger with such a physique as I have."—*Ex.*

*Perdita—* "Well, Jack and I are to be married at last, and we are so happy." *Penelope—* "Did you and Jack have much trouble getting your father's consent?" *Perdita—* "No; but papa and I had an awful lot of trouble getting Jack's consent."—*Truth.*

*Clara—* "I heard that Miss Clinker told you the other night that my gowns never fitted me." *Maude—* "Yes, and I was very much provoked with her." *Clara—* "What did you say to her?" *Maude—* "I told her that she was altogether too blunt."—*Judge.*

*Jack—* "Did the doctor tell you what was the matter with you?" *Harry—* "Yes; he said I was in love, and ought to get married." *Jack—* "Wasn't that rather a curious prescription?" *Harry—* "Not at all. He thinks I am sweet on one of his daughters."—*Ex.*

*Penelope—* "It's all over between you and Jack, then?" *Perdita—* "Yes. He proposed to me in swimming, but I had to say 'no.' If I had said 'yes,' I'd have swallowed a lot of salt-water." *Penelope—* "Oh, dear! why didn't you nod your head and say 'um-hum'?"—*Truth.*

"Mr. Hollins is a splendid fellow, I think," said Miss Perkins. "Yes," said Ethel; "but he is very absent-minded. When we were first engaged he used to call me Alice all the time; he said that was his mother's name, which was also very forgetful, because I've found out since it was Mary."—*Bazar.*

Women sometimes say curious things; so do men, of course, but women especially. Here's a conversation recently overheard in this town: *Woman in black—* "Do you remember Mary Green? She was an orphan, you know." *Woman in blue—* "Yes, I remember her. But she wasn't an orphan." *Woman in black—* "Yes, she was. What makes you think she wasn't?" *Woman in blue—* "Why, she had a sister I used to know." *Woman in black—* "Did she? Well, maybe she wasn't then."—*Rochester Herald.*

THE INNER MAN.

Only a few years ago, "Tortoni's" was the centre of Paris. An artist, a journalist, a professional man of any kind, in seeking to rent a flat or other apartments, first of all inquired, "How far is it from Tortoni's?" His desirability decreased as the distance from Tortoni's increased. Such was the case even fifteen or twenty years ago, in the early days of the republic. But, of late, Paris has moved westward, leaving Tortoni's behind, and the number of beer-saloons, and other drinking-places, and gambling-clubs, has increased, to the ruin of the café-restaurants of the old type. Tortoni's was opened at the commencement of this century by an Italian confectioner and caterer named Velloni. Under his management it did not prosper, and he presently sold it for a trifle to a fellow-Neapolitan named Tortoni. The latter quickly made it the favorite rendezvous for all the fashionable young men of the First Empire. Even Bonaparte himself was now and then among its habitués. Its billiard-parlor was the best in Europe, and matches were played between the most famous experts. A *Tribune* correspondent tells the story that Talleyrand was an enthusiast over this game, and never failed to be at Tortoni's when any good playing was to be seen. On one occasion, Talleyrand brought thither a notable player, named Spolar, and introduced him to one of his friends, a government officer, who boasted of being the champion player of France. A match was quickly arranged between them, and Spolar won easily. Whereupon Talleyrand gathered up all the stakes and put every sou into his own pocket. When Tortoni died, the house passed into other hands, but retained the name under which it had achieved its great popularity. Some years ago it was purchased by a M. Percheron, who did his best to check the decadence which was already setting in. Many notable folk still went thither; Henri Rochefort was an almost nightly visitor, until he left France. M. Aurelien Scholl and the Comte de Dion also frequented it, and it was there that they had the quarrel which led to their famous duel. Indeed, the leading personages in literature, art, and finance, even down to the present day, have seemed to feel it a duty to visit Tortoni's, perhaps for the sake of identifying themselves with the place and its glorious past. But a few weeks ago M. Percheron died, and his son, who inherited his estate, decided to dispose of the restaurant, which, despite its distinguished patronage, was no longer profitable.

What an old man, who has been a writer by profession all his life, says about his daily habits is worth quoting; here, therefore, shall be set forth Mr. T. Adolphus Trollope's statements apropos of a discussion as to the proper side on which to sleep. "Will you," writes Mr. Trollope to *Notes and Queries*, "take the experience of an old man instead of learning of old writers? I sleep equally well on the right side, on the left side, or on the back, like the bad shepherd, who, we know, *dormit supinus*. I do not think I ever tried the only remaining position—face downwards. I take it, Mr. Agnus hits the nail on the head when he speaks of the inexpediency of sleeping on the right side after a late dinner or supper; only I should say, on the right side or in any other position. The fact is, I take it, that the middle of the day, or from that to one or two o'clock, is the best time for feeding, and the most comfortable to the general operations of the organism. I suspect it would be well to make it the only time, which, I am convinced, most of us could do with perfect comfort after a little—say a month's—practice. But if you will dine, as we call it, or sup, as our fathers called it, at seven or eight in the evening, you ought not to go to bed till two or three in the morning. I, being threatened with gout, was told on high authority that the surest way to avoid it was to dine—i. e., make my principal meal—at one o'clock and take very little after it. I obeyed, and have never had any symptom of gout since. If you want to 'sleep like a babe' when between eighty and ninety, dine early, eat no supper—a cup of tea or coffee and a bit of toast will do no harm; and never trouble your head about putting your stomach 'in the position of an inverted bottle,' as Mr. Agnus says, and abstain from putting any other bottles in that position."

Guatemalans believe that there is no better coffee in the world than that raised on their own plantations, and Central American coffee has of late years acquired a high reputation in the markets of the world. It is usual for wealthy Guatemalans to make sure of good coffee in traveling by taking along a store of their own. A long glass tube, several inches in diameter, but tapering to a funnel at one end, is filled with ground coffee, and through the mass is poured cold water. A strong solution of coffee slowly drips from the narrow end of the tube, and this liquid is carefully put up in air-tight vessels, to be warmed in small quantities and drunk on the journey.

An English writer of plays, named F. C. Vernon Harcourt, quarreled last month in Sheffield with a man he met at an inn; there was a bout at fist-cuffs, and the man had the worst of the fight. Unfortunately, this imitator of Kit Marlowe finds himself too like the original, for the man he struck is dead, having hurt his thumb in falling and having died of lock-jaw.

DCLXXIII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday,

September 18, 1892.

Purée of Green Peas.  
Nutmeg Melon.  
Fried Flounders. Marble Potatoes.  
Chicken, with Tomatoes and Rice.  
String Beans. Summer Squash.  
Roast Mutton à la Venison.  
Carrot Salad.  
Coffee Ice. Coconut Cake.  
Fruits.

PURÉE OF GREEN PEAS.—Procure one pint of green peas, fresh or canned; steam them until soft in one quart soup-stock; pass through the strainer, season, add one gill of sweet cream, boil once, and serve with croutons.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

Society to Encourage Studies at Home.

The methods pursued by this society have been gradually matured during the nineteen years of its existence. Nearly two hundred ladies now give their services in its correspondence. Each one attaches herself to a single department or a single section, and is furnished with lists of books, as well as with printed directions, while she is in constant communication with the head of her department.

Each student is advised to confine herself to one subject, that she may enjoy the pleasure of thoroughness in one thing. Each one is treated individually, according to her needs; each is supposed to wish to do the best work of which she is capable; and each will receive sympathetic attention.

The chief points settled by long experience are monthly correspondence, the habit of making memory notes, and frequent examinations on topics or books, the student being on honor not to refer to her books in answering. There are no competitive examinations; no diplomas are given, but a classification is made at the end of each term, based on records kept, and on the average results of examinations. Any section of a department may be taken by itself, but in some subjects there is a natural sequence of the sections which it is well to follow.

Languages are not taught, but the foreign literatures mentioned in the circular are subjects of instruction. Any one wishing to pursue a study not mentioned in the circular may inquire whether it is practicable. Inquiries can be made at any time of Miss A. E. Ticknor, secretary and treasurer, Boston, Mass.

The next term of correspondence will begin October 1st. Applications for membership, or for circulars for the Pacific Coast, may be made to Mrs. George Oulton, secretary for the Pacific Coast, Hotel Richelieu, Van Ness Avenue.

At the foot of a cliff under the windows of the Castle of Miramar, formerly the residence of the Mexican Emperor Maximilian, at a depth of eighty feet below the surface of the clear waters of the Adriatic, is a kind of cage fashioned by divers in the face of the rock. In that cage are some of the most magnificent pearls in existence. They belong to the Archduchess Rainer. Having been left unworn for a long time, the gems lost their color and became "sick," and the experts were unanimous in declaring that the only means by which they could be restored to their original brilliancy was by submitting them to a prolonged immersion in the depths of the sea. They have been lying there for a number of years, and are gradually, but very slowly, regaining their former unrivaled orient.

The Rev. B. W. Jones and the Rev. Effie K. Jones, husband and wife, who were graduated from the Divinity School of Galesburg, Ill., have since been ordained to the ministry, and are now preaching in the same town.

Nearly twelve hundred bunches of grapes ripened this season on the great vine at Hampton Court. They were sent to Queen Victoria. This vine is the largest in England, and is about one hundred and twenty-five years old.

Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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Some of the subjects in September number:

Advertising Umbrellas. Retail Dry Goods Advertising. Random Notes. Artistic and Journalist Gossip. A Hundred-Dollar Prize for Newsdealers.

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# The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

A report lately made to the State Government of Pennsylvania throws a little light on the recent troubles at labor centres in that State. As every one knows, the character of the foreign immigration has been changing of late years. In the year 1882, the United States received from Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Switzerland, and France, 575,363 immigrants. From the same countries in 1891-2, we received only 370,869. Whereas from Russia, Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and Italy, we re-

ceived, in 1882, only 69,280 immigrants, and in 1891-2, 224,160. In other words, the tide of immigration, which used to flow from the most civilized portions of Europe, now flows from the portions which are least civilized.

The report describes the Hungarians, Italians, Russians, and Poles, who have taken the place of the British and Germans, as so degraded that they are scarcely removed above the brute. Hardly any of them can read or write. Hardly any know our language or make any attempt to acquire it. They are known at the mines by numbers, like convicts in a prison. They live like pigs in squads of eight or nine, with one woman to cook, wash, and perform other duties for the whole. No one ever thinks of marrying or of owning a house. They perform their daily work under the iron rule of a task-master who enforces his orders with a stick. They are better fed and clothed than they were at home, and, therefore, they are content; but from time to time their improved condition beats their blood and provokes them to riot, when they are put down by force—a thing they are used to at home. The question is how is this mass of indigestible material, which is increasing yearly, to be assimilated by the American people?

According to the last census, one-sixth of our total population is foreign-born. But this sixth contributes more inmates to the penitentiaries than the whole of the native population. The average number of paupers to the million of people is 1,166. But in the States in which the proportion of foreign-born is largest—we regret to observe that California is in this list—the proportion of paupers to the million rises to 1,418, 1,566, 2,110, and 2,152—the last being California's allotment. In a word, not to vex the reader with tables of figures, it is shown by the census that the ratio of paupers and criminals is in proportion to the percentage of foreign-born. Wherever the foreigner abounds, jails and poor-houses are full; it is only where he is scarce that these institutions have vacant rooms.

The pertinency of these comparisons arises from the outbreak of cholera in Europe. State and Federal authorities are at their wits end to prevent an actual invasion of New York by cholera patients. These immigrants bring us not only crime and pauperdom, but also disease. Is there any treaty or comity of nations which obliges us to receive them? In Canada, it seems, the government absolutely refuses to allow the Hamburg steamers to land their cargoes. There is no law to warrant the action of the executive at Ottawa in closing the St. Lawrence; it is acting on the maxim that the public safety is the supreme law. Is not that an example which we might copy to advantage?

When the Western prairies were a fertile waste, there was excuse for welcoming labor from any and all quarters to teach the earth to yield her increase. But the prairies are now so fully occupied that the present trouble is to find a market for their produce. There is very little really good land within striking distance of a railroad which can be taken up under the homestead or the preemption acts, unless it be in the Arctic regions of the Dakotas. Every year the proportion of immigrants who are driven to seek their living in the cities or in the industrial centres is increasing, and the proportion which finds homes in the agricultural States is diminishing. By and bye, when irrigation becomes general, lands which are not now available will come into the market, and there will be room for a few more millions of people. But just now the United States really offer no inducements for a further influx of raw labor. The new-comers simply glut the great centres of population, and not only starve themselves, but doom others to a destiny of starvation. It is said that, dark as their prospects are, they are brighter than the destiny which awaited them in Russia, or Poland, or Bohemia, or Hungary, or Calabria. But that is not our business. The American nation is not an eleemosynary institution. Its affair is to provide as large a measure of prosperity and happiness as it can for its own people, and, if possible, to avert the miseries which in every country lead to crime, pauperism, and their concomitant vices.

There are now probably sixty-five millions of people in the United States. It is at least doubtful whether the country

can accommodate more at present, without overcrowding and discomfort. In ten or twenty years, perhaps, there may be room for a few millions of new people. The farms in the valley States are almost all too large and could be subdivided with advantage. But their owners have not yet ripened to the advantage of splitting up their holdings and sharing them with strangers. In the cities, all branches of mechanical labor are fully stocked. By establishing labor unions and attempting to create monopolies of labor in the various trades, workmen have thus far stayed the normal tendency of wages to decline. But they have made so many mistakes that their edifice is crumbling to pieces, and free trade in labor is inevitable in the near future. The workmen are entitled to be protected against an influx of new competitors from abroad. The manufacturer and the wool-grower demand and obtain protection against foreign rivals. Is there any logical reason why the wage-earner should be less advantaged?

In the long run, population will flow from points where it is in excess to points where it is scant. But it is the part of wisdom to regulate the flow, so that it shall not take the form of a freshet and devastate, instead of nourishing, the territory it invades. A Federal statute, suspending foreign immigration for a few years, would give us time to consider bow, and on what conditions, the doors should be reopened hereafter. It would be in harmony with precedent and in line with the dictates of national self-preservation.

Those who have been grieved because the calendar of the saints has borne so exclusive a resemblance in the matter of names to the rosters of the Italian Benevolent Society, the Portuguese Vegetable Gardeners' Union, and the Democratic ward-clubs, will be cheered by the news that His Holiness the Pope has graciously consented to permit the canonization of an American. Up to date, the shade of no inhabitant of the United States has been able to shoulder its way into the beatific company of the mighty multitude of departed foreigners who discharge the dignified and responsible function of advising the Creator on bow to run the universe, and who particularly exert their influence upon Him in the matters of pardoning or sentencing sinners, saving or sinking ships, averting or inflicting plagues, and in other ways blessing or harassing mortals, according as they vow candles to the Virgin and gifts to the church, or neglect their opportunities in this direction. It appears that the Catholics of this republic are extremely desirous to have a national representative among these puissant successors of the minor heathen deities. "The successful candidate," we are informed, is the late Bishop John N. Neumann, the predecessor of the late Archbishop Wood, of Philadelphia, whose friends have been exceedingly active in gathering evidence in support of his claim to the dæmonship. Being an organized as well as an enthusiastic body, they have distanced all competitors. The late bishop was a member of the Order of the Holy Redeemer, which society is managing his campaign. He died in 1860, and to his sanctity and zeal ample testimony is borne. Nevertheless, there is a hitch which ought to give encouragement to Catholics who would prefer to have some other American mingling on terms of social intimacy with the cherubim and seraphim. Before a defunct human being can be canonized, it is necessary that proof shall be given of at least three miracles worked by his intercession. An Eastern contemporary says of the claims of Bishop Neumann on this head:

"No definite announcement as to this point has yet been made, as, indeed, there can not be until the evidence is thoroughly sifted. Still, if the remarkable stories in circulation are correct, it will not be difficult to find three. Among these are the statements that decomposition did not set in until eleven months after his death; that three different persons received hearing, speech, or sight through him; and that he possessed the gift of prophecy so that he foretold his own death and the recovery of a child."

No reason occurs to us why California should not enter this contest, prepared to fight to a finish. Already we have supplied the world with its fastest horse and the champion pugilist, and the Argonaut is confident that, with proper effort, the Golden State could furnish the pioneer American



saint. The comparatively recent date of Bishop Neumann's death gives us an immense advantage. In the particular of miracles, it is a happy circumstance that the remoter the time of their performance the more abundant and convincing is the obtainable proof of their genuineness. Not only one, but whole battalions of saints could easily be summoned from among the pious *padres* who founded and conducted the early missions in California. What is the matter with Father Junipero Serra, for example? It is true that the tongue of calumny has not been still as to these ancient and holy men, the prevalence of comely Indian housekeepers and numerous half-caste nephews and nieces about the quarters of the clergy having been noted with exultant sneers by the scoffing infidel, who came from the East, over the mountains, rifle on shoulder, in search of game, or sailed into San Francisco Bay for a cargo of hides and tallow. But it can be shown that these ribald strangers were hospitably entertained at the missions; and, ingratitude being a deadly sin, these slanderers must be put out of court as witnesses against such reverend fathers in God as may be entered for the race against Bishop Neumann. The same salutary rule of evidence applies, of course, to like charges of rapacity and cruelty on the part of the *padres* in their dealings with the timid and trusting aborigines. It is but fair to say, however, that the name of Father Serra is free from these wicked aspersions of the infidel. He was, from all accounts, a clean-living old gentleman, as zealous as he was bigoted, and in every way worthy to go at the head of the ticket. Of course it has to be admitted that neither Serra nor any of the mission priests was an American, strictly speaking, they being Spaniards, but what then? Is Neumann an American name? Moreover, would it not be a shock to religious sensibilities to see a Smith, or a Tonpkins, or a Diggs, or a Snooks numbered among the saints, and thereby commissioned to sit in the Almighty's councils? San Junipero would look ever so much better, and the mere accident of birth-place would not, we are sure, induce the late Father Serra to neglect the interests of the State with which his name will be forever honorably associated, and to which he would owe his place among the aristocracy of heaven. As for miracles, it is a century since the good man was buried, and not three but thirty will be forthcoming if required by the Vatican.

Opposition to the *Argonaut's* nominee may be expected, and it will probably assert itself most fiercely in the very State which we are anxious to distinguish. The Catholic Church here is in the hands of a race that can not, with satisfaction, contemplate the holding of office by anybody save its own members. Rather than have a Californian saint on the calendar and in Paradise whose name does not begin with a Mc or an O', they would let the prize go to a Pennsylvania Dutchman. We could wish that our friend Archbishop Riordan and his coadjutor Bishop Patrick Manogue were able to rise above this narrow national prejudice; but we fear that we must look to the great non-Catholic patriotic masses of the State to give poor Junipero Serra's boom the necessary lift, and to furnish leaders who will take their coats off and go to work in the good cause from now until the sun sets on election day.

But whether California shall win or lose in this vital contest, we are going to have an American saint, anyway. That much is settled. Rather than have none at all, we should be willing to compromise on any one, even though he entered the celestial throng flaunting the name of McFadden or Shaughnessy, and carrying a ghostly shillalah to enforce his views in council.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any reasonable man that the truly great and good Stephen Grover Cleveland, the idol of the Mugwumps, the self-appointed exponent of purity in American politics, and the would-be regenerator of the Democratic party, has been coquetting with Tammany and making overtures to that powerful political organization for its support. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that he has humbled himself before it and knocked respectfully at its doors for admission, or that he has been in attendance upon its chiefs for the distinct object of making a corrupt bargain with them; but, as a learned judge once declared of a man who had been arrested in a raid on a gambling-house, "a man does not go to such a place to say his prayers." It would require a severe tax on any one's credulity to believe that Cleveland's interview with the head-keepers of the Tammany tiger was with a view to converting them to the principles of Democracy as professed by the sage of Gray Gables.

One thing is certain, that the newspapers of New York best qualified to judge of the situation are firm in their belief that Cleveland has surrendered to Tammany, and that the price of the arrangement is a pledge on the part of Mr. Cleveland that, in the event of his success, Tammany shall have full and absolute control of the Federal patronage in the great State of New York. The memorable dinner given by Mr. Cleveland was a surrender to the machine, and it has

been even hinted that the surrender was witnessed by a written instrument signed, sealed, and delivered; but this, we suspect, is matter of conjecture merely.

It was very shortly after this interview and dinner with the Tammany magnates that the rumor crept out that, when Cleveland came to write his formal letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination, he would evade the Watterson declaration that protection is unconstitutional, and would seek to tone down the asperities of that plank by some of his usual glittering and cyclopedic generalities about tariff reform and the necessity of taking care of vested interests in any scheme of free trade which his party might adopt if in power. The connection is not a necessary one, but it is entirely natural and probable, as New York is too extensive a manufacturing State to favor tariff for revenue only, and, as Hill controls the State and Cleveland has made submission to Tammany, which is Hill under an alias, it is certainly not unreasonable to believe that a modification of the extreme free-trade plank in the platform is one of the conditions of the bargain.

Hill's Brooklyn speech, a few nights ago, gives color to the rumor that some kind of a trade has been made. Up to that time an oyster was loquacious as compared with the New York senator on national issues. He had plenty of time to buy houses and lands in Albany and to consult with his henchmen in various parts of the State, but he could not find time to say a word in public on behalf of the nominees of the National Democratic Convention. When he did speak, it was rather a review of Democratic politics in New York than a study of the national situation, and he came very near forgetting or omitting to mention Cleveland and Stevenson at all. He tagged on to the very end of his speech a perfunctory allusion to "our glorious standard-bearers," but all the rest of his address was a covert glorification of himself as the leader of the New York Democracy.

Assuming that Cleveland has sold himself to Tammany, and stands ready to deliver the goods, what then? We can readily imagine what the late George William Curtis would have thought and said, had he lived to witness the consummation of such an unnatural alliance, and we can not believe that the Independent Democrats, as they prefer to be called, can view with anything resembling complacency a political partnership between Cleveland and the men whom he and they have denounced, time and again, as thieves and robbers and the very scum of the earth. How can the members of the Anti-Snap Convention, who supported Cleveland at Chicago in the face of a united New York delegation, consent to a fusion between Cleveland and the very element which they fought so fiercely? If Hill and Tammany were knaves and scoundrels in June, can they be saints in September? If they were too bad to govern the city of New York then, can they be good enough to dictate a national policy to Cleveland now?

In making this nefarious bargain with Tammany, Mr. Cleveland has burned his ships behind him, so far as the Mugwumps are concerned. He must have weighed the chances and concluded that the support of Tammany and the machine in New York was worth more to him than the independent vote in the whole United States, for even the Mugwump will turn, and, in spite of his devotion to his idol, can not consent to burn incense before him after he has stepped down from his shrine and shown himself thoroughly human by wallowing in the mire of Tammany. Cleveland might have committed a great many political offenses and been guilty of many political heresies, and still have been forgiven; but, unless we completely misunderstand the Mugwump theory, an alliance with Tammany is the unpardonable sin, the one thing which they can not pardon or condone.

Nor, indeed, is it easy to believe that Cleveland's surrender to Tammany can advance his interests with the better element of the Democratic party in the State of New York. It may, and probably will, increase his majority in New York city and in Brooklyn—if Tammany shall keep faith with him—but outside of those cities, in the counties where Democrats are Democrats from principle and not from purely selfish motives, it is a serious question for Mr. Cleveland whether an alliance with Tammany will not do more harm than good. Then, too, the Hill knife is as long and sharp as ever, and, though it may have been put out of sight for the moment, it is apt to leap from its scabbard without a second's warning.

A controversy is pending in Eastern magazines and papers on the question whether man's deference to women is not declining. American respect for the sex has long been proverbial, and the long lines of tired men standing in a car in order to afford seats to young ladies is an evidence of the fact. Now, says a writer in *Scribner's*, the growing disrespect of men for the fair sex is such that consideration for women in public places is vanishing as a characteristic of American men.

It is not certain that this is the fact. In San Francisco,

it is the rarest thing in the world to see a man seated in a city car or a ferry-boat while a lady is standing, and at theatre ticket-offices and other places where people are served in turn men usually give up their places to women. But if the writer in *Scribner's* were as accurate as he appears to be inaccurate, it would not be difficult to account for the change which he announces. As we read in "Daisy Miller," American women are the most exacting in the world and the least endowed with a sense of indebtedness. They take the homage of men as they take their seat in cars, as their due and not as a concession which calls for thanks. They expect to be waited upon and deferred to, as a matter of course which places them under no obligation. At a theatre or a concert they block up an aisle, while they look around the house, and if a gentleman behind them expresses a desire to reach his seat, they look at him as if he were a brute. They wear hats at the theatre which shut out the stage from the back rows, and they chatter among themselves with entire unconcern for those who want to listen. At the box-office, they keep a dozen people waiting in a line behind them while they discuss with the ticket-seller whether a seat in the dress-circle is or is not preferable to a seat in the orchestra. In the stores, they monopolize the attention of the most efficient clerks for half an hour at a time, while men are kept waiting to effect a purchase which would be closed in thirty seconds. In all their relations with the sterner sex, they act on the assumption that respectful homage is theirs by right, and that it confers upon the homage-bearer no claim to gratitude.

A steady course of this conduct was certain, sooner or later, to lead to a revolt among men, and it would not be surprising if it had already begun. Men's gallantry to women is an acquired taste. It is not natural. The primeval man treated woman as his slave, who toiled for him, cooked for him, submitted to being beaten by him, and lived on the bones which he threw her, as she crouched on the floor near his feet. He thus treated her because she was weaker in body, more frivolous in mind, less endowed with the high attributes of human nature. Men do not make slaves of women to-day. But the women are the same relatively as they were in the days of the troglodytes. They are the inferiors of men, as in the brute creation the female is almost invariably the inferior of the male, in size, in strength, in beauty, in endurance, in cunning. Signor Lombroso, an Italian savant, who has been instituting some curious researches into the question of sex, says that women are less sensitive to pain than men, and that their visual and olfactory nerves are less perfectly developed. No amount of training will impart to the muscles of the female the same solidity that is found in the muscles of the male, nor can women be taught to display equal endurance. As to their minds, women have had access for a couple of generations to the highest forms of education, but there has never been a female doctor of the highest rank, nor a good lawyer, nor a scientist of the first order. Women have written verse and novels—works of imagination; but in all the pursuits which require pure reason, they have been failures. Their inferiority to men is as conspicuous as it was in the old days when no one dreamed of the equality of the sexes.

Masculine gallantry has set women not only on the same plane as men, but above them. But it is nothing but a fashion which came in one day and may go out another. It was a reaction from the old brutality which in one race allowed a husband to beat his wife with a stick, provided it was no thicker than his thumb. It was a counter-current from the law which, in England, expressed the subordination of women to men, by the rule that a woman loses her name during coverture; she was merely Mary, the wife of John Smith. It was inevitable that the pendulum should swing: the sons of the thumb-stick beaters became the bond-slaves of women; and their sons are now considering the subject of revolt and independence, in order to establish a relation with more reciprocity in it.

The very struggles which women have been making to secure what they call women's rights are calculated to cool the ardor of male worship for the sex. When women had no rights, men adored them, by reason of their weakness. Now that they claim to be the equals of men in every respect, men are tempted to treat them as if they were equals in fact—entitled to just as much consideration as a male equal is, and no more. Why treat a lady doctor or a lady lawyer with more deference than a male member of either profession? Women insist on placing marriage on the same footing as other civil contracts; why should they expect to find romance in their husbands? There is nothing romantic in a contract which may be dissolved by a decree of court.

American women have been trying to accomplish two irrecconcilable objects. They insist on being adored as divine creatures, soaring above the level of humanity; and, simultaneously, they demand their full half of the sublunary privileges of the bearded sex. It is quite impossible that they can attain both. They may swim through space as angels, in



which case men will kneel to kiss the tips of their wings ; or they may figure as matter-of-fact workers, in which case they will get just the respect that is paid to other workers, and no more. In the first place, they bank on their sex ; in the second, on their humanity. The sweet girl-graduate, who floats into a ball-room in a cloud of cretonne, and blushes when she is asked for the next waltz, is a theme for a song or a sonnet ; but when the "co-ed" tackles a male graduate on the true reading of a passage in Homer, she abdicates her sex, and, if she blunders, will be told so in the plainest vernacular.

The Democratic platform directly demands the release of State banks from taxation, which is indirectly a demand that the note-issue of State banks shall be put on equality with notes of national banks, which pass at par in every State. It aims, in short, at rehabilitating State banks and imparting national character to their notes. The project is impossible, and, on due reflection, indefensible. The people of the Pacific States do not clearly comprehend the proposition, nor can they be expected to do so, for the sufficient reason that there has never been on the Pacific Coast a State bank of deposit and circulation—a State bank of the old system antedating the national-bank system. Some of them maintain existence in the older States, but their number has materially decreased. The present generation has no actual appreciation of them and their working. With the national bank-note as it is, a person can start from Maine with the note of a national bank issued in Maine and travel with it to the remotest part of the United States, and in every State the note is good at par value, dollar for dollar. If the bank fails, the depositors may lose the sum of their deposits, but the holder of its notes is insured by the government to the sum of the notes he holds. Whether the bank is solvent or insolvent, its notes have the guaranty of the government and are valued in every State of the Union alike.

Under the State bank system, the only security for the holder of the bank's notes is the solvency of the bank and the obligation of the bankers to pay. Every merchant, every person in trade, had to have always ready at hand the latest edition of Thompson's *New York Bank Note Reporter*, to which to refer as he was offered bank-notes, to ascertain the status of the bank of issue, the discount on its notes, or whether the note itself were genuine or counterfeit, as they were frequently and easily forged. The man who traveled from New York with bank-notes of that State in his wallet, had to pay discount on his bank-notes in every other State—in fact, in his own State. Notes of banks in the interior of New York were subject to a discount of from half of one cent on the dollar to two or three cents, in the city of New York. As he journeyed to other States, the discount was all the more. The notes of banks of other States were received in New York only at discount, from one cent up to as much as thirty cents on the dollar. The "wild-cat" bank-notes of the North-Western, Western, and Southern States were in the heavy discount category. One hundred dollars in Michigan, or Illinois, or Missouri, or Mississippi, in bank-notes, was depreciated to the current value of only eighty dollars, or less, in New York—with the constant chance of having counterfeit notes or the notes of broken banks passed upon the careless traveler. There was no remedy, no recourse ; the loser had to submit to the loss. During the suspension of specie payments, not only the State banks, but every merchant, and others besides, issued the paper fractional currency known as shin-plasters, representing values from six and one-half cents to fifty cents. They were not legal tender, but they passed current at their face for the time. If the issuer turned out to be insolvent, the holders had to submit to the small loss. There was neither redemption nor recovery. The fractional currency of the government, during the war period, was good for its face everywhere. Every cent of it was redeemed at par value. It was not a condition of the shin-plasters, nor of the notes of State banks. When the maker of the shin-plasters became insolvent, his notes collapsed. As the State bank failed, the holders of its notes were losers to the sum they held. There was no government responsibility, either State or national. With the national bank-note, its face value is its par value, in whatever part of the country the holder may be. He is subjected to no discount. He has only to guard against counterfeit notes, but not against the insolvency of the bank. The government insures and protects him against loss. It is republican paper currency, always and everywhere at par.

The Democratic platform demand is, practically, for the retirement of this convenient and thoroughly safe currency, and the issue in its stead of the paper notes by which every holder was subjected to discount, and, besides, incurred the risk of loss through the insolvency of the bank of issue. It is turning back to the dollar of our daddies, as they would have suffered from the dollars represented in continental notes of their daddies, of which it required a cord to pay

for a cord of fire-wood, pound for pound to buy a ham. Sensible voters will not mistake the situation. The paper dollar must be the fair equivalent of the dollar in coin, with the government indorsement that it is a dollar of one hundred cents.

Schools for the practical instruction of youths in the various trades and departments of mechanics, instituted in the East, are gaining popular favor and substantial support from men of wealth, among them some of the proprietors of the largest mechanical works in the country. The purpose of these schools is to afford opportunity to boys and young men to learn trades, as apprentices, and to become skilled mechanics. Under the existing system of labor unions, apprentices are not allowed, except in allotted degree—one apprentice in each shop to every four or five skilled workmen. An owner can not give his own son a place to learn the trade in his own works. The skilled workmen have behind them the authority of the labor unions, and these imperious labor institutions compel the owners to comply with the exactions of the union members. The large proportion of skilled mechanics are from Europe, and many of them decline to become citizens—they prefer to remain alien residents in the country. The extraordinary increase in American industries within the last thirty years has caused a commensurate need for workers, especially in the iron and steel industries, in which the United States now exceeds every other country of the world. Skilled workers have, therefore, been drawn from Europe. By their labor-union organizations they are enabled to continue themselves in employment, and prevent the youths of the country from learning the trades to fit them for competent journeymen or master mechanics. In consequence, with the doors of mechanical trades closed against them, American youths are constrained to undesirable employments or to idleness. The alien skilled workers practically monopolize the situation to their own profit and advantage. Emboldened in their forced position, they have become more arrogant in their demands, more exacting in their plans of labor. It seems the extremity is sought that employers have no rights which union workmen need respect. They dictate the hours of labor, determine the rates of wages, and permit the employment of none against whom they hold objection, of none who do not submit to their commands.

Having thus gained forcible or strategic possession of shops, and works, and trades, the labor-union workers have forced American parents to the alternative of establishing labor schools in which their sons can be taught useful trades and become skilled in mechanical branches, to support themselves, keep from idleness, and be useful members of community. The system will, in time, work the reform and abatement of hoodlumism, and enable American mechanical industry to good exemplification. It will countervail and eventually overcome the plotted mastery of labor unions of alien stamp, and reduce to reasonable quality the aggressiveness of alien skilled labor. Apprenticeship to American youth, who are eager to learn mechanical trades, will be afforded, despite the refusal of labor-union workers to admit them to the shops in order to keep the monopoly of skilled mechanics to themselves, to compel the owners to employ and pay high wages to them only to make their strikes potential. Imperious and aggressive alien labor-union skilled workers have, through their greed and exactions, forced Americans to the establishment of these trade-schools, in which youths can be practically instructed in the mechanical branches from which the labor-union tyrants of the workshops exclude them. The alien imported boycott and the threat to strike can not affect the schools. With instruction in the mechanical arts comes emancipation of honest labor from the tyranny of enforced labor unions. In due time will succeed the reopening of American workshops on the former sound American plan, by which apprentices were enabled to learn trades as they allowed, free from the objection of monopolizing journeymen to allowing them to do so ; and labor in the United States will be rid of the European compulsory methods which cause strikes and tumults, and disastrously disturb all business. The schools are the wise and sure remedy.

There is a disposition to influence voters by deprecatory statements in relation to tin-mines and the manufacture of tin plate in the United States, by those who seek to belittle the production or the manufacture, in behalf of the Democratic candidate for President. That mines of tin ore have been discovered and are worked in several of the States is beyond question. Whether all of these mines produce tin ore in paying quantities is at present not material. It is too soon yet to express sound opinion ; further development is necessary in several cases. But it is demonstrated that, altogether, the mines are producing enough tin to supply the numerous tin-plate factories that are already established in the country. Of these there are about thirty, located in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Maryland, and

Missouri, with an aggregate output for the year ending June 30, 1892, of 13,646,719 pounds of tin andterne plate. The total importation for the year was 252,000,000 pounds. Under the McKinley tariff law it is provided that tin, in block, is free of duty, and upon tin plate, unless the home manufacture shall amount to one-third of the total of importations before October, 1897, the increased duty shall cease. As the importations for recent years have aggregated, it is required that the home production shall reach about 85,000,000 pounds a year. It is estimated by the manufacturers that the product for the current fiscal year, to end June 30, 1893, will be 200,000,000 pounds—more than 100,000,000 pounds in excess of the requirement of the law. This is a very satisfactory showing. But the probability is that the product will be even better than this estimate, because there is much native tin now supplied the factories ; moreover, more tin-plate factories are being built, and, as block tin is free of duty, the factories can import and use the foreign tin. The closing of sixty British tin-plate works, already reported, and the loss of employment to ten thousand hands in consequence, must be attributed to the increase of the industry in the United States, further proofs of which are presented in the large decline of importations from England and in the very material increase of the American manufacture. These are absolute facts which can not be overcome by partisan misrepresentation nor distorted in any respect. It would be gratifying, particularly to Californians, to know that the tin-mines of Temescal were yielding large quantities of tin and paying rich profits. But it is comforting to consider, in any event, that the American tin-mines in the aggregate are producing more and more as they are worked, with every prospect of yielding the sum of total output stipulated in the McKinley Tariff Law to warrant the maintenance of the increase of duty.

The Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel-Workers of Pennsylvania have issued a circular-letter—copies of which have been sent throughout the country and to England, Germany, and Belgium—in vindication of the strikers of Carnegie's Homestead works. The scale of prices is stated : from 14 cents per hour, the lowest wage, to \$7.50 per day, the highest. Of the 3,431 men employed, 100 averaged from \$4.00 to \$7.00 per day, and 1,677 from \$1.68 to \$2.50 per day. Over 300 owned their homes unincumbered, and 500 had mortgages upon their homes—the same on easy terms and low rate of interest, held by the company. As iron and steel-workers in England, Germany, and Belgium compare the wages and contrast their own condition with that of the Homestead workers, the idea of striking against the apparent, although not actual, reduction which affected less than one-tenth of 3,431 men—and those only of the highest wage-rates—will appear to be without cause or justification. It should be taken into account, also, that the Homestead hands worked only eight hours a day, while in Germany and Belgium ten and twelve hours are required, and in England ten hours is the general rule. Workmen in similar branches of the work in England are paid less than one-half the daily wages paid at Homestead, and in Germany and Belgium the wages are below one-third the rate. There is not one in one thousand of the European iron and steel-workers who is owner of the dwelling he occupies. The Amalgamated Association circular-letter unblushingly alleges that "the struggle at Homestead represents the issues between freedom and slavery, progress and reaction." It is improbable that foreign workmen would object to a slavery in which highest rates of wages are paid to workers who command their own hours of labor and do not permit employers any management of their own works except to pay their workers according to the demands of the latter. Upon reading the official statement of the Pittsburg association, the iron and steel workers of England will most likely be moved to come over and take places in the Homestead works, where wages are paid above double the wages paid for similar work in England, instead of contributing from their own scanty earnings to sustain these pampered and arrogant strikers.

At the time when the *Argonaut* goes to press this week, the municipal tickets of the various parties are not made up, only the Non-Partisan being in a state even approximating completion. We shall therefore reserve our review of the tickets until next week. While the *Argonaut* is a stalwart Republican journal on national issues, it believes that municipal tickets have nothing to do with national politics. It therefore reserves to itself the right to make up a ticket of its own from the long list of names presented. It will prefer that its nominees shall be Republican, other things being equal ; that they shall be American, other things being equal ; and that they shall be men of character and courage. With these ends in view, the *Argonaut* will endeavor to lay before the people a ticket which all honest men of either party can vote with confidence.



## A STRANGE WEDDING-NIGHT.

How the Czarina's Passion Gave Prince Galatzin a Wife.

It was January, 1740. The imperial palace at St. Petersburg presented a scene of gorgeous splendor. A court ball was in progress; the rooms were flooded with the radiance of many lights; the air was filled with the strains of spirited waltzes, played by the band of the Preobraschensky Regiment of the Guard; and powdered lords and ladies swayed back and forth on the polished floor.

Under a glittering canopy sat the Czarina Anna Ivanovna—a decade before, the simple Duchess of Kurland; now, by a lucky succession of chances, sole ruler of Russia. Her countenance, never gracious, showed traces of painful bodily sufferings; the gout had made the Czarina prematurely old, ugly, and repulsive. Her round, watery eyes looked on apathetically, though, once in awhile, with a malevolent flash in them that told plainly how dearly this arrogant woman would have loved to avenge upon others her own misfortunes.

A tall, powerfully built man, of handsome but hard features, stood beside the throne, in a posture of careless ease. It was Biron, the Czarina's acknowledged favorite. Formerly a groom, he had risen, thanks to the caprice of his royal mistress, first to be field-marshal, then count, then undisputed master of his sovereign.

Biron was talking indifferently to a maid of honor. While at other times the Czarina watched like a hawk every movement of her favorite, to-day she did not notice him. Her eyes were fixed upon that splendid cavalier, Prince Galatzin, who, smiling and jesting, hurried from beauty to beauty, only to return again and again to the side of the bewitching Countess Bestushev. Clearly the prince was caught in the toils of this beautiful woman. He had just handed her an ice, and then—the Czarina saw it all—he had drawn her quickly behind a neighboring column and bent to kiss her fingers. She did not see, however, that he was answered by a light blow of the maiden's fan, and, rising with an angry gesture, she called Biron to her and accompanied him from the hall.

For a moment there was a brief lull; the company stood still, with respectfully bowed heads, to resume with unabated gaiety the interrupted festivities so soon as the gilded door had closed behind her. Prince Galatzin availed himself of this relaxation of court etiquette to attach himself devotedly to the side of the Countess Bestushev. His brilliant eyes and full, red lips spoke an impassioned language, and his beaming countenance darkened only when he perceived what marked favor, next to himself, the spoiled beauty bestowed upon Prince Voronov, and the coquettish wiles she employed to set him, too, aflame.

Next morning, early, to his amazement, Prince Galatzin received a summons to appear at once before the Czarina, a message that tore him rudely from his delicious dreaming. But he must go, obey on the instant; he and his family had too many enemies at court, among them the all-powerful Biron, to do otherwise.

When he entered the Czarina's apartment, he found himself alone with her. Her two round eyes rested upon his face with a strange expression. Her shapeless figure was enveloped in resplendent garments, her swollen, pain-racked feet rested upon a great bear-skin, and over her shoulders fell the trailing mantle of imperial ermine. But art could do naught to disguise the projecting cheek-bones, the ashy hue of the skin, the defective teeth, and the wide mouth, stretched in a meaningless smile, never more repellent to the unfortunate prince.

"Approach," said the Czarina.

Prince Galatzin obeyed.

"Nearer still; here, at my feet."

For a moment there was silence, but the prince could feel the intent gaze of the Czarina resting upon him. Anna Ivanovna broke it with a question.

"It seems to me, prince," she began, pleasantly, "that you enjoyed yourself very well, indeed, at last evening's ball?"

"As do all others, your majesty, at your fêtes," the prince returned.

The Czarina smiled. "Perhaps so, prince; and you," she continued, flatteringly, "you, prince, have manners that please me exceedingly well. I am very well disposed toward you, you know; so much so, in fact, that I have determined to raise you to my side. Do you hear me, Sergius—to my side. Through me you shall rule Russia; your word and your name shall be like that of the Czarina herself!"

Prince Galatzin sprang up. To another, the chance of controlling the destiny of this mighty state would have been very alluring; for him, but one thing was of value—the little hand of the Countess Bestushev. Ambition might well have tempted a man to enter the slippery path now open before him, but the prince was in love and knew but one desire—to bring a smile to the lips of the woman he adored.

The Czarina stared at him, amazed.

"What is it?" said she, at last. "What are you thinking of?"

"Your majesty forgets," said he, "that there is another who, in his rage, would trample me under foot and destroy me. He would never suffer a division of power."

"Biron, you mean?" murmured the Czarina, and for an instant hung her head, all heavy with precious stones. "True, I have feared him—I fear him still; because of that I would see you in his place. You shall have an order of arrest for Biron—we will send him to Siberia!"

The prince was deeply agitated. He hesitated—how could he do less?—he hesitated to answer. And this hesitation, this one little moment of passive reluctance, decided his fate. The Czarina, as she spoke to this handsome man, had extended to him her hand; now she slowly let it drop, an ugly scowl disfiguring her countenance, and to the turmoil of her soul was added the torment of her suffering body, hitherto

repressed with difficulty. She groaned, and cast a malignant look at her courtier.

"Your heart is not free, then, prince?" she demanded, gently, with a dissimulation seldom known to her narrow mind; "you love another, and withdraw from my service on her account?"

The prince reddened violently and was about to speak; the Czarina forestalled him.

"It is the Countess Bestushev, is it not, prince?" she said.

"Yes, your majesty," Galatzin stammered.

The words were scarcely spoken when the Czarina's eyes closed. Before her mental vision passed swiftly all the scenes of the previous evening.

"Go, go!" she gasped, hoarsely; "leave me now!" and, as the prince would have knelt to press a kiss upon her hand, she waved him off and pointed imperiously to the door. Stunned, amazed, apprehensive, the prince obeyed and stumbled from the room. His future hung upon this interview, and he knew it.

For awhile the Czarina sat immovable, her eyes alone showing a flame of life. Then suddenly, with a short laugh, she turned and touched the bell. A servant entered.

"Biron," she demanded, "has he come in yet?"

"Long since, your majesty."

"Send him to me."

She had to wait a long time, however, before Biron came, and she not only waited—she, the Czarina, the mistress, the ruler—but she felt herself in trembling dread of the savage temper of her favorite. At last he appeared, indifferent in hearing, with a look of annoyance on his face.

"What do you want now?" he demanded. "Can one never have rest?"

The Czarina smiled—a crafty smile.

"I want," she answered, "to give you a pleasure."

"A pleasure? You?"

"Prince Galatzin has just left me. He knelt at my feet, and—he desired to take your place. He had thought of a pleasing diversion, a little journey of exploration for you to the depths of Siberia. How would the trip suit you, my friend?"

Biron awoke from his torpor. He! Siberia! He stood a moment dumb with astonishment, then began to rage. And such rage! Shrieking, cursing, smashing chairs and mirrors, and throwing into a pell-mell heap of debris everything that he could get his hands on that was not a fixture. The Czarina covered her eyes and sat unmoved. She was used to such scenes and generally afraid of them. But this one she had courted, and she did not, for this reason, resort to her usual swoon.

"And you told him," gasped the frenzied man, presently—"you told him, Anna Ivanovna?"

"I told him I would consider the matter."

Biron caught up a chair and seemed as if about to brain her.

"But," she added, quickly, to appease his fury, "you and I must talk it over first."

"I'll kill him—kill him!" roared Biron, savagely.

"No, no; Siberia will do it for you, and before he starts I'll give him a bride to keep him company." And she told her favorite the plan she had conceived to avenge herself for the slight she had suffered. Biron was charmed, and regained his composure.

"But what shall we tell the court and the people to explain this affair?" said he.

"That is your business, Biron," Anna Ivanovna returned, with a weary gesture; "you know how state affairs here me."

An hour later, Sergius, Prince of Galatzin, was a prisoner of state. The court was dumfounded. Some asserted that Galatzin had talked treason to the Czarina concerning Biron, and she thus avenged him; others that Biron had given her proofs of a conspiracy of which the prince was the inciter. The prince, at all events, was safe under arrest.

The Countess Bestushev heard of it first through Prince Voronov. Evidently the Galatzin stock at court had sunk very low, and, with astute shrewdness, she smiled more coquettishly than ever upon her princely informant. In fact, before the interview had ended, the prettiest hand in St. Petersburg, as well as the richest estate in the province, was pledged to be his.

And, to add to the wondering curiosity excited by these two events, the morning following the arrest came the announcement, by public crier through the city streets, of a fête to be given that evening in the Neva Ice Palace, at which, by order of her gracious majesty, the Czarina herself, all manner of merry mummeries would be seen.

Night had come at last, and the shores of the Neva, and even the silvery ribbon of the frozen river, were ablaze with lights and rosy fire. A crowd of people in grotesque costumes poured out on its glittering surface; eight camels, mounted by eight old women frantically blowing horns, headed the procession, and behind them came a long file of couples in the national bridal costume of the various provinces, Kiev, Ukraine, Ural, Kirghese, Tartary—a happy inspiration of Biron's to increase the mockery of an infamous deed.

All at once, in the midst of the joyous laughter, a long "Ah!" broke from the frolicking multitude. Surrounded by a crowd of gamboling animals, a mimic elephant, drawn by men, had suddenly come in sight, a keeper astride its head and on its back a monstrous cage in which could be seen the figures of a man and a woman, the last of the bridal pairs—"Sergius, Prince of Galatzin, and Anna Petrokov, the palace scullery-maid," declared aloud to the people the two court-jesters, walking each side of the animal, "whose nuptials, in honor of which this fête had been specially arranged, were now about to be celebrated!"

The features of the prince were distorted with rage—his teeth set, his eyes red and flaming, and, to add to the indignity offered him, they had sewed him fast in a wedding-

garment of a shrouding bear-skin. In front of the ice palace—built of solid blocks of ice, and resting in stately beauty upon the river's frozen bosom—the altar was ready and waiting, the priests ranged about it, and there, drawn up beside it, in a magnificently appointed sleigh, sat, smiling spectators of the cruel scene, Anna Ivanovna, Biron, the favorite, Prince Voronov, and the charming Bestushev.

The ceremony ended, a salute was fired from the line of guns crowning the icy ramparts, and then the people passed into the building to regale themselves on brandy and the wedding-feast.

White, despairing, like one enduring the tortures of the damned, the prince stood dumb and helpless, beside him Anna Petrokov, with lowered head and averted eyes, stolid, unmoved, as if the whole affair in no wise concerned her; and Anna Ivanovna looked on well pleased. To the cold, proud prince who had scorned her advances, she had given a fate a thousandfold worse than death.

At ten o'clock that night the cage door was opened and the bridal pair ordered to come forth, and, escorted by soldiers and preceded by musicians, they were led through the palace door to a small inner chamber containing nothing but a bench hewn out of ice. "Here they were to pass the wedding-night," the officer told them; "they could not escape; soldiers guarded the door," and, drawing a brandy-flask from his pocket, he drank to the happy pair, banded the prince the flask, and went out.

Dazed with shame, anger, and excitement, the prince sank upon the bench and stared about him. Anna Petrokov stood near, silently watching him, sorrow and compassion shining now in her countenance. This man was a prince, but married to her; the poorest heggars of the street were better off than he!

Soon, in spite of the bear-skin that covered him, the prince shivered. Anna Petrokov saw it, and touched his shoulder. The prince shook off her hand as if it stung him.

"I know, my lord," she said, "I know I annoy you, but you must allow me to warm you. There is no other way to survive this night."

The prince responded with a groan. "I do not wish to survive it," he said; "such a life as is before me would be worse than a thousand deaths."

"No, my prince, no," she answered, sinking beside him, "you are wrong; I will work for you and do all I can, so that life may not be too hard for you."

For the first time the prince looked up. Before him was a face no longer youthful, seemingly without a single claim to beauty; but its expression was amiable, the teeth white and strong, and it bore evidence, as did the whole physique, of health and strength. A brief comparison with the ladies of the court, particularly the charming Bestushev, brought home to the prince the full measure of the misery that had fallen upon him. He felt as if he hated her as she stood there beside him, though he submitted, with the selfishness of every living creature seeking to preserve life, to the vicinity of this woman, so thrust upon him, and eagerly swallowed the reviving drink that she held to his lips.

Then she took him in her arms and drew him to her bosom, whispering softly: "I am ugly, I know that, my lord; but I will see that you do not freeze in this deadly cave. I am strong; the cold will not hurt me."

And the prince passively surrendered himself to his wife's ministrations, leaned on her shoulder, and, presently, when she urged him, struggled to his feet, and, still supported by her, paced back and forth the narrow limits, to keep his benumbed blood and limbs from freezing outright.

Gradually the gloomy thoughts chasing each other like furies through the prince's brain, the overwhelming sting of his humiliation, gave way to dreamy reveries; nature asserted her rights and sleep closed his eyes. But the humble woman of the people remained awake, chafing the prince's hands, anxiously watching his breathing, and, if it seemed to her too slow or labored, rousing him and obliging him to walk again, supported by her arm.

At daybreak, the officer and soldiers returned, bearing the convicts' clothes and the congratulations of her gracious majesty to Prince and Princess Galatzin: "She hoped their wedded life would be a happy one, and, as a wedding present, bestowed upon them hut 74, Tobolsk. They would start immediately." And, with a mocking bow, the officer tossed the prince the duly executed marriage certificate and the deed for the house.

Three long weeks that horrible journey lasted. More than once Prince Galatzin lost his courage and self-control. Anna Petrokov never faltered. Not a word of complaint or impatience escaped her lips. Arrived in Tobolsk, the home assigned them proved to be the worst in the city. Prince Galatzin, who had never before lifted a finger in manual work, was now forced to repair his dwelling with his own hands to render it habitable, and to till his fields to keep from starving.

Anna Petrokov toiled side by side with him, a patient, faithful co-laborer. Nevertheless, the prince still maintained toward her his silent, repellent manner, as widely separated from her, in fact, after the lapse of a half-year, as on that eventful evening on the Neva.

In the middle of the summer, he was suddenly stricken down with typhus fever. Ten long weeks nature fought with death, during which Anna Petrokov scarcely closed her eyes, toiling by day to earn a living, by night nursing the sufferer. The eleventh had passed before Prince Galatzin for the first time opened his eyes in consciousness. His gaze encountered his wife's face; memory came slowly back to him, and with it boundless astonishment. Was this the same woman who had been married to him in that shameless way, who had hitherto produced upon him such a repellent effect? Her face had grown thin and ten years younger, worn though it was with fatigue and watching. The dull, listless expression stamped upon it by years of dependence and disdainful treatment had disappeared in this new life of freedom and activity, and from the blue eyes shone the light of a simple, true, and warm-hearted nature.



The prince involuntarily closed his eyes, believing himself dreaming. He could not keep them shut, however, and presently asked, feebly: "How long, Anna, have I lain here ill?"

"Eleven weeks," she answered.

"Who nursed me?"

"I did, my lord."

"But did you not have to work, Anna?"

"In the day-time, yes; therefore I could be with you only in the nights."

The prince was not stone. He took her hand and pressed it.

"You have done too much for me," he murmured, remorsefully; "I have not deserved it. How, unfortunate man that I am, shall I ever repay you?"

"You are unfortunate no longer, Prince Galatzin," Anna returned, quietly; "ten days ago, a courier arrived with the news of Anna Ivanovna's death. All banished by her to Siberia for political offenses, you among them, are freely pardoned. Your estates will be restored to you, and you can return to St. Petersburg as soon as you wish."

"And you, Anna?"

"I? I remain in this house," said she, sadly, and bowed her head.

The prince caught her hands.

"No," he cried, "you will not remain here. You are my wedded wife and have proved yourself such. You shall go through life at my side. The Czarina intended to make me miserable by tying me to you; she has done me a service—she has taught me the shallowness and emptiness of the butterflies that flutter about court ball-rooms and the real worth of a true woman's heart," and he drew her to him, and for the first time pressed a kiss upon his wife's brow. She blushed rosily with surprise and joy.

"Besides," the prince added, smiling a little and letting his gaze wander over her figure, "you have grown positively handsome!"

"Only thin from anxiety and constant watching."

"On my account. But that is over; I shall soon be in a position to repay you."

Anna Petrokov shook her head.

"My lord, no," she said. "In your misfortune, a servant might properly live with you as your wife; in your own station again, as a prince, that is impossible."

"And why? We shall live on our estates and trouble ourselves about no one. Czarina Catherine the First was only a simple maid. You can still learn everything necessary to make a proper appearance in the world."

"Ah! I'll learn, my lord," Anna Petrokov cried, joyously, "if you do not change your mind;" adding in a lower tone, a deep flush staining her cheek, "I shall succeed, too, for I have loved you ever since that night in the Neva Ice Palace."

"Since the hour of our wedding, then, my wife," the prince cried, cheerfully, as he gave her another kiss, and then lay back contentedly.

It was a beautiful day in spring, a few months later, when Prince Galatzin arrived in St. Petersburg and was received at court. His estates were restored to him, and for a year or two more he lived upon them peacefully and happily, devoting himself to his wife's education and the reestablishment of his shattered health. It was a very easy task, so far as the Princess Galatzin was concerned. With the quick comprehension of the Russian race, she was soon familiar with all needful knowledge, dressed with taste, and treated her people with so much wise gentleness and discretion that the prince forgot that there was ever a time when he had not loved his wife.

Later on, she was the trusted friend of the Czarina Elizabeth, and, even in presence of the charming Princess Voronzov, still secure in her husband's affection.

But she was never so happy as at home on their country estate, surrounded by husband and children—the one trace left of the palace maid in the Princess Galatzin.—*Translated for the Argonaut from the German of Bergner by E. C. Waggener.*

M. Tétard, a countryman, in Paris for a few days recently, stood in the Rue de Richelieu in a pouring rain, protected only by his umbrella. He inquired of M. Bézuchel the way to the Château d'Eau. That gentleman, who had no umbrella, thereupon volunteered to guide the countryman part way to his destination; but instead of taking him in the right direction he led him a mile in a directly opposite course, sharing his umbrella, and then told him to retrace his steps, and keep right on until he reached the Château d'Eau. Then M. Tétard slapped the Parisian's face. He was arrested for assault, but was acquitted, and the wily Parisian had to pay the costs.

Dr. Lombroso, the well-known Italian anthropologist, states that Sighele, a young lawyer, has discovered a village of criminals. It is the village of Ardena, which enjoys an infamous notoriety, its inhabitants being robbers, thieves, and assassins. In the Italian chronicles of the middle ages, Ardena already had this reputation. A search through the judicial records shows the same names continually appearing—a testimony to the hereditary character of the criminal impulses.

Dr. Frankel, a well-known author of Weimar, Germany, had the temerity to criticise a German army officer publicly last summer, because he had forced his men to take long marches in the great heat, thus causing the death of one soldier. The doctor has been arraigned and fined thirty-five dollars.

M. Larsen, a wealthy Danish banker, so strikingly resembled the Czar of Russia that he has got finally into an insane hospital. He came to imagine that he was really the Czar, and fear of assassination unsettled his mind.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Great Bell Roland.

Toll! Roland, toll!  
High in St. Bavon's tower,  
At midnight hour,  
The great bell Roland spoke,  
And all who slept in Ghent awoke.  
What meant its iron stroke?  
Why caught each man his blade?  
Why the hot haste he made?  
Why echoed every street  
With tramp of thronging feet—  
All flying to the city's wall?  
It was the call,  
Known well to all,  
That freedom stood in peril of some foe;  
And even timid hearts grew bold,  
Whenever Roland tolled,  
And every hand a sword could hold—  
For men  
Were patriots then,  
Three hundred years ago!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
Bell never yet was hung,  
Between whose lips there swung  
So true and brave a tongue!  
If men be patriots still,  
At thy first sound  
True hearts will bound,  
Great souls will thrill;  
Then toll! and wake the test  
In each man's breast,  
And let him stand confessed!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
Not in St. Bavon's tower,  
At midnight hour—  
Nor by the Scheldt, nor far-off Zuyder Zee;  
But here—this side the sea!  
And here, in broad, bright day!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
For not by night awaits  
A brave foe at the gates,  
But Treason stalks abroad—inside!—at noon!  
Toll! Thy alarm is not too soon!  
To arms! Ring out the Leader's call!  
Till swords from scabbards leap!  
What tears can widows weep  
Less bitter than when brave men fall?  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
Till cottager from cottage wall  
Snatch pouch and powder-horn and gun—  
The heritage of sire to son,  
Ere half of Freedom's work was done!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
Till son, in memory of his sire,  
Once more shall load and fire!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
Till volunteers find out the art  
Of aiming at a traitor's heart!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
St. Bavon's stately tower  
Stands to this hour—  
And by its side stands Freedom yet in Ghent;  
For when the bells now ring,  
Men shout, "God save the king!"  
Until the air is rent!  
Amen!—So let it be;  
For a true king is he  
Who keeps his people free.  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
This side the sea!  
No longer they, but we,  
Have now such need of thee!  
Toll! Roland, toll!  
And let thy iron throat  
Ring out its warning note,  
Till Freedom's perils be outraged,  
And Freedom's flag, wherever waved,  
Shall overshadow none enslaved!  
Toll! till from either ocean's strand  
Brave men shall clasp each other's hand,  
And shout, "God save our native land!"—  
And love the land which God hath saved!  
Toll! Roland, toll!—*Theodore Tilton.*

### The Belfry Pigeon.

On the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air.  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
Till across the dial his shade has passed,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
'Tis a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat;  
There's a human look in its swelling breast  
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest;  
And I often stop with the fear I feel—  
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.  
Whatever is rung on that noisy bell—  
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell—  
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
When the tongue swings out to the midnight moon,  
When the sexton cheerily rings for noon,  
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,  
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"  
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer—  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet unstirred,  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.  
Sweet bird! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee!  
With wings to fly to wood and glen,  
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men;  
And daily, with unwilling feet,  
I tread, like thee, the crowded street;  
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,  
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar;  
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,  
Canst smooth the feathers on thy breast,  
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.  
I would that in such wings of gold  
I could my weary heart unfold;  
I would I could look down unmoved,  
(Unloving as I am unloved,)  
And while the world throngs on beneath,  
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe;  
And never sad with others' sadness,  
And never glad with others' gladness,  
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,  
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.  
—*Nathaniel Parker Willis.*

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Baron Heinrich Heine, who committed suicide at Baden through grief at the loss of his wife, was the youngest nephew of the famous poet.

Sir George Trevelyan is the son of Hannah More Macaulay, sister of the historian. She married Sir Charles Trevelyan, of remarkable fame in North India and in the Crimean War.

Rudyard Kipling's earnings are said to have been deposited in the New Oriental Bank, which recently suspended; and the writer was so troubled over it that he abandoned his proposed trip to Samoa.

John Howells, the son of William D. Howells, has been admitted to the Ecole des Beaux-Arts at Paris on his first examination and without any conditions. He is the only American who passed in that way at this year's examination.

Levi Asbenfelter, of Cbeyenne, is clearly entitled to a pension for his exceptional honesty. He has been receiving eight dollars a month for several years, but now asks that his name be stricken from the pension-rolls because his ailment has disappeared.

Charles F. Peck, the labor commissioner of New York, once edited a Democratic weekly paper in Nunda, and last week some of his old Democratic friends in that village sent him a large muzzle, as suggestive of their idea that he ought to have kept his mouth shut.

The Czar passes his evenings with his family, and often reads to his wife while she embroiders. His love for his wife is very great. At a court reception in Paris, in 1867, he met Eugénie, and, on being asked who was the most beautiful woman present, turned his back on the queenly empress and pointed to his own wife.

In spite of Dr. Holmes's eighty-three years, his health is excellent, except for the asthma, from which he usually suffers at this time of the year. His life is almost monotonous in its regularity while he is at his summer home at Beverly Farms. He is enthusiastic about the drives in the neighborhood, and keenly enjoys Salem and its old associations.

The late John C. Bundy, in his duties as editor of the *Religio-Philosophical Magazine*, was so frequently imposed on by fraudulent Spiritualists that, in self-defense, he used to keep a stenographer in his office, hidden behind a screen, to furnish in black and white the exact conversations of visitors. Mr. Gould used to be credited with utilizing this stratagem; but whether he was the inventor of it or not is a matter of conjecture.

Lord Herschell, the newly appointed lord chancellor, occupied the woolstack during the brief ministry formed by Mr. Gladstone in 1886. The prize had been offered to the Rev. Henry James, who, being unable to follow Mr. Gladstone on the Irish question, declined the great honor, and with it a seat for life in the House of Lords, an annual salary of fifty thousand dollars, and a life pension of twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

Young and diffident orators will take heart when they learn that so self-possessed a speaker as George William Curtis suffered greatly from stage fright on the occasion of his first lecture and began by saying: "Ladies and gentlemen, the pitomless bott," with a solemnity which was changed to confusion when he perceived his error. In mentioning the occurrence, the Boston *Transcript* remarks: "Of course, he had meant to make an allusion to the bottomless pit."

The famous tenor, Sims Reeves, who has finally left the lyric stage to become a music professor in London, is about seventy years old. For nearly a half-century following his appearance as the gypsy boy in "Guy Mannering" he remained a public favorite, attaining his greatest successes in oratorios and other sacred music. Mr. Reeves is a son of a church organist in a Kentish town, and at fourteen he became the organist and choir-master of the village church.

Professor Bischof, who recently died in St. Petersburg, was one of the most ardent opponents of the emancipation of women and a thorough believer in the theory that women are inferior to men, because their brains, as a rule, are smaller. He was wont to say that while the average weight of the male brain was 1,350 grams, that of the female brain was "only 1,250 grams." After Bischof's death, his own brain was weighed, and was found to turn the scale at 1,245 grams—five grams less than the average female brain.

The story is told that soon after his arrival at Kissingen, Prince Bismarck was caught in a storm while out walking. A maid-servant of a restaurant, noticing his plight, ran out to him with an umbrella, under the shelter of which the prince and the maid walked arm in arm together to the restaurant. On reaching cover, the prince gallantly pressed a kiss on the girl's cheek, the latter accepting it with the remark that it was a great honor for her. "Ah, no!" was Bismarck's reply; "it is an even greater pleasure for me."

Prince Henry of Prussia, the only brother of Emperor William of Germany, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his birth last month and the twentieth of his entrance into the army. Although at the present time a commander in the navy and the future admiral of the fleet, Prince Henry, like all the Hohenzollerns, became a lieutenant of the Guards on his tenth birthday. Prince Henry is the only sailor of his family. He is extremely popular among his men, as he possesses the pleasing ways and characteristics which made his father so beloved. He is an excellent talker, and is extremely witty. He is taller than his imperial brother, being about six feet in height, but is not so handsome in the face. He is a violinist of considerable talent, and has appeared in concerts given in Potsdam and Kiel, his official residence, under his patronage. The prince is married to the Princess Irene of Hesse, and has one child.



## THE "SMART" NEW YORK GIRL.

"Van Ghyse" says She is Clever but Apt to be very Narrow.

As the young woman I quoted in my last letter said, a New Yorker is apt to be very narrow. More than that, even a lengthened stay in New York is apt to make the sojourner grow narrower with the passing of every week. Were it not for the summer change, the summer new faces and new minds, the Gothamite would grow as immovable in his self-satisfaction, as blind in his ignorant complacency, as the most placid provincial who "thinks the rustic cackle of his burg the murmur of the world."

But even the broadening influence of a summer spent elbow to elbow with Western affluence and Southern graciousness does little to enlarge the New Yorker's point of view or broaden his fine-drawn line of vision. His complacency is builded on a rock. He is not vain, he has passed that; he is self-satisfied. He has reached the pinnacle, and that is all about it. Dispute or argument on the subject is as unnecessary as it is undignified.

The West he looks upon as a great space of country, where the shooting is good and the girls sometimes rich. Western women are not approved of by him, though he is not above running after the rich ones, in the hope of securing an heiress. Southern women, he admits, have some attractions; but their *genre* is bad, and, as they do not have such large fortunes as the girls in the West, he rarely troubles himself to pay them his *devoirs*. In his heart he really admires, thoroughly approves, finds completely charming only the women of his native city—the women who live on that narrow tongue of land which runs up from the end of New York Bay to Spuyten Duyvil, between the Hudson and Long Island Sound.

Here dwell the lissom maids of Gotham—the long, narrow, fine-featured, bright-haired, clear-eyed, pure-skinned, pale girls who meet with his absolute and unwavering approval. Be they dwellers in the conservative quietude of the old deserted streets, where the *beau monde* used to dwell full twenty years ago, or be they dwellers in the aristocratic, sun-warmed, pensive seclusion of Washington Square; do they hail from a gloomy-fronted, chocolate-brown, overfurnished, gaudily gorgeous palace on Fifth Avenue, or from a tiny, *bijou* flat somewhere up near the park—they are always to him the perfection of womankind. They may be frilled, and feathered, and crimped, and powdered girls of society, dinner-girls who are asked out because they are good talkers, beauty-girls who are asked out because they look pretty in a room and furnish it; they may be game-some, horsey girls, who ride across country, wear *Evening Sun* hats, dog-skin gloves with one big button at the wrist, low-heeled, varnished boots, starched shirt-bosoms and high collars; they may be swell girls, who disdain the meretricious styles of the *parvenues*, wear simple clothes, do not squeeze their waists, have smooth, uncurled hair, and quiet, unaffected manners—but whatever kind they may be, they are always approved and admired by the New York man above all other women on the continent.

The claims of the New York women to the unbiased admiration of an unprejudiced outsider are three: They dress well, they talk well, and they have remarkable self-possession and *savoir faire*. These are the three attributes of which they may boast—and, incidentally, one may add, the only ones. There are no women in the country who can touch the New Yorker on the question of dress. With her, dressing is an art, the toilet a sacred rite. Her conversational powers are not of the highest order, but they are fine, nevertheless. A real New York girl of society, who has been brought up in the atmosphere of society, who loves it and lives for it, is generally a remarkably good talker. She is keen, supple, ready to lead the conversation or to follow when the lead is given by another. She can be vivacious or serious. She can be amusing, at times almost witty. The way she covers up her ignorance and makes the most of the meagre smattering of knowledge she possesses is little short of miraculous.

The third attribute for praise—her self-possession, her extraordinary *savoir faire*—is admirable. A typical New York girl is never at a loss for a word to save a strained situation, is never confused or embarrassed. She is not only "mistress of herself when china falls," but mistress of herself when she sees her rival captivate her best man under her eyes, when the man she is madly in love with confides to her his passion for her bosom friend, when a waiter spills the salad-dressing on her new French dress, when, walking up Fifth Avenue with the suitor her parents disapprove, she runs into her papa. It would, indeed, be impossible to imagine her absolutely taken aback, to picture her so taken off her guard that she would show either anger, nervousness, or chagrin when it was to her advantage to appear cool and mistress of the situation. This is her finest attribute. There is a courage and a pride about it that one can not but admire. But here is the end of the category.

What she lacks before one can hold her up to the admiration of the assembled nations, as the New York man is inclined to do, could not be summed up in few words. When one goes to look for fine qualities, for higher attributes than social suppleness and good manners, one is apt to be disappointed. The average New York girl is thin—not only physically, but in character. She is frivolous to a singular degree. Her *craze* for society does not die out in a season or two, it keeps up. She is innately fond of luxury, of good-living, of fine clothes, of dainty, exquisite, expensive things. New York girls of this—the typical society class—will not marry poor men. They will not allow themselves to care for any man but one who is well off. Their well-regulated hearts are never allowed to beat rapidly until they hear that the *pretendant's* income is of the proper dimensions to maintain a good establishment.

Their cleverness and dexterity in conversation prove that they possess good minds. No one ever accused a New York woman of being stupid. But all their mental activity and

vigor go into the single direction of conversation. They are almost always badly educated or have not made the most of their educations. A Gotham belle who can scramble through a conversation on any subject, thanks to her native shrewdness and cool head, is astonishingly ignorant in the great subjects of literature and art. She can speak French fairly well. She has read a good many novels of Paul Bourget, Daudet, De Maupassant, "Gyp," and Octave Feuillet. She reads some English and American novels, looks at the titles of others, and reads about the literary sensations of the day in *Current Literature*. She would have opinions if she could give the time to these books, but as she does not read them and must be able to speak on them, she gets her opinions ready-made, fluttering the leaves of the reviewer's end of the magazine as her maid dresses her hair.

Music she says she loves, but she rarely goes to the Philharmonic, and at the opera talks the entire time. Actually speaking, she does not care in the least for music, but admires Jean de Reszke because he is so handsome and so graceful, and thinks Mme. Emma Eames very *distinguee*. She will allude with vague praise to "Cavalleria Rusticana," and really not care in the least who wrote it or what it is about. On art, she frankly admits her ignorance, because it is permissible to do that. One can not with impunity liberate one's opinions on a gallery full of paintings without running a risk of making some very bad "breaks." So she says, with her customary languid vagueness, that the Academy "is simply frightful"—running her eye down a review written by an incompetent critic gave her knowledge enough for that remark—and that the American artists have "so much originality and style."

Passing from these considerations to other ones, you will find that the New York girl is not a real American. She is not a patriot. She has not much that is good to say of her own country. Those young men in high collars and pointed shoes, who walk with their chins out and their eyelids down, have told her, in excuse for their allegiance to England, that "extreme patriotism means extreme narrowness of view." She begins to think it rather provincial to approve of her own country. She does not know or care that Massachusetts is full of old maids who sent the men they should have married to be mown down by Southern guns in the Civil War. The steady, calm patriotism of the New England woman is a thing unknown to her. She is inclined to laugh at any intense emotion, to make fun of anything outside her ken:

"The nursery-cockered child will jeer at aught  
That may seem strange beyond his nursery."

Europe is far more familiar to her than her own country. She can tell you all about the shops in Paris and the places about London to which one can make pleasant excursions. But the West, "beyond Philadelphia," is to her an undiscovered country. New York is a capital place to live in, because it is so cosmopolitan; but her real idea of bliss would be to settle in London and get an *entree* into some fast, "smart" London set. Or, in default of this, the next best thing would be to live in Paris and become a shining member of the American colony there, making occasional incursions into the heart of the most exclusive Parisian society.

In the matter of what used to be called "accomplishments," without which it was at one time thought no lady's education was complete, the New York girl is again found wanting. Outside her ability to talk well, she has no accomplishments. This is so singularly apparent in New York women that, when one does meet a girl in Gotham who can play on the piano, or sing, or paint, one immediately asks what part of the country she comes from, knowing that she can not be a New Yorker. They neither play, nor sing, nor paint, nor draw. A few of them "do fancy work," but only a few. Some of them dance well; but these, as a rule, are very young girls of twenty or thereabouts. A really fine amateur pianist is almost an anomaly in New York society. A beautiful, well-trained voice is almost as rare. The singers who delight society are, as a rule, women from the West or the South. To enter a New York drawing-room and hear the daughter of the house sing charmingly, even though it be an English ballad, is an experience to which very few of us have been treated.

This is the girl who looks down upon the New England woman as a "blue-stocking" and the Western girl as "unfinished" or "crude." The New Englander, who is nothing if not sincere, is incomprehensible and unattractive to the aimless and fragile butterfly of Gotham. Her honest studies are things to be laughed at, her rigorous endeavor to live up to a severe and lofty ideal as good a joke as her Browning societies and culture clubs. The New York girl will glibly remark that "Browning was before his age," and "Tennyson was a master of form," and "Atalanta in Calydon" is like a Greek frieze," which sums up her knowledge of the modern poets. As for her acquaintance with their works, that stopped short when she was ten years old and learned Tennyson's "Death of the Old Year" to repeat at a school commencement.

The Western girl she looks upon as a large-armed, loud-voiced child of the prairie. She will affect to believe that the Western heiress wears a diamond necklace when she goes out shopping, and uses ten-dollar bills for curl-papers. She is not sure that they do not say "Shake, old pard," when they meet their men friends. In general conversation, she alludes to them as "impossible people." She does not know, or, knowing, does not care, that the Western girl whose parents have had means is almost always exceedingly well educated, is ambitious enough and conscious enough of her own short-comings to strive to improve herself in mind and in manners till she reaches a fairly high level, and is often a woman of brilliant accomplishments. The Westerner's independence of sentiment and action are unknown to the New Yorker. Of the Western girl's courage in announcing and adhering to her own opinions, she has not a trace. She has let the fears of the social snob overcome her individual opinions, likes, and dislikes, and follows the dictates, not of her mind and her heart, but of society in the smallest, meanest, and most conventional sense of the word.

NEW YORK, September 14, 1892.

VAN GRYSSE.

## "GOSSIP OF THE CENTURY."

Another Book of Anecdotes of Famous Men and Women.

Following close on the heels of "An Englishman in Paris," a new book of reminiscences has just been issued. It, also, is given out without the author's name; and but little clew to his identity is given in the statement that he is the author of "Flemish Interiors" and "De Omnibus Rebus." From various passages it is evident that his personal recollections date back to the second decade of the century, and from that time until almost the present day there are few notable men or women in the politics, art, letters, and social life of England of whom he has not something to say.

The author begins his reminiscences of men of letters (writes "M. W. H." in the *Star*) with a traditional reference, obtained through his father, to Thomas Day, whose story of "Sandford and Merton" is familiar to young readers even to this day:

"He had a handsome face, but his figure did not correspond to it; he walked badly, held himself worse, and was altogether unprepossessing in appearance. He had idiosyncratic ideas about women, especially in the capacity of wives, and, after an early disappointment, finding none conformable to his notions, he set himself to the task of forming one to his own liking. He went to Shrewsbury, and, from an orphanage there, selected a young girl whom he judged fit for his experiment. Being, however, a man of resources and desiring to have two strings to his bow, he also picked out another in a London pauper institution. One was fair, the other dark; their ages the same—about ten years. One he called Sabrina Sydney (after Algernon Sydney), the other Lucretia. These two children he proceeded to bring up to gether. He traveled with them to Avignon, where he thought to settle and carry on the education of his children. But they quarreled, and also set themselves against learning even the French language, so that the task he had set himself proved difficult. As he could not marry both, his intention was to choose the one who lent herself the more readily to his plans of education, and to provide for the other. After nursing them through the measles, and saving their lives when upset in a boat on the river, he was fain to acknowledge the improbability of reaping any reward for his labors. Lucretia was found to be so hopelessly untrainable that he had to give her up, but put her to school at Avignon, where he left her, afterward apprenticing her to a milliner, and ultimately marrying her to a French hosiery. Having returned to England with Sabrina, he began upon her a course of practical experiments destined to determine her suitability for the life he intended his wife should lead. To ascertain whether she was possessed of courage, fortitude, and philosophical indifference to suffering, he dropped hot sealing-wax on her arm, fired off pistols suddenly in her hearing, woke her up in the middle of the night, and, in short, invented the most ingenious tricks to learn the real value of her character. Unfortunately, she was not made of the stuff required for accepting this kind of treatment, against which she finally rebelled so violently that he had no choice but to abandon his benevolent designs upon her, and she, too, was packed off to a boarding-school. A friend of Day's, Dr. Picknell, who used to frequent his house, fell in love with her, and Day portioned her off, as he had his other adopted child, and she married his friend, to whom she made a very good wife.

"Meantime Day, who was bent on matrimony, notwithstanding these and other failures, and found he could not enter that holy state on his own terms, made the acquaintance of the two beautiful Misses Sneyd—Honora and Elizabeth. Day did his best to win Honora, who, however, treated him with utter disdain. He then transferred his addresses to Elizabeth, but does not seem to have understood the full meaning of the rebuff with which she bade him go mend his manners and appearance. Taking her literally, he set off for Paris, where he underwent a severe physical training and drilling, learned fencing and dancing, and came back quite trim, expecting to be rewarded for his devotedness. Alas! Elizabeth was as saucy as her sister; she remained obdurate, tossing her pretty head and cruelly telling him, with a contemptuous laugh, that she 'thought, on the whole, the blackguard was less objectionable than the fine gentleman.'

"After a time he met with another lady, by name Esther Milnes, who became so devotedly attached to him that after two years' acquaintance she not only married him, but consented to share his self-imposed privations and to join in carrying out his abnormal ideas. His plan was to live in the simplest way, entirely sequestered from society, to allow himself and his wife no luxuries, and to dispense entirely with servants. If ever a question arose as to spending more money than usual, Day would come down with his veto. 'How can we allow ourselves luxuries when we know how many people are starving?' The affection of Day's wife for this strange husband was boundless, and she never recovered from the grief caused by his death. It appears that his mother, or rather step-mother, was still living and at no great distance, and that Day went frequently to visit her. One day he started to ride over to her house, mounting an unbroken colt—in conformity with his theory that it was contrary to nature to break in a horse—and great was the shock experienced by his wife when, some hours after he had left her, the horse returned without him. Search was at once made, and his body was found lying less beside the road. Mrs. Day took her loss so deeply to heart that she declared that she would never again see the light, and, like Queen Louise de Valdemont, shut herself up in a darkened room, where she died two years afterward, in 1791. Day was remarkable for his merciful consideration to animals; he would not allow an insect to be killed unnecessarily. Sir William Jones was among his admirers and friends. One day, when they were breakfasting together, a spider suddenly appeared on the table. 'Kill that spider! Kill that spider!' said Sir William. 'No,' said Day, 'I shouldn't feel justified in killing a harmless insect. A lawyer is much more objectionable than a spider, yet he wouldn't like to hear any one call out: Kill that Sir William Jones! Kill that Sir William Jones!'

Among the guests who, in the author's time, used to frequent a certain beautiful villa on the Thames, were Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer. We are told:

"The host had a daughter named Emily, who, being an engaging child, was much noticed by the 'author of Felham,' as he liked to be called. One day he took the child on his knee, which proved a very comfortable seat, for, though much of a dandy, Bulwer was tall and gaunt, and his knees were probably bowy. Presently, therefore, the little girl shyly asked if she might get down. 'Get down, my dear,' said Bulwer; 'yes, if you wish it; but I can tell you there are a great many young ladies who would not at all object to find themselves where you are.'"

It is interesting to learn that in 1851 Lord Campbell wrote of the future leader of the Conservatives:

"Disraeli is the rising man. A few years ago he was an attorney's clerk; now he is the leader of the landed interest, and, for anything I know, the Jew boy may cut out the heir of the Stanleys, and, perhaps, even one day be prime minister himself, on high Tory principles, after having been a violent Radical and having boxed the political compass round and round. He is the pleasantest speaker to listen to now living, and becomes rather a favorite with the House."

The author himself says:

"Few ordinary mortals who knew Disraeli when young would have ventured to predict—notwithstanding the startling termination to his maiden speech, which must have come back later to the memory of many—that the beringed, beringleted, bechained, and generally bedizened youth who presented himself at Gower House in green velvet pantaloons and a waistcoat the embroidery on which surpassed in richness that of D'Orsay himself, would, during his later years, command the respect and attention of the world by the calm self-possession and dignity with which he upheld the honor of his office. Part of Disraeli's early years were passed at a boarding-school at Walthamstow. The boy who was subsequently to become so urbane and courtier-like was



at that time such an overbearing little prig that he made himself most unpopular with his school-fellows, and naturally became their butt, every kind of school-boy trick being played off on him. Disraeli seems to have been brought up to the age of twelve without any definite religious ideas, nor did he, or, perhaps, even his father, know under what denomination he should be classed. His father appears to have belonged to a little sect of his own, being neither a Jew nor a Christian. Literary tastes brought together the elder Disraeli and the poet Rogers, and the latter (although by no means strait-laced in the matter of morality) not only suggested that young Benjamin should be baptized, but got the ceremony performed and stood godfather to him."

The anecdotes of lawyers are among the best in the two volumes. Here are some of them:

"Jack Lee defended Admiral Keppel in 1779, and afterward became attorney-general. Being a North-countryman, Lee had an accent so strongly provincial that it often did injustice to his eloquence. Thus, whenever he had to employ the oft-recurring phrase, 'showing cause,' it produced a sound equivalent to 'shooing cows.' One day, Erskine took the opportunity to inform the learned counsel that in the South we 'shoo horses, not cows.'"

"The familiarity with which Lee addressed the jury, which often helped him to win verdicts, was not viewed with approval by other members of the profession, who considered that it tended to lower the tone of the bar. Once, on Lee's telling Dunning that he had just bought some good manors in Staffordshire: 'I wish, then,' said Dunning, 'you would bring them with you to Westminster Hall.'"

"One day, dining at the lord chancellor's, where he met the celebrated navigator, Captain Parry, Lord Erskine asked him on what diet he and his crew subsisted when frozen up in the polar seas. 'Ah!' replied the captain, 'we had no resource but to live on seals.' 'And very good living, too,' replied Lord Erskine, reflecting regretfully on the lucrative office of chancellor he had been forced to resign; 'that is, if you keep them long enough.' Previous to this, and while still lord chancellor, being asked whether he was going to join the whitebait dinner at Greenwich, he answered: 'Of course I am! What sort of a fish dinner would it be without the Great Seal?'

"When Lord Erskine had succeeded in a cause in which his clients were the directors of a large coal company, they gave a great dinner to celebrate their triumph, making Erskine the hero of the occasion. When, after dinner, he was called upon for a toast, he gave the following: 'Sink your pits, blast your mines, dam your rivers.'"

"It was said of Erskine, that so ingenious and effective were his defenses that all the most desperate characters were immediately concerned if anything ailed him; so long as he lived it was reputed safe to rob and murder. Crab Robinson has recorded that he once heard Erskine, when the latter was unquestionably on the wrong side; still, he not only got a verdict out of the jury, but Robinson himself admits that so irresistibly did the pleader carry his hearers along with him that had Erskine lost the cause he should have wept."

"Sugden, the father of Lord St. Leonards, was a fashionable barber. Old Sugden had his paternal ambition, but it aimed at an altogether different result from that proposed by his son; he never looked with any favor on the proclivities which took his heir out of the 'air-dressing line of life, for which he had destined him. He used to say, with a sigh of mingled regret and resignation: 'What can you do with a lad, sir, who "as a will of his own" Ned's a clever boy, and I know could well 'ave got to the 'ead of his profession; but 'e's got the "law" in his mind, and nothing would satisfy him but I must put him with a conveyancer. Lord knows what will come of it! And to think of the patronage he would have succeeded to! Ah, sir!' he would add, shaking his head mournfully, 'e's no genius for the profession.'"

"Lord St. Leonards was once reminded of his barber-ous origin by a colleague, who disdainfully called him the son of a hair-dresser, but received the well-merited retort: 'Yes; but if you had been the son of a hair-dresser, you would have been a hair-dresser yourself.'"

"John Adolphus was often happy in his replies, and on one occasion availed himself of this gift to take down Scarlett, the great *Nisi Prius* leader, who was much disliked for indulging the habit of bullying every one in court. In this case, Adolphus and Scarlett being on opposite sides, the latter, not content with domineering over the court, turned to the opposing counsel and asked: 'Are you aware, Mr. Adolphus, that you are not at the Old Bailey?' 'I am, sir,' answered Adolphus; 'there it is the judge who presides, and not the counsel.' It was John Leycester Adolphus who distinguished himself when scarcely more than a boy by his shrewdness in discovering the authorship of the 'Waverley Novels.'"

The whole of the second volume is devoted to musicians, singers, *dansesurs*, actors, painters, and sculptors. After averring that England has produced only one great tenor, the author says:

"As regards surpassing beauty of voice and exquisite purity of style, every connoisseur of his day, whether English or Italian, awarded to John Braham the palm of supremacy. His parents—by name Abraham—were German Jews, and died when he was a mere child. Thrown on his own resources, the boy started a little trade in lead-pencils, peddling them about the streets. It was in 1787 that he first appeared at Covent Garden as an infant prodigy. At this time his voice was a beautiful, rich soprano; but it afterward turned out a superb tenor—*tenore robusto* in the fullest acceptance of the phrase, and yet capable of amazing pathos and tenderness. Sir George Grove states that Braham's voice had a compass of nineteen notes from D to A in alt; that his falsetto was perfection; but the skill with which he managed it would have been futile had it not been for the exceptional flexibility of his voice. He was heard to most advantage in a concert-room; never was a figure less adapted to the stage, nor did he ever attain any histrionic proficiency. But, as Walter Scott says, 'If a devil of an actor, he was an angel of a singer.' Braham's elder daughter became Frances, Lady Waldegrave; she had been assured by a 'wise woman' that she would marry four times, and leave her fourth husband a widow—a prophecy which was duly fulfilled. Braham, whose first performance was in 1787, made his last appearance in public as late as 1852."

In the author's opinion Jenny Lind has been absurdly overrated; he can recall no other singer whose reputation was so largely manufactured. He says:

"She had a fresh young voice, clear and even full in part of its compass, but it was very unequal, and she sang not always in time. Her histrionic intelligence was decidedly below the average; her movements were the reverse of graceful; indeed, her physique was incompatible with grace: her complexion was thick, her features thick, her figure thick, her ankles thick; and then she was always Jenny Lind, not possessing the art of merging her own personality in the character represented. It is, however, only just to say that what artistic ability she had came out in oratorio, and that her recitative revealed the excellent training of Garcia. As to her virtue, which has been exalted to the skies, she was in this respect not superior to Catalani, Persiani, Malibran, Falcon, and a host of others."

The author has heard his father describe the wonderful performance of Sbylock by Macklin, when that actor was in his one hundredth year. Of this remarkable actor, he says:

"Even at that great age his acting was so fine that the audience felt the truth of Pope's testimony, 'this is the Jew that Shakespeare drew.' This remarkable histrionic incident took place on May 7, 1789, and Macklin survived it nearly eight years. There is a tradition that while the coffin was being lowered into the grave, a packet arrived containing the registry of Macklin's birth, which proved the correctness of what he had always stated on the subject, viz., that it occurred two months before the battle of Boyne, in July, 1690. No actor has had a more romantic career than Macklin's. In a fit of passion, he killed a fellow-actor in the green-room of Drury Lane Theatre, because he had possessed himself of a stock-wig which Macklin intended to wear himself. He was tried for murder, and, though acquitted, was branded in the hand. He also had a desperate quarrel with a baronet who insulted his daughter, and was very near taking a life on that occasion, also. He survived his trial for murder sixty-three years, and it is worth noting that one of the hygienic processes to which he attributed his vigorous old age was that of sponging all over at night with warm gin."

We can find room only for an interesting anecdote of

Turner and a brief reference to Rosa Bonheur from among the author's many recollections of artists:

"In Turner's life, which was to be so solitary and ultimately so cheerless, there was one romantic incident. When young, he formed an attachment for a very pretty and attractive young lady, and they pledged their troth to one another in spite of the opposition of their parents. Turner, however, had confidence in his talent or his star, and, persisting in his suit, went to Rome to advance in his profession, after making a compact with his *fiancée* that they would maintain a close correspondence. By way, moreover, of a parting gift, he painted his own portrait—giving himself the most beautiful deep-blue eyes imaginable—and left it with the lady, lest she should forget him in his absence. Time went on and mails traveled backward and forward between Italy and England, but in vain the separated lovers waited, and in vain they wrote, for not a word of communication reached either. At first both were surprised and then heart-sick, and finally mutually indignant at each other's faithlessness. At last the lady married the man her parents had selected for her. Turner, when he came back to England, found his early love lost to him forever, but he did not console himself in a mode similar to that which she had followed. The history of his single as well as singular and mysterious life is well known. The portrait of himself, which he painted for his sweetheart, is extant, and has been countersigned by Ruskin."

"Rosa Bonheur was still very young when her mother died, and her father, overwhelmed with grief for his loss, found himself with four small children on his unaided hands. It was then that Rosa's great talent, of which she had given proof even in childhood, began suddenly to develop itself. Pursuing her studies with intense love for her art, she courageously visited the *abattoirs*, and there eight hours a day labored with an energy and a determination such as alone could overcome the natural antipathy she felt to the inevitable surroundings of her work. The first picture Rosa Bonheur ever exhibited, and that was in 1840, presented a very simple subject. It was nothing more than a group of two rabbits munching carrots, and was valuable only as a promise and precursor."

"Though it was Rosa Bonheur's custom to appear when at work in the conventional artist's outer insignia and to wear her hair cropped, there was in her character no leaning toward masculine habits, or toward any kind of roughness or coarseness of manner. On the contrary, all her feelings were essentially feminine, soft, and refined, and her life has always been a practical illustration of the most delicate womanly attributes. At the same time, with a painter's outward insignia, she has, it is admitted, acquired also the outer semblance of a man. The face of no man could bear a more manly expression, nor, it may be added, one more strikingly tempered with benevolence."

## PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

Notre Dame de Lourdes has occupied our thoughts a good deal lately. Not that there have been an unusual number of miraculous cures this season at the famous grotto, but because Emile Zola has been collecting materials there for a new novel. The famed novelist's manner of getting about a work is curious. After sketching out his plan and deciding on the social position of his characters, and the class and surroundings he intends to depict, he gives himself up to the special study thereof, making no secret of his intentions. Earlier in his career it was in his personal friends only that he confided. I remember, when "Nana" was being planned out, how Zola went to an acquaintance of mine—a man about town, a fellow who was *au mieux* with some of the famous frail ones of the day—and asked him to introduce him. "Nothing more easy," was the reply, accompanied by a knowing smile. But Zola assured him it was only in the way of business, and that he had not the remotest intention of becoming more than cursorily acquainted with those whom he wanted to portray, and begged as a further favor that his *cicerone* would do the agreeable, leaving him free to make his notes. This little anecdote paints Zola exactly. And, perhaps, herein may be found the reason of the something that is wanting in his books. They are not *vécu*, not lived through, as it were; he is always the outsider, whether he portrays miners or peasants, the Parisian workman or the Parisian *coquette*; an outsider, it is true, with a wonderful capacity for assimilating new impressions and catching the exact tone of the *couleur locale*.

Of late years Zola's literary intentions have been blazoned abroad, and the public assists delightedly at the manufacture of each of his works. When he made that memorable excursion over the ground where the great tragedy of 1870 was played out, preparatory to his writing "La Débâcle," all eyes were turned to Sedan, and it is the same now when he is visiting Lourdes for a similar purpose. One of the amusing features of the affair is that the Catholics—the believers in miraculous intervention, in the efficacy of holy water and *aves*—have already decided in their own minds that they have made a convert of a heretic, because he confesses himself an admirer of Bernadette from a romantic point of view. Bernadette is the visionary who used to guard her flocks in the neighborhood of Lourdes, where the Virgin is supposed to have appeared to her in the midst of a shining glory. It is not so very long since, but the shepherdess, a poor, frail child, was doomed to the early death which is generally the fate of those who dream strange waking dreams. Anyhow, Bernadette was the providence of her village. Had she not had that strange vision, there would have been no grotto, no crowds of pilgrims, no hotels, and, so far as her own people were concerned, she did not live and die in vain. Some hundred years hence she will be made a saint in the calendar, for the church has finally adopted Bernadette's vision as a *bona-fide* miracle, the belief in which grows as the number of pilgrims increases. The waters of the grotto seem to have a wonderful effect on people afflicted with nervous diseases—the lame and halt hang their crutches in the chapel and walk away rejoicing, and the bed-ridden rise from their litters. Faith is a wonderful thing, as Dr. Charcot, the great nerve-doctor, will tell you. He has made some marvelous cures in the lecture-hall of Salpêtrière, but they lack the spectacular effect of the cures in the grotto, dimly lit with wax candles, brilliant with tinsel, and heavy with the fumes of incense.

The other day we were startled by the announcement that Princess Metternich—no longer in her youth—had fought a duel at Vienna with another lady, also of middle age and of equally high birth. Of course it turned out to be an absurd mistake, but not before several rather amusing articles on the subject of female dueling had appeared in the press. Many stories have been told of the eccentricities of this princess, who was the demon of misrule at the court of

Napoleon the Third; but this report of the duel capped them all.

It is not often that duelists are brought to trial in France, even when they are caught; but this week two sittings of the assizes have been devoted to trying the Marquis de Morès, an intimate friend of the famous Jew-hater, Drumont, and other persons concerned in the duel between Morès and Captain Mayer, which resulted, it will be remembered, in the death of the latter. The affair made a great stir at the time, and even reached the Chamber, which, as usual, after one stormy debate dropped the question. Morès himself is an eccentric person whose life has been full of vicissitudes. He tried cattle-raising in America at one time, but failed—owing to the enmity of the Jews, if you credit his statement. For the like reason he also failed in an attempt to build roads and bridges at Tonquin, and, nowadays, he has turned anti-Semite journalist, and contributes to the *Libre Parole*—Drumont's paper. Though a trifle mad, I believe he is, at the bottom, an honorable man. The others are the four seconds. The history of the duel is complicated. There was, indeed, a succession of duels, originated by a number of violent attacks upon the Jews in the army. A Jewish officer, Captain Crémieu Foa, took up the gauntlet and fought first with Drumont, then with the writer of the articles. Then, word of honor was given by all not to publish the account of the latter affair—and an hour after the article had been signed, all the Paris papers had it! Morès, in a fury, accused Mayer of the breach of confidence; the captain denied being the culprit, but accepted the marquis's challenge—unluckily for him, since they had hardly been fighting a few seconds when the marquis, though not a wonderful fencer, parried the captain's first lunge, and, in the same breath, pierced him through to the spine; the unfortunate man expired a few hours afterward. During the trial the prosecution tried to prove that the marquis's swords—with which they fought—were of exceptional weight; but both his own and his adversary's seconds affirmed the contrary. In fact, considering that Morès and the four seconds have been acquitted, it may be safely said that the blame does not rest with them. The guilt rests on the shoulders of another man, the brother of Captain Crémieu, who behaved like a downright cad. It was he (for he confessed it in court) who made public the account of the duel, and let Captain Mayer fight with Morès all the same. True, he did tell a few people he was the responsible one, but carefully abstained from acquainting Morès with the fact. Much indignation and some hilarity were excited by M. Ernest Crémieu's declaration at the bar; it transpired that he listened at the key-hole while the affair of the first duel was being discussed by the seconds. You may imagine, accordingly, how the judge abased him—French magistrates do not moderate their language when their ire is roused.

The fellow certainly behaved disgustingly. He may be put on a par with another of the seconds, whose pseudonym, Léo Taxil, is well known; he spent ten years of his life composing the most revolting books imaginable, then, some years since, abruptly changed and joined the staff of the *France Chrétienne*, after having written such works as "Où Sont les Tripes de Jésus?" The epilogue of the whole affair has been rather comic. Yesterday, Lieutenant Trochu—one of the seconds—received an infuriated letter from E. Crémieu, challenging him to fight. Now, as every one knows what to think of E. Crémieu, the eavesdropper, it is evident no one need fight with him. So the young officer, with the approval of his colonel, refused. Whereupon E. Crémieu walked into the mess-room of the Eighth Dragons, and threw his glove in the lieutenant's face, crying: "I have come to box your ears!" The latter returned him a blow with his cane, and a storm of bottles, glasses, and riding-whips encircled the intruder's head. At present, he is going about with a swollen nose and two black eyes, and, when he has calmed down a bit, the best thing he can do is to make himself as scarce as possible. PARISINA.

PARIS, September 3, 1892.

The "exhibits" brought forward in the trial of Eyraud and Gabrielle Bompard for the murder of Gouffé were recently sold in Paris by auction. They included the trunk in which the corpse of the murdered *huissier* had been removed, the two boxes which Eyraud had used during his travels in America, together with one that had belonged to Gabrielle Bompard, and the girdle with which the unfortunate Gouffé had been strangled. The entire lot of souvenirs of the crime was bought for one hundred dollars by a notary's clerk, acting for a son-in-law of Gouffé, who wished to prevent them from falling into the hands of persons who would place them on exhibition.

A recent visitor to London says that in that city long tandem tricycles, capable of seating eight or more passengers, have been introduced, and one is now being used as a rival to the tram or street-cars. The owner of the vehicle occupies the front-seat, collects the fares and steers, but the passengers have to provide the motive power, and if they do not move their feet freely very poor time is made on the journey. Such a means of locomotion would not prove a success here, but it is said that in London the seats are booked and paid for a week in advance.

The bugle-horn was once called the buffalo-horn, and it apparently derives its name from the bugle, or extinct auroch, the wild ox of Great Britain. In the Isle of Wight, the bull's head on inn-signs is often accompanied by the word bugle, and the French term for the lowing of cattle is still *beugler*.

The following advertisement appeared in the Birmingham *Daily Post*: "New Religion.—Young gentleman is founding a new religion, which is sure to become popular, and desires a lady of means to assist him in the work. Address."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In the new number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Sir Lintorn Simmons declares that he has full authority to state that Lady Wallace is extremely annoyed that the authorship of "An Englishman in Paris" should have been attributed to her late husband. "I am equally authorized to state," adds Sir Lintorn, "that not a line of the publication came from Sir Richard's pen, and that those intimately connected with him must at once recognize the fact that these memoirs were not the result of his experiences." He appears to think that the author endeavored to personate Wallace.

It is vaguely hinted that Thomas Bailey Aldrich will succeed George William Curtis in *Harper's* "Easy Chair."

Marshal MacMahon has decided to publish his memoirs at once, although he had not intended to give them to the public during his life-time. The accounts of the defeat of the French army in 1870, as given by Zola in his "La Débâcle," have induced the veteran soldier to clear himself in the estimation of the world from the charge of incompetency tacitly conveyed by Zola's book.

Mr. Whittier's new volume of poems, "At Sundown," contains the poems collected since the publication in 1885 of "St. Gregory's Guest." It is illustrated by a portrait and eight photogravures.

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation a new edition of W. H. Herndon's "Abraham Lincoln." The work has been thoroughly revised, and will be brought out in two volumes, with new illustrations and an introduction written by Horace White.

The *Daily Chronicle*, of London, says in a recent number:

"It is not often that one finds the circulation of a great literary paper influenced by a poem, the author of which does not happen to be Lord Tennyson or Mr. Swinburne. This rare but happy fate, however, has just befallen the *Spectator*. The issue which contained Mr. William Watson's poem on Shelley was completely sold out, and so great was the demand that a fresh American edition had to be printed off to satisfy the demand across the Atlantic."

The characters of Stevenson's "Kidnapped" will reappear in his forthcoming "David Balfour." Alan Breck will be there, grown to manhood, and the story begins in Scotland and is thence transferred to Holland.

The series of articles by Walter Besant, entitled "London," which have been appearing in *Harper's*, will soon be published in book-form by Harper & Brothers. It will not be a history of the city as a body politic, but the story of the life of the people at different periods, from the earliest historical records to the times of the Georges, and will be fully illustrated.

George MacDonald, who now lives and does most of his work in the South of France, is about to publish a new novel, called "Heather and Snow."

M. de Saint-Amand's series of volumes dealing with the "Famous Women of the French Court" has had a remarkable success. It is understood that over seventy-seven thousand copies of the volumes already issued have been sold—this sale probably including both original and translations. The next volumes are to be devoted to the Duchess of Berry. They are: "The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII.," "The Duchess of Berry and the Court of Charles X.," and "The Duchess of Berry and the Revolution of July, 1830."

Concerning Alphonse Daudet, the *Book Buyer* says that his favorite novelist is Balzac, and his favorite poet Shakespeare, whom he reads in Victor Hugo's translation. He is a man versed in the ancient tongues, and superintended personally the studies of his eldest son, reading the Greek and Latin classics with him. Mme. Daudet did the same service to their younger son.

The new novel which Amélie Rives has lately finished is a sequel to "The Quick or the Dead?" and is entitled "Barbara Dering." It will be remembered that this is the name of the heroine of the former book.

The first volume of Appleton's forthcoming Military Series, Captain Mahan's "Admiral Farragut," will be followed by General O. O. Howard's "General Taylor." General Bradley T. Johnson is writing a volume on "Washington," General Fitzhugh Lee is preparing one on "General Lee," and "General Hancock" is to be dealt with by General Francis A. Walker.

Professor Freeman's shorter book on Sicily, written for the Story of the Nations Series, will be issued this season.

It is said by Dr. Conan Doyle that the man who suggested to him the wonderfully intuitive and observant character, Sherlock Holmes, was Dr. Joseph Bell, of Edinburgh. Dr. Doyle writes:

"His intuitive powers were simply marvelous. Case No. One would step up. 'I see,' said Mr. Bell, 'you're suffering from drink. You even carry a flask in the inside breast-pocket of your coat.' Another case would come forward. 'Cobbler, I see.' Then he would turn to the students, and point out to them that the inside of the knee of the man's trousers was worn. 'That was where the man had rested the lapstone—a peculiarity found only in cobblers.' All this impressed me very much. He was continually before me—his sharp, piercing gray eyes, eagle nose, and striking features."

Dr. Doyle takes about a week to write one of the Sherlock Holmes stories. He selects the climax first

and then writes up to it. The entire series of tales is soon to be issued in a single volume by the Harpers.

A Chester bookbinder is said to have paid ten pounds for the hide of the heifer that knocked Mr. Gladstone down at Hawarden Castle, the other day. He proposes to use it in binding the "Life of Mr. Gladstone," "Views About Hawarden," the "Album of the Lake Country," "Leaves from My Journal," and other publications usually bought by tourists.

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for October is as follows:

"The Baptismal Font of America," by Frank H. Mason; "Tiger-Hunting in Mysore," by R. Caton Woodville; "A. B. Frost," by H. C. Bunner; "A Collection of Death-Masks"—Part II., with seventeen illustrations, by Laurence Hutton; "Education in the West," by President Charles F. Thwing; "The Efferati Family," by Thomas A. Janvier; "Paris Along the Seine," by Theodore Child; "Beaumont and Fletcher," by James Russell Lowell; "Columbus," by Professor Dr. S. Ruge; "The World of Chance"—Part VIII., by William Dean Howells; "Jane Field," Part VI., by Mary E. Wilkins; poems by E. A. U. Valentine, Archibald Lampman, and J. B. Tabb; and Editorial Departments.

Professor Bryce has revised the whole of his "American Commonwealth" and has added several entirely new chapters. It will probably be published next month in its new form.

Mr. Frank R. Stockton has collected seven tales in a volume which will be published under the title of "The Clocks of Rondaine and Other Stories." It is a book for young people. Messrs. E. H. Blashfield, W. A. Rogers, and D. C. Beard have made the illustrations.

Sir Henry Parkes, the Australian statesman, has written a book entitled, "Fifty Years in the Making of Australian History."

It is stated concerning Miss Mary Wilkins's literary methods that her stories are truly works of imagination, in no case being a transcript from life. She is quoted as saying that when she comprehends a character she knows absolutely what its possessor would do under any given circumstances. She has no doubt nor hesitation in determining this.

The Brentanos offer to subscribers to their paper prizes for translations of short stories of love, adventure, the supernatural, and military life, as follows:

Both old and new stories will be accepted. Each story is to contain about fifteen thousand words, four such stories constituting a volume. The prizes we offer are fifty dollars each for each set of the four best stories from the French, from the German, from the Italian, and from the Spanish. All translations must be accompanied by a critical study of the authors, not exceeding three thousand words in length. The competition will be closed on the first day of April, 1893, and a decision will be given within two months from that date.

Early in November will be issued "The Book-Lover's Almanac for the Year 1893," the text being made up of articles on various subjects interesting to book-collectors, and having twelve full-page illustrations by Henriot, reproduced in colors. It will be printed from type from the De Vinne Press.

Rudyard Kipling's "Ballads" have had a tremendous sale in India, South Africa, and Australia. It is said that a fourth edition will soon be necessary in England.

The new collection of essays by Emerson, to be entitled "Natural History of Intellect and Other Papers," will include papers not to be found in any of Emerson's books previously published, and some that have never before been printed.

Samuel Minturn Peck's second volume of verse, "Rings and Love-Knots," will be issued at once. The book will contain no sonnets, quatrains, or French forms of verse, but will consist of seventy-five songs and lyrics of love and nature in a variety of measures. Mr. Peck's first book, "Cap and Bells," will soon enter a fourth edition.

## New Publications.

"A Pocket Cyclopaedia of Protection," by John Ford, containing facts and figures on many phases of the tariff controversy, has been published by the Press, New York; price, 10 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Alphonse Daudet's novel, "L'Evangeliste," has been translated into English by Mary Neal Sherwood, and is published in paper covers by F. T. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Woe to the Conquered," a romance of the Moors in Spain, has been translated from the German of Karl Berkow by H. E. M., and is issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Prince Schamyl's Wooing" is the title of Colonel Richard Henry Savage's third novel. In it he has returned to Russia, the scene of "My Official Wife," and has pictured a lively series of incidents from the Russo-Turkish War. Published by the American News Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Phineas Fogg is out of date, except as an excuse for a Kipling spectacle, and in his place is Major Flagg. This individual is the hero of Colonel Thomas W. Knox's latest book of travel, "A Close Shave," who, to win a wager, circles the globe in seventy days, thanks to the improvements that have been made since Verne wrote "Around the World in Eighty Days." Published by the Price-McGill

Company, St. Paul; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Leona," by Mrs. Molesworth, is a story showing how a young woman should behave in London—not a vitally interesting theme, and didactically handled, with much genealogical mistiness as to the identity and relationship of the various personages. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Home Treatment of the Diseases of Women," by John A. Miller, M. D., is a book of advice for women rather than a reference-book for student and doctor. It contains much sensible and valuable advice, and is the work of a man of standing in his profession. Published by the Pacific Press Publishing Company, Oakland, Cal.; price, \$2.50; sold by subscription only.

Two new volumes of the dainty edition of Jane Austen's novels, which is being issued under the editorial care of Reginald Brimley Johnson, contain her popular story, "Pride and Prejudice." The edition is a pleasing one in size, type, and binding, and the illustrations by William C. Cooke add much to its beauty. Published by J. M. Dent & Co. (Macmillan & Co., New York); price, \$2.00 for the two volumes; for sale by William Doxey.

"Autumn" is the title of the fourth volume culled from the journal of Henry D. Thoreau by H. G. O. Blake. Thoreau is but little read now, but such a volume as this will find an enthusiastic, if limited, circle of readers; in the hurry and bustle of modern life, it is a pleasure to turn to the beauties of nature and muse on the thoughts they brought to this gifted young man, who, having a liberal education and being possessed of little money, turned hermit and enjoyed the life of the woods as if he had been a modern fawn. The chronological order is disregarded in this collection of extracts, so far as years are concerned, the arrangement being by the days of the month. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

A month ago the *Argonaut* printed some account of Edwin Atkinson's famous Aladdin Oven and the culinary wonders it could perform. A full description of this useful little invention is contained in a volume which Dr. Atkinson has compiled and published with the title "The Science of Nutrition." In addition to the essay by Dr. Atkinson which gives its name to the volume, the contents are an account of the Aladdin Oven; a series of "Dietaries Carefully Computed" under the direction of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards; "Tests of the Slow Methods of Cooking in the Aladdin Oven," by Mrs. Mary H. Abel and Miss Maria Daniell, with instructions and recipes; and "The Nutritive Values of Food Materials," collated from the writings of Professor W. O. Atwater. Published by Clark W. Bryan & Co., Springfield, Mass.; for sale by the booksellers.

The charming account of a journey down the Danube, which F. D. Millet has been contributing to *Harper's Magazine*, has been completed, and is now issued in a handsome volume entitled "The Danube: From the Black Forest to the Black Sea." The journey was a canoe-trip, the adventurers being Mr. Millet, Alfred Parsons, and Poulteney Bigelow, and the intention was that Mr. Bigelow should be the scribe of the trip, while the other two should take notes of the landscapes and of the national types along their route. However, the writing of the book devolved on Mr. Millet. The country traversed is one full of beautiful and curious sights, and the descriptions are so vivid that the reading is almost as enjoyable as seeing them. The adventures, too, of these artists in their strange craft—more curious to the natives than was anything the travelers saw—were by no means few or unexciting, and Mr. Millet's account of them is very entertaining. Scattered through the book are many excellent pictures of persons and places, engraved from the drawings of Messrs. Millet and Parsons, ranging in size from full-page illustrations down to thumb-nail sketches. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE

.. FOR OCTOBER ..

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Tiger-hunting in Mysore. By R. CATON WOODVILLE. With 5 Illustrations by the Author.  
A. B. Frost. By H. C. BUNNER. With 7 Illustrations by Mr. Frost, and a Portrait by J. W. ALEXANDER.  
A Collection of Death-Masks. By LAURENCE HUTTON. Part II. With 17 Illustrations.  
Education in the West. By President CHARLES F. THWING.  
The Efferati Family. By THOMAS A. JANVIER. With 6 Illustrations by W. T. SHROVEL.  
Paris Along the Seine. By THEODORE CHILD. With 13 Illustrations.  
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Columbus. By Professor Dr. S. RUGE. With a Copy of the Map used by Columbus in his First Voyage.  
The World of Chance. By WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS. Part VIII.  
Jane Field. By MARY E. WILKINS. Part VI. With 2 Illustrations by W. T. SMEDLEY.  
Poems by E. A. U. VALENTINE, ARCHIBALD LAMPMAN, and J. B. TABB.

AND EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK



VANITY FAIR.

Emperor William and his minister of finance, the ex-revolutionary leader Miquel, have just perpetrated a piece of democratic legislation which has carried consternation into the ranks of those august and illustrious families which figure in Part II. of the "Almanach de Gotha." Part II. of the "Almanach" in question is devoted to the enumeration of what are known as the mediatized houses of the now obsolete Holy Roman Empire. The heads of those houses—some of them dukes, some princes, while others are only marquises or counts—formerly enjoyed the rank and power of petty sovereigns, vassals, however, to His Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire at Vienna. The Napoleonic wars swept the majority of these small states away, and the treaty of Vienna set its seal to their disappearance, while many have since succumbed to the all-absorbing power of Prussia. It was felt, however, at the time of the Congress of Vienna, that these dispossessed petty sovereigns required some sort of compensation for the loss of their dominions, as well as a balm for their wounded pride. Accordingly, they and their lineal descendants were invested with a number of extraordinary privileges, really out of keeping with the democratic spirit of the present century. Emperor William has just abolished their immunity from taxation. Another privilege possessed by the mediatized families and one which the German Emperor will probably soon attack, according to a writer in the *Tribune*, is that of contracting morganatic marriages—that is, marriages which, though valid in the eyes of the church, are only binding upon the party thereto who happens to be of inferior rank. Were Prince Isenburg, for instance, who is now sojourning at Newport, to wed an American girl, he would, as the member of a mediatized house, be forced by his family to regard his bride as a morganatic, since she is neither of royal nor mediatized rank. As a morganatic wife she would be debarred from bearing his title or sharing his social privileges. Her children would take her name instead of their father's, and neither she nor they would at his death be admitted to have any claim upon his estates. Nor would she find any redress, legal or otherwise, in Europe, were the prince suddenly to take it into his head to abandon her and to contract a non-morganatic marriage with a princess or countess of what European genealogical authorities would regard as his own rank.

Mrs. Jenness Miller has this to say on the subject of a suitable dress for the street: "A short dress is the only convenient dress for a busy woman who is compelled to go out in all kinds of weather, to get in and out of public conveyances that will hardly stop long enough to permit the most hurried entrance and exit before they are off again, to say nothing about the necessary freedom for hands and arms that are forever employed with bundles, satchels, and other articles. My idea of a thoroughly practical street-dress for busy women is one that shall conform to the demand for freedom of movement, and yet preserve artistic harmony in proportion. The reason why a dress coming to the boot-tops, or a little below, is rejected by the eye, is because this length does not show enough of the leg to suggest proportion, and the foot seems over-large in consequence. Grace demands that all gowns shall be one of three lengths. First, where the skirt falls just below the knee, and is met by a perfect-fitting gaiter of the same material; next, that which merely clears the ground; and last, the well-hung train, which is suitable for house, carriage, and evening-dress only. Each of these three lengths is adapted for certain occasions, and neither should be worn out of place or season."

A writer in the *New York Times* recently found a woman poring over rather a formidable-looking volume. "These are statistics of hospitality," she said; "when I began housekeeping, over twenty-five years ago, I began also a guest-book. Every visitor who broke bread in my house became a guest and inscribed his name in my book. I always insisted on date and place of residence at the time, and often the writer added an original line or quoted some apt sentence to commemorate his visit. I find that, in these twenty-five years, I have accumulated seventeen hundred and sixty-four names. This includes people who have taken a meal in my house and people who have spent six weeks with me; it makes an average of about seventy persons a year, not many for large entertainers, but the sum aggregates a goodly number. Of these seventeen

hundred and upward, I find that more than a third I have wholly forgotten—have not the faintest recollection of them or why they should have visited me. My daughter, who is soon to be married, you know, purposes starting a similar guest-book, and I have just been telling her to let its existence be a warning against indiscriminate hospitality. I think the keeping-open-house idea is often overdone, and my forgotten third shows that in my case it certainly was to just that extent."

The success of the American woman in Europe is now an old story; but of all her admirers there are none like the Italian. The Frenchman adores her for her wit, her style, and her money. The Englishman admires her beauty, chaff, and her money. The appreciation of the Italian is of another sort, and flattering to a degree that the sophisticated races of Western Europe have never attained. Men of all ranks of Italian society, from nobleman to peasant, regard our countrywomen as a cross between a muse and an embodied cocktail. The handsome creatures, sitting at the doors of cabarets, in drawing-rooms, on parade, everywhere, indoors and without, breathe out melodious "simpaticas," "simpaticones," "bellas," "L'Americana," in child-like phrases, an admiration in which there is no touch of French suggestiveness, or of the offensive boldness of the English eye. The Italian's curiosity concerning the man behind the States is boundless. What manner of creature may this be who allows to wander from his side this creature, capable of inspiring to great deeds? He is told that the American is the kindest, most generous of men; he stays home and earns money that his wife and daughter may make journeys over land and sea. But for so long—months, a year! How can he live so long deprived? The Italian queries. Then he is told that an American is always happy when he knows that those who are dear to him are happy. The Italian shakes his head. In his soul he believes that the man who can allow these gracious creatures to wander alone abroad must be a good-natured idiot.

Kate Field was struck the other day by a criticism of a house in Washington as distinctively a "man's house." The feminine owner had left the impress of her exquisite taste upon every part of the beautiful home, but the explanation was simple enough. "Distinctively a man's house" had reference to the entire absence of spindle-legged gold chairs and similar useless bits of furniture, which were replaced by big, luxurious chairs and divans that could be really sat upon without fear of breaking down, cushions intended for use, rather than ornaments—though they happily combined the two requisites—and cushioned corners *ad libitum* throughout the house. "An interior note in keeping with perfect taste it is not possible to find," Miss Field says, "but the secret wherein lies the charm is, that from cellar to attic there is nothing too good for daily use."

The fair Viennese are in revolt against the tyranny of *la mode de Paris* and propose to set up fashions that suit themselves. In respect to fashions, Paris has domineered civilization for ages, certainly since the time of Louis the Fourteenth, if not since that of Louis the Eleventh. London has striven to imitate her French rival, and the result has often been laughable. Berlin detests Paris, yet Paris is regnant in the fashionable circles in Berlin. Rome has long labored to scrape up an intimacy with *la mode de Paris*. The proud city of Vienna has walked in the wake of Paris, under protest. St. Petersburg gets her fashion-plates from Paris, in so far as the censor will permit them to cross the frontier. The fair South Americans are abject slaves of Paris. The pagan capitals, from Algiers to Tokio, do their best. The question asked by fair womanhood everywhere, respecting all details of costume, runs: What is the very latest from Paris? This French domineering, lasting through the centuries, is not creditable to the ingenuity, the originality, the inventive wit, or, in short, the intellect of fashionable femininity outside of Paris. The Viennese are the first to rise in revolt against Parisian absolutism. We shall soon see what this Vienna revolt amounts to.

Clubs are luxuriant plants which do not thrive on the comparatively barren soil of Germany, according to a recent English writer. For this, the main reason would seem to be that a club is supported by men of means and men of leisure, and that Germany is poor in both classes. When the late Mr. Bancroft, the

historian, represented America in Berlin, he used to complain that he could find every kind of men there except men of leisure—men with whom he could enjoy easy converse while sharing the common pleasure of "good-natured lounging, sauntering up and down." The generality of people in Berlin, and, indeed, throughout impecunious Germany, are so terribly absorbed with the struggle for existence that they have neither time nor means for the luxury of a club, and the only wonder is that the few institutions of the kind which grace the capital manage to avoid coming to a smash. They would certainly do so, so far as mere subscriptions are concerned, were it not that their revenue flowing from this slender source is raised to the requisite height by the emoluments accruing from the practice of card-playing (just as the race-courses in Germany would come to financial grief but for the assistance of the "totalisator," or *pari-mutuel*), a practice which is pursued to such an extent as to stamp these clubs with a character more akin to that of Monte Carlo than to that of any other social resort. It is not altogether surprising that the frequenters of the Bourse, who speculate throughout the livelong day, should merely change the scene of their operations and gamble far into the night; but it does not altogether accord with one's conception of the national character to find that this same passion is also deeply rooted in the breast of the native German people, who invest a very considerable portion of their petty hoardings in the purchase of lottery-tickets, for state-sanctioned lotteries are certainly more numerous than savings banks. Your ordinary German prefers a lottery to a club; but, indeed, his true club is his beer-house, his *Kneipe*, with its "sanded floor that grits beneath the tread," its well-soured tables, and its glass, earthenware, or metal-tipped mugs, where, at his *Stammtisch*, or table reserved for a particular set of cronies, he can sit and spend the evening smoking and swilling his favorite beer.

A question that is said to agitate English society is this: "What shall we do with our mothers?" It is stated on the vague authority of "a London woman" that in these days no one asks a mother and a daughter to a dinner-party or to country house. The reasons for this are as follows: "It is considered that if both were invited, the female element of one family would be too large in proportion to the number of the company. Now, if a girl has the great advantage of being motherless, and, therefore, of being chaperoned by a father who is a widower, the invitations flow in a continuous stream. She and her father can visit and dine out as a 'couple,' but with a double advantage from a social point of view. In the case of a girl with a mother, a young man can not come to call without feeling the speculative eye of the mother fixed upon him. If she remains in the room, and tries to make herself agreeable, she overshadows the daughter; if she goes out of the room it looks as though she were forcing a tête-à-tête between her and the visitor."

The London and Paris fashionables have taken to themselves a cane especially for evening-dress. It is of polished malacca or other black wood, and is topped by a large ball of dark, polished agate, held on by a narrow silver band. It is as *fin de siècle* as the peanut-tinted glove. The "nice conduct of a clouded cane" may again come to be a factor in the accomplishments of America's *jeunesse dorée*.

A correspondent, who signs herself "An American Wife," writes to the *London Daily Telegraph* in the following terms: "I wonder whether any of you who are rushing into print over the perfections and imperfections of the English matron have ever given a thought to the superior advantage she enjoys over us? By us, I mean American wives. I have had the advantage of studying your domestic existence, and I must frankly admit your English wives start neck and shoulders ahead of us in opportunities. In the true sense of the word, the American home does not exist. We have wives and husbands enough, and homes of a certain character; but the husband is wanting. He is fond of his wife, in a certain way, and he dresses her—when his means permit it—to perfection; but she is as much a stranger to the sweetness of your English home influence as she is to the sight of her husband in a pair of slippers, puffing his evening pipe of contentment. The American husband does not growl at feeding us, clothing us, or supplying us with money. He rather likes it, for he is generally as proud of his wife as he is of a fast trotter, but he draws the line at that, and it is a pretty safe estimate to make that nine-tenths of them seldom spend an evening at home, and consequently never give their wives the companionship of love and mutual confidence without which no home can be a happy one, and without which no woman can make, in the strict sense of the word, a good wife. I take it that women are at heart pretty much alike all the world over. It is national custom that makes such differences as may exist, and it is this difference between the habits and training of the Englishman and the American that in its turn marks the advantage of the English wife over the American wife. I pay tribute to your English matron; she is, as a class, the purest, most noble of all women in creation; but I envy her the English husband who has made her so."

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## SOCIETY.

## The Fuller-Brigham Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Brigham, 1019 Oak Street, in Oakland, their daughter, Miss Lena A. Brigham, one of Oakland's most beautiful and accomplished belles, was married last Wednesday evening to Mr. Newman Andrew Fuller, of Irving, Mich., who, for the past four years, has been interested in the development of mines in Alaska. A limited number of relatives and intimate friends were invited to the wedding, and they met with a cordial welcome from the host and hostess, who were assisted in receiving by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brigham.

The residence was beautifully ornamented with flowers in abundance, the fragrance of which filled the air. About eight o'clock the bridal party appeared before the guests in the parlors as the string orchestra played the wedding march. Two little nieces of the bride, Misses Gladys and Beulah Brigham, led the way, attired in Empire gowns of white silk and carrying baskets of pansies. Then came the two bridesmaids, Miss Fitzgerald, of Oakland, and Miss McKinney, of Santa Cruz, who wore becoming gowns of white crepe de Chine, trimmed with chiffon, and carried bouquets of La France roses. Next was the maid of honor, Miss Crane, a cousin of the bride, who wore a toilet of white crepe de Chine, cut décolleté and made with a demi-train. She also carried La France roses. The bride was next, and she was accompanied by her brother. They were met under the bridal bow by the groom and his best man, Mr. Bradford, of San Francisco. The bride's costume is described as follows:

It was an exquisitely designed robe of ivory-white brocade of fine China, made with a Princess train. The décolleté corsage was adorned with a bertha of rare point lace, and the long sleeves were finished with a fall of the lace. In her coiffure were sprays of orange-blossoms that held in place the flowing veil of white tulle. Her bouquet was of jessamine.

Rev. Dr. Wendte performed the ceremony, and it was followed by congratulations, and then a sumptuous supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. The affair was celebrated in a most pleasant manner. The wedding-gifts completely filled one room, and comprised gold and silver ware, beautiful laces, rare china, etc. The groom presented the bride with an elegant parure of diamonds. Mr. and Mrs. Fuller left on Thursday for Denver, and from there will go to Michigan to visit relatives. They will pass the winter in Florida and Cuba, and will return here next spring. As Mr. Fuller is one of the World's Fair Commissioners, they will pass the following summer in Chicago, and in the fall will go to Europe to travel for a year. After that they will reside in this city.

## The Spinney-Bosqui Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, in Ross Valley, on Wednesday afternoon, September 14th, when their daughter, Miss Calista Bosqui, was married to Mr. Charles S. Spinney, of this city. The residence was tastefully decorated with flowers and foliage, the bridal bow being especially attractive. Rev. Father McKinnon, of San Rafael, officiated, Miss Carrie Bosqui and Miss Spinney were the bridesmaids, and Mr. Archibald Treat acted as best man. A reception was held after the ceremony, when the guests congratulated the newly wedded couple, inspected the elegant wedding presents, and partook of refreshments. Mr. and Mrs. Spinney left on their wedding trip late in the afternoon, and when they return will reside in this city.

## The Hinckley-Blythe Wedding.

Miss Florence Blythe, the presumptive heiress of the estate of the late Thomas H. Blythe, was married last Wednesday to Mr. Frederick W. Hinckley, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Hinckley, of Fruitvale. The wedding took place in St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness Avenue, about one o'clock in the afternoon, and it was witnessed by about fifteen friends of the young couple. Rev. F. H. Church performed the ceremony, and the bride was given away by Attorney General W. H. H. Hart. Mr. Harry Hinckley, the groom's brother, acted as best man. After the ceremony, the bridal party went to the home of the groom's parents in Fruitvale and enjoyed a *déjeuner*. They stayed at the Palace Hotel that evening, and on the following day went to Coronado Beach. They will reside in Oakland when they return.

## The German Kirmess.

Every evening during the past week the Mechanics' Pavilion has been crowded with people who have enjoyed the many attractions presented at the grand Kirmess that is being held there. The fête is given for the benefit of the German Old People's Home, under the auspices of the Associated German Societies of San Francisco and vicinity. It is well worthy of patronage, and several hours can be passed there most agreeably. The interior of the vast pavilion is set with numerous fancifully decorated booths, and each one has its special attractions. There are almost one thousand participants in the affair, and they are all handsomely and appropriately costumed. The scene is a gay and picturesque one, and must be seen to be fully appreciated. There will be a matinee this (Saturday) afternoon for children, and the Kirmess will be open this evening and Monday evening. Special programmes have been

prepared, and they are sure to prove interesting and entertaining. This is an affair in which the charity to be benefitted is a worthy one and merits liberal encouragement.

## The McLean Lunch-Party.

A charming lunch-party was given on Thursday, by Mrs. Robert McLean, in honor of Miss Julia Bunnell, who is soon to return East. The table was exquisitely decorated with roses, and at each plate was a corsage bouquet of the same lovely flowers. During the discussion of the menu, some fine selections were given by a quartet of stringed instruments stationed in the music-room. After the luncheon the ladies adjourned to the music-room, which was effectively decorated with potted tropical plants, and were entertained by some delightful guitar solos by Mrs. Wightman, and duets and songs by Mrs. McLean and Mrs. Pierce. Those present were:

Mrs. Robert McLean, Miss Bunnell, Mrs. L. C. Lane, Mrs. T. H. Ruger, Mrs. Thomas Winsor, Mrs. George A. Crux, Mrs. A. S. Mosley, Mrs. J. C. Welsh, Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mrs. W. E. Wightman, Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. J. Porteous, Miss Mollie Pierce, and Mrs. Moore.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Meta McAllister, daughter of the late Colonel McAllister, U. S. A., to Mr. William Janeway, son of Dr. Janeway, U. S. A.

Judge Ralph C. Harrison and Miss Ella Spencer Reid will be married next Thursday noon at the country seat of the bride's uncle, Hon. Whitelaw Reid, Ophir Farm, Westchester County, New York.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis will give a high tea this (Saturday) afternoon at her residence on Taylor Street.

Miss Maude Berry gave a delightful musicale recently at her residence, 1812 Van Ness Avenue, and pleasantly entertained about thirty of her friends. The young hostess contributed several vocal selections, Dr. Frank H. Fisher gave some violin solos, and Mr. McBride sang. Afterward a delicious supper was served.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wilson gave a pink dinner-party recently at their residence, 2310 Sacramento Street, at which they entertained Miss Strain, of Portland, Or., Miss Ruger, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Mr. Langdon Easton, Lieutenant R. T. Adams, Mr. P. de T. Evans, and Mr. L. O. Peck.

Company D, Naval Battalion, N. G. C., will give a reception and dance next Tuesday evening at the armory, 1615 Pacific Avenue. Officers of the army and navy are requested to appear in uniform.

The young ladies of Van Ness Seminary, 1222 Pine Street, are giving, on Friday evenings, an enjoyable course of lectures on European cities, given by Miss Emily S. Wilson.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

Notice is given to the subscribers and patrons of the Steinway Hall Concerts, that the remaining three concerts of the fourth series (given under the patronage of Mr. John Parrott and Mr. W. F. Ludovici), which were postponed, will be given at Irving Hall, on the following evenings: Tuesday, September 27th, Thursday, October 27, and Thursday, November 24th, 1892. All tickets issued for Steinway Hall are good for Irving Hall, and can be exchanged at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s. These concerts will hereafter be known as "The Hermann Brandt Quartet Concerts."

The first of the new season of Carr-Beel Saturday "Pops" will be given at Irving Hall, this (Saturday) afternoon. Donald de V. Graham, the vocalist for the occasion, has a roll of new Spanish songs which he will submit, and Mrs. Carr, Mr. Heine, and Mr. Beel have some numbers in store that have never been given in public here. Among them there is one by Paderewski, the celebrated Polish pianist, and another by Tchaikowsky. Seats are on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

It seems, after all, we are to be favored with a series of four concerts by the distinguished pianist, Ignace Paderewski, commencing on November 19th.

A Captain Blondell, at Oxford, Ala., offered twenty-five dollars to any one who would get into a boat and allow it to be blown up with dynamite, so that Blondell might show his life-saving methods. A young man, named Neely, accepted the offer, and was blown about forty feet into the air unhurt; but on his return to the water's surface he alighted on the fragments of the wreck and received a fractured leg and other injuries.

## Bonnets and Gloves.

Have you noticed the bonnets and hats ladies are wearing now? All those who are most tastefully and modishly dressed wear the *chic* little shapes, trimmed with the "bat-wings" effect. They have only come in since the "opening day" of the fall millinery at The Maze, the great modern department store at Market and Taylor Streets. The Maze introduced the style, and, as the leaders of society have found that The Maze is the place to get the very newest fashions, the style caught on like wild-fire.

The same happy destiny awaits the new glove that The Maze is introducing. It is made of the genuine Paris kid especially for this firm, in whose honor it is named "La Mazeño." They are made up in mousquetaire style and in five-button length, and, to introduce them and for a limited time only, they will be sold for \$1.50 a pair, though worth fully \$2.25.

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The beautiful and daring wife of Lieutenant Peary, who braved the rigors and perils of a winter in the Arctic regions, and the civilized woman who has been nearer the North Pole than has any other of her sex and culture, is said to be only about twenty-three years of age.

The queen will present to Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh, on the occasion of her marriage, in October, to Prince Ferdinand, the heir-apparent to the throne of Roumania, a pleasure-barge, fashioned in the form of a swan. The neck and head form the prow, which is eighteen feet in height. The body forms the cabin, and the feet are employed in propelling the beautiful craft.

Mme. Alphonse Daudet is a writer of talent, and has frequently assisted her husband in his work. When Daudet fell dangerously ill as he was writing "Les Rois en Exil," he commissioned his wife, in case of his death, to finish the book. Her style is refined, artistic, and characterized by most delicate precision and charm, and her books are faithful interpreters of Parisian home life, with most charming chapters on childhood.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts sacrificed four hundred thousand dollars a year to marry a born American, in this way:

Late in the forties, the third Napoleon—then a mere adventurer in London—was anxious to gain her hand and future wealth. Miss Burdett was willing; but her uncle, whose heiress she was, objected. Accordingly, Mr. Coutts made a will by which she lost four hundred thousand dollars a year, if she married a foreigner. Forty years later she became so interested in her secretary, Ashford Bartlett, a Philadelphian, that she married him, and gave him a check for five hundred thousand dollars to clinch the matter. The courts decided that Bartlett was a foreigner, and so the baroness lost her four hundred thousand dollars a year.

Dr. Susan Jancway Colman, of Germantown, Pa., owns a unique collection of cats, which she values at five thousand dollars. There are twenty-two of her pets, and among them are included Skye, Zanzibar, and feather-tailed Turkish cats, tailless Manx pussies, white Maltese, yellow Persian, and English tiger-cats. All are remarkable, either for beauty or pedigree. Since she inherited her father's fortune, in 1883, Dr. Colman has not practiced medicine.

One of Queen Isabella's chief objects in life is to bring back her skin, so far as possible, to the normal state. This is the way she goes at it:

Her majesty begins at Schwalbach, the waters of which are impregnated with iron in a form least trying to the digestive organs. She takes them once on alternate days, mixed with Carlsbad salts and with salts of the Baden-Baden waters, which are rich in arsenic. Her course over, she goes to Schlangenbad (the "Snakes' Bath"), which is only used for bathing, and gives the skin a soft, smooth texture. That chalkiness and scalliness of skin which Queen Isabella finds so trying, greatly disappears. When her Schlangenbad "cure" is terminated, she goes for a short time back to Paris to renew her wardrobe, and then proceeds to Schintznach, in the Canton of Argovie. There she bathes, drinks whey, and tires out daily two stout peasant girls who shampoo her.

The oldest active actress has passed away in the person of Louise Schmidt, a lady who was for nearly eighty-eight years on the stage. She entered upon her long career, at the Wurttemberg Court Theatre, by playing children's rôles, and became afterward one of the most celebrated members of German dramatic art. Her personifications of Goethe's Gretchen and her Barbel in "Village and Town" were, for instance, never surpassed. She celebrated successively her fiftieth, sixtieth, seventieth, and seventy-fifth theatrical anniversaries.

Another royal engagement recently announced is that of Princess Margaret of Prussia, the sister of Emperor William of Germany, to Prince Charles of Hesse. The *Illustrated American* says of her:

"She was the favorite and youngest daughter of the Emperor Frederick, and, since her father's death, she has not left her mother's side for a single day. She is an excellent artist, while her literary faculty has made her very useful in sorting out and arranging her father's papers and diaries, with an ultimate view to their publication. Although Princess Margaret is not pretty, she has a frank, pleasing countenance, and her sweetness of disposition caused her to be nicknamed, when a little girl, 'Laughing Gooseblossom.' Her attachment to Prince Charles of Hesse dates from some time back, and although she was spoken of as a possible bride for the Czarowitch, the Crown Prince of Italy, or Prince Christian of Denmark, she has always declared she would marry near home, so as not to be separated from her mother. Princess Margaret spends two hours a day in grounding herself in the best English literature; her favorite novelists are Miss Austen and Thackeray. She admires Froide above all living historians, and, like her mother, makes a point of reading every new work of any importance published in London."

The last British Ministry was remarkable for the number of brilliant women surrounding it. There were Lady Salisbury, Lady Cadogan, Lady Londonderry, and Lady Zetland among others. With the new ministry it is quite different. The great age of Mrs. Gladstone exempts her from many social duties. The minister of foreign affairs, minister of home affairs, and the lord secretary for Ireland are widowers. This makes it certain that the burden of social life, which is heavy and exacting, will fall almost wholly upon Lady Spencer and Lady Ripon.

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STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE  
IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF  
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Personal attention given to Household Sales on owner's premises and outside Store Sales.

## COMMENCING

MONDAY, Sept. 26, 1892

And following days, at 11 o'clock A. M.,

— A CHOICE SELECTION OF —

## JAPANESE CURIOS

CONSIGNED DIRECT FROM JAPAN,

Consisting in part of Cloisonne and Satsuma Goods, in new and rich designs of Vases, Plaques, Pedestals, and numerous novelties of rare workmanship.

Fine silk hand-embroidered Screens, Ladies' Wrappers, Gent's Smoking-Jackets, Table Covers, Spreads, etc.  
Choice Ebony Tables, Cabinets, etc.  
Oriental Rugs, very antique; many rare and attractive curios—gold, silver, bronze, ivory, etc.

Chairs provided for ladies, who are specially invited.

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## THE MARECHAL NIEL

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Quiet Family Hotel, centrally located. Handsomely furnished, sunny rooms, with board. Hot and cold running water in every room. Elevator; electric bells; table and service unsurpassed.

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Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

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CIGARS.

IF NOT, YOU SHOULD TRY THEM.



SOCIETY.

The Thompson-Carletnn Wedding.

St. Luke's Church, on Van Ness Avenue, was crowded last Tuesday evening with a fashionable assemblage to witness the wedding of Miss Ida L. Carleton and Chaplain Frank Thompson, U. S. N. It was what is generally termed a naval wedding, and it certainly was a brilliant affair. The bride, who is a handsome demi-blonde, is the niece of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Norris. She is highly accomplished and is a general favorite in society circles. Her uncle, Mr. Norris, is ill in New York city, and consequently was unable to attend the wedding. The groom is the son of Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi, and is chaplain on the United States cruiser *Charleston*. He possesses sterling qualities that have won for him the highest esteem of his fellow-officers in the service. Chaplain Thompson expected that his father would be here to perform the marriage ceremony, but he is attending the Episcopal conference in Baltimore and was obliged to forego the trip.

The chancel was, for the nonce, transformed to represent a tropical garden, with towering palms, ferns, and bamboo-trees set here and there, and it was illuminated by the polished brass candlelira standards and the chaplet lights that encircled the pillars. A few minutes before eight o'clock, as Colonel Mayer played an organ voluntary, four clerical friends of the groom, robed in white surplices, entered the chancel from either side, and, after a brief prayer before the altar, took seats at the sides. These gentlemen were Rev. R. C. Foute, Rev. William Bolland, of Vallejo, Rev. E. B. Church, and Chaplain J. K. Lewis, U. S. N. Soon after this the "Bridal Chorus," from "Lohengrin," was played, and Bishop W. F. Nichols appeared in the chancel, with the groom and his best man, Dr. A. M. Dupuy McCormick, U. S. N., who awaited the coming of the bride-party. With the first notes of the chorus the congregation arose and witnessed the advent of the cortege from the church entrance. First came the six ushers, Lieutenant-Commander Wells L. Field, U. S. N., Lieutenant Jones, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. J. Hunter, U. S. N., Lieutenant James E. Mahoney, U. S. M. C., Ensign Henry A. Wiley, U. S. N., and Ensign Frederic B. Bassett, U. S. N. They are all fellow-officers of the groom on the *Charleston*, and wore the full-dress uniform of their respective ranks. The best man was also in uniform, but the groom wore the usual full dress of a civilian. After the ushers came the bridesmaids, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Minnie Horton, Miss Celia O'Connor, Miss Salie Huie, Miss Virginia Gibbs, and Miss Susie McEwen. Quite a distance down the aisle the ushers and maids halted, and the partners facing each other, formed an avenue, through which walked the maid of honor, Miss Gertrude Goewey, followed by the bride, who was escorted by her cousin, Mr. Frank Norris. This trio entered the chancel, followed by the bridesmaids, and the ushers were ranged along the chancel rail. As they stood in their positions the scene was a charming one, brightened as it was by the harmonious combination of color in the dresses of the young ladies—white, pink, and yellow—and the glistening golden-hued regalia of the officers.

The ceremony was exceedingly impressive. It was performed by Bishop Nichols, and in the prayer he was joined in unison by the other clergy present in the chancel. After the ceremony, the organist played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March," and the bridal party left the chancel for their carriages. About one hundred and fifty friends were invited to attend the reception at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Norris, 1822 Sacramento Street. The rooms had been attractively and artistically decorated with flowers and foliage deftly mingled. The bridal bower in the bay-window of the main salon was draped effectively with the national colors, garlanded with white chrysanthemums and other flowers, and surmounted with a true-lover's knot. Red, white, and blue were the predominating colors in the decoration, and they were as pretty as they were appropriate. Under the canopy the newly married couple received the congratulations of their friends. The toilets of the

ladies of the bridal party were particularly handsome, and are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a beautiful Empress robe of blanc ivoire velours de Russe, with a long court-train, and completely covered by an elegant robe of point d'Angleterre and point d'Alencon lace, through the meshes of which the ribbed velvet was seen. The lace was an heirloom in the family, and was presented to the bride by Mrs. Norris. The corsage was round, back and front, and bordered with garlands of fleurs d'orange, while the sleeves were short and puffed high at the shoulders. Around the bottom of the skirt was a guimpe of white moirine, ornamented with orange-blossoms. In her coiffure was a spray of orange-blossoms, and from it depended the veil of white silk moirine, which was somewhat shorter than is usually worn. She wore long gloves of white undressed kid, and carried a shower bouquet of orange-blossoms.

The maid of honor wore a very stylish and becoming Empire gown of corn-colored bengaline, made with a demitrain. The corsage was décolleté, and was finished with a bertha of Duchesse lace, which fell at the back and front to the waist. The sleeves were of corn-colored velvet, made high and puffed and finished with a fall of the Duchesse lace. Her gloves were of white kid. In her dark hair she wore a single Jacquemot rose, and her hand-bouquet was formed of a cluster of these roses, tied with red silk. The bridesmaids were all attired alike in pretty toilets of the First Empire style, of pink flowered India silk, made with demit-trains. The corsage was round, with a large bertha at the back, and from the border fell flounces of pink chiffon. The puffed sleeves were of white gloves of pink undressed kid. They carried clusters of pink amaryllis, tied with pink ribbons.

Mrs. B. F. Norris wore a rich Louis Quinze robe of black silk, delicately brocaded with blue in floriated designs. The corsage was cut square and was trimmed with white chiffon, and the sleeves extended to the elbows, where they met the gloves of buff-colored undressed kid. Her coiffure was powdered and arranged à la Pompadour, and her ornaments were diamonds.

A string orchestra played concert selections as the guests arrived and during the supper, which was served at ten o'clock under the direction of Ludwig. The bridal party was seated in the dining-room at a large table that was plentifully embellished with La France roses. The supper was a particularly elaborate one, and it was served at tête-à-tête tables set in the rooms and hall. Several felicitous toasts were given and responded to. After supper a number of dances were enjoyed, and the remainder of the evening was most pleasantly passed. The wedding gifts were of unusual beauty and elegance. The present from the ward-room officers to the bride was a handsome salad-bowl, suitably inscribed. Chaplain and Mrs. Thompson left on Wednesday for an outing of a few weeks at Santa Barbara. When they return, they will receive on Fridays in November at 1822 Sacramento Street. Chaplain Thompson's term of service on the *Charleston* has not yet expired, and he is away merely on a leave of absence. He may be detailed to duty at Mare Island or may be obliged to sail on a cruise to New York. In the latter case, Mrs. Thompson will remain here with Mrs. Norris for a while, and go to New York to join her husband when the *Charleston* reaches the Atlantic side.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford and Miss Jennie Catherwood will leave Europe on October 3th.

Mrs. William H. Mills and Miss Mills have arrived in Philadelphia.

Mrs. M. Nuttall and Miss Roberta Nuttall have arrived in Genoa, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen, who have been occupying a cottage in Sausalito all summer, will return to the city about October 1st.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur F. Barnard, né Currier, are residing at 1001 Pine Street, and will receive on the first and third Mondays after September.

Mrs. J. S. Cone and the Misses Cone, of Red Bluff, intend to pass the winter in this city.

Mrs. E. J. de Santa Maina is at the Palace Hotel, where she will remain during the winter.

Mrs. Edna Snell Poulson has given up her European trip, and will receive on Tuesdays and Fridays at 1018 Sutter Street.

Mr. George D. Strickland is here on a visit to her father, Mr. Arpad Harashty.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is very ill at her residence, 305 Buchanan Street.

Miss Zeile, Miss Henrietta Zeile, and Mr. John Zeile are en route to India, China, and Japan, and will be away until next spring.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins is expected to return from Europe early in October.

Mrs. J. A. Fillmore and Miss Fillmore have gone East, and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Avery have returned to their home in Alameda after passing a fortnight at Lake Tahoe.

Colonel W. R. Smedberg is in Washington, D. C., attending the Grand Army encampment. Mrs. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg, who are at West Point, will return home with him.

Mrs. Robert Yates, Mrs. John C. Yates, and Miss Ethel Yates will leave for New York on Monday.

Mrs. Chadelagne Tower, Jr., returned to Philadelphia last week after passing the summer at Santa Cruz and San Diego.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Sibley Severance, of Los Angeles, are here on a visit, and are stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman have been passing the week at Monterey.

Miss William J. Younger and the Misses Younger arrived in Vienna last Sunday, and will remain there probably a year. Since their arrival in Europe, they have made a tour of France, Germany, and Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Collis P. Huntington arrived from New York last Monday on a special train, and are occupying their home, formerly the Colton mansion, on California Street. They were accompanied by their niece, Miss N. D. Huntington, and Mrs. C. M. Campbell, M. A. N. Towne and Mr. H. E. Huntington went to Ogden to meet them.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco has returned from the East and is staying at 1001 Pine Street.

Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Arnold have been passing a prolonged visit to Castle Craig.

Mrs. Thomas Breeze, the Misses Breeze, and Mr. W. F. Breeze returned from Europe, a week ago, on the steamer *Majestic* of the White Star Line. They are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Dunham have been enjoying a visit to Castle Craig.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Emma and Ruth Childs, of Los Angeles, have returned from Monterey and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotelling, Jr., have returned from their visit at Castle Craig.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham have returned from a visit to health resorts in Lake County. They will pass the winter in the East.

Miss Nellie Hillyer has been enjoying a visit in Miss Mamie Holbrook at Menlo Park.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace are in Paris.

Mrs. Joseph G. Eastland will receive hereafter on the first and second Thursdays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sanderson will pass the winter at The Colonial.

Mrs. Peter McG. McBean, Miss Edith McBean, Miss

Carrie Taylor, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss May Hoffman will leave for their Eastern trip on Monday.

Mr. Willis Polk will leave for Paris about the middle of October.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham has been passing several weeks in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Hinkle are residing at The Colonial.

Miss Angela Sullivan has returned from a month's visit at Napa and Cloverdale.

Mr. and Mrs. James Appleton Maguire have returned from their trip to Oregon.

Mr. James M. Hanford, Jr., has gone to Tucson to fill an important position there with Wells, Fargo & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Warren are the guests of General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson at Sausalito.

Mr. Ferdinand Reis, Jr., has returned from a visit to Castle Craig.

Mr. Earl T. Kerr is visiting in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas, who are at their villa near Mountain View, will return to their residence on Taylor Street early in October.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood and Miss Mamie Burling will remain at Castle Craig another week.

Mr. C. D. O'Sullivan was in Bayreuth when last heard from.

Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, Mrs. Dunne, Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, and Miss Ada Sullivan are enjoying a visit at Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis, of Marysville, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Adolph Suto and Miss Clara Suto have returned from a tour of Southern California.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Douglas Fry have returned to their home on Pacific Avenue, after passing the season at their ranch near Napa.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne will close their Menlo Park villa early in October and return to their city home.

Mr. E. V. Judd has gone East and will be away about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutcheon and Miss McCutcheon have returned to the city after passing the season in Santa Cruz.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who passed the summer in Santa Cruz, have returned to the city.

Mr. William Gerstle, who is now in Paris, is expected here next month.

Mr. Thomas Buckingham was in Paris last week.

Captain John Bermingham is at the Gilsey House in New York city.

Mrs. Frances Edgerton is visiting friends in New York city.

Mrs. William H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith have been at Lake Tahoe since last Saturday.

Mrs. J. J. Hendry will leave for the East Monday to be absent several months.

Judge Ralph C. Harrison is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Mark B. Carr will leave soon for South America, and will be away several months. During his absence, Mrs. Carr will reside in Oakland with her father, Mr. J. L. N. Shepard.

Mr. and Mrs. George Herrmann have gone to Pasadena, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Houghton are at the United States Hotel in Saratoga.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Colonel and Mrs. P. A. Finigan have left London, and are now in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer have returned from a visit of several weeks to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Judah and Miss Judah are paying a visit to Santa Cruz.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe have returned to the city after passing the summer in Santa Cruz.

Mrs. J. B. Wright, of Sacramento, has been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. James de la Montanya and Miss Jennie de la Montanya have returned to the city, and are at their residence, 1210 Taylor Street.

Mrs. E. B. Coleman and Miss Lena Blanding have returned from a prolonged visit at Castle Craig.

Mr. Rodney Smith returned last Thursday from a four months' visit to New Mexico, Arizona, and Mexico.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Mrs. George A. Crux gave a delightful breakfast recently in honor of Mrs. Selfridge, wife of Admiral Selfridge, U. S. N., who will soon leave for Washington, D. C. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the menu was elaborate.

Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, U. S. A., arrived here from the East last week, en route to the Department of the Columbia, where he will be stationed.

General and Mrs. O. D. Greene, U. S. A., are staying at The Colonial.

Major and Mrs. Edward Moale, U. S. A., and Lieutenant and Mrs. D. E. Holley, U. S. A., have been enjoying a visit at San José.

Lieutenant W. W. Galbraith, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is enjoying a brief leave of absence.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, Second Cavalry, U. S. A., has been relieved from duty at Fort Apache, A. T., and has joined his troop at Fort Bowie, A. T.

Lieutenant Frederic A. Tripp, First Infantry, U. S. A., will be relieved from duty at Wille's Point, New York, on October 1st, and will then return to his station at Angel Island.

Lieutenant James E. Runcie, First Artillery, U. S. A., has arrived at Fort Monroe, Va., and has been assigned quarters in the Tulleries.

The advertisement of the brigand Candino, in the *Journal of Sicily*, complaining of a correspondent's letter, is curiously illustrative of the march of civilization. He is still pursuing his profession at the head of a considerable band, and he begs to state "through your esteemed columns" (for which purpose he forwards five francs) that the remarks in question are injurious to him. "We do not touch the poor who work for their living, but only the rich. Nor do we kill persons with a dagger, as is infamously asserted of the man Cassetaro; we shot him."

Fashion in Champagne.

When the Prince of Wales suddenly decided several years ago that no wine was suitable for the royal palate but Pommery Sec, all other wines were banished from the little suppers which the prince gave to his friends, and "Pommery" became the proper thing. If a nobleman prepared a banquet, Pommery was the first consideration. The London dealers were so surprised that, until they communicated with the French head-quarters, they could hardly supply the demand. It was the same way in America: New York society was seized with the craze, and in every fashionable novel of the season, Pommery Sec figures prominently.—*Eastern Exchange*.

OAKLAND AT LAST HAS A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL in the Hotel Metropole, on the corner of Jefferson and Thirteenth Streets. It is a splendid modern hotel, handsomely furnished. It is managed by Mr. M. Clark, who opened its doors on the first of this month.

KRTIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleaned and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES



These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusty, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and, to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold every-where. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.



HOME COMFORTS ARE not enough. Every lady wants to feel comfortable in society, but she can not with her face disfigured by wrinkles, pimples, black-heads, warts, freckles, tan, moth-patches, etc. *Lola Montez Cream, the Skin Food*, restores the complexion to youth. Price, 75 cts. per pot—pot lasts 3 months. Mrs. NETTIE HARRISON, America's Beauty Doctor, 26 Geary St., S. F., Cal. Sold by all Druggists.

LOVE'S CONSERVATORY

DANCING  
507 SUTTER STREET.  
Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

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Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*  
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



## THE HEART OF A DÉBUTANTE.

And How a Clever Woman Read Its Secret.

MRS. MEREDITH, thirty.  
MISS MAY DARLING, eighteen.  
MR. DARCY.  
CAPTAIN BINGHAM.  
MAJOR HEAVISIDE, } *Miss Darling's partners.*  
MR. LAWSON.  
MR. VANE.

SCENE.—The last ball of the season.

BINGHAM [to MRS. MEREDITH, in the conservatory, as the music strikes up]—By Jove! My dance with May Darling; I mustn't miss that.

MRS. MEREDITH [sarcastically]—On no account! Good-bye, for the present. [Exit BINGHAM, hastily. Enter DARCY.] Well, Jack?

DARCY [nervously, sitting down]—I want you to do something for me, dear Mrs. Meredith.

MRS. MEREDITH—I'll do anything for you, my dear boy—but dance with you.

DARCY [shortly]—I don't want you to dance with me.

MRS. MEREDITH—Thank you.

DARCY—Not now, at least. But why do you say you won't?

MRS. MEREDITH—Because I don't care to have my feet trodden on every minute because you are watching May Darling instead of minding your steps—to be your partner in the lancers so that you may get May Darling to be our *vis-à-vis*—to be brought up short in a waltz that you may stop near where May Darling is fanning herself and talking to her partner—

DARCY—Heavens! You don't mean to say you notice—

MRS. MEREDITH—Don't interrupt! Now, though May Darling is undoubtedly the prettiest girl of the season, I don't see why she should be allowed to devastate the ball-room in this way. She puts all you men into such a state of comatose adoration that you are absolutely useless for the ordinary purposes of life; and I consider it is time she made up her mind one way or another and selected her victim—her permanent victim.

DARCY [eagerly]—What extraordinary intuitions you have! That is just what I wanted to ask you about. I am wasting—

MRS. MEREDITH—Away?

DARCY—No, my time. Don't laugh; I assure you it is becoming a very serious matter. And she puzzles me. Most women make up their minds long before a man does, and can't help letting him see it; but this is the most enigmatical little woman I ever—adored—for I really do, you know. Only I can't make her out in the least.

MRS. MEREDITH—Of course not. The girl isn't a fool.

DARCY [sharply]—What do you mean?

MRS. MEREDITH—Such a fool as to show her hand. It's her first season, remember. She must not be too precipitate. In the game of marriage, as in poker, you must "bluff" a little.

DARCY [bitterly]—You mean in case one or other of the players may be disposed to "go one better"? MRS. MEREDITH—Precisely. It's the world we live in.

DARCY—But still, in the end, one of them has to "see" her, and I don't know why it shouldn't be me. I am not badly off. I can give her what she has been accustomed to—

MRS. MEREDITH—Then you should "call"! To drop this poker metaphor—you should propose to her!

DARCY [freely]—How can I propose, till I know?

MRS. MEREDITH—"He either fears his fate too much—"

DARCY [stiffly]—No man should expose himself to the chance of a refusal.

MRS. MEREDITH [archly]—Surely the chances of that in your case are infinitesimal! Strange, too, some men are poor-spirited enough to risk that contingency.

DARCY—Weak idiots! A man ought to have more sense of his own dignity. I have never given myself away yet, and I don't mean to. But I wish I were not so abominably in love.

MRS. MEREDITH—With your theories, Jack Darcy, you should have contrived to keep cool, and wait until it was a dead certainty before you bestowed your affections. But, to come to business, what can I do for you?

DARCY—A great deal. You can find out for me.

MRS. MEREDITH—"Which way her affections tend?" I'm not a particular friend of hers, you know.

DARCY—All right, then; you'll tell me the truth.

MRS. MEREDITH—Cynic! Well, go on; what am I to do?

DARCY—Watch her. They're all here, confound them!

MRS. MEREDITH—Who?

DARCY—My possible rivals. This is the last ball of the season, and I mean it to be the crucial test—for me. Let me see—[counts on his fingers]—Regy Bingham, that ass Heaviside, Lawson—

MRS. MEREDITH—Is that all?

DARCY—Yes; there's nobody else that I know.

MRS. MEREDITH—Quite sure? No "outsider"? Remember the Derby, the other day. In these mat-

ters, you know, one should always take the unknown quantity into account.

DARCY—That really is all. Those are the only three I'm at all afraid of, and I'm not really afraid of them. There's Bingham—her mother likes Bingham, thinks he will be civil to her when she's his mother-in-law. Good for Bingham, but he won't get May, she snubs him. Then Lawson—

MRS. MEREDITH—She sits on the stairs with him.

DARCY—That's nothing. She goes down the garden with me.

MRS. MEREDITH—One for you. How about Heaviside?

DARCY—Oh, we need hardly count him. She only takes him in to supper.

MRS. MEREDITH [quickly]—Does she care for supper?

DARCY—Good healthy appetite. I don't like angels.

MRS. MEREDITH [thoughtfully]—I never knew a woman whose affections were engaged know or care what she was eating, so long as the man she loved was beside her.

DARCY—Good heavens! I don't want her affections engaged. I have never made love to her yet. All I want is a clear course—

MRS. MEREDITH—And no favor?

DARCY—To any one but me, of course.

MRS. MEREDITH—Well, you shall have all my good wishes, Jack, and I don't back Bingham, or Heaviside, or Lawson—whom else did you mention? Happy man, to have only three rivals. Now go away, and leave me to conduct my observations in peace—it has to be settled to-night, you say? Go! Don't you see you prevent people, who are not in love with May Darling, coming to ask me to dance? [Exit DARCY.]

[Later on. In the ball-room.]

DARCY [to MRS. MEREDITH]—Well?

MRS. MEREDITH—Oh, go away. I've nothing to tell you—nothing conclusive, at least.

DARCY—How does she look?

MRS. MEREDITH—Bored to death.

DARCY—I don't wonder. Heaviside—

MRS. MEREDITH—She has not got what she wants,

I can tell you that much.

DARCY—Ah! Our dance hasn't come off yet.

MRS. MEREDITH—The conceit of the man! Now do go away, you unsettle me. I shall know all I want by the end of the evening. Meet me at the foot of the stairs in an hour's time.

\* \* \* \* \*

[Later still, at the door of the ball-room.]

MAY DARLING [to BINGHAM]—Oh, Captain Bingham, I am so very sorry to have to cut our dance, but my mother is taking me away. She says I look so tired.

BINGHAM [enthusiastically]—You look—[she passes on.]

\* \* \* \* \*

HEAVISIDE [to MISS DARLING]—Are you really going, Miss Darling? You promised I should take you in to supper.

MAY DARLING [cheerfully]—And I am going to break my promise. Dreadful me, isn't it? But one must do as one is told, you know. Good-night! [she passes on.]

\* \* \* \* \*

LAWSON [to MISS DARLING]—May I come and call to-morrow, Miss Darling?

MAY DARLING [effusively]—Oh, yes, do. It's our last reception before we go to Hombourg. Mind you don't forget [she passes on.]

\* \* \* \* \*

VANE [to MISS DARLING, on the stairs]—You are not off, Miss Darling? I was hoping for a dance with you. I've just come.

MAY DARLING [shyly]—And I am just going! A—good-bye! [Passes on.]

\* \* \* \* \*

DARCY [who has followed behind MISS DARLING, to MRS. MEREDITH at the foot of the stairs]—Well?

MRS. MEREDITH [pettishly]—Well! You have spoiled my evening for me. I've been as busy as a private detective!

DARCY—You have your reward—my gratitude. I know I'm eternally obliged to you. Dear Mrs. Meredith, the result—the result!

MRS. MEREDITH [gravely]—You needn't be afraid of Captain Bingham!

DARCY [serenely]—Thank heaven!

MRS. MEREDITH—Nor of Heaviside—nor Lawson!

DARCY—Thank heaven again! Now I breathe freely. I shall call there to-morrow.

MRS. MEREDITH—You had better not.

DARCY—Why not? I rely implicitly on your judgment. I shall propose—

MRS. MEREDITH—Stop a moment, you foolish man. Don't go so fast. The unknown quantity—

DARCY—What? What?

MRS. MEREDITH—Couldn't you see her eyes just now? Didn't you hear her voice? Are you blind and deaf, Jack Darcy?

DARCY—No, I noticed nothing. Please tell me! Quick!

MRS. MEREDITH—Why, good heavens, can't you see that the girl is head over ears in love with the man she spoke to on the stairs? [Laughing.] The "outsider" wins "hands down!"—Black and White.

## IN THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.

Monologue d'Outre Tombe.

(Pantom.)

Morn and noon and night,  
Here I lie in the ground;  
No faintest glimmer of light,  
No lightest whisper of sound.

Here I lie in the ground;  
The worms glide out and in;  
No lightest whisper of sound,  
After a life-long din.

The worms glide out and in;  
They are fruitful and multiply;  
After a life-long din,  
I watch them quietly.

They are fruitful and multiply,  
My body dwindles the while;  
I watch them quietly;  
I can scarce forbear a smile.

My body dwindles the while,  
I shall soon be a skeleton;  
I can scarce forbear a smile;  
They have had such glorious fun.

I shall soon be a skeleton,  
The worms are wriggling away;  
They have had such glorious fun,  
They will fertilize my clay.

The worms are wriggling away,  
They are what I have been,  
They will fertilize my clay,  
The grass will grow more green.

They are what I have been,  
I shall change, but what of that?  
The grass will grow more green,  
The parson's sheep grow fat.

I shall change, but what of that?  
All flesh is grass, one says,  
The parson's sheep grow fat,  
The parson grows in grace.

All flesh is grass, one says,  
Grass becomes flesh, one knows,  
The parson grows in grace;  
I am the grace he grows.

Grass becomes flesh, one knows,  
He grows like a bull of Bashan.  
I am the grace he grows;  
I startle his congregation.

He grows like a bull of Bashan,  
One day he'll be Bishop or Dean,  
I startle his congregation;  
One day I shall preach to the Q—n.

One day he'll be Bishop or Dean,  
One of those science-haters;  
One day I shall preach to the Q—n.  
To think of my going in gaiters!

One of those science-haters,  
Blind as a mole or bat;  
To think of my going in gaiters,  
And wearing a shovel hat.

Blind as a mole or bat,  
No faintest glimmer of light,  
And wearing a shovel hat,  
Morning and noon and night.

—From "Love in Idleness."

The Grave-Digger's Song.  
The crab, the bullace, and the sloe,  
They burgeon in the spring;  
And when the west wind melts the snow,  
The redstarts build and sing.

But Death's at work at rind and root,  
And loves the green buds best;  
And when the pairing music's mute,  
He spares the empty nest.

Death! Death!  
Death is master of lord and clown;  
Close the coffin and hammer it down.

When nuts are brown and sere without,  
And white and plump within,  
And juicy gourds are passed about,  
And trickle down the chin;

When comes the reaper with his scythe,  
And reaps and nothing leaves,  
Oh, then it is that Death is blithe,  
And saps among the sheaves.

Death! Death!  
Lower the coffin and slip the cord;  
Death is master of down and lord.

When logs about the house are stacked,  
And next year's hose is knit,  
And tales are told and jokes are cracked,  
And faggots blaze and spit;

Death sits down in the ingle-nook,  
Sits down and doth not speak;  
But he puts his arm round the maid that's warm,  
And she tangles in the cheek.

Death! Death!  
Death is master of lord and clown;  
Shovel the clay in, tread it down.

—Alfred Austin.

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which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.  
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**ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.**  
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This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.  
Iron and Quinina are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quinina affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.  
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**POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.**  
White, 11  
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**THREE** **POZZONI'S** **FANCY STORES** **TINTS**



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Carlyle smoked often and complained much of dyspepsia. A friend once ventured to suggest that his smoking might, perhaps, injure and depress him. "Yes," Carlyle said, "and the doctors told me the same thing. I left off smoking and was very measerable; so I took to it again, and was very measerable still; but I thought it better to smoke and he measerable than to go without."

The Shah of Persia, Nasr-ed-Din, was in England in 1873. When informed of the immense wealth of more than one of the English dukes, he calmly told the Prince of Wales that all such subjects were dangerous, and therefore should be put to death, and zealously enjoined upon the prince the necessity of so doing. "But," replied the prince, "I can not do that." "You," said the Shah, in astonishment—"you, the heir to the throne, and can not put a subject to death?" "By no means," said the prince, "without process of law." "Well, then," said the Shah politely, as if to compromise the matter, "I would put out their eyes."

When Charles Dickens was in Washington, he met, one morning on the steps of the Capitol, a young congressman from Tennessee, whom the great novelist had offended by his boorishness. That morning, Dickens was in great good humor and full of talk. "I have," said he, "found an almost exact counterpart of Little Nell." "Little Nell who?" queried the Tennesseean. Dickens looked him over from head to foot and from foot to head before he snorted out: "My Little Nell." "Oh," said the Tennesseean, "I didn't know you had your daughter with you." "I am speaking of the Little Nell of my fiction, sir," retorted Dickens, flushing. "Oh," said the imperturbable Tennesseean, "you write novels, do you? Don't you consider that a rather trifling occupation for a grown-up man?" Dickens snorted like a quarter-horse and hurried down the avenue.

When the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg was opened, an old peasant determined to take a ride on it to "Mother Moscow." The down express and the up express met at Bologoe—half way between St. Petersburg and Moscow—and the passengers of both trains were allowed half an hour for supper. Among the people who alighted from the other train, the old peasant recognized a friend whom he had not seen for a long time. They had a delightful chat together over their tea in the restaurant, and then, without any thought of what he was doing, the old peasant boarded his friend's train instead of his own. The talk was very merry for some time, but at last the old man became grave and silent, and appeared to be puzzling deeply over something. At last he broke out: "Ah, Ivan, what a wonderful thing are these railroads! Here we sit in the same car, I going to Moscow and you to St. Petersburg!"

Napoleon described Talleyrand as one whose face would preserve a smile while he was being kicked from behind. Talleyrand had his revenge. "It is a pity," he said, "that so great a man should have such bad manners." And the mot will cling to Napoleon forever. Macaulay has said the same thing in comparing Caesar with Napoleon: "But, after all, Caesar was a gentleman." The word "gentleman" could never be applied to the modern Caesar. He twitted a lady, whom he had forced into the household of the Empress Josephine, with the fact that she was marked by the small-pox, and received the retort: "A Frenchman would never have told me that." When Mme. de Talleyrand was presented at court, he had nothing more gracious to say than: "I hope that the conduct of Mme. Talleyrand will cause the levities of Mme. Grand to be forgotten"; an insult which drew forth the rejoinder: "I could not follow a better example than that of Citizen Bonaparte."

It was in the streets of Fredericksburg, as the army was thrown across to attack Lee in his impregnable position. A shell had exploded on the right of an advancing regiment. Confusion followed. A captain sprang out, with drawn sword, and sought to rally the men of his company. He was a grand-looking man, tall and knightly, and he had the voice of a lion. "Into line, men—into line!" he kept shouting. "Fall in, Company A! The old Second wants you to lead the way!" His words were

heard away back in the supporting column, and men who could not see him for the dust and smoke cheered him. Something passed his face like a flash of lightning—a streak of flame and smoke. The captain's arms went up and he sank down in a heap. Two of his men extended their hands, and he struggled to his feet and said: "Lead me to the rear, I am stone blind." His eyes were wide open, but sightless. Shell or shot had passed so close to his face that he would never see again.

One day, at Edinburgh, Lord Rosebery realized the disadvantage of owning swift horses. His brougham had met him at Waverly Station to take him to Dalmeny. Lord Rosebery opened the door of the carriage to put in some papers, and then turned away. The coachman, too well trained to look round, heard the door shut, and, thinking that his master was inside, set off at once. Pursuit was attempted, but what was there in Edinburgh streets could overtake those horses? The coachman drove seven miles, until he reached a point in the Dalmeny Parks where it was his lordship's custom to alight and open a gate. Here the brougham stood for some minutes, awaiting Lord Rosebery's convenience. At last the coachman became uneasy and dismounted. His brain reeled when he saw an empty brougham. He could have sworn to seeing his lordship enter. There were his papers. What had happened? With quaking hand, the horses were turned, and, driving back, the coachman looked fearfully along the sides of the road. He finally met Lord Rosebery traveling in great good humor by the omnibus.

After Napier's battles with the Hindoos opposed to the English, a famous juggler visited the camp and performed his feats before the general, his family, and staff. Among other performances, this man cut in two, with a stroke of his sword, a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant. Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword so small an object on a man's hand without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, so the general offered his own hand for the experiment, and stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked very attentively at the hand, and said that he would not make the experiment. "I thought I would find you out!" exclaimed Napier. "But stop," added the other; "let me see your left hand." The left was submitted, and the man then said, firmly: "If you will hold your arm steady, I will perform the feat." "But why the left hand, and not the right?" "Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less." Napier was startled. "I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and held out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and, with a swift stroke, cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand, as if a cold thread had been drawn across it."

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VIA  
NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Thursday, August 7, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:

From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 2:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 12:30, 1:30, 2:30, 3:00, 3:25, 6:45 P. M.  
Extra trips on Sunday for Sausalito at 11:00 A. M. and 7:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 2:30, 4:00, 5:25 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for FAIRFAX (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:45, 11:00, 11:50 A. M.; 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 5:15, 6:05, 7:00 P. M.

Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From FAIRFAX for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30 A. M.; 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:30, 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 A. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:05, 10:05, 11:20 A. M.; 1:20, 2:45, 4:00, 5:30, 6:30 P. M.

Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:20, 11:40 A. M.; 12:35, 1:45, 3:10, 4:25, 6:00, 6:50, 7:45 P. M.

Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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5:00 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	6:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, and Way Stations.	8:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Tomaes, Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	8:45 A. M. Mondays
5:00 P. M. Saturdays		8:15 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		8:15 P. M. Sundays

Excursion Rates.  
Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip tickets to and from all stations at 25 per cent. reduction from single tariff rates.  
Friday to Monday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets sold on Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays, good to return following Monday: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomaes, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursion.—Round-trip tickets, good on day sail only: Camp Taylor, Tocaloma, and Point Reyes, \$1.00; Tomaes, \$1.50; Howards, \$2.00; Duncan Mills and Cazadero, \$2.50.

STAGE CONNECTIONS.  
Stages leave Cazadero daily (Sundays excepted) on arrival of 7:30 A. M. train from San Francisco for Stewart's Point, Guahila, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.  
WILLIAM GRAVES, F. E. LATHAN,  
General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.  
Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.  
Through line sailings—Sept. 26th, SS. City of New York; Oct. 5th, SS. San Blas; Oct. 15th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, Libertal, La Union, Amapala, Corral, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.  
Way line sailing—October 18th, SS. Colima.  
When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Sept. 27, at 3 P. M.  
Peru.....Saturday, Oct. 2, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking.....Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M.  
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.  
For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets.  
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.  
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.  
Belgie.....Thursday, October 6  
Oceania.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 25  
Gaelic.....Wednesday, November 16  
Belgie.....Thursday, December 15  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.  
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.  
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.  
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 21.  
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Aug. 2, 7, 12, 17, 22, Sept. and Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26.  
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesday, 9 A. M.  
For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 6th day, 8 A. M.  
For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 6th day at 11 A. M.  
For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month.  
Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents.  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento,...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	* 12:15 P.
8:00 A.	Niles and San José.	* 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa, via Davis.	
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	9:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	4:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, Woodland, and Oroville.	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

* 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Elton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 6:20 P.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	* 10:50 A.
		9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
* 7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	* 8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
* 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	
* 2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:43 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
* 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	* 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

After all is said and done, each man must be his own judge of what is a good advertisement. And he owes it to himself to be his own most merciless critic.—*Printer's Ink.*

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY  
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.  
Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.  
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.  
Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.  
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.  
Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:05 P. M.
		10:30 A. M.
		7:25 P. M.
		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs.
		7:25 P. M.
		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	7:25 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		10:30 A. M.
		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Gueroeville.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	7:25 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	10:40 A. M.
		8:50 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.
		6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	6:05 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		10:40 A. M.
		10:30 A. M.
		6:05 P. M.
		6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guahila, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Hartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Wicky Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.  
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.  
H. C. WHITING, General V.  
PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, New Montgomery Street.

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When Gilbert and Sullivan, after an artistic partnership of a life-time, parted in enmity, each sought a new associate. Sullivan wandered up and down the earth, seeking a kindred spirit and finding none. Gilbert, more fortunate, formed an alliance with Alfred Cellier, a young English composer of French extraction and with a French name. He was known as the writer of light music which had been favorably received. He had composed gay comic operas which had drawn good houses. He was brimful of humor, and, withal, possessed a knowledge of the art of music which Offenbach had never acquired, and which had been one of Sullivan's strong points. It was confidently predicted that he would take high rank among the composers of the day. He accepted Gilbert's offers, and "The Mountebanks" was the result. But the young musician's health was feeble. Protracted labor exhausted him. He had the seeds of death in his bosom. In the effort to compose a work which would be worthy of a brilliant libretto, he overtaxed his powers, and after his piece was finished, but before it was played, his brief and glorious life came to an end.

The play was moderately successful. It is one of Gilbert's queerest conceits. The manager of a troupe of mountebanks discovers a drug which converts an actor into the real personage he has undertaken to personate. He administers the drug to two members of the troupe, who represent clock-work figures of Hamlet and Ophelia, and they become pieces of clock-work with slots in their bosoms, in which the spectator is invited to drop a penny. Only it is necessary to wind them up at the usual intervals; were that neglected, they would die. It is easy to realize the fun which this would enable Gilbert to put into the parts of the two performers who started out to be automata and really find themselves converted into living clock-work figures. Mixed with Hamlet and Ophelia are a buffoon, a body of monks, a chorus of village girls, and a whole bevy of funny people, who perpetrate dull jokes and sing songs from the beginning of the play to the end.

The name "mountebank" curiously illustrates the changes of meaning which a word undergoes. As the word "demi-monde" was invented by Dumas, not to describe ladies of shady repute, but to depict the class which is not actually in society (*le monde*) and yet which hangs on its outskirts, respectable, probably, yet just a trifle uncertain of its footing; so a mountebank originally meant a man who mounted a bench or *banc* to sell a quack medicine by Munchausenisms about its marvelous effects. Shakespeare tells us that a mountebank cheats by boasting and false pretences; in his day, such an operator was liable to arrest, imprisonment, and pillory. After a time, the itinerant nostrum-vender combined ventriloquism and acrobatic feats with his commerce, and the mountebank became the character which Frederick Warde depicts with such vigor and pathos. Here he is a strolling actor, a barn-stormer, familiar at fairs and at chronic war with the village constable and the town marshal; he is usually accompanied by a stout lady who takes the gate-money, a boy who climbs to his father's head and leaps upon the flying trapeze, and a girl in tights who dances a *pas seul* to the admiration of the boys and to the exasperation of the clergyman.

In the life of the modern mountebank are always dramatic possibilities. His precarious livelihood; the queer approximation of the glories of pomps and spangles with the sordid life of wanderers who are often at a loss to find material for a meal; the strange vicissitudes of a fortune which often oscillates between dazzling success and squalid failure; the motley troupe, comprising a drunken manager, a fairy of liberal principles, an athlete who is consumed with love for the fairy and who proposes to punch her admirers, a boy or two with indistinct notions of *meum* and *tuum*, a utility man whose range of slang is prodigious, an old woman who has seen everything, whom nothing surprises, and who is quite ready to carry messages to the fairy—all these people, with hearts underneath their elastic jackets, and quite often very big hearts indeed—here is a set of *dramatis personæ* all ready shaped for the playwright's touch. Dickens photographed them when he drew Mrs. Jarley, and painted little Nell, hesitating, as her companion whispered: "Collins' your friend, not Short." A whole library of modern French novels paint the romantic adventures of mountebanks, with their passions, their jealousies, their hopes, their fears, and their sorrows. Such a story is "Mont' Oriol," with its savage hero; if the author could have refrained from relapsing into cheap melodrama, he would have enriched modern fiction with a work of merit. What a lurid picture of jealous vengeance is the sudden extinction of the light

in the circus just as the property-man's rival is taking his *saut périlleux* from one trapeze to another! That is real drama—drama which coerces the spectator to hold his breath, gasping.

There is no melodrama in Gilbert's "Mountebanks." They are very commonplace rascals, indeed, whose business is highway robbery, yet whose motto is "Heroism without risk!" They disguise themselves as monks in order to rob a duke and duchess, and, under the spell of the magic drug, become monks in reality—for the time. It is not easy to see what is their object in life, or in the piece, or in what way the action would suffer if they were eliminated. They sing some fair choruses, and kick their feet about as if they were learning clog-dancing; but their chief purpose seems to be to fill up the stage.

The whole play is a purposeless affair. The transformation under the effect of the drug leads the spectator to expect some good fooling, after the manner of the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; but the expectation is disappointed. With the exception of Louis Harrison and Laura Clement, who are transformed by the drug into clock-work figures, the personages act after they undergo the medication much as they did before. Harrison was droll as the clown, and Miss Clement was really good as the dancing-girl, whose vials have been replaced by works. But these are the only two members of the cast who elicited a laugh from the audience. The others were tiresome throughout.

It is impossible to say anything pleasant of Miss Lillian Russell. Considering the flourish of trumpets with which she was heralded, she has been a disappointment in both the parts she has played. It is due to truth to say that she is a faded beauty, whose once shapely figure has run to stoutness, and whose voice, which never was particularly tuneful, is now worn and has not a trace of melody left. She sang a great deal, until the spectator was fain to exclaim, with Artemus Ward, "This is too much!" It was kind of her to favor the audience with so many songs. But even Cellier's music, sweet as it is, exacts from the singer more than Miss Russell can give. That she did not shine as an actress is partly Gilbert's fault. Nobody could make a hit with so stupid a rôle as Teresa's. If, as we learn from the programme, "The Mountebanks" ran for nine months at the Lyric Theatre, London, the Londoners must be easy to please, both in respect of acting and of singing.

The scenery was fine, and among the figurantes and chorus-singers there was more than the usual average of feminine beauty. The choruses were well drilled and their work reflects credit on the stage-manager and musical director. But, taking the performance as a whole, it must certainly rank below the ordinary performances which have been given to San Francisco audiences by the Bostonians. Mr. Carleton himself, in his day, brought out better things. To charge two dollars for a seat, when these troupes were quite content with a dollar and a half, is to say the least, a piece of impudence.

An innovation of which Mr. T. Henry French can probably claim the authorship was the presence of an offensive claque in the gallery. These persons interfered with the enjoyment of the piece by applauding everything indiscriminately, and insisting on encores which the regular spectators did not want. They carried the thing to such an extent that in the second act, when they began their clapping, the audience began to laugh. We are not used to clagues in San Francisco. They are usual in European cities, and people accept them as a disagreeable necessity. Here the fashion is hardly likely to take root; indeed, if persevered in, it is almost sure to develop that which has rarely been heard in our theatres—a burst of hisses from genuine members of the audience.

We are afraid that "The Mountebanks" will not be a success. The music is fine; but it is hard for a comic opera to succeed on the strength of the music alone. There must be bright dialogue, good acting, and good singing as well. These requisites are not to be found in the piece as produced in San Francisco under the auspices of Mr. T. Henry French.

#### Where to Get Your Note-Paper.

To people who buy a few boxes of note-paper now and then, the idea of a whole carload is something stupendous. Yet Sanborn, Vail & Co., whose big store is on Market Street, just opposite Grant Avenue, have just got in a fresh carload of the newest and latest kinds of paper for correspondence, and it is nothing unusual with them.

The fact is, Sanborn, Vail & Co. are doing a tremendous business in stationery, especially in the finer grades. In this new carload they have a very large invoice of Hurd's and Crane's famous "papieteries," which include all the novel kinds and tints of paper. There are some reams, too, of the Manchester and Belfast lines. But these Sanborn, Vail & Co. are receiving all the time, for they control the trade of the entire Pacific Coast in these papers. They are the standard, moderate-priced grades, the kind that fastidious people select and use for years, and they come in such variety that any one's taste could be suited. Among the most popular are the "Perfection Cream Wave," the "Imperial Quadrille," and the "Indo-Pink Parchment." These latter are sold either in "papieteries"—paper and envelopes together in a box—or are sold in five-quire boxes, envelopes to match being sold separately.

All these new papers are being stored away on an upper floor; but samples of all the novelties are to be seen in the show-cases on the ground-floor, and it will well repay any one who is at all particular about his or her letters to drop into the store within the next week or so.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing September 26th: Lillian Russell in "The Mountebanks"; the Tivoli Company in "Estrella"; George W. Lederer's Company in "Nothing but Money"; Gus Heege in "Von Yonson"; Daniel Sully in "The Corner Grocery"; "For Congress"; Grand Kirmess closes at the Mechanics' Pavilion on Monday night; Press Club benefit at the Baldwin next Thursday afternoon.

William Block, formerly a well-known resident of this city, has one of the leading parts in Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's new play "Nothing but Money."

Henry E. Dixey, Jr., son of his father and twelve years of age, made his debut last week in New York city in "Iolanthe." He was given a thinking part—that of train-bearer.

Bessie Cleveland has been released from "The City Directory" Company to accept a position in J. M. Hill's company, which is to support Marie Tempest in "The Fencing-Master."

Evans and Hoey have signed a contract to continue together for ten years longer. This will make their term of partnership eighteen years, probably the longest known in the theatrical profession—if it be carried out.

Marie Vanoni is the bright particular star at Koster & Bial's at present. She brought from abroad some songs that are entirely new to American audiences. One of them, called "Georgie," is greatly agitating the chappies.

Mrs. Langtry is rehearsing "The Queen of Manoa," Hadden Chambers' new play. The plot is simple, but strong in emotion. It deals with the effect of music on human passion, presumably *à la* "Kreutzer Sonata." The scene is laid in London and on the Thames, and the people are of the smart set.

The four hundred and fiftieth performance of "Wang" at the Broadway Theatre, in New York city, will take place on October 3d, and then it will be withdrawn. On the following evening, De Wolf Hopper and his company will appear in a revival of Sydney Rosenfeld's comic opera, "The Lady or the Tiger?" founded on Frank Stockton's story.

"Estrella," a comic opera in three acts, by Luscombe Searelle, will be produced at the Tivoli Opera House next week. The scenes are laid in Venice, and the period is about 1500 A. D. The cast will be as follows:

Count Pomposo di Vesuvio, Edward N. Knight; Phylloxera, M. Cornell; the Doge of Venice, Ferris Hartman; Signor Lorenzo, Philip Branson; Giovanni Tommaso, George Olmi; Tartarella, Grace Vernon; Enigetta, Tillie Salinger; Estrella, Gracie Plaisted; Violetta, Julia Simmons; Henrietta, Emma Vorce; Notary, D. H. Smith.

Mr. Mansfield appeared in "The Scarlet Letter" at Daly's Theatre, in New York city, last week, and impersonated the character of Arthur Dimmesdale. The dramatization is by Joseph Hutton, and is said to be frail, sombre, and inconclusive. Mansfield was given much credit for his interpretation of the principal rôle, though it is not a good acting part. This marks another failure to be added to the many attempts that have been made to dramatize "The Scarlet Letter."

The national campaign is always a bugbear to the theatrical manager, but the director of the Thalia, in New York, thought he had a scheme to draw men from the political meetings. The opera of "The Princess of Judea" was prefaced at the Thalia, not long ago, with a political address made from the stage by a noted speaker, and between the three acts and again at the end of the performance of the opera more addresses were made by other politicians. Inasmuch as the plan was tried only once, it is not probable that managers of traveling companies will find it necessary to carry with them a corps of stump speakers.

There hardly seems to be a possibility for the enlistment of any support to Mr. Harriman's project to endow national opera and restore the Metropolitan Opera House in New York city. Opera is too expensive a luxury for any one American city to support, and the non-resident contingent of the Eastern metropolis who have been appealed to are regardless of the expense. A plan that has been advanced is to have the moneyed men of New York, Boston, and Chicago who are anxious to help in the advancement of art associate themselves and endow a national opera. Then a season of six months could be distributed among the three cities.

The Press Club benefit will take place next Thursday afternoon at the Baldwin Theatre, and a most attractive programme has been prepared. Among those who will appear are: Lillian Russell, W. T. Carleton, Ada Dure, Daniel Sully, Ned Mason, George Riddle, Tillie Salinger, Ferris Hartman, E. N. Knight, the Chinese Orchestra from the Grand Chinese Theatre, Gus Heege, Arthur Messmer, Harry Page, Fred I. Monson, J. Edminster, Julie Kingsley, Signumund Beel, Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, members of the Naval Reserve in a drill, the Alcazar Company in an act of "In Spite of All," the George W. Lederer Company in an act of "Nothing but Money," and the Grismer-Davies Company in the

third act of "The New South." Naturally a programme as varied as this will be interesting, and a large audience is expected.

The twenty-seventh industrial exposition of the Mechanics' Institute will open on January 10th and will close on February 25th, 1893. This will be the preliminary World's Fair exhibit of California, and it will be held under the auspices of the California World's Fair Commission. This exposition should be very interesting, as it will contain the various special displays prepared by the California commission and as many as possible of the various exhibits from California that will be seen at the Columbian Exposition.

— H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist, Painless filling,  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

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Monday, September 26th,

#### ESTRELLA!

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## The Argonaut

DURING THE

## NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

During the campaign and ending with January 1, 1893, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR.

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will not be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republican party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in a bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe to the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with and tending to degrade American labor. Believing that the success of the Republican party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the campaign of 1892.

#### WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,

#### SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.

Agents for the California Line of Clipper Ships from New York; the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Rearden's Compositious; Ontario Cotton Sall Duck.



**HARTSHORN'S**  
SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS  
Beware of Imitations.  
NOTICE  
AUTOGRAF OF  
OF  
THE GENUINE  
HARTSHORN

"Art in Advertising," so frequently quoted by the Argonaut, can now be found on sale at Bancroft's or the San Francisco News Company.

It is a practical paper full of helpful points on the subject of Advertising. No merchant who thinks Advertising will help his business will regret a subscription.

Some of the subjects in September number:

Advertising Umbrellas. Retail Dry Goods Advertising. Random Notes. Artistic and Journalist Gossip. A Hundred-Dollar Prize for Newsdealers.

Price, 10 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$1.00.

ART IN ADVERTISING CO., 80 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS.

The day of big advertising has come, and thousands on thousands of dollars are spent merely to introduce an article. It is estimated that a certain tobacco firm, now monopolizing the Philadelphia papers, will spend about forty-five thousand dollars in that city alone for advertising.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:  
No. 23 POWELL STREET  
BRANCH: 11 TAYLOR STREET.  
Laundry: Thirteenth St., bet. Folsom and Howard, San Francisco.

### Educational.

## ZISKA INSTITUTE,

1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.  
French, German, and English. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.  
The 26th year opens August 1, 1892.  
MME. B. ZISKA, A. M., Principal.

## PRIVATE TUITION

MISS EMILY EDWARDS (Mrs. J. M. Hutchings) undertakes private tuition in families and at her own residence. Advanced and Elementary subjects. Scientific methods, insuring rapid progress to delicate or backward pupils.

## MME. FRIES-BISHOP,

Teacher of Singing.  
Has resumed lessons at 607 Sutter St. (Lamperti Method).

## EDWARD L. LIPPITT,

Teacher of the Piano,  
Has resumed instruction, 922 PAGE STREET.

### TELESCOPIC STUDIES

Of Sun, Moon, Planets, etc. Lessons in Astronomy.  
MISS ROSE O'HALLORAN,  
2209 Fillmore Street.

## ST. PAUL'S MILITARY SCHOOL,

LOS ANGELES, CAL.  
Boarding and Day School. Also Primary Department. Masters from Harvard, West Point, University of the South, Göttingen.  
Catalogue on application. P. O. Box 519.

**BRYN MAWR COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.**  
Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, History, Political Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and lectures on Philosophy, Gymnasium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value \$800) in Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Biology. For Program address as above.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Society chat: *She*—"So you are no longer abroad?" *He*—"Er—no. Are you?"—*Life*.

A Harlem goat has just chewed up the family eight-day clock. It consumed considerable time in doing it, too.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

"Here's an illuminated missal for you," remarked the wife of the book-collector, as she threw a lighted lamp at her husband's head.—*Puck*.

*Miss Wanternow*—"Was Mr. Darley pleased to find his new baby a girl?" *Gazzam*—"I think not. He's named her Mehetabel."—*Truth*.

At Seabright: *Maud*—"Dear me! Why, I've gained ten pounds in weight this week!" *Hobbs*—"It must be the sand in your shoes."—*Bazar*.

"Oh, sir," cried the beggar, "I'm almost starved to death!" "Well, stick it out a little longer," said Chollie, "and your miseries will be over."—*Bazar*.

"How old, colonel, does a man have to be before he can vote in Georgia?" "That, sah, depends altogether, sah, upon which way he intends to vote."—*Life*.

*She*—"I do not care to marry you. I do not care to even talk to you." *He* (a widower)—"That is precisely the reason I want you to marry me."—*New York Herald*.

*Stuart*—"Was it protection that enabled Fergall to acquire his enormous wealth?" *McCaustic*—"Certainly; for six years he was a New York police captain."—*The Club*.

*Jake* (after they had made up)—"Why, darling, did you make me mad?" *Cora*—"To be plain, dear, I was just dying for a few nights' rest and had to do it."—*Yankee Blade*.

*First friend*—"Heard old Snitbison's going to be married for the fourth time. Must cost him something for licenses?" *Second ditto*—"I think he ought to apply for a season ticket!"—*Pick-Me-Up*.

*Eve*—"Addy, my dear, I'm going shopping this morning. Can you let me have a hundred dollars?" *Adam*—"Great heavens, Eve! You seem to believe the report that I'm made of dust!"—*Bazar*.

*Guest*—"Why do you insist on payment in advance? I have baggage." *Hotel clerk*—"If the hotel should burn down the baggage would be destroyed. We understand our business, sir."—*Judge*.

*Husband*—"How much did you spend to-day?" *Wife*—"Seventy-six dollars and seventeen cents." *Husband* (ironically)—"Was that all?" *Wife* (with an injured air)—"That was all I had."—*New York Weekly*.

*Mrs. Ruggs*—"Why do you dislike Dr. Curen?" *Mrs. Muggs*—"He cured my husband's rheumatism, so he can never tell when it is going to rain, and last week I spoiled a brand-new hat."—*New York Weekly*.

*St. Peter*—"Do you want to get in here?" *Ex-suburbanite*—"Not exactly. If it's all the same to you, I'd like to live a little way out of heaven and come in every day. That is what I have been used to on earth."—*Life*.

Come to stay: "What advice would you give to a young Englishman who had come to this country with the determination not to return to England until he had made his fortune?" "To take out naturalization papers."—*Puck*.

*Tourist*—"Do those scarecrows save your crops?" *Farmer*—"They work first-rate. You see, every tramp that comes along crosses the fields to see if th' clothes is wuth stealin', w'ich they ain't, an' that scares th' crows away."—*New York Weekly*.

Supporting his party: *Kitty*—"How came you to be sitting in the window with Charlie Baddeman when the Republican torch-light procession went by? I thought he was a Democrat." *Bessie*—"So he is; but it was great fun. He held my hand all the time, so that I couldn't applaud."—*Puck*.

"What did your husband say when you gave him that box of cigars, Mrs. Bumble?" "He tried one of them, and observed that he loved me too much to use the rest of them to gratify his taste for smoking." "And what has become of them?" "I put them away in camp for him."—*Bazar*.

*Mamma* (to Johnny, who is showing off during the call of the minister)—"You must behave yourself, or mamma will have to take you up to the nursery. What did mamma do to you yesterday when she took you up to the nursery?" *Johnny* (promptly)—"You knocked the chickens out of me."—*Puck*.

A cheerful association: "Upon my word!" exclaimed young Dr. Caraway, raising his glasses and looking intently at one of the boxes; "she's a perfect image, line for line, of the girl." "What girl are you talking about?" asked Hooks. "The one we had a clinic on this morning," the doctor said, without removing the glasses.—*Truth*.

### For Nervous Debility

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.  
Dr. A. M. BILBY, Mitchell, Dak., says: "I have used it in a number of cases of nervous debility, with very good results."

### RECENT WILLS.

By the will of the late William Dunphy the following testamentary provisions were made:

The widow, Carmen Ovie Dunphy, and testator's daughter, Jennie C. Dunphy, are named as executrices to serve without bonds. The testator declares that at the time of his marriage he had \$25,000. That sum he has since used in his business, and it is separate estate. The rest of the property is community. The whole estate is left in trust to the widow and daughter Jennie. It is provided that Jennie shall not lose any of her powers under the trust if she marries. It is directed that all of testator's personal property in Monterey County and all his real and personal property in Nevada are to be turned into cash as soon as practicable. The personal and real property in Nevada ought to bring \$1,750,000. The money realized from these sales is to be invested in real estate in San Francisco, improved or unimproved, to bring in a steady and reasonable income. The net income of the whole estate is to be divided into five equal parts. One-fifth is to be paid quarterly to the widow during her life, and she is to be allowed to dispose of one-fifth of the principal at her death. One-fifth of the income is to be paid quarterly to testator's daughter, Mary Flood. At her death one-fifth of the income is to be paid to her children. One-fifth of the income is to be paid quarterly to testator's son, James C. Dunphy, during his life, and at his death one-fifth of the principal is to be distributed as he may direct by will. One-fifth of the income is to be paid to Jennie C. Dunphy quarterly during her life. She also has the right to dispose of one-fifth of the principal by will. One-fifth of the income is to be paid to Jennie C. Dunphy in trust. She is to apply a reasonable sum for the maintenance and education of testator's granddaughter, Viola C. Piercy, during the latter's minority, the residue of the income to be paid to testator's wife and three children until Viola is twenty-one years old. When Viola is of that age, she is to have the entire income, less \$10,000, the amount expended by Mr. Dunphy in procuring the custody of Viola's person. This provision for Viola is not to hold good if at any time during her minority the Dunphy family lose the custody of her. At the death of Viola, one-fifth of the estate is to go to her children, if she have any children. Testator says that if his wife does not claim any community property and allows the whole estate to go into the hands of the trustees, the foregoing directions are to hold good, otherwise she is to have her share as allowed by law, and the residue is to be divided into four equal parts—one each for the three children and one for Viola, subject to the conditions already recited. The testator directs that the accounts of the executrices shall not be questioned, and when sworn to they are not to be required to produce vouchers. The following charitable bequests are made: Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Protestant Orphan Asylum, \$1,000; Sisters of St. Dominic, at Benicia, \$500; Roman Catholic Asylum for Boys, at San Rafael, \$1,000; St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, \$1,000. The will was executed on February 20, 1888. The witnesses were William Craig and Norman H. Hurd. It is more than probable that the entire estate is worth in the neighborhood of \$5,000,000 or \$6,000,000.

On a recent Sunday there was a twenty-six-mile foot-race in Brittany under a scorching sun. The winner, on crossing the line, drank a glass of lemonade and fell dead.

### Breathes There a Man

Who can inhale malaria-breeding air with impunity? No, not unless he be fortified against its insidious poison with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Then, indeed, he is defended. Not only is this medicine most thorough as a bulwark against chills and fever and bilious remittent, but it thoroughly relieves dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, biliousness, nervousness, and kidney trouble.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbottle Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

DCLXXIV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, September 25, 1892.  
Tomato and Okra Soup.  
Nutmeg Melons.  
Deviled Crabs.  
Italian Beefsteak. Saratoga Chips.  
Green Peas. Stuffed Egg-Plant.  
Roast Chickens.  
Lettuce, Egg Dressing.  
Frozen Peaches and Cream. Lady Washington Cake.  
Fruits.

ITALIAN BEEFSTEAK.—Cut a steak from any tender part; beat it and season it with a little onion, pepper, and salt; lay it in an iron stew-pan that has a cover to fit close, with a spoonful of butter and two spoonfuls of water; let it steam thus very slowly for two or three hours, taking care not to let it burn, and it will be very tender.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

It is asserted that all of the \$1,200,000 royalty on Moody and Sankey's "Gospel Hymns" has been devoted to charitable purposes.

— NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.



**BARBER'S**  
LATEST  
AND  
GREATEST  
PRODUCTIONS IN  
Residence Architecture,  
are found in our "Cottage Souvenir,"  
New Book. The  
Revised (1892) Edition Superbly Illustrated.  
This book is 8 1/2 x 11 in.; 159 pages, and contains  
over 200 designs  
and plans of  
Artistic Dwellings  
costing from \$500 to \$15,000 with reliable estimates of cost.  
Hints to Home Builders  
and other information contained in this work  
makes House building truly easy and relieves one  
of many knotty problems. Price \$2.00 post paid.  
Beautiful Prospectus and Sample Pages Free.  
GEO. F. BARBER & CO., Architects,  
KNOXVILLE, TENN.



STRICTLY FIRST CLASS.

Opened September 1, 1892.

## HOTEL METROPOLE

Jefferson and Thirteenth Sts., Oakland, Cal.

Telephone 180.

M. CLARK, Manager.



# You Want

Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, it is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,  
29 Post Street.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital ..... \$3,000,000 00  
Surplus ..... 1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits ..... 3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD, President  
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR., Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON, 2d Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## WELLS FARGO & CO.

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,000,000

Directors:  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; W. F. GOAD, Vice-Pres't;  
Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, Dudley Evans,  
H. Wauson, Treasurer. HOMER S. KISS, Manager.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

## BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:  
Geo. W. Scott, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE,  
Cashier; J. H. Strobbridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven.

Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Assets.....2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.  
CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

## London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

## Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,  
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

## MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities, 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

## MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS UNEQUALLED.  
LOG CABIN BAKERY!  
Our Home-Made Bread  
Is now in the houses of thousands of families, who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheaper.

TRY IT!

Wedding Parties Supplied with all the Delicacies.  
We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.

Main Offices—109 Hayes St., San Francisco.  
475 Eleventh St., Oakland.

Best Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.

## ANDREWS' LIGHT FOLDING BEDS

Office and School  
FURNITURE,  
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.

C. F. WEBER & CO.

Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

The Leading

Coast Co.

# FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance

Company.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS, \$3,200,000.

AGENTS ESTABLISHED THROUGHOUT AMERICA.

D. J. STAPLES, President.  
J. B. LEVISON, Marine Sec'y.

WM. J. DUTTON, Vice-President.  
LOUIS WEINMANN, Ass't. Sec'y.

B. FAYMONVILLE, Secretary.  
STEPHEN D. IVES, Gen. Agt.

## COUNTRY HOMES

For Sale, Improved and Unimproved Ranch Property at reasonable rates.

Address A. P. STANTON,  
Aptos, Santa Cruz Co., Cal.

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco. Telephone No. 35

BONESTELL & CO.

DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS

For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.



## KIMBALL'S

FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.

16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## BOUND VOLUMES

## The Argonaut

From 1877 to 1892.

VOLS. 1. TO XXX.

The Thirtieth Volume is now ready. Complete sets of Bound Volumes, from Volume I. to Volume XXX. inclusive, can be obtained at the office of this paper. With the exception of several of the earlier volumes, which are rare, the price is \$5.00 per volume. Call at or address the Business Office of The Argonaut Publishing Co., 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.

## PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

—FOR—

WALL PAPER,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
and CORNICE POLES

—GO TO—

G. W. CLARK & CO.

653 and 655 Market Street.

A great many handsome advertisements are spoiled in reducing by photo-engraving, either from making them too fine or by attempting to reproduce type matter. It frequently happens that electrotypes are furnished the publisher to occupy space that costs a great deal of money, and yet so poorly are they finished that the space given them is worthless to the advertiser. If space is worth occupying, it is worth an electrotype that will print so that the announcement can be read.—*Horace Dunbars.*

The wording of an advertisement, and particularly its typographical appearance, whether it is printed upon a fence or printed in a newspaper, are of the greatest importance. Catch-words, either in the heading or in the body of the advertisement, or both, should be made use of. The more skill that is shown in the use of them, all things being considered, the better the results are likely to be.—*A. L. Bancroft.*

It is a safe rule to buy only remedies that are advertised. Any one who has a really meritorious medicine is generally anxious to extend the sales by giving the fact the greatest publicity. The very fact that a medicine is well advertised proves its potency, for if it had not stood the test the proprietors could not afford such a heavy outlay.—*Troy Press.*

One may philosophize and moralize and theorize about the why and wherefore of advertising, its peculiarities and its results, but the fact remains that advertising, like everything else, must be done thoroughly, systematically, and intelligently to prove profitable.—*W. W. Hallock.*

## ASK FOR

The Select White Wines from the California Santerne District.

## CHATEAU BELLEVUE

Cream of Santerne. Case 12 quart bottles. \$7.50  
Grand vin Santerne ..... 5.00  
Hock ..... 6.00  
Riesling ..... 4.50  
Sillery Rose, "Champagne Grapes" ..... 5.00

They will be found at the leading restaurants in the city.

Ask for Chateau Bellevue Clarets  
1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 vintages.

CABERNET, BURGUNDY,  
ROUSSILLON, ZINFANDEL

PRICES ACCORDING TO QUALITY AND VINTAGE

Orders large or small, directed to the winery, will be carefully attended to, and delivered at residence in San Francisco and Oakland.

A. DUVAL, Livermore, Cal.

GERMEA  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS

## THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	6.30
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.85
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	6.10
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.....	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Argosy for One Year, by Mail.....	5.25
The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.60
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 14.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 3, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers \$1.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cts. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal.; Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at 27 King William Street, 1st Strand, in Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Bren-son's, 124 Fifth Avenue. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Wash-ington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

RANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be sought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it was working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

The Democratic free-traders of the United States—the men who follow Henry Watterson blindly in his declaration that protection is contrary to the Constitution of the United States—insist on drawing comparisons between this country and Great Britain. They imagine that the un-American assertions which they so constantly make inure to the benefit of the Democratic candidate for the Presidency. It is apparently the Democratic idea to cultivate a spirit of indifference to our superiority and to undervalue our own advantages, as though our being the greatest, richest, best-governed, most contented, and happiest nation in the world were something not to be proud of. We Democratic should not forget that, although every sea-

port in the United States were completely and perpetually blockaded, the people of this country could have not only everything they would need to eat and wear, and all articles of household and industrial use, but a very large proportion of those things which are usually denominated articles of luxury, and ninety-nine out of every hundred of the long list of things which occupy the debatable ground between necessity and luxury. Then, too, there is strong ground for believing that in case of such a blockade, were it imaginable, we should at once develop the capacity for the production of very many articles of luxury which we now import.

Great Britain, on the contrary, is insular in the conventional as well as in the geographical sense. Her free-trade policy, based on the so-called corn laws, has been such as virtually to destroy agriculture, the consequence being that a blockade of her ports would starve her people to death in an incredibly short space of time. The accumulated store of her food products at any one time would not last a month, and, at the end of the time, the alternative would necessarily be starvation or surrender. The same thing would occur, with a little longer lease of life, with any and every country in Europe which should be hemmed in and cut off from free communication with the outside world; and even if actual starvation should not ensue, as in the case of Great Britain, the loss of the American market would produce panic, disaster, and bankruptcy, which would be the precursor of famine and starvation and of an exodus which would resemble the migrations of the Goths and Vandals.

There is a corollary to these propositions, which are easily demonstrable if not self-evident, and it is that the United States of America should cease to show so tender a regard for the natives of other countries. There are a good many Americans here, and this country is for them. We should cut off or dam up the stream of immigration which lodges on our shores yearly half a million of the plague-infected, poverty-stricken, disease-smitten scum and sweepings of the worst holes and corners of Europe. Let us refuse to receive the pauper and criminal element of Europe, just as we refuse to receive the servile element from China, and then let the nations of Europe take such course as they see fit. Let us expunge forever from our unwritten law that absurd sentimental doctrine about the "fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man," if it be used to make this land of ours a dump for European filth, and insist that the principle of nationality which we profess is founded on equally as sound ethical grounds as the principles of bome and domesticity.

The exclusion of undesirable immigrants would be a matter of no real difficulty. It might require some study and investigation to determine the best way to accomplish it, but that would be merely a matter of detail. The Republican party has progressed so far in the science of home government as to exclude some alien products and make others pay for the privilege of competing with domestic products in the American market, and the next step for that party must be the strict regulation and suppression of immigration. Of course we can hope for no such legislation from the Democrats, for a party which avers that the products of foreign labor must enter the country duty free can not be expected to erect any barriers to keep out the foreign labor itself. The only hope of preserving this grand heritage of ours for our children and our children's children lies in the Republican party, whose motto is protection to everything American.

Some Englishman who came to California without any knowledge of horticulture, engaged in fruit-growing and lost his money, as so many of his countrymen do, has written a letter to the London Times stating that fruit-growing in this State is a delusion, and that no Englishman should think of coming here. The letter would do good if it told the whole instead of half the truth. It can not be too often repeated that Englishmen, or others who come here, or, for that matter, go anywhere to pursue a calling in which they have had

no apprenticeship and of which they know nothing, are morally certain to lose their time and their money.

People with a moderate sum of money are constantly coming to California, investing their money in a ranch, planting it with fruit-trees, and settling down to enjoy the income, without the first idea about fruit-growing. They have a wild idea that by buying a few cuttings from fruit-trees and sticking them in the earth, they are presently going to have a crop of fruit to sell. It seems impossible to beat it into their heads that successful horticulture requires a knowledge of soils, some experience in climates, an acquaintance with the adaptability of trees to locality, or familiarity with the various processes of cultivating, manuring, watering, and pruning which are used in orchards, and a profound insight into the relative merits of the various stocks which are for sale by the nursery-men. Our successful fruit-growers have acquired these various branches of knowledge by slow, patient, and sometimes expensive experience. At Vacaville, which is one of the richest fruit-centres in the State, the leading horticulturists kept themselves poor for years while they were experimenting. But these foreigners think they have discovered a royal road to fortune, and that all they need is a given number of acres and a given number of cuttings to grow rich by fruit-growing in California.

No form of agriculture that is practiced anywhere in the world is so lucrative as fruit-growing in this State, when it is intelligently undertaken and faithfully pursued. In no other part of the world can a farmer take a piece of unimproved land, and, after six or seven years culture, make it worth \$1,000 an acre, or make it yield him \$50 or \$75 an acre net per year. Wheat land in the best portions of Iowa is worth \$75 an acre, and yields an income, when there are no droughts or other accidents, of \$8 to \$9 an acre. Pasture land on the Hudson, in New York, is worth \$100 an acre, and yields \$10 or \$12 income. Cotton land at the South is worth \$50 an acre, and yields, in a good year, \$15 an acre. Here, land planted in apricots will often net \$50 an acre, and in navel-oranges \$200.

But the income of California land does not come by nature. It is the fruit of the intelligent application of the laws of horticulture, as modified by experience on this coast, to a kindly soil. The soil will do little or nothing unless it is treated according to rule. The very land which can be made worth one thousand dollars an acre by intelligent handling will possess no more value than pasture land, so long as it is exploited by one who is ignorant of the teachings of horticultural science, or who is so stupid that he refuses to be governed by them. It can never yield an income of \$50 or \$75 an acre, so long as it is cultivated by persons who have derived their knowledge from books, and books written for other meridians. That is a fact which newcomers, and especially Englishmen, usually ignore. If they propose to grow grapes in Napa County, they read an English treatise on the vine, and when its precepts fail to lead to fortune, they blame the State. Even so clear-headed a man as Thomas Hardy makes his hero—in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles"—study dairying in Devonshire, in order to fit himself for cattle-raising in Australia. These people court failure.

No Californian requires demonstration to prove that fruit-raising in this State, intelligently conducted, will lead to fortune. Examples are under every eye, and the failures are as instructive as the successes. It is well that both should be kept in mind.

When Fresno County was first settled, and the settlers realized the depth and fertility of the alluvium which constitutes its soil, they divined that it was destined to be an orchard, and they set out pears, peaches, and plums by the million. Bountiful crops were raised; but when they ripened, it was discovered—this was before the days of refrigerator-trains—that there was no market for the ripe fruit. The Fresno people cut down their trees and planted vines to grow wine-grapes. The yield of the vines was enormous; but it was found that the juice of the grapes was so rich in sugar that the wine ran too high in alcohol to be of much value. Then the vines which produced wine-grapes



torn up, and in their place raisin-grapes—Malagas, Sultanas, and what not—were substituted. The Fresno people had at last discovered the true use for their soil. There are vineyards near the city of Fresno from which ten tons of grapes are harvested from single acres, and the annual product of the county is now not much less than a million boxes, worth, when carefully picked, dried, and packed, as much as the Spanish raisins.

Another lesson is taught by Riverside. Oranges were imported from the islands into California by the Wolfskills some thirty years ago. When Nordhoff wrote, in 1872, orange groves were abundant in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara Counties, and the growers felt confident that they were on the high road to fortune. But they had taken no care in the selection of their stocks, and their fruit was thick-skinned, scanty in juice, and poor in flavor. It would not sell in Chicago at \$10 a thousand, when the Havana oranges and the Messinas commanded \$5 and \$8 a box. Los Angeles, in a temper, cut down her orange groves. Riverside, with better wisdom, planted Washington navels, and irrigated them with care. The result was that, after ten years' culture, Riverside shipped to the East, in 1891, 1,500 car-loads of oranges, and will ship this year 1,700 car-loads, which command as high a price at New York or Chicago as the St. Michael's fruit, and more than the Florida growers can get.

This summer there was at Monterey the son of a wealthy New Yorker, who attracted much attention. The young man was afflicted with alcoholic eccentricity to such a degree that he was in the permanent custody of a bear-leader. Yet among the many maids and matrons at Monterey there were heard only words of sympathy for the poor rich young man. This sentiment does honor to the feminine heart—and head.

To him who has to earn his own living, correct conduct is essential; misbehavior will be apt to be fatal. Therefore, for policy's sake, the young man who is trying to make his way in the world will try to lead a blameless life. But to the youth whose every want is assured by patrimonial wealth, it is comparatively unimportant whether he sets an example of vice or virtue; at most, he risks only public esteem, which can be regained by a course of contrition and amendment. He knows that if his habits attract odium, the penalty will be remitted when he shows signs of repentance. Society is very forgiving to men of wealth. Even the staidest matrons overflow with hoary adages about the sowing of wild oats when the orgies of a possible husband for a daughter are brought to their notice. Rich men's sons are thus deprived of the wholesome check which society holds over the heads of young men less obviously eligible; and they ought to be held to a stricter accounting by reason of their wider responsibility.

It is the misfortune of our society that no place has been found in it for the sons of rich men. In Europe, they go into the army or navy; they engage in politics, and get themselves elected to Parliament or the Chamber; they devote themselves to letters and publish—generally at their own expense—exquisite little volumes of poems. In all these pursuits they are useful in their way and have an occupation which fills their thoughts. No such niches are offered to the son of an American millionaire. Our army and navy are officered by men who live on their pay. It is very difficult for a rich young man to be elected to Congress, though an elderly one may buy a seat in the Senate. For some reason or other, rich young men do not take kindly to letters or art. They become almost perforce idlers, who inhabit clubs, drive fine horses, play billiards and poker, and give suppers to actresses. But a young man soon tires of these pleasures, as he does of foreign travel. When he does tire of them, there seems to be no place for him anywhere.

In accounting for the stupidity of the conceited and empty-headed Marquis of Farintosh, Thackeray explains that from the day he emerged from the nursery, all mankind entered into a compact to toady to him. He was told all round, by young and old, by men and women, that he was the brightest, handsomest, bravest, and best young man of his day and generation. What wonder if at last he came to believe it? We are not in this country quite so eager tuft-hunters as the English, but many a matron in American society is not above kow-towing to a young man who will some day be the possessor of millions. She may know from her husband that the young man is often seen drunk in public. She may know from other sources—how do women know these things?—that he is a welcome and a familiar visitor to resorts not to be named in ears polite. She may observe that his manners are so untutored that he will contradict a lady in conversation. But, for all this, when he condescends to irradiate her drawing-room with his presence, she will serve up for his consumption her fairest daughter on a platter, with a dressing of parsley and smiles. Nay, if the fair Imogen shrinks from the aroma of whisky which his lips exhale, the mother will rebuke her when the whisky-drinker has de-

parted. Yet if it should please my lord to lift the blushing beauty off the platter and clasp her to his bosom for life, how small a prospect of future happiness for him or for her!

In the East, where financial market-gardeners make a specialty of growing millionaires, and, in consequence, the crop of rich young men is larger than it is here, it is becoming a serious question what is to be done with them. Some of them drift into Wall Street and acquire a small smattering of finance at a large cost of money. Some go into trade, and their partners presently make them a liberal allowance on condition that they will keep away from the store. Some haunt the theatres, and establish a pretty reputation as patrons of art as personified by Mlle. Attenais, of the Royal Ballet Troupe of Madrid. A few write articles for the magazines; but the competition between those periodicals is so sharp that money will not procure the insertion of such matter as the youthful patricians can compose.

In short, there seems to be no niche in America for the rich man's son. He will doubtless continue to vacillate between the rich red roses of vice and the fair pale lilies of the drawing-room, while to his languid nostrils the lilies' mothers ever proffer the incense of flattery, and beg his highness to throw the bandkerchief.

Grover Cleveland's letter of acceptance is unique. Even though he were handicapped by the Chicago platform, it would seem that he might have said something which would fix his status as the Presidential nominee of a great party; but the more one reads the letter, the more difficult it becomes for the reader to extricate himself from the entanglement of verbiage in which Mr. Cleveland wanders—where, "in voluminous coil, intertangling like huge anacondas, roll overwhelmingly onwards the sesquipedalian words."

That the major portion of his letter should be devoted to the subject of the tariff was to be expected; but what his views are on that question—whether he is of the same opinion as when he wrote his message in 1887, whether he accepts or rejects the Waterson plank in the Chicago platform, or what plan of action he has laid out for himself and the Democratic party in the event of his election—it passes human understanding to find out. Even his ally and staunch supporter from over sea—the *St. James's Gazette*—is not satisfied as to his loyalty to free trade. That journal says:

"Cleveland's words have one meaning. The Democrats have no intention whatever of adopting free trade. The Democrats are more tepid for tariff reform to-day than in 1888. We can therefore only conclude, in the opinion of party-leaders who make it their business to watch public opinion, that the McKinley tariff has not made protection less popular. We have no doubt, even if Cleveland wins, there will be no great change in the fiscal policy of the United States."

In the same strain the *London Globe* says: "Cleveland has decided that America has not yet bad enough, or at any rate not too much, of McKinleyism, and he does not intend to abandon it." If this is the opinion of the leading English journals, which have been looking to Cleveland to inaugurate an epoch of free trade, what will his party think when they compare his letter with the Chicago platform, and with the subsequent declarations of Henry Waterson, that it was the mission of the Democratic party this year to destroy protection and to extirpate it, root and branch? The fact is that Mr. Cleveland has resorted to his customary tactics of attempting to conceal his meaning by a wilderness of words.

But ambiguous as is his letter regarding the tariff, it is positively lucid and brilliant by comparison with other portions of the acceptance, notably the part in which he discusses the question of money. The Chicago platform, it will be remembered, demands the repeal of the prohibitory national tax upon the issue of State banks. When Mr. Cleveland undertook to reconcile this with the general demand of the people of the United States for sound and stable money, he found himself in very deep water. His language means, if it means anything, that Congress is to guarantee the issue of State banks and pledge the faith of the nation to that sort of currency, as it does to money issued by or under the authority of the Federal Government. It is true that the Constitution of the United States gives Congress no such power; but that is a trifle.

Concerning civil-service reform, Mr. Cleveland puts all he could find to say into the truism that public officials are the agents of the people and should do their work as well as they can. This very, very small sop thrown to the Mugwumps will tend to confirm the impression that he has divorced himself from them in order to leave no impediment in the way of his alliance with Tammany.

To those who remember Mr. Cleveland's zeal and industry in vetoing pension bills, his recent deliverance on the subject of pensions will sound very like hypocrisy. He says, now, that all patriotic and just citizens must commend a liberal consideration for our worthy veteran soldiers, and that no complaint should be made of the amount of public money paid those actually disabled or made dependent by reason of their army service. This comes with bad grace from the

pen of Grover Cleveland. The bid for the soldier vote is entirely too palpable.

One allusion in his letter is most extraordinary. It is found in the sentence which begins, "Called for the third time to represent the party of my choice in a contest for the supremacy of Democratic principles." Inasmuch as he was so ingloriously defeated, in 1888, after a four years term as President, the wonder is that Mr. Cleveland did not omit any reference to the second call. It would be in keeping with that courtesy which forbids any reference to rap in the house of a man whose father has been hanged.

One "Doctor" Beale, alias Havens, an abortionist, who is charged with the murder of Mary Carroll, an unfortunate young girl, has "jumped" his cash bail of ten thousand dollars, and fled from San Francisco. Two women are charged with complicity in the crimes of this scoundrel. One of them languishes in jail rather than betray him; both have given proof of devoted fidelity to his cause. They do not deny their participation in his crimes; but they declare that he had acquired such "a strange power" over them that they were tools in his hands, and were ruled by his volition and not their own. To use the modern euphemism, he has hypnotized them, and controlled their actions by the exercise of his will. What value a judge and jury will attach to this plea if they come up for trial, remains to be seen.

The plea is not original. The Frenchwoman Gabriel Bompard, who assisted her lover Eyraud to murder Dr. Gouffe, also pleaded that she had been hypnotized and that she was not responsible for her actions. She summoned Dr. Bourgeois, one of the leading savants in France to explain to the court what hypnotism was; he testified as an expert that Gabrielle was unconscious of her guilt, and that her execution would be a murder. Nevertheless, the judge, who was a man of hard common sense, held that while science might investigate the abstruse subject of the transmigration of the will power, the law could not recognize its existence and that every sane person must answer for his or her own deeds. Our courts can not too soon lay down the same doctrine.

From time immemorial, weak women have been liable to be unduly influenced by men of strong will. A very large proportion of the crimes which females commit are committed at the instigation of men. Perhaps the most agreeable trait in the feminine character is a yielding disposition. It is natural for a woman to bend to the dictates of the man she loves. In obedience to those dictates, she suppresses her natural instincts and often does things which her judgment condemns and her conscience reproves. In the Garden of Paradise it was the woman who influenced the man; but, in real life, the man is usually the tempter. Now come savants who tell us that the control which some men acquire over some women is not the result of contact between a strong masculine will and a weak feminine organization, but is the working of a psychic force hitherto unexplained, but irresistible, which absolutely divests the patient of all responsibility for her acts. That is altogether a dangerous doctrine to pass unrebuked.

For it not only opens the door to criminality, but it tears down the barrier which is the safeguard of female virtue. If hypnotism takes rank among modern sciences, and it is admitted that, under given circumstances, a woman ceases to control her own actions, he who desires to commit a murder has only to secure a female accomplice, to arm her with pistol or the dagger, and he can put his enemy out of way without risk. She pleads, when she is tried for crime, that at the time it was committed her hand was under her control, but under his; and, as a person can be condemned for a crime she did not intentionally commit, she must be acquitted. Nor can the man be convicted of a crime which he did not personally commit. He pleads that he did not shoot or stab the deceased; for what the woman did he is not responsible. Thus immunity will be secured both.

To young women, the danger of a general acquiescence in hypnotism is startling. Women are weak. They are particularly weak when the man they love is concerned. They may be lulled by the insidious voice of a lover to do for themselves. But they should beware. The theory of hypnotism is new. The theory of love-making is old. A woman who attempts to excuse her weakness by the theory of hypnotism will meet with scant belief. Society will recognize the plea. It will be received with sneers.

The last word of science has not been spoken. It is difficult to explain the phenomena which were lately exhibited at a London hospital, when a cataleptic girl struck blows, and money, told lies at the command of her mesmerizer. These curious displays may, perhaps, be explained on the theory that in certain forms of disease the brain is subject to partial paralysis, and that then the connection between the convolutions of that organ and the muscular centres is interrupted. About a couple of years ago, the subject was



sidered in an article in the *Argonaut*, which endeavored to show that the phenomena of mind-reading and hypnotism were susceptible of an explanation which did not involve the action of mind upon mind. It is very much easier to believe that Dr. Beale, who seems to have exercised a peculiar fascination upon the sex, tempted his wife and his friend to acquiesce in his villainies out of regard for him, than it is to imagine that he was gifted with an occult power which they could not resist.

Now that the policy of the system of reciprocity counseled by Mr. Blaine while Secretary of State, and incorporated by the Republicans in Congress in the McKinley Tariff Bill, has demonstrated its unquestioned advantage to the commercial interests of the United States and likewise to the producing, the industrial, and the manufacturing interests of the entire country, the claim is put forward by Democrats that reciprocity was originally advocated by Democratic statesmen, and that the policy was first adopted by a Democratic administration, that of President Pierce, when the treaty of reciprocal trade between the United States and the British North American colonies was ratified, June, 1854, as it was negotiated by Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of State. The claim is utterly without merit. In the first place, the reciprocal trade treaty relating to Canada and the other colonies was not at all of the nature of the system of reciprocity promulgated by Secretary Blaine and adopted in the McKinley Bill. Included in it were only the productions of the colonies and of the States. Manufacturers and labor industries of the United States were excluded. It had small effect on commerce, and mainly related to the coasting traffic along the North Atlantic and the border trade between the States contiguous to the British provinces, and only to those provinces. But the question of reciprocal trade was not then originated, nor by Democratic statesmen. As far back as the period of the early Confederation of the States, following the peace with England and prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution—from 1783 till 1787—the policy of reciprocal trade with the nations of Europe was projected by John Adams, both as Commissioner to Paris and, subsequently, Minister to London. But the reciprocal trade suggested by John Adams comprehended simply the carrying of goods in free bottoms—American, British, French, and other—so far as concerned American products and the exports from Great Britain and France to America. Tonnage duties and port charges only were involved. Customs duties were in no measure affected. The proposition of Mr. Adams was in opposition to the spirit of the British Navigation Act, which prohibited the carrying of goods in any other than British vessels, so far as the American colonies were concerned. It proposed equal privileges to ships of other nations, with due rights reserved to American shipping, under the law of the United States. This was before the organization of the Union, during the period of the Confederation, while the States yet reserved, each State to itself, the adjustment of customs duties and the regulation of domestic and foreign commerce. On the formation of the Union under the constitution, the Congress of the United States was alone and supreme in making commercial treaties with other countries and establishing a schedule of customs duties on imports—in other words, the tariff.

The system of reciprocity projected by Secretary Blaine and incorporated in the McKinley Bill, in its design and operation, was original and without precedent in kind. It opened the ports of the United States, free of customs duties, with equal tonnage and port charges, to the products and ships of other nations in reciprocal trade—requiring, in measure of reciprocity, that likewise should the ports of each country to the compact be open and free to the productions and the stipulated industries and manufactures of the United States. The demonstrated effects of this system of reciprocity, in the brief period of its practical operation, is attested by the impetus and increase of American shipping interests and the expansion and important augmentation of American trade in exports of products and manufactures to South American States and the West Indies, to Central America, and to European continental nations—chiefly to Germany, France, and Spain. American flour, American machinery—agricultural machines and mills—and American meat products, are now very considerable items of trade by means of reciprocal treaties, and in return the people of the United States receive, free of duty, the products of those countries desired for consumption at lower cost; while home products—wines and fruits, in which California is materially interested—are amply protected by adequate customs duties on foreign importations.

The reciprocity treaty of the Democratic administration of President Pierce comprehended alone the British North American provinces; they alone profited from it, and only stipulated products were included in the reciprocation. It did not add one ton to American shipping; it is questionable

that it brought one dollar to the American treasury. Canada was the gainer; it simply stimulated trade upon the northern and Canadian border. The Democratic party neither projected it nor improved it. It was the proposition of Canada, and favored her interests and British free trade. The reciprocity of Mr. Blaine and the Republican party operates to the increase and advantage of American shipping and benefits every section of the American Union; it profits producers, and manufacturers, and laboring interests in every State. In conformity to the Republican system of protective tariff, the reciprocity instituted by the administration of President Harrison is of surpassing advantage to the American people. The claim of the Democratic party, or of any other, to its paternity is baseless and fabricated. It is solely and incontrovertibly the project and the accomplishment of the Republican party of the day.

The following interesting extract from the proceedings of the recent Democratic Municipal Convention appeared in the local columns of the *Evening Bulletin* of September 24th:

#### THE DEMOCRATS.

THEY DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO CANDIDATES OF AMERICAN BIRTH AND AMERICAN ANCESTRY.

The Democratic Municipal Convention met again last evening at Metropolitan Temple.

Frank T. Shay opened the convention by proposing Michael C. Haley for county clerk.

Marcus Rosenthal presented the name of Arthur E. Shattuck, and stirred up some feeling by naming among Mr. Shattuck's other qualifications that he was a native of old Sonoma County, bearing an American name with American ancestors. This information was received with mingled hisses and cheers from floor and gallery.

Frank Kane nominated James P. Slavin.

P. F. Dunne, in seconding Haley's nomination, roused the convention to a high pitch of enthusiasm by his remarks. He said that a man with a good American name, who came from Ireland, ought to be a good man. He didn't think, he added, that anybody ought to vote against Haley because his name was Haley. The Irish people and their descendants constituted the bulk of the voting population of this city, and the question was simply whether Haley was to be beaten because his name was Haley.

G. Devoto placed Fred P. Cullundan in nomination.

During the roll-call, Haley and Shattuck ran a neck-and-neck race, and there was much excitement toward the close. The vote stood: Haley, 206; Shattuck, 161; Slavin, 8; Cullundan, 3.

The nomination of Haley was made unanimous.

From this incident, it is plain that the Democratic Municipal Convention of San Francisco does not like Americans. The announcement that Mr. Shattuck had "an American name and American ancestors" was received with hisses. The statement that the "Irish people and their descendants constituted the bulk of the voting population of this city," is reported as having "roused the convention to a high pitch of enthusiasm." It is needless to state that the nomination of the gentleman from Ireland was made unanimous. The gentleman from America took a back seat. And yet Americans are found who will vote for tickets nominated in this fashion!

In Germany and in Belgium the railroads are owned and managed by the government. A bid for an order of ten thousand tons of steel rails for the Dresden railway was lately made by an English firm at lower price than by any of the German iron and steel manufacturers, and the contract was accordingly awarded to the English firm. A bid for three thousand tons of steel rails for the Congo Railway Company was likewise accepted from an English manufacturer for the similar reason—it was lower than the bid of any Belgian iron and steel firm. Congo Free State is a possession in Africa practically under the government of the King of Belgium. Germany and Belgium are alike rivals and competitors of Great Britain in the manufacture and export of iron and steel. The awarding of these contracts to English works instead of home manufacturers has caused much complaint, not only by the workers in iron and steel in Germany and in Belgium, but among every class of workmen and tradespeople, who contend that the orders should have been filled at home, to the benefit of domestic workers and the profit of home manufacturers, in place of procuring the steel rails from England. The American people have reason to contrast this action of the Government of Germany and of the Congo Railway Company in Belgium, and of the spirit of the respective people of the country in consequence, with something of similar nature which occurred during the Presidency of Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Endicott, Secretary of War, sent an order to England for a large supply of blankets for the United States army. Blankets of equal quality or better, of American wool and manufacture, could have been purchased at home at lower price. At the time, the duty on imported blankets ranged from ten cents to thirty-five cents per pound and forty per cent. ad valorem additional, agreeably to quality. But the government was exempted from duty; it got every article and manufacture free of duty. By purchasing in England the quality of blankets required, and importing them free of duty, Secretary Endicott was enabled to get them at a cost of eleven cents less per pair than an equal

quality of blankets of American manufacture could be obtained at home. Had the government been obliged to pay duty, the same as a merchant or any individual, the English blankets would have cost more than the home manufacture. But inasmuch as he was able to have them imported free of duty, at eleven cents per pair lower cost, the American Secretary of War chose to make the purchase of English blankets in preference to any of home manufacture. It was putting in practice, notwithstanding the tariff law of the time, the British system of free trade by the American Government—the equivalent of smuggling, had it been practiced by a citizen. It was free trade with a vengeance wreaked upon American woolen manufacturers, and it was practiced immediately following President Cleveland's memorable message promulgating his recommendation of the free-trade doctrine in the United States. Mr. Endicott was himself a Massachusetts man, a free-trade Democrat, the chosen of President Cleveland to his Cabinet. He manifested his spirit by preferring English manufactures over home manufactures in his purchase for the American army. American soldiers, under his administration of army affairs, might feed on rations of home product, but he would have them sleep in British blankets. It was fitting that his daughter became the wife of Joseph Chamberlain, the British special commissioner to Washington in connection with the Canadian negotiation—who turned from Radical to Tory, and is the political "What-is-it" of the British Parliament—a free-trader, without party following in England, with few admirers in America. Mr. Endicott showed his disdain of American manufactures and of American operatives, as Secretary of War in Cleveland's Cabinet, by his purchase of British blankets and his disposition to free trade as a Democratic leader. The subjects of the German Emperor and of the King of Belgium protest against the purchase of English steel rails with less reason than the American people protested against Secretary Endicott's purchase of British blankets, imported free of duty.

During the week just passed, the political situation has grown even more mixed. The Non-Partisans are still making changes in their ticket, and have not yet succeeded in getting a heading as a "straight ticket." If they do not succeed, it will materially affect their vote. The Democrats are having their usual Kilkenny cat fight. There are now three Democratic parties, the "Regular," the "Reorganized," and the "Reform Democracy," all of whom claim recognition from the election commissioners as the genuine Simon-pure party. The Sullivan-Dwyer-Young-Men's-Institute ticket does not commend itself to the Democracy; already there are signs of crumbling—Christian Reis, nominee for supervisor on that ticket, has withdrawn his name. The Republican ticket seems to be the least liable to fluctuations. There are some good names on it, some weak ones, and some bad ones. As we said last week, we shall lay before our readers a composite ticket, selected from all the others. We shall choose Republicans, other things being equal, and Americans, other things being equal; but we shall not accept a corrupt candidate because he is a Republican, nor reject an honest and available nominee because he is a Democrat. Next week the *Argonaut* ticket will appear, and we think our readers will find it worthy of the support of honest men of either party.

Half a loaf is better than no bread. If Congress will not entirely cut off foreign immigration, at least diminish it. General Francis A. Walker proposes the following plan: The United States should make proclamation that for ten years from and after January 1, 1893, a deposit of one hundred dollars shall be required from every alien entering its ports; that in case any person making such deposit shall depart out of the country within three years after the time of payment, the amount shall be refunded to him; that at the expiration of the term of three years, the amount of the deposit shall be repaid to every depositor then remaining in the country, upon the presentation of satisfactory evidence that he is at the time a law-abiding and self-supporting citizen. The law should expire by limitation, January 1, 1903. Such a law would at once cut off nine-tenths of the immigration now deluging us. It would not prevent thrifty and desirable immigrants from coming, and would exclude the pauper and criminal element.

In its ardor for catching the foreign vote, the Sullivan Democratic convention rather overstepped itself. In the Thirty-Fourth District they nominated for assemblyman one Frederick Klutz, lately a subject of Kaiser Wilhelm. It is not the fact that Mr. Klutz was a German subject that is worrying Boss Sullivan and his lieutenants, but that Mr. Klutz has been born again with such amazing rapidity. He has become a citizen of the United States, a voter of this city and county, and a candidate for the State legislature all within a period of sixty days. This has excited much indignation among the ninety-day Democrats.



## A BRIDE FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Mexican Mozo Rescued his Mistress from the Plague.

In the sixties—just which years, now, were they, of that decade?—when the cholera swooped darkly over these good United States of North America, she turned her course also southward, and trailed her black, loathsome wing over the Sister Republic. Home interests were absorbing then, and communication was slow and imperfect between the two countries; when the crisis was past, it was too late to seek for details from afire; Mexico was once again of interest only through her mines and her revolutions. Hence, only now and then, here and there, an American learns, by casual reminiscence of tragic episode and grisly horror, how heavily bore the weight of that sable pinion in a land where the terrors of a plague are enhanced tenfold for the surroundings of a vast majority of the people—of abject want and squalor.

This time the epidemic swept through Chihuahua, usually as healthful a town as there is in Mexico, harring the winter pneumonias, bred of unwarmed, draughty dwellings and insufficient clothing. The town lies on a high plain, gently sloping toward the river, so that the customary total lack of sanitary provision is here remedied to some extent by natural drainage. Then the soil, being *mineral*, a mining district, offers no foothold to miasma; and the population is not so great as to breed *foci* of disease like the sink-holes of filth such as are, too often, the larger cities. But this year vegetation had been ranker than usual; vegetables and fruits were so cheap that watermelons and apricots were fairly staples of diet among the lower orders. The soil seemed to hold moisture avidly; far up the valley, where the river is tapped by the magnificent aqueduct that strides grandly across the champaign with its beneficent endowment of good water—up yonder, grass and water-weeds, and divers more decaying matters, dammed the stream at an eddy of moment, and so the great, stately arches upon this time a channel of polluted water. The heats were fearful, though the nights chilled; the sun smote the earth like the breath of a brazen furnace. That year the knees of anxious supplicants were hollows in the flag-stones before the miracle-working picture of *Nuestro Señor de Mapiani*, in the auxiliary chapel in the left-hand tower-room of the noble parish church. But still the cholera raged in Chihuahua unabated.

On a certain night, toward the morning hours, José Maria Hojas opened his dull eyes with the sensation of awakening from a dream of the most disagreeable. He recognized, as consciousness grew clearer, certain sensations far from pleasant; his stomach, all the alimentary canal and cavity, seemed to have attempted the deglutition of pounded glass—and that red-hot glass; his eyes, his head, were bursting; his epidermis felt at once chilled and scalded, deadened and yet so supersensitive, that he felt agony from the touch of his scant clothing and the soft laving of the night wind. His whole body felt as if its every fibre had been tied into knots, strained tight, and then loosened with violence. He tried to remember what work he had been at, before going to sleep, that had so mauled and mistreated his frame. Don Celestino Aprovecharlos, his employer, was given to setting severe enough tasks to his menials; but José Maria had had no such stint as this must have been.

The olfactory sense of the lower-class Mexican can not fairly be called sensitive—happily for its possessors. Nevertheless, this avenue of perception now gave José Maria extreme discomfort. Also, the intrinsic chill of his flesh was augmented by coldness of contact. His usual bed was a stone floor, with only the interposition of a coarse, thin blanket; surely, thought José Maria, he had forgotten or lost his *jorongo*. Well—had he been drunk and got a beating, to account for this unmerciful soreness and languor? He put out an arm, slowly, weakly; it fell—on what? He turned to look, held his breath with disbelief and terror, then, as a wistful little cloud reluctantly unveiled the moon, José Maria leaped to his feet with a soul-stabbing scream of fear and horror, for a corpse, contorted, ghastly, already livid with the fearful hues of putrescence, lay beside him. As he looked around, his sight now stronger and more used to the crepuscular shade of the place, José Maria felt that he had become a madman, for on every side were corpses—stacked like cordwood, straight and rigid; piled in corners in irregular heaps, like the gnarled mesquite-roots used for fuel, which their bent, distorted shapes resembled: thrown down pell-mell without order or arrangement—corpses by the score, frightful, offensive, ghostly, with all the horror of solitude and abandonment. José Maria Hojas stared frantically about him, and then dashed wildly from side to side of that sinister inclosure. He remembered all now. No more illusions of overwork or of intoxication. He had had cholera—he now remembered the beginning of the attack; he had died, or seemed to die, and he was in the dead-house. And so, all the more furiously as memory grew clearer, he flung himself from side to side of the *patio*, now stumbling over some stark body, now reeling back abhorrent with outspread hands from contact with another, now falling at length upon a layer of the dead as his fictitious strength collapsed, then staggering to his feet again under the spur of terror.

In one of his collapses he either swooned or else he struck his head and was stunned; for he lay senseless so long that, when at last he revived, the moonlight had crept around the court until it shone full on the spot where he lay, which, when he fell, had been in darkness. He raised himself slowly, weakly, fearfully. His face had been lying on the feet of a woman. His gaze traveled up along her form until it rested on her fair face, bathed in the moonlight. *Virgen Santísima!* it was *la amita*—the little mistress; it was Erminia, the daughter of Don Celestino Aprovecharlos!

It is a singular and not an unpleasant feature of Mexican character that, among this race whose imperative eroticism may fairly be said to recognize no deterrent or restraint, divine or human, the women of the higher orders almost never are offered offensive advances by men of lower caste. An aristocrat masculine may, and almost unflinchingly does,

stoop to intrigues with the most squalid and menial of women; but the men of the *plebe* dream of lifting their eyes toward patrician women no more than would the domestic animals.

Yet José Maria Hojas had loved Erminia Aprovecharlos. She was a singularly lovable girl, before whose iron-barred windows suitors by the score had promenaded, making court after the strange fashion of the country. Aside from her beauty and her somewhat unusual spirit, her whole manner, her every word, was full of a divine tenderness and sympathy that warmed her slightest notice with a sense of her special interest. It was this attribute that had inspired José Maria's devotion. He was of a family of small commercial people, and he had received rather more than the rudiments of education; thus he was far superior to the usual servant classes. But the same poverty of spirit that had let him fall to servitude on pecuniary reverses made him cower unresisting before treatment that most servants by heritage would have resented—a harshness which was, indeed, provoked to aggravation by his abjectness. Thus the unflinching consideration and personal solicitude of Erminia had found doubly receptive appreciation. His passion for the girl was of a singular quality; privation and subjection had by no means lowered the pulses of his nature or reduced his feeling to an abstraction; yet his homage was so real, and the girl's dignity invested the sanctity of her womanhood with a barrier so positive, that through all his misery his strongest feeling now was a guilty sense of sacrilege at the involuntary presumption of his chance personal contact with her. Yet the consciousness of that touch brought him comfort. He was now in a proximity that could never have been his under other conditions. This helped to lessen his terror. This poor *mozo*, untaught, untrained, was of a mental cast naturally subjective, reflective, speculative. Incapable of formulative process, that dramatic, desolate night-watch initiated him into many wonders of philosophic perception.

So calmed he was by the presence there of the woman he had worshiped that he now set about an endeavor to escape with some degree of system. He knew that, resuscitated as he was, the deadly hour of dawn would bring a returned and final collapse, unless he could get succor. Further, he had another purpose, more impersonal, more unselfish.

This repository of the plague-stricken dead had once been a *cuartel* (barracks), and its choice for the present use doubtless arose from a prevision of worldly prudence which devoted to contamination this, rather than a house in good repair. The wall-planes of the arched corridors surrounding the court were unsightly, stained, and battered; the rear face, whose locked door gave into a horse-corral, was somewhat lower than the rest, and there was a possibility of climbing up its angle. As he dragged himself toward it, José Maria caught a flash of moonlight on some longish, glittering surface. It was a bottle. The smell, then the taste, proved it to be *tequila*. The men who brought the dead hither were induced to do so only under the influence of abundant stimulant; one of them had been in such overstayed case that he had dropped his store before he had more than tasted the fresh bottle. José Maria drank generously, and rubbed his temples, his face, his wrists, his breast, with the fiery, smoky liquor. Then, moved by an impulse, he filled his palm, and wetted the brow, and lips, and wrists of Erminia, with intent to delay the encroachments of decay. Fortified by the liquor, he actually made shift to climb by the interstices of the adobe wall to the *azotea* and thence to the similar flat-roofs of the rest of the block, where he finally found a ladder, forgotten in the general panic, and so reached the street.

He went directly to the house of his former employer. The door-porter, tardily opening the wicket, recognized José Maria's voice and outlines, and, screeching stridently, "A ghost! a phantom! he has come back to carry us all off with *el cólera*!" he made such an uproar that the master at last appeared to order silence. To him, José Maria hastily imparted his story of resuscitation and asked admittance.

"But what!" cried Don Celestino; "let thee in again?—after, thou brute! thou has once gotten the plague, thou wouldst come back, rotten from the *mortuorio* to menace again our safety! Go back there, and see if this time thou canst die in earnest!" and with that the wicket was closed, and the restored *mozo* was left in the dreary street, with its long lines of close-shut, jail-like façades. His spirit fainted within him. Not even the instinct of self-preservation, his fictitious exaltation, and his frequent recourse to the bottle in his bosom, could withstand the deadly prostration creeping over him. Despairing, almost hopeless, he dragged himself to where, far down the street, a light—the only one to be seen—burned in the window of one of the few two-story houses in the city. It gave him, besides a pleasurable hope, a strange feeling of novelty and long lapse of time in recognition.

"Don Avelino!" he called, his womanish falsetto rising weirdly into the night; "Señor Don Avelino!"

But it was only after many such calls that the irregular footfalls, sounding dully here and there over the brick floor above, diverged to the open window—its sign of disturbance within, since Mexicans regard the night-air as fatal, even in times free from epidemic. A young man's face looked over the clumsy wooden balustrade.

"Who is there?" he asked, hoarsely; "did some one call me?"

José Maria at sight of that face felt as one might who, transported to some far, strange planet, should see again after the lapse of ages a countenance once familiar. And yet, it was only in the forenoon of yesterday that he had seen Avelino Robles turn furiously away from the sight of the parish church, before whose altar Erminia Aprovecharlos was kneeling, clad in bridal raiment.

"It is I!" he cried; "I pray, your worship, give succor, or I die! Indeed, I believe there is now no more danger of contagion from me than from any your honor might meet in the street, for the plague has left me. And, oh! of a truth, I am no spectre, but a live man, tired and needing food and warmth. Oh! turn not away—*por amor de Dios—por la*

*misericordia!* for the love of God! for mercy! I am José Maria Hojas—I was *mozo* to the family of Aprovecharlos!"

"*Mí—mí—il ca—ra—jos!*" shouted Robles, his savage emphasis giving to the senseless Spanish oath the force of murder-mood; "what to me the Aprovecharlos? The only one of the brood that was aught but a bird of prey was given over to the clutches of another vulture! The Aprovecharlos, indeed! Dog! *Bribon!* Scoundrel! Hast thou come here to mock me, that thou offorest their name as thy voucher?"

The wretched figure below made the sign of the cross and lifted a hand solemnly toward heaven: "Señor, as you have said, there was one dove among those kites. And her delicate, sweet body lies down yonder defenseless, and unless you and I be active, her tender limbs must rot in the public *trincheras*. Can you bear to think that her last sleep will be among the general dead—even with thieves and harlots? I am only a humble *mozo*, but I will toil with my last breath to keep her body, in spite of the law, out of the common trenches!"

"What is this thou sayest?" cried Robles; "hast thou gone mad? The *niña* Erminia was married yesterday to Lino Herrera, the millionaire *minero*!"

"And her wedding journey was to the dead-house," said José Maria; "on the way from the church she was smitten with cholera. I saw her carried past as I lay in the *zaguan*, I, too, in my first agonies. Señor, wilt thou give me aid?—I faint—I die again!"

Robles rushed down and unbarred the great door of his deserted dwelling. He was able to carry the rickety form of the *mozo* up the little stone stairway and lay him on a couch. In his rebellion against the news of Erminia's approaching marriage, he had defiantly refused to provide himself with the usual remedies, or even the disinfectants with which the rest of the town was reeking. But he had plenty of liquors, and he made hot on a brazier the soup from his untouched dinner. With his body recouped of the terrible drain of the last sixteen hours, José Maria's strength returned with his energy. The privations of the Mexican poor are not pleasant to undergo, but they are excellent bodily discipline.

"No doubt it was from pure *congoja* that the *amita* got the cholera," he said; "your worship knows well that any emotion opens the gates of the body to illness; and she had wept without ceasing since her father said that she must marry Don Lino. Your worship saw that she was as white as lime when they took her to the church. Surely it was a sin to make marriages now, with the death in the land. But Don Lino is of the sacrilegious—he laughed and said he would get the start of the cholera. But it tore her from him. Señor, it was a judgment!"

"But a judgment that falls bardest on the unguilty," said Avelino Robles, bitterly; "art sure that thou art now strong enough to come with me? I feel how cruel it is to take thee, but I can trust none other—and I would bring her bere against all the laws of the universe! I can keep her till to-morrow night, and then bury her in a separate grave, under cover of darkness. But we must be moving, for it is now three of the morning."

They had no trouble in opening the *mortuorio*; the big, cubit-long iron key of Robles's outer door was enough like all other keys of the time and place to open almost any house then in Chihuahua; and they had not to contend with the inner door-chains, which is the real household safeguard—for they who slept here were not in ease to put it in place; nor had they aught to fear from night-marauders.

They swathed Erminia in a blanket and bore her to Robles's bouse. The *mozo*, exhausted, sank to his knees beside the couch on which they laid her. As Robles brought him wine, José Maria burst into hysterical laughter. "No! no!" he cried, "I did not come to life—I am dead of cholera. I thought I was alive, but not so! If only I had been like that, well and good! But *¡feco!* in the same way?—in the same place? No! no! NO! By that I know it is only a good dream—and I *did* die!" he shrieked with laughter.

"*Loco!*—insane!" said Robles, and moved to seize him before he should do a mischief—and then he stopped, amazed, for not only was Erminia's head turned to one side, resting easily on the pillow, but her lips were open, and, even while he gazed, she sighed, faintly but deeply.

It is a thing vastly to Robles's credit that, while he strained his every resource to restore Erminia, he neglected no whit the care of José Maria. He was wont to say, in after years, when complimented upon his wonderful capacity for work within a given period, that his energy dated from one night when he learned his own possibilities, in the care of two very sick people at once.

When the sun rose he had his charges both in fair comfort, and each in characteristic frame of mind. Erminia was patient, gentle, tranquil; José Maria was again timid, vacillating, womanish, but all a-thrill with a dog-like, grateful devotion.

Avelino Robles had some throes of moral and mental disturbance as to the future of Erminia, under existing conditions. But Erminia herself decided the question without initiative from him, calling him to her as the day wore on.

"I would tell thee, Avelino, that I will not go to my husband. I have sinned against thee, against myself, and against womanhood, in letting myself be wedded to him, however sore my father's pressure. The merciful God has put the barrier of death itself between me and that fearful man. He is no worse off to-day than he was yesternight, not knowing that I lie here alive beneath thy roof-tree, and I will put myself in his power—oh, never!"

"Then," began Robles, with passionate expectation. "No, dear," said Erminia, gently, "thou art dearer than my soul; but—so dear that the woman who should be thine must be saintless. We are farther asunder than the sea and the sky. But—thou wilt help me? For, see, I dare not—I will not—return to the house of my father, who will give me over to my husband—and I have no other shelter, if thou make it impossible for me to stay here. Wert thou any



other of my countrymen, I would go back to the *mortuorio*. But I can trust thee!"

"Tbou canst trust me."

And so she lay in the room whence Avelino had looked out upon the *mozo*, and on a cot just without her door lay José Maria, and to and fro between them went Avelino Robles in faithful attendance. Earnestly he blessed the coward flight of his servants back to their native *hacienda*, since it made possible Erminia's stay here.

The reaction came and passed, the patients both grew stronger, and a week after the rescue, Avelino Robles went out to reconnoitre the town and learn if the disappearance of the two bodies had passed unnoticed, as they hoped might well be, in the prevailing confusion and panic.

When he returned, his face was so ghastly, his eyes were so blazing, that Erminia sprang to him in dismay: "Art thou smitten with the sickness? No? Then have they missed us?—traced us hither? Will they come for us? Nay! but I will not go—I can not be made to go!"

Avelino laid his hands on either side her excited face: "My soul, thou dost not need go. There is none with right to claim thee. Lino Herrera died of the cholera three days since."

Is human nature so weak and groveling a thing that a brave and generous deed must have its reaction of selfish, ignoble repentance? Are the heights of nobility and courage so sublime that the soul can not sustain itself thereon save for flights of brief endurance, or does the meeting of extremes give the keynote of human inconsistency? José Maria had suffered when the woman so far, so hopelessly, above him was given to the sordid, brutal, dishonorable Lino Herrera; but he had not felt a tithe of the jealous, resentful pain that beset him now, when he saw the path clear for Erminia to a man worthy of her goodness and her beauty. He betook himself to the street, heedless of discovery and comment, and almost decided to stay away altogether. He was glad he had not done this, when, returning, he found the lovers so little self-absorbed, that their main care was precaution to protect him from the imprudence of his exposure to the night dews. He was more glad, for loyalty to Erminia, a few days later.

When Avelino Robles waited on Don Celestino Aprovecharlos, with the news of Erminia's preservation, he was met with point-blank contradiction. His daughter was certainly dead, said Don Celestino; very dead, as are most people who chance to fall on cholera. To be sure she had been taken to the dead-house, as the ordinance required, but he, Don Celestino, had attended there next morning, to "assist" at her funeral. *Si, señor!* Such were the thrice-melancholy circumstances.

Avelino took his departure, astounded, and sought his chiefest friend, the Licentiate Gamboa.

"*Ohé!*" said that gentleman, laughing, "the thing is very simple. Herrera was so bent on having Erminia that, besides the cash in hand, he let himself be brow-beaten into making a will leaving his property to his wife and to her heirs in reversion. He left no lawful heirs himself, and Don Celestino, being Erminia's heir, takes the possessions sooner than he expected. If Erminia had lived—you see? Now, if her own father saw her buried, she is dead—impossible to empty the trenches and prove she is not there, eh? Happily, thou art rich, and hast no need to provoke a scandal. And—Ave mine! bast thou thought of the nine-years' wonder that will hum if you marry and live here with Erminia? Now I marry next week Lola Mot, if the pestilence continue to abate, and I take my wife straight to the land of the *gringos*. I learn that in some of the States there is fine opportunity for Mexican lawyers and merchants who know both languages. Why should not you and Erminia come with us?"

Of course that was not the moment of final decision; Erminia must be consulted, and she approved; the good old priest who had baptized her, and who now confessed her, was taken into confidence, and he urged the emigration, "for rough tongues can draw blood," he said, "and as for thy churchly duties, there are good Christians everywhere." José Maria beard the news with apathy, and refused outright to go with them. He had done his one great deed and the possibilities of sublimity within him were exhausted. Why should not a man have credit for one lofty deed, as well as for one great picture, or book, or poem, even though he lapse back again into obscurity? José Maria took the provision made him, and went out into the mountains. He owns now a big *hacienda* near Guerrero, and a share in one of the best-paying mines in the Cusiuhuiachi district. "No fly crawls into a shut mouth," says a Spanish proverb, and this story is not widely known in Chihuahua. Avelino's sisters told it to me; they had to hear it when he took Erminia, for greater quiet, to be married in the little chapel on the *hacienda* where the sisters lived then. They live now in the city of Chihuahua, where they gave me a letter of "recommendation" (introduction) to their brother and his wife, who, as they assured me with unction, "live just like Americans." The ladies of Mexico are not unpatriotic, but they have their own reasons for inclining toward the United States in the matter of husbands.

Y. H. ADDIS.

SANTA BARBARA, September, 1892.

The Villa Eugénia, at Biarritz, has been purchased to be pulled down, by a firm of Parisian contractors, for the sum of eighty thousand dollars. This villa is a beautiful building, in Louis the Fourteenth style, and is surrounded by a fine park. It was erected for the ex-empress at immense expense.

Dr. Koch has expressed himself strongly against excessive watering of the streets during a cholera epidemic, on the ground that the bacilli thrive under the influence of moisture.

The troubles at Homestead have cost the State of Pennsylvania about five hundred thousand dollars for the support of the militia while in service.

## OLD FAVORITES.

The Coronation of Inez de Castro.

There was music on the midnight:  
From a royal fane it rolled,  
And a mighty bell, each pause between,  
Sternly and slowly tolled.  
Strange was their mingling in the sky;  
It hushed the listener's breath;  
For the music spoke of triumph high—  
The lonely bell, of death.  
There was hurrying through the midnight,  
A sound of many feet;  
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness  
Along the shadowy street;  
And softer, fainter, grew their tread  
As it neared the minster gate,  
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed  
From a scene of royal state.  
Full glowed the strong red radiance  
In the centre of the nave,  
Where the folds of a purple canopy  
Swept down in many a wave,  
Loading the marble pavement old  
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,  
For something lay midst their fretted gold  
Like a shadow of the tomb.  
And within that rich pavilion,  
High on a glittering throne,  
A woman's form sat silently,  
Midst the glare of light, alone.  
Her jeweled robes fell strangely still;  
The drapery on her breast  
Seemed with no pulse beneath to thrill,  
So stone-like was its rest!  
But a peal of lordly music  
Shook 'e'en the dust below—  
When the burning gold of the diadem  
Was set on her pallid brow.  
Then died away that haughty sound,  
And from the encircling band  
Stepped prince and chief, midst the hush profound,  
With homage to her hand.  
Why passed a faint, cold shuddering  
Over each martial frame,  
As one by one, to touch that hand,  
Noble and leader came?  
Was not the settled aspect fair?  
Did not a queenly grace,  
Under the parted ebon hair,  
Sit on the pale, still face?  
It was a strange and fearful sight,  
The crown upon that head,  
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,  
All gathered round the Dead!  
And beside her stood in silence  
One with a brow as pale,  
And white lips rigidly compressed,  
Lest the strong heart should fail;  
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,  
Watching the homage done,  
By the land's flower and chivalry,  
To her, his martyred one.  
But on the face he looked not,  
Which once his star had been;  
To every form his glance was turned,  
Save of the breathless queen;  
Though something, won from the grave's embrace,  
Of her beauty still was there,  
Its hues were all of that shadowy place,  
It was not for him to bear.  
Alas! the crown, the sceptre,  
The treasures of the earth,  
And the priceless love that poured those gifts,  
Alike of wasted worth!  
The rites are closed. Bear back the dead  
Unto the chamber deep;  
Lay down again the royal head,  
Dust with the dust to sleep.  
There is music on the midnight—  
A requiem sad and slow,  
As the mourners through the sounding aisle  
In dark procession go;  
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,  
And all the rich array,  
Are borne to the house of silence down,  
With her, that queen of clay.  
And tearlessly and firmly  
King Pedro led the train;  
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,  
When they lowered the dust again.  
'Tis hushed at last the tomb above;  
Hymns die, and steps depart:  
Who called thee strong as Death, O Love?  
Mightier thou wast and art.—*Felicia Hemans.*

The Bridal of Andalla.

"Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down  
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.  
From gay guitar and violin the silver notes are flowing,  
And the lovely lute doth speak between the trumpet's lordly blowing,  
And banners bright from lattice light are waving everywhere,  
And the tall plume of our cousin's bridegroom floats proudly in the air.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.  
Arise, arise, Xarifa! I see Andalla's face—  
He bends him to the people with a calm and princely grace;  
Through all the land of Xeres and banks of Guadalquivir  
Rode forth bridegroom so brave as he, so brave and lovely, never.  
Yon tall plume waving o'er his brow, of purple mixed with white,  
I guess 'twas wreathed by Zara, whom he will wed to-night.  
Rise up, rise up, Xarifa! lay the golden cushion down;  
Rise up, come to the window, and gaze with all the town.  
What aileth thee, Xarifa—what makes thy eyes look down?  
Why stay ye from the window far, nor gaze with all the town?  
I've heard you say on many a day—and sure you said the truth—  
Andalla rides without a peer among all Granada's youth;  
Without a peer he rideth, and yon milk-white horse doth go  
Beneath his stately master with a stately step and slow—  
Then rise—oh rise, Xarifa, lay the golden cushion down;  
Unseen here through the lattice you may gaze with all the town."  
The Zegri lady rose not, nor laid her cushion down,  
Nor came she to the window to gaze with all the town;  
But though her eyes dwelt on her knee, in vain her fingers strove,  
And though her needle pressed the silk, no flower Xarifa wove;  
One bonny rosebud she had traced before the noise drew nigh—  
That bonny bud a tear effaced, slow drooping from her eye—  
"No—no!" she sighs, "hid me not rise, nor lay my cushion down,  
To gaze upon Andalla with all the gazing town."  
"Why rise ye not, Xarifa, nor lay your cushion down?  
Why gaze ye not, Xarifa, with all the gazing town?  
Hear, hear the trumpet how it swells, and how the people cry:  
He stops at Zara's palace-gate—why sit ye still—oh, why?"  
—"At Zara's gate stops Zara's mate; in him shall I discover  
The dark-eyed youth pledged me his truth with tears, and was  
my lover?  
I will not rise, with weary eyes, nor lay my cushion down,  
To gaze on false Andalla with all the gazing town."  
—John Gibson Lockhart.

The Sultan of Turkey has just issued a revised edition of the Koran, adapted to his own views.

## TWO NEW PEERS.

How Gladstone hopes to Capture the House of Lords.

Among the many evidences of inconsistency which adorn the practices of Gladstonism is the elevation of Sir Lyon Playfair and Mr. Cyril Flower to the peerage. I do not mean that either of these gentlemen was not a fit person upon which to confer the so-called honor. They are both of them men of brains, ability, position, integrity, and wealth, and were the mental and moral tone of the House of Lords really what it is out of civility supposed to be, no two better men could be found in the kingdom to add to the members of that exalted legislative chamber. From a Tory point of view, no assemblage of men is so great as the House of Lords. All—with the exception of "a few black sheep," as Lord Salisbury mildly describes such members as the Earl of Lonsdale, the Earl of Shrewsbury, and the Duke of Marlborough—are high-minded, high-principled, refined, well-educated, and, I was going to say, well-born gentlemen. But even the rankest Tory who ever cursed Gladstone and lived with a primrose in his button-hole, could not claim that distinction for the House of Lords in these days, when the Besses, and Allsopps, and Guinesses, and Brasseys, and Hollands sit on the barons' benches.

Of course we all know that it is really the prime minister for the time being who makes peers. He selects the men for the honor, and sends their names to the queen, who, thereupon, does just what he tells her, and ennobs them. His object is to strengthen his hands politically, and to that end he uses his power of elevation to the House of Lords quite as much as his power of appointment to office under the government. It is a great safety-valve to all incoming premiers and an unlimited source of "rewards" to the outgoing—as witness the "honors" conferred by Lord Salisbury on a whole raft of his Tory friends just before he delivered up his seals of office. To the incoming prime minister, the House of Lords is always available as a sop to appease those of his benchmen for whom he can not find a place in the ministry, either in or out of the cabinet. Of course, if a prime minister were to suggest the name of some outrageously objectionable person, such as Labouchère, Cunningham Graham, or Dr. Tanner, for the bestowal of a peerage on them, the queen would refuse. But no prime minister would be such a fool as to do such a thing as that.

Take the case of Labouchère. If any man deserved a place in the present ministry, it is he. Yet Gladstone did not dare to submit his name to the queen for her approval, and he has virtually told him so. Radicalism is not yet far enough advanced in England to allow of men like Labouchère being given office under the government. As well ask the queen to make Labouchère a peer.

No doubt Gladstone is killing two birds with one stone. By making Sir Lyon Playfair "Lord" Playfair, and Mr. Cyril Flower "Lord" Battersea, he not only honors two staunch political followers, but he puts two men in the House of Lords who will vote for his Irish Home-Rule Bill. Everybody knows that the majority of the House of Lords is against home rule, and, should a bill go up to them from the House of Commons, they will throw it out. But if Gladstone can create enough new peers to make a liberal majority in the House of Lords, what is to prevent his doing so? Time alone will show if this is not his game; and we shall see if Sir Lyon Playfair and Cyril Flower are not only the beginning of an army of new Gladstonian peers. It will be seen how completely in his power is the dreadful House of Lords after all. Gladstone has scores of men willing and in every way fit to be made peers—men against whom the queen could not raise the faintest objection, and these men will get their coronets if he thinks it advisable. It will be a stupendous job, of course, yet it has been done before—and not so long ago, either—when, in order to carry a doubtful measure in the House of Lords, the then prime minister made fifteen peers in one day. Another point will Gladstone gain by it. It will disgust the people with the House of Lords itself, and show them what an utterly useless safeguard such a second chamber is. And thus will its ultimate abolition be hastened. In very sooth can Gladstone with lago say: "Every way makes my gain."

But though the cleanly minded and unsophisticated voters of Britain may be shocked at this prostitution of power in the hands of politicians, the fact still remains that the two men already chosen as the vanguard of the army that is to follow are good men and true, and in every way worthy of the high estate to which they have been raised. Sir Lyon Playfair—now Lord Playfair of St. Andrews—is a noted scientist, having studied under Baron Liebig, at Giessen. He was professor of chemistry at the Royal Institution of Manchester as far back as 1843; and has been since then, up to 1869, government inspector-general of schools and museums of science and art, and professor of chemistry at Edinburgh University, so that he is a great man in more senses than one. He has just gone for a trip to the United States, having sailed in the *Teutonic* on her last voyage out and but a few days after his peerage was given him. Mr. Cyril Flower—now Lord Battersea—is a different sort of man altogether. He is a rich country gentleman of unblemished reputation and husband of one of the Rothschilds—a daughter of the late Sir Anthony. He has not done much for science, except so far as it can be applied to fox-hunting, and his public services have been chiefly of a political character. He is, however, quite up to, if not beyond, the average of the men who sit upon the barons' benches already.

In time, I daresay, we shall have Sir William Harcourt, Professor Bryce, John Morley, Campbell-Bannerman, Sir George Trevelyan, Sir Charles Russell, and other oldsters following Playfair and Flower to the shelves of the Hereditary Chamber to comply with a double party need—viz.: to build up a Gladstonian majority there and to make room for the youngsters pressing on.

COCKAY.

LONDON, September 10, 1892.



## THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

How it Brought a Modern Aladdin Wealth and Happiness.

The Perronnet family—composed of M. Jules Perronnet, retired hat-seller; Mme. Léontine Perronnet, his wife; and their daughter, Amélie Perronnet, a young woman who had just reached marriageable age—had finished its evening meal.

Amélie Perronnet, following the wise precepts of house-keeping that her mother had inculcated in her, aided the little servant-girl to remove the cloth, with an eye on the fragile dishes. Mme. Perronnet brought forth her ledger, to inscribe in it the expenses of the day, and M. Perronnet, after having looked over the real-estate sales, had installed himself at the corner of the fire to devour the political news. For at the Perronnets' they sat in the dining-room after dinner. The parlor was used only on Friday, the reception day; the rest of the week, the parlor furniture was carefully swathed in its linen covers.

It should not be imagined from this that the Perronnets were avaricious. They were, on the contrary, worthy people who had come to San Francisco in the early sixties, and had thrifflily amassed a comfortable fortune in the hat trade. But they had their little foibles; and, as they had not accustomed themselves to use a parlor, they did not occupy the one they had so richly furnished when they bought their house on Geary Street, a fine house that brought them in sixteen hundred dollars a year, what with the grocery-store and the rooms they rented on the third story.

Three times already they had been asked for the hand of their daughter—they had brought her up in the good old French way, and Amélie was too obedient a child to have ideas of her own—but they had declined. They had thought that court was paid less to Amélie than to her ten-thousand-dollar *dot*, to the Geary Street house, and to the further little fortune that constituted what, as regards marriage, are termed "expectations."

The cloth removed, Amélie brought her father his *petit verre* of cognac, and then seated herself at the table and read the fashion journal.

From time to time, when she seemed absorbed in her reading, M. and Mme. Perronnet exchanged a few words in a low voice, with a mysterious air; but, as soon as Amélie raised her head, they were silent or spoke of having repairs made in the house.

Toward half-past nine o'clock, all three became silent, listening, waiting for something. That something was the sound of a step on the stairs—a firm, regular step that they followed from the street door up to the third landing. They said nothing, but they thought, with an air of very evident satisfaction: "He has come in."

Almost immediately, Amélie kissed her parents and went to bed.

When the old people were alone, the father said: "What regularity!"

"Evidently," approved the mother, "he is an orderly man."

At ten o'clock there was a knock at the door. It was the servant, who was come to say good-night to her mistress, according to the custom Mme. Perronnet had exacted of all her servants.

After having gently closed the door leading to Amélie's room, Mme. Perronnet said to the girl:

"Well, how is the new lodger?"

"Well, ma'am, he gave me his little lamp to fill again this morning."

"It is astonishing!" exclaimed Mme. Perronnet.

"It is lit already," declared M. Perronnet, who had pushed back the window-curtain, and was looking up at a little window in the third floor of the wing of the building.

"What energy!" exclaimed Mme. Perronnet; "and what is it like, this lamp?"

"I saw it the day he brought it here, madame; he carried it home himself. It is a little blue china lamp."

"The lamp of a student," solemnly declared M. Perronnet; "ah—I see him, he is taking a breath of air at his window—he is smoking a cigarette."

"And well he might, my dear, before spending the whole night at his work. Mary, he paid me in advance for the first month yesterday. Tell him to stop in to-morrow night, to get his receipt. Good-night."

An hour later the entire house was plunged in the most profound darkness, except the little window in the third floor, which shone brightly into the middle of the night and even until dawn.

The sun then shone into John Chappell's room and awoke him.

His first care was to extinguish his lamp; he assured himself that it had burned brightly, and seemed greatly pleased.

As he dressed, he glanced happily over the vista of backyards and roofs which constituted the view from his window. Then, fresh-looking and handsome, he went down-stairs to go to his breakfast of rolls and coffee, and then to his desk at the store where he earned sixty-five dollars a month. As he was leaving the house, the servant hastened out to tell him that his receipt was ready in Mme. Perronnet's rooms.

"All right," he answered. "I shall get it this evening," and he walked briskly away, without a glance back. If he had turned around, he would have seen a brown little head at Mlle. Amélie's window; and if he could have heard what Mlle. Amélie's red lips said, he would have been very proud, for they murmured: "My, ain't he nice-looking!"

He was handsome, indeed—tall, dark, with a well proportioned figure and a crisp mustache; and in his eyes there was a look of tranquil content that was very pleasant.

He worked all day, with no thought but of his duties, only saying to himself, as he had said it many a time before, that, if it was a good year, they would probably raise his salary. It was, just then, his sole ambition.

That evening, having dined simply but substantially, he presented himself at the Perronnets' door. He did not suspect that he had so excited the curiosity of this family.

He was introduced into the parlor, which was brilliantly lighted for this event. M. and Mme. Perronnet, who were already there, and Mlle. Amélie, who was listening behind a portière, decided that he made a very graceful appearance.

He was closely interrogated as to his life, his family—who lived in the country—and his work. M. Perronnet complimented him on his ardor as a student, and Mme. Perronnet counseled him not to abuse his health. He thanked them, a little astonished at this paternal solicitude, received his receipt, and retired to his room, where soon his lamp shone with its accustomed brilliancy, and continued to shine until morning.

At the end of a month, the curiosity of the Perronnet family had reached a climax. They spoke openly of him before Amélie.

This student's lamp had given John Chappell a marvelous reputation. Sometimes they thought that he had aged parents to support, and it was for this that he did this supplementary work; sometimes they imagined him a student, a scientist, a future benefactor of his race.

"What a constitution he has," M. Perronnet would exclaim, "to work all night, and look like that in the morning!"

Amélie had not been consulted, and, to tell the truth, the wonderful lamp had made no great impression on her; but she always found some pretext to go down-stairs at the precise moment when the lodger on the third-floor was coming in—he came in very regularly, not having the money to seek amusements—and she found his air, as he saluted her, very elegant.

Already Mme. Perronnet was disposed to wait, if John Chappell did not have his money ready at the end of the month. But he was exactly punctual. He was simply perfect!

At last the situation began to appear strained to Amélie. "Mamma," she said, "don't you think it must be very lonely for that gentleman upstairs, to sit alone every evening?"

It was like a flash of light to Mme. Perronnet.

"Perronnet," she declared, solemnly, to her husband, "the heart of our daughter has spoken."

John Chappell was astonished to receive an invitation to take tea with the Perronnets, who were going to have a few friends.

He came, was charming, sang a few love-songs, for which Mlle. Perronnet played the accompaniment, and noticed that Amélie was quite pretty. Mme. Perronnet could not believe her ears; this grave, studious man, this indefatigable investigator, sang love-songs! He assumed, in her eyes, the proportions of a hero of romance. She devoured her daughter and the singer with her maternal regards. M. Perronnet always had the same idea: "What a constitution he must have!" But he felt sure that after this little family gathering, John's window would remain unlighted for at least one night, that he would have at least one night's rest. But no—that night, as every other, the wonderful lamp lighted the student's window!

Amélie went to bed happy, and dreamed the most roseate dreams.

This first family evening was soon followed by a second, then by many others. Amélie and John learned duets, and played at the same piano; they even went to the theatre once, and John presented Mme. Perronnet with a bouquet and gave Amélie a box of bonbons.

However, M. Perronnet made inquiries as to the commercial standing of his lodger, and learned that John was as exemplary in his business as in his private life, and that, to secure a very good place, he needed only a little capital. All the friends consulted found the young man charming. They had been informed of his nocturnal labors, but no one ever made the least allusion to them, through a feeling of delicacy easy to comprehend, for they all felt sure that it was really to help his aged parents.

Moreover, John gave proof of admirable disinterestedness. He had fallen deeply in love with Amélie; but, knowing her to be rich, he did not dare ask for her hand. Amélie had to break the ice. She knew very well what was passing in John's mind, and so, one evening, between two songs, she shyly asked him.

"Why shouldn't we get married, John?" she said.

He flushed violently, and explained, manfully, that he would want nothing better, but he had nothing but his meagre salary. His frankness, combined with a look full of tenderness, completed the conquest of Amélie, and the marriage was decided on.

During all the preparations, during the buying and making of the trousseau, the very night before the ceremony, the lamp still burned.

"This is too much!" cried M. Perronnet; "now he no longer has the right to compromise his superb health."

After the marriage, which was gayly celebrated, the young couple left on their wedding journey, and M. Perronnet was at last free to enter his son-in-law's room. There he discovered, to his stupefaction, very few books, a simple box of note-paper, a rusted pen, and, in the inkstand, some ink half-dried up.

"It must be that he does mental work," he said, as he took the famous lamp and respectfully bore it down-stairs to a room which he had prepared for his son-in-law, to which he had given the name of work-room.

Then he waited impatiently for the return of his children. They came back, happy, enchanted, she a little fatigued by the journey, he still fresh, still handsome.

After a pleasant family evening, the young couple retired, and John went to find his lamp.

"Your work-lamp!" cried the astonished father-in-law.

"Why," said John, surprised, "it isn't a work-lamp, it is simply a lamp."

"Simply a lamp?"

"Yes; I can not go to sleep without a lamp in the room. And then it makes burglars think you are awake, you know, and you can sleep with no fear of being robbed."—*Adapted for the Argonaut by L. S. V.*

## LATE VERSE.

## The Winds' Story.

The North Wind blew at night off the sea,  
Saying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!  
I sing of the numbing Winter's breath,  
I sing of snow and death.  
I bring in the wave with the broken spar,  
And the gray seas curling over the bar,  
Drifting at night from a cold bright star—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The South Wind blew at noon off the sea,  
Singing, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!  
I sing of the golden buttercup breath,  
I sing the peace of death.  
I bring in the shells with the laughing tide,  
And follow the brown sails home, and slide  
In the drowsy heat down the meadow side—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

The East Wind blew at morn off the sea,  
Crying, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!  
I sing of the piercing iceberg's breath,  
I sing the horror of death.  
And the tempest's shriek in the rigging black,  
And the spindrift wreath and the rolling wrack,  
And the boat that never again comes back—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, all of me!"

The West Wind blew at dawn off the sea,  
Calling, "Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!  
I sing of the joyous salt sea breath,  
I sing, 'There is no death!  
I murmur of sea-caves rosy and deep,  
And the glittering bay where the shoal-fish leap,  
And the lapse of the tide as it sinks to sleep—  
Sorrowful, sorrowful, come to me!"

—A. E. Gillington in the Spectator.

## Felipa, Wife of Columbus.

More than the compass to the mariner,  
Wast thou, Felipa, to his dauntless soul.  
Through adverse winds that threatened wreck, and nights  
Of rayless gloom, thou pointed ever to  
The north star of his great ambition. He  
Who once has lost an Eden, or has gained  
A paradise by Eve's sweet influence,  
Alone can know how strong a spell lies in  
The witchery of a woman's beckoning hand.  
And thou didst draw him, tide-like, higher still,  
Felipa, whispering the lessons learned  
From thy courageous father, till the flood  
Of his ambition burst all barriers,  
And swept him onward to his longed-for goal.  
Before the jewels of a Spanish queen  
Built fleets to waft him on his untired way,  
Thou gavest thy wealth of wisely sympathy  
To build the lofty purpose of his soul.  
And now the centuries have cycled by,  
Till thou art all-forgotten by the throng  
That lauds the great Pathfinder of the deep.  
It matters not in that infinitude  
Of space, where thou dost guide thy spirit bark  
To undiscovered lands, supremely fair.  
If to this little planet thou couldst turn  
And voyage, wraith-like, to its cloud-hung rim,  
Thou wouldst not care for praise. And if perchance  
Some hand held out to thee a laurel-bough,  
Thou wouldst not claim one leaf, but fondly turn  
To lay thy tribute also at his feet.

—Annie Fellows Johnston in Harper's Weekly.

## Arria.

"Pætus, my master sends death, but thereto addeth this grace—  
Choose thou the hour and the hand that shall drive the steel to  
its place."  
Thus spake a Dacian slave, noiseless retiring apace.  
Blanchèd were the lips of Arria.

Anon their rich color returned in a threefold resurgent wave.  
"Death must thou have, O my dearest, yet not by the hand of a  
slave!"  
Lordly give back to the gods the lordly gift that they gave!"  
Smiled the red lips of Arria.

(Mark! not the starveling of life, not the scooner, is freest from  
fear;  
Hearts richest in love are foremost to rush on the foeman's spear;  
And the keen accolade that maketh immortal falls sacred and  
dear

As the kiss from the lips of Arria.)

And yet mused the knight; for who would not stay, though but  
for a span,  
Ere he pass to the untried gods this life in the known frame of  
man?  
So strong through his veins the impact of years to be canceled  
yet ran—  
And so sweet were the lips of Arria!

"Now death or craven delaying!" clear rang her silvery note.  
"Thou wouldst not falter in choice, thou ever to honor devote!"  
As throbs the soft breast of a startled dove, so throbbèd her soft  
throat,  
Yet firm the red lips of Arria.

With the dower of her beauty upon her she stood in his wavering  
sight;  
A true Roman wife, he beheld her, the peer of a true Roman  
knight.  
"Hast thou lost the old way, O my lord, dost thou need one to set  
thee aright?"  
Still smiled the red lips of Arria.

And, smiling, she laid her warm hand on the steel true-tempered  
and cold.  
"This were the way!" (She has driven the point through her  
tunic's white fold!)  
"This is the way—none other; but, Pætus, it hurts not—behold!"—  
And hushed were the lips of Arria.

Oh, horror! oh, pity! oh, love! But now is no moment to weep;  
Let the bright death, from her heart, to his own, inopportune leap:  
Ay, for it hurts not when life flitteth forth from its cabinet deep—  
Forth to the soul of Arria!

One touch of her consecrate lips, one instant above her he stands;  
In the next he hath caught the life-drinking blade in his two firm  
hands.  
He hath tried the old way—the old way that ever mocked tyrannous  
bands—  
Now forth to the soul of Arria!

—Edith M. Thomas in October Atlantic.

Samuel J. Tilden's famous and favorite saddle-horse, Blackstone, is dead at the age of thirty-two years. The horse had national fame at one time, his name having figured in the cipher dispatches sent during the exciting Presidential contest of 1870.



## NEW YORK'S PROVINCIALISM.

The Faults of the Metropolis, as Seen by a Western Man.

New York is the largest city in the United States, as the census shows, but it is by no means the typical American city. When the question of selecting a site for the Columbian World's Fair came up, New York placidly remarked: "We are the metropolis" and waited for the fair to come. Chicago said: "We are the typical American city" and proceeded to "hustle" in a truly American style. The result is that Chicago has the fair. That New York is mean and petty, the *Argonaut* has already pointed out, apropos of the Grant monument and other instances of lack of public spirit in Gotham; that the social elect of New York are narrow and provincial, our New York correspondence plainly shows. In this line of thought, we present herewith a general criticism of New York, which appeared in an Eastern journal, and purported to be the expression of a Chicago man's opinions:

"New Yorkers are not like other Americans. They are the most provincial people of whom we know. Their country is their city, and when they have gone from one ward to another, they feel as we do when we journey among the States. To travel from the Battery to Central Park is, to a New Yorker, what going to the Rockies or the Alleghenies is to us in the West. They are more limited in their actual worldly or geographical knowledge than any persons in Christendom, except the *boulevardiers* of Paris, for even the cockneys go to Brighton, and the clerks of Oxford Street took in the Paris Exposition a couple of years ago.

"The mass of the people of New York never have been to Hoboken, and only funerals cause them to cross the East River, blindly in carriages, with the curtains down. They laugh at the story of the Englishman who landed and went to the Hoffman House one night, and who, upon waking up in the morning, saw a Buffalo Bill parade of Indians and cowboys, and at once raced back to the steamer in a cab, and returned to London, vowing that all which he had heard of America was true—he had seen the tomahawking red men in Broadway.

"But by what right do the people of New York laugh at that story? They have far less distinct and less correct notions of Chilliotee, Los Angeles, St. Jo, Dubuque, and Spokane than the Englishman held of New York. They are like the ancients who pictured a jumping-off wall around the little world of Southern Europe. They put the wall around Manhattan Island, and beyond it Saturn and Santa Fé, Jupiter and Jacksonville are alike to them—foggy places, immeasurably distant, uncertain, and unworthy of comparison with their own little walk-around.

"They do not know anything but New York and London, and the rest do not even know London. All of us in the West long ago established our choice of the hotels in New York, of the best restaurant to lunch in down-town, and of the place where we think they make the best cocktail and serve the least burdensome macaroni dinner. There is scarcely a club on Fifth Avenue that does not know us, and many a Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis, and other man is a non-resident member of New York's best clubs, becoming so because we Western people travel, make America a study, and find out what each of our big towns is good for. Frankly, in New York, we like the harbor and river-steamboat trips, the opera, the 'promoters' who float our schemes, and the marvelous display of good horses and carriages in the park of an afternoon."

Of the lack of enthusiasm that characterizes New Yorkers as a body, the writer says:

"It has often been said that the people of New York have no enthusiasm as a body, no pride of place, no public ardor. This is not denied in that city. It has altered from an admission to a boast, which seems to me very like an Ishmaelite glorying in his treachery and friendlessness, or a madman crowing over his folly. Washington's headquarters on the Bowling Green are torn down, the old Rhineland prison-refinery is pulled to pieces, the railroads run over the most beautiful park on the continent, the monument to General Grant remains a thing like a spring-house on a dairy-farm for years—nothing is respected, no vandalism is prohibited, no public testimonial is urged forward, and the people and their newspapers say it must be so, because there is no public spirit. 'We are too big to care about ourselves.'

"Very well, we of the West can afford to be merciful about that, for we are the gainers. We have taken New York's honors from her while she slept; we will wrest her business from her if she does not wake. We want deep water from the lakes to the sea. New York can exert herself and put herself on the water highway which we will surely cause to be created. If she remains as she is, in the lethargy of mere hulkiness, we will pass her by upon the St. Lawrence or the Mississippi, and she will wake to find herself second to us in commercial as she is in patriotic rating. That is only one way in which she is threatened; but if she does not care, why should we?

"One reason for the un-Americanism and lethargy of New York is that it is a city of the rich and the poor. Mansions, and boarding-houses, and tenements make it up. In the history of our race, from the days of Lycurgus down, no patriot has ever appealed to the rich, and no successful revolution has been led by the very poor. The process of mankind is to make the poor recruit the middle class, and for that class to drain itself into the rich, who are ornamental, inactive, and short-lived.

"Nineteen in every twenty New Yorkers are landlord-ridden rent-payers. It is no wonder that they do not love or interest themselves in the town. They are mere campers there, paying toll for every phase of existence. They live in New York as the Sabines lived in Rome—with their hearts astray. They are all a-haying for existence or a dollar. Their bodies are on Manhattan and their hearts are in Ireland, Poland, and Deutschland. What kind of a school for Americans is that?"

The monotony and lack of beauty in the architecture of New York seem to arouse the Western man's ire. He says:

"The quarters in which the rich live are called the 'brown-stone districts.' If there is anything more maddeningly monotonous, or if there is any greater product of helpless and brainless torpidity of taste than the so-called better districts of New York, may heaven decree that I shall not see it.

"The long rows of slab-fronted dry-goods boxes of brown stone, all of a height, and size, and pattern, actually tire the lamp-posts and give the licensed venders' horses a look of settled sadness. Each of the older cities of the country fell into a mechanical habit of reproducing one type of houses, until they numbered thousands and covered square miles, and until Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Baltimore, and St. Louis each looked as if they had ordered their dwellings at a mill, Philadelphia having a mill of its own, where white marble was sandwiched in with bricks, and New York having ordered one hundred thousand houses from the Astors, who owned a brown-stone quarry.

"All these cities, except New York, have long since outgrown this false taste. Boston and Baltimore now reveal the varying tastes of individuals in great districts of comely dwellings almost comparable with those of Chicago, which, by the way, put the world at its beck in its demand for a variety in building materials. Philadelphia and St. Louis, adopting the rustic taste of the twin cities on the Mississippi, are becoming great semi-rural towns of villas and lawns. But New York still clings to its old mill and quarry of brown stone, and hopes for nothing better, because its people see and know nothing but what they have.

"In these brown boxes, or rather, behind these cliffs of brown stone, the people maintain a very peculiar inheritance which they call 'exclusiveness.' They do not and will not know their neighbors. They will live for years side by side with other families, paying tribute to one family of land barons, of whose exactions they boast, as when they say: 'My people have paid rent to three generations of the Astors,' and they will tell you they do not know even the names of the next-door families."

After this unflattering picture of the famous "brown-

stone fronts," he takes us to the homes of the poor, of whom he says:

"They surround the rich on all sides, with miles and miles and scores of miles of tenements. I am told that the late Henry Bergh used to take out a map that he kept in his desk and show how little a kernel the rich made in the great shell and rind of the nut of New York. He used to worry, they say, about the time that was likely to come any day when the poor should all rise up and box in the rich, who would not be able to make their escape on any hand.

"But look at the tenements. They reach from the Eighth Avenue to the river on one side; from the Second Avenue to the other river on the other side; and they cover the island below Washington Square, where Fifth Avenue begins, excepting here and there a spot of old-time truckmen's and butchers' dwellings, and excepting the hammer-like business section which has Broadway for a handle and the nose of the island for its head.

"There are whole streets without a tree, or a blade of grass, or a front yard, or areaway, or any breathing space behind, except the stone-paved courts. There are square miles without a park, or a bench, or any means for rest or recreation, except the saloons. The houses stand wedged together like dovetailed boards. There are streets—where the Italians, or the Poles, or the orthodox Hebrews live, like Mulberry, and Hester, and First Avenue—in which the people are so plentiful, beyond the rightful capacity of the rooms, that the tenants can only get together in them by standing up or lying down. In the daytime, when the work—whether it be of sorting rags or making cigars—is carried on indoors, it is only done by turning the very little children and very old persons into the streets. At such times the streets swarm and the buildings are crowded.

"These little children in the streets might as well be blind for aught they know of glad nature's handiwork. Those who live near Tompkins Square have seen grass and know what trees are. But what grass and what trees! The rich have many and beautiful parks in New York. The poor have two—Tompkins and the Battery, the one an eye-sore and the other separated from the tenements by the business district.

"The hundred blocks of millionaire and quarter-millionaire homes are a drop in the bucket. The many hundreds of blocks of boarding-houses where the clerks in the stores pay for shelter while their minds are bent toward maiden sweethearts and warm and ruddy firesides in distant towns—these do not make New York. The tenement districts that reach the length and, in places, the breadth of the island, do form New York and shelter the New Yorkers. The club people and the ladies in McAllister's train fancy that New York is bounded on the south by Madison Square, on the north by Central Park, on the west by the Sixth Avenue shopping-stores, and on the east by Gramercy Square.

"The average visitor fancies that New York is that promenade on Broadway between the Union Square and the Metropolitan Opera House, past the hotels and Delmonico's. But to see New York, go east or west of Broadway, only a few blocks to where the atmosphere is fetid, the air is full of the wind-blown, sun-dried droppings in the streets, where the streets are all a-litter with rotten fruit, waste paper, and ashes, where the tenements are ranged along the flagging like never-ending factories, where the children swarm and pilfer like Arab bands, where the young men hang about the saloon doors in sullen crews, where the mothers loiter in the windows upon dirty pillows and the men come and go at night and morning with dinner-pails or shoulders crushed down beneath piles of ready-made clothing. That is where and how as many persons as compose Chicago are living in New York."

"The finest," to whose shortcomings as guardians of the peace even the New Yorker is awakening, is thus described:

"The first thing a stranger is told at the club to which he has a card, or the store where he is buying his next season's stock, or by the friend he visits, or by the doctor he calls in, is not to have any trouble with the police.

"Run rather than be elbowed" is the motto of the New Yorkers. Do not speak to the policemen; do not brush close to one; do not lounge or wait while one is passing. These are the counsels of the citizens. The same terror that well-nurtured women have in the presence of a drunken man, all New Yorkers feel where the police are concerned.

"If you inquire into the subject, you are told that these police always carry their clubs in their hands, use them on the slightest provocation, and are never punished or disciplined for doing so. You are told that the police are recruited from the ranks of the loafers and the ruffians.

"Mind, this is what every visitor to New York is told, if I may judge by my own experience and that of my friends. This is New York testimony, not mine.

The office-buildings call for as little praise as do the "brown-stone fronts." The Western man says:

"The elevators are but little worse than the buildings through which they run. It is granted that New York's office-buildings are very handsome externally and that they are majestic, costly, and enduring, and yet they would all be classed as second rate in most of the Western cities.

"The trouble with them is that they are built to yield too much money from too few floors. The cumulative, multiplying powers of profits over cost as stories are added, is not understood in New York, nor was the art of securing strength with steel instead of solid masonry grasped by the Gothamite landlords until lately.

"The New York buildings are atrocious, because health and even life are sacrificed to the custom of constructing inner sets of offices within the space which should be left open for light and air. The leading citizens are having their energy and vitality sapped and dried away by sitting in offices that are filled with second-hand air and lighted artificially. It amazes every visitor to New York to see men worth millions in Wall Street and lawyers of national fame cooking their brains under gas and electric jets at high noon, with bad and stagnant air about them and no change possible unless the toilet-stands and closets leak and let in sewer gas. The best known men—the national figures of New York—nearly all look dried up, wrinkled, and aged beyond their years to us who work in sensible office-buildings."

Transportation facilities within the city, too, are not what should be found in an American city. Our writer says:

"I am told that there is a little cable railway, a sort of a sample of nineteenth-century transportation, somewhere in the upper left-hand corner of Manhattan Island, and that brings me to the subject of street-railroading in that city. Leaving out the Manhattan Railway (the 'L' road), all the rail conveyances in New York that I ever saw or that exist below Central Park are horse-cars.

"New Orleans is often called the most backward city in America, and yet New York is fully abreast of her in this respect—no, not quite, for New Orleans uses mules, which cost more and do better work than New York car-horses. May I be pardoned if I say to New Yorkers what they would find if, instead of going to Harlem or London the next time they travel, they would look around America? No further away than Philadelphia they would find commodious, large-windowed, swift cable-cars, and wherever they went west of that city, they would find either cable or electric cars, or both. In Chicago, they would see trains of cars coupled one behind the other, and making better time than New York's elevated trains, at the same fare, on the surface of the streets, with no stairs to climb, no tickets to buy, no ruffians to slam gates in their faces or to grin and gibe the people as they pushed them off the car-platforms.

"The need for rapid transit, of a commensurate order, yet remains and is increased tenfold. Hundreds of thousands of men and women are absolutely dependent upon the present faulty road; and hundreds of thousands of others, afraid, disgusted, and tired of the humiliation that the road enforces, now ride on the horse-cars as of old, and, like myself, would rather walk than brave the terrors of the aerial route.

"When I have inquired why it is that the surface-cars are propelled by horses, and the elevated roads are so abominable, and the ferry-boats are of the type next oldest to the row-boat, instead of being beautiful, and clean, and large, like those of San Francisco, or magnificent, like the ones we find in the woods at Mackinac, the citizens reply that some of the leading newspapers of New York attack every enterprising project and movement toward improvement."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Whittier, after sixty years of labor, died poor. Corbett made forty-five thousand dollars in a two-hours' prize-fight.

A statue of Humboldt has been presented to the city of Chicago by a wealthy brewer of that city, F. J. Dewes. The figure is a reproduction of a really choice work of art in Berlin.

The French actor Got has amassed a fortune of six million francs during his long professional life at the Théâtre Français. When he retires from the stage in 1894, he will have been connected with that theatre for fifty years.

The *Illustrated American* says: "It is said that James G. Blaine has written a letter of apology to President Harrison, and attributes his sudden and sensational resignation from the cabinet, just prior to the Minneapolis convention, to the influence of friends who deceived him. In case of Harrison's reelection, the ex-secretary will be offered a foreign ministry."

It is said that the fashionable portrait-painter of the day in London is the young American artist Shannon, who has just turned thirty. Society has honored him with many commissions, and the highest ladies of the land have sat before his easel. His work was exhibited to the public for the first time at the Grosvenor Gallery in London six years ago, and the young artist jumped at once into popularity.

The Emperor of Austria was sixty-two a few days ago, and is as hale and hearty as ever, although full of domestic worry, owing to the sad condition of the health of the empress, who, since the tragic death of Prince Rudolph, has been an almost complete mental wreck, subject to the most pathetic delusions about her son, and necessitating the greatest care. The empress still preserves a good deal of her stately beauty.

While Professor Huxley was staying at a seaside resort in North Wales, he was approached by a Liverpool evangelist, who thrust a tract into his hand, with the inquiry: "Have you got your soul saved?" "I have sufficient respect for genuine religion to be revolted by blasphemous impertinences," said the scientist, in relating the anecdote afterward; "so I answered, somewhat sternly, 'That is my business,' and tore up the tract."

"John Phoenix," the predecessor of Artemus Ward, Mark Twain, and the line of jesters, was Lieutenant Derby, of the regular army. He graduated first in his class at West Point. He left two children, a son and daughter; the son eventually going to West Point, and the daughter becoming a beautiful young lady, well known in St. Louis society. Young Derby, in his turn, graduated at the head of his class. Lieutenant Black also graduated at the head of his class at West Point, and then married Miss Derby.

A "literary marriage" has just been announced at Christianity. The only son of Henry Ibsen, M. Sigurd Ibsen, is engaged to be married to the daughter of Björnsterne Björnson. Mlle. Bergliott is a very beautiful girl of eighteen, whose portrait was one of the sensations of the Paris Salon of a season or two ago. Young Ibsen is a man of about thirty-two, who had to quit the diplomatic service on account of his extreme political opinions. He is the author of a book on the subject of the union of Sweden and Norway.

Zola having declared that the Emperor Napoleon painted and powdered his face on the day of the Battle of Sedan, Paul de Cassagnac, after preliminary observations on the subject, rejoins: "Now I affirm it is absolutely incorrect and false that the emperor used paint and powder. In case of need I appeal, so far as the day of the Battle of Sedan is concerned, to my comrade in arms, Robert Mitchell. With regard to the princess indicated by M. Zola, that is to say, Princess Mathilde, I have the honor of her acquaintance, and believe her incapable of gratuitously throwing undeserved ridicule on the emperor, especially under such grievous circumstances."

Mel Fuller is a first-rate fellow (says "Gath"), and he made plenty of money at the bar in Chicago. Fuller owed his appointment to the friendly support of his townspeople, and especially of the Chicago Club. The Chicago Club is situated in the heart of business Chicago, and there at lunch every day assemble the active spirits of that city. They liked Fuller personally, saw that he was a Democrat, and saw that there was a chance for a Democrat to be appointed. Some eight, ten, or twelve of such men quietly resolved to bring Fuller's name to Cleveland's attention in such a way that he must feel it. So, without respect to party, and many of them were Republicans, they sent a petition for his appointment. They then selected in each of the important centres of the United States some prominent Democrat to write to the President and inclose names in favor of Fuller. Men who employ attorneys in many of the States can exercise a large influence on such a subject at such a time. They had the States districted in such a way that Cleveland would receive on successive days, for a period of weeks or a month, some three or four important letters in the nature of petitions. Cleveland would have passed over Fuller's name probably, if it had only come to him once in a local petition from Chicago. But he opened his mail, and here was a petition from New York city, asking for the appointment of the distinguished Melville Fuller, of Chicago, as highly acceptable to the bar of New York. The next day the petitions from Albany would come in, and those from Buffalo, and Rochester, and Brooklyn. Before the President could get the subject out of his mind, along would come a petition from St. Paul and Minneapolis. Cleveland finally remarked: "Why, this Mr. Fuller, of Chicago, seems to be one of the most popular men in this country with the bar." So Cleveland appointed him, perfectly confident that the spontaneous selection of the bar was Melville Fuller.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The *Rocky Mountain News* in a recent issue printed a poem which was distinguished from selected or syndicate matter by the head-line "Written for the *News*." It was signed "Charles Kieley Shetterly, Utica, Mich.," and the opening lines run:

"I reside at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James,  
I am not up to small deceit, nor any sinful game;  
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row  
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaus."

And so on, to the end of Bret Harte's famous poem. Commenting on this performance, the *New York Sun* says:

"Surprisingly good things come to a newspaper-office from unexpected sources. Some time ago we received from a clerk in a public office, in this town a manuscript tale entitled 'A Man Without a Country.' It was a powerful and impressive story, but, if our memory serves us, he wanted fifteen dollars for it."

Miss Mary E. Wilkins, it is stated, does not read fiction very much, acknowledging that she is afraid of unconsciously imitating other people's short stories if she peruses them.

A translation of Edmondo de Amicis's new book, "School and Home," is in the press of an Eastern house.

Whittier found the suggestion of his pathetic poem, "Marguerite," in the Haverhill town records. They contained an indenture that bound an Acadian girl as a servant in one of the families of the neighborhood, and gathering the story of her death, the poet set it in his most musical verse.

In Appleton's Town and Country Library will shortly be published a novel, called "The Old St. Stephen's," by Miss Jeanie Drake, of Charleston, S. C.

A New York publisher has in preparation "Under Summer Skies," by Clinton Scollard, illustrated by Margaret Landers Randolph. The book may be called a poet's itinerary. Professor Scollard relates, in his charming literary style, the episodes of a rambling tour through Egypt, Palestine, Italy, and the Alps. The text is interspersed with poetical interludes, suggested by passing events and scenes.

"When She Was Thirty" is the title of a new story soon to be published by Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton.

"The Naulahka," if condemned by the critics of England, is, nevertheless, a financial success there. The first edition of five thousand copies has been exhausted, and the second edition has just been published.

Mr. Kipling has lately written a new poem called "The Last Chantry." He has just returned to this country.

One of the many pleasant stories now coming out regarding Whittier, relates to a visitor at Oak Knoll, who indulged in more or less praise of his work, and added that, in the speaker's estimation, "Hannah Binding Shoes" was his best poem. Thereupon Whittier spoke highly of the verses himself. Says the *Boston Advertiser*:

"After exhibiting an amount of interest therein, surprising to the visitor, who had heard that Whittier was modest about his poetry, the poet called in Miss Lucy Larcom, who chanced to be a visitor in the house, and said: 'There will like to meet the author of "Hannah Binding Shoes," and introduced her.'

A work that promises to be of considerable historical value is "A French Ambassador (Le Comte de Cominges) at the Court of Charles II.," which comprises his unpublished correspondence, edited by J. J. Jusserand.

Ignatius Donnelly has in the hands of the binders a new story, called "The Golden Bottle," which is political in character.

Mr. R. Louis Stevenson's "David Balfour," the sequel to "Kidnapped," is to be issued as a serial in the pages of *Atlantica*, an English magazine for children. It will not be published in book form until October of next year.

The lyrics of Horace, translated by Mr. Eugene Field and his brother, are in the press and will be published under the title of "Echoes from the Sabine Farm."

The most successful of Mr. Whittier's works, from a financial point of view—which is the view he never took—is "Snowbound." Until this was published he had received very little money for his poems; but the publishers gave him twenty-five cents for every copy of "Snowbound" that was sold, and under this merely generous arrangement the poet received several thousand dollars.

Captain Cook's unpublished journal of his first voyage around the world will be published by a London publisher, with maps, notes, etc.

"The Berkeleys and Their Neighbors," a novel by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, will be published shortly in a new and revised edition in Appleton's Town and Country Library. This is described as one of the most interesting works of the popular author of "Threknorton," "Little Jarvis," and other successful books.

Professor Lombroso is about to publish a work entitled "Donna Delinquente," or "Woman as a Criminal," a companion to his "L'Uomo De-

linquente"; and a volume on saints, in which the whole subject will be investigated from a psychopathological point of view.

The following account of W. D. Howells's resignation from the editorship of the *Cosmopolitan* is from the *Morning Journal* of New York:

"I wonder who John Brisson Walker, editor of the *Cosmopolitan*, will get to fill the place of W. D. Howells, as co-editor of the magazine. Walker has had a succession of more or less prominent managers and co-editors, but they have all departed after varying intervals of time, generally not longer than six months. Their universal verdict is that Walker, while he has some brilliant ideas, is simply 'impossible,' as they express it. The story told in the office as to the reason for Howells's departure, is that Walker invited him to be his guest for a week at his Southampton cottage; that Howells went down Saturday night, and that Walker took him out on the beach Sunday afternoon and proceeded to lay the law down to him as to how he should run his part of the magazine, in such a manner that Howells was completely stunned and took the first train for the city Monday morning, where he wrote Walker a letter notifying him that the contract between them, which required a three-months' notice, was ended on his part. Since that time, I believe, Howells has fulfilled his part of the contract from Intervale, N. H., where he still remains, and the present issue of the *Cosmopolitan*, which appears without his name as co-editor, signifies that the contract is canceled. Walker is very fond, I am told, of going into new ideas very enthusiastically and dropping them as suddenly, sometimes for no apparent reason. Two years ago, he conceived the idea of providing New York city with free baths, and gave a magnificent banquet at Delmonico's, at which Bishop Potter and other leading men, whom he had interested in the idea, spoke. He gave elaborate plans, a description in the magazine, and then suddenly nothing more was heard of the matter. There were many speculations as to why it had been dropped, but no solution of the problem was ever given."

However, another authority says that Howells has merely ceased the drudgery of editorial work in order to find time to contribute more freely to the *Cosmopolitan*.

The popularity of Miss Wilkins's stories in England, and the praise of them by the *Spectator*, has led to the publication in London of a complete library edition.

A biography of Lowell is shortly to be written by Professor Norton.

Daudet is said to write his books chapter by chapter, leaving a blank page opposite every written one. When the story is finished, he rewrites it on the blank pages; and then from these two copies he makes the final draft for the printer.

Mr. Symonde's biography of Michael Angelo will be brought out this fall.

It is understood that the biography of Whittier will be written by his literary executor, Samuel T. Pickard, of Portland, with the assistance of Mr. Chase, of Providence.

James Payn recently told this anecdote to illustrate the difficulty of securing good plots:

"Trollope was at one time almost alone in not seeing the necessity of having any 'story' in his books. Wilkie Collins once said to him: 'Your fertility, my dear fellow, amazes me; where do you get—they are not much, but still you have to find them—your plots from?' 'Well, my good sir, to tell you the truth, from you. A very little bit of one of your plots—and, you see, you never miss it—does for me.' The fact is, a good plot is a difficult thing to get. A very clever acquaintance of mine, a divine, who had distinguished himself in literature, once controverted this. He said he had himself quite a talent for plots, only, being in the theological line, they were of no use to him. 'Well,' I said, a little irritably, 'you are always wanting money for your chance! (I had never heard so, but I knew the cloth, and the shaft went home), and for every good plot you give me, if it is only in ten lines, I'll give you ten pounds.' After a while—not the next day, as he had led me to expect—he sent me a dozen. 'I didn't find it quite so easy as I thought,' he admitted in his letter; 'but here they are.' Six were as old as the hills, and the other six not worth a farthing. I have had hundreds of plots—or the hint of them, which is all that is required—given me in the course of my literary career, but only two good ones, and one I bought. They are very rare and valuable articles."

As a rider to the above it is interesting to find the following odd advertisement in an English paper:

HOME WORK.—Good Plots for Novels for sale. Apply Miss Smallwood, The Lees, Great Malvern.

A fifth edition is announced in London of "An Englishman in Paris." A German translation has been undertaken.

The letters of Adrienne Lecouvreur, the actress, have lately been, for the first time, collected and edited. Explanatory and illustrative notes, taken from unpublished archives of the Comédie-Française, have been added.

## New Publications.

"Nellie Kinnard's Kingdom," a novel by Amanda M. Douglas, has been reprinted in the Good Company Series published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Romance of Trouville," a novel translated from the French of Brehaut by Meta de Vere, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"My Uncle Benjamin," translated from the French of Claude Tillier by Benjamin K. Tucker, has been issued in the Idle Moments Series published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Polly Britton's New Year," by Mrs. C. F. Wilder, is a sketch of an earnest little Christian who endeavors to do her duty in her humble sphere. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Barry Kavanagh suggests rather a rollicking individual than the thorough-paced—and transparent—villain he is in "Out of the Jaws of Death," by Frank Barrett. Other characters are a nihilist prince and a girl, Anna, who, born in the slums of London, "evolves" into a very stunning personage. These and others are strung together in a series of hair-

raising escapades, the result being a preposterous novel of impossible nihilism. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Mixed Pickles," by Mrs. Evelyn H. Raymond, is a story setting forth the adventures of a family of German children who come to America to visit their Quaker grandmother. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest of the many new biographies of the voyage whose quadricentennial is about to be celebrated is "The Career of Columbus," by Charles Elton, M. P. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Cadets of Flemming Hall," by Anna Chapin Ray, is a lively story of school-boy life, one with plenty of incident to interest young readers and inculcating many ideas that will commend it to their elders. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"East and West," by Edward Everett Hale, is a story of American life a century ago, taking the reader from one of General Washington's receptions to the side of "prairie schooners" in which Quakers and Dunkers are traveling into the Ohio wilderness. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"The Wee Widow's Cruise in Quiet Waters," by "An Idle Exile," is the story of a cruise in the nooks and corners of the Solent, in which the widow, a charming young Englishwoman, is accompanied by a lively English girl. Published in the Unknown Library by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale at the Popular Book-store.

"Conscience on Ice" is the latest meretricious novel by the commercially gifted young man—Rosenthal, Rosenstock, what is his name?—who signs himself "Alan Dale." It is a story of stage life, as people who know nothing about it like to imagine it, and is bright in a certain way—it "shines like a dead fish in a dark cellar." Published by Nile C. Smith, Chicago; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Speech of Monkeys" is the volume in which Professor R. L. Garner sets forth his theory that the simians have a language and his proofs thereof. It is interesting and curious, but Professor Garner seems to found his theory on the hypothesis that language is a matter of vocal organ rather than brain capacity. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

A series of papers on "Famous Types of Womanhood," which Sarah K. Bolton has been contributing to one of the young folk's magazines, has been collected and appears in a single volume, with the above title. The subjects of the eight essays are Queen Louise of Prussia, Mme. Récamier, Susanna Wesley, Harriet Martineau, Jenny Lind, Dorothea Lynde Dix, Ann, Sarah, and Emily Judson, and Amelia Blandford Edwards. Portraits of all these women, except Sarah Judson, are given. Published by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

Mr. Millet's book on "The Danube" was mentioned here last week, and now comes Poultney Bigelow's "Down the Danube," which is made up from material gathered during the same journey. It is a much briefer description of the trip, with much more discussion of Danubian politics and the necessity for having the great water-highway under the control of one government, as is the Mississippi. The illustrations, by the author, were drawn for the amusement of his children, but they are worthy of preservation in the book. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Thirsty Sword," by Robert Leighton, is a story of the Norse invasion of Scotland in the thirteenth century. The hero is a stout-armed youth such as boys like to read about, and his career is cast in a setting of historical events which are faithful to authentic annals, while a crafty earl, a witch, a witch-maiden who herself wields sword and dagger, and a tender-hearted girl whom the hero loves are elements that make the fictitious part of the story decidedly entertaining. The book is well illustrated, and contains several maps. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Constance" is the title of the latest novel of English life by F. C. Phillips, the man who wrote "As a Looking-Glass." Constance is the wife of a man who drinks too much and is unreasonably and unjustly jealous of her; and he takes her to his country place, to be out of the temptations of society, but he invites there to visit him two of his friends—one who had loved her before her marriage and loves her still, and the other a rake who is piqued at her indifference and so makes love to her under her husband's eyes. From this beginning the author works up an absorbing story for those who like that sort of thing. Published in the Broadway Series by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The large number of fortunes falling into the hands of unmarried women has been remarked (says the *Evening Sun*). It is a significant fact, and, if it were permitted to give names, could be mentioned many well-known women, possessing fortunes ranging from a half-million to several millions, who are unlikely to marry. Women who have great wealth for some reason underrate their personal attractions. Yet, to a man, no woman is less beautiful because she is rich. Notwithstanding, a certain modesty that comes with wealth forbids these women to believe that they are loved for themselves alone. It is this rather than love of domination, self-sufficiency, a love of money, that unhappily tends to keep women unmarried. There are three women who have taken different views of private fortunes and public spirit that deserve to be commended to the rich and single women of to-day. These are the wives of Disraeli, Balzac, and Lamartine. Each of these women, with sound wisdom and shrewd foresight, deliberately invested their fortunes in literary men. These were not investments quotable on 'Change; but the shrewdest trader on the street would hesitate to say that they did not get better returns for their money than if they had put it into the telephone, sugar, or coal combine stocks of their day. In each case the lady extended her fortune, and it was gallantly refused without her hand. The honors to which Mrs. Wyndham Lewis—once, it is said, a humble milliner—succeeded, the tender consideration she always received from her husband, the pride in his literary career, and her death as Countess of Beaconsfield, would be a tale twice told. Mme. Hanski, who succored Balzac with her fortune and her affections, was, in fact, only one of the numerous women who seemed to aspire to this honor, from their correspondence subsequently revealed. In return, Balzac literally revealed the sex to themselves. He not only gave them a place in the universe, but showed his infinite appreciation of their traits as he did of their natures in the placing of a rose in the hair, the adjustment of a fold in a mantle, the language of one of their cast-off slippers. Eliza Mariana Birch, the rich Englishwoman who became the wife of Lamartine, opened a correspondence by expressing her admiration of his "Meditations," and later on offered her fortune, which he accepted with the lady. Their life was ideally perfect, she took him oriental voyages on sumptuous yachts, while he fed his mind on the langorous beauty of the East, and wrote in an even more romantic manner than when he first captivated her imagination. These are sufficient to indicate the field which surely offers a more attractive prospect to a mind not yet incapable of imagination, than either bonds, stocks, or charities. To have one's name associated with that of a great writer is to run a far better chance of enduring fame than to have it on a brass slab in an endowed ward, or even than beneath a marble bust in an alcove.

The following extraordinary announcement appears in the "society" columns of a New York daily which circulates among the chamber-maids and East Side shops: "I hear that there is to be a new society journal issued in December, which is to be run on novel principles by two young men prominent in New York society who have had some experience, the one as a publisher and the other as an illustrator for some of the leading weeklies and monthlies. The novel feature of the publication is that society people are themselves the stockholders, and are to furnish accounts of their own entertainments to the journal. Cornelius Vanderbilt has taken ten thousand dollars of the shares, and over one hundred thousand dollars has been subscribed in stock by the leading men and women in society. The paper is to be the court journal of America, speaking paradoxically, and is not to be run as a money-making sheet, but simply to enable the stockholders to have accurate accounts of their own and each other's doings. The editors are not to receive any salary, but are to have blocks of stock."

A poet on petticoats is a rarity in print. But this is what W. E. Henley says about them: "In choosing a device the Norman lady rather aimed at denoting her family than at glorifying herself; so she blazoned her petticoat with heraldic ensigns, and made her lap a seat of martlets and of lions. A later mode was to slash the petticoat as to show a more brilliant underskirt. The jeweled clasps that kept the twain in order were a piquancy the more;

they feigned to make for propriety—and did not. With the advent of great Elizabeth, there dawned a brighter and a happier day, and the petticoat hung limp no more, but ballooned it joyously on the audacious farthingale. The Puritan had a spirit; hoops she held sinful, nor would trust her prim little soul in their pale. But she tucked up her outermost on either side, and thus came in that quaintest variation on the great petticoat theme—the panier. The underskirt exposed was plain (and prudish); but the wearer (her ankle not always unprovocative, no doubt), intent 'to point a moral and adorn her tail,' embellished it with texts. The farthingale was not wholly forgot; it lacked the subtler graces, but its very audacity gave it a hold on the affections. Early in the eighteenth century it came in again. Then was the garment's golden age. It had the hoop to glorify it, and therewith the flounce to modify and finish; ribbons twined and looped about it; crossing beyond the waist, it encroached upon the province of the bodice. Now, too, come the years of the rosebuds; and in these the petticoat was radiant indeed. And ever its frenzy grew. Sir Roger (that good knight) saw fit to remark that the Elizabethan woman had seemed to stand in a large drum, while the shes of his own day went as in go-carts. Another journal (justly incensed) observed that 'when a slender virgin stands upon a basis so exorbitantly wide, she resembles a funnel, a figure of no great elegance.' They did little good, these censors of an excess they could not comprehend. For a time the thing was wider and more profuse. Then came the first symptoms of decay. 'Make your petticoat short,' says a receipt of 1753, 'that a hoop eight yards wide may decently show how your garters are tied.' Truly a good taste gone rank and run to seed! Compare the delicate esprit of Watteau's ladies who made their length of skirt an excuse for giving a discreet and charming glimpse of ankle; note, too, that for this very glimpse he loved to paint them from behind; and you shall realize how gross the difference. The end was near; how near was shown by the craze for aprons and such sumptuary fantasies as that which peopled the Mall with milkmaids. The revolution flared by; the Rococo went out, and the Antique came in; and Feminine Paris, draped but not clothed, picked her way delicately through the mud and rain, attired like Amaryliss on the Latian Hills. What matter if God's winds were indiscreet as well as rude? that every street was a Place of Revelation? Look up your Carle Vernet—and see. Then it was that 'la mode de sans chemise dura une semaine'; then that everybody knew—for everybody could see for himself—that Mme. Tallien's garters were kneelets of beaten gold. And herein was Saxon womanhood avenged."

A royal subject is the Duke of York's trousers. The serious family and a loyal people are gravely anxious about them. They are even looked upon as a distinct menace to the line of succession. All this alarm has been caused by the statement of a woman delegate to the Trades Congress, who said in debate the other day that the Duke of York's trousers had been made next door to a house containing fever patients. In no way could public attention have been so effectually directed to the tenement-house clothing system which is used by even the most fashionable tailors. Miss Hicks, the woman who exposed the system, has been called on for more details, and she has given them with a vengeance. She has told of other tenements where clothing for the royal family has been made, and she has explained that several times she has made the apparel of the Prince of Wales in her own room. Of course there is a great hullabaloo over it. All the Prince of Wales's friends and many others have been interviewing their tailors in vigorous language, and the tailors are denying and expostulating with even greater vehemence. The net result will undoubtedly be a salutary check to the sweating system in England.

Writing of the social peculiarities of the society of the Middle West, E. W. Howe writes in the September *Forum*: "The women are more democratic than the men in inviting 'the neighbors' when a party is given. Western women always call on their neighbors, and when a man gives a party, the appearance of the husbands of his wife's friends is sometimes startling. Love of society seems to be a natural attribute with a woman, but it is an acquirement with the men. It is dangerous to give a party in a small Western town unless the invitations are general; those not invited will not like it and will find oppor-

tunity to 'get even.' The social outcasts of the West are the husbands. There is an impression in the virtuous West that when a man gets married he should be content with his wife's society, and long for no amusement beyond playing with the children. Young men are petted until they are spoiled, and married women have their afternoon parties, but a married man is only expected to come home promptly at meal-times and carefully wipe his feet, if muddy, on the door-mat. The Western married man has no standing in society, except by his wife's side. The men who 'run' the towns are seldom seen at the parties, which are managed by their unmarried clerks. When a man attends a social gathering in the West, he is expected to seat himself beside his wife and behave as well as he can, to the end that people may understand that he is not only fond of the worthy woman at home, but in company as well. If a married man should attend a Western social affair without his wife, he would be very apt to be approached by a married woman, who would ask him, in an audible whisper: 'Where is your wife?' and there would be a certain something in the woman's tone indicating that he ought to be ashamed of himself for being there under such circumstances. A gay young husband once exhibited a paper, signed by his wife, to the effect that he was at the party alone with her knowledge and consent. The men who have made the West, and who are interesting, have no social side in the strictest sense. Western society is made up of young people, who are always more or less uninteresting, except from the standpoint of good looks. A middle-aged man who attends a social affair in the West is looked upon as an oddity, so firmly rooted is the impression that as soon as a man marries he ought to retire from everything except business. Very few Western men possess any of the social graces, although they are noted for shrewdness in business and politics. The idea of society is that it is an institution for bringing about marriages; after the marriages take place, the contracting parties are expected to retire."

A woman whose word is important on such subjects, says that, when wearing a light gown, the decision as to stockings is important. It is by no means the fact that, because one wears mauve, pink, or blue, that black stockings have gone out. No matter what the color of the dress may be, black silk or lisle thread stockings, with glacé, kid, or patent leather shoes, are worn. From an economic point of view, black stockings have everything in their favor. This argument, however, is of less value than that which assures that they make the foot look smaller. If variety is needed, there are black stockings, with clocks embroidered in spots, or with tiny flowers, introducing the color of the dress worn. For evening wear there are black silk stockings introducing Chantilly lace alternating with embroidery; but black, always black. This decision inevitably excludes Scotch plaid stockings, which have no place in nature, and which some one, with little faith in women's good taste, has introduced. All eccentric stockings are in execrable taste.

"It is curious how things change in a decade," said a woman of society, the other day, to a New York *Tribune* writer. "Ten years ago, it was the American women who were well put together and the Englishwomen who were unkempt and untidy, and now it seems just the contrary. There is one thing, for instance, that I particularly noticed at a continental watering-place this summer, where there were a great many English and American young girls, and that was how much more neatly the former were belted in their tennis-frocks than were the latter. I asked one of them how she managed so that her belts never slipped up nor her skirts slipped down. She told me that one-half of her belt was always sewn beforehand to her skirt, and that after she put it on, and the skirt was hooked behind, her maid basted the remaining half with a few running stitches before the belt was fastened with its buckle in front. This is, of course, only a small matter, but it was one of many such instances. It is just those little things that count in a pretty toilet."

Into the discussion concerning the waning consideration shown to women, army women do not enter. However it may be with the rest of the world, the followers of the flag are still enthroned. Mrs. Custer, whose winning personality and whose fortunes have made her a place that is shared by few women, once said that no woman who had become accustomed to the chivalrous treatment given to women in the army could ever help feeling an aching sense of its loss. A colonel's daughter, brought up the greater part of her life at an army outpost, married an enterprising young ranchman and subsequently went East to live. Her constant and bewildering sense of injury was amusing at finding herself of so little consequence.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Tevis Matinée Tea.

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis gave a matinee tea last Saturday at her residence, on Taylor Street, as a compliment to Mrs. Frederick W. Sharon, prior to her departure for New York city, after passing the season here. In receiving and welcoming her guests, Mrs. Tevis had the assistance of Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Countess Festetics de la Taronia, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Joshua Tevis, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Newlands, Miss Emilie Hager, and Miss Alice Ames. Throughout the house was a tasteful decoration of handsome potted plants and fragrant flowers that added much to the beauty of the scene. Musical selections were played by a string orchestra at regular intervals, and light refreshments were served under the direction of Ludwig. The reception was in progress from four until seven o'clock and its features were all of the most pleasant character.

## A Complimentary Dinner.

A number of friends of Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee and Mr. Warren D. Clark gave them a dinner-party last Wednesday evening, at the Pacific Union Club, in token of their farewell to bachelorhood. The table was decorated in exquisite taste with the fairest bloom of the season, and the menu was a most perfect one. Those present were:

Mr. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. Warren D. Clark, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. W. C. Murdock, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Mr. H. W. Sprague, Commander Perry, U. S. N., Mr. Robert Oxnard, Mr. C. S. Watson, Mr. George D. Cooper, Mr. Oscar I. Sewell, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Harry E. Hall, Mr. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. H. Henry Veuve, Mr. J. J. Moore, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, Mr. Ramon Wilson, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Walter S. Newhall, and Mr. E. W. Newhall.

## Nothing but Money.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco's new play, "Nothing but Money," was introduced to the San Francisco public last Monday evening, and was witnessed by an audience that enjoyed it and was in thorough sympathy with the authoress. The fashionable element of the city was there in full force and among them the following were noticed:

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Count and Countess Festetics, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. George R. Wells, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fisher, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Hume, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Smith, Mr. and Mrs. N. T. Messer, Mr. and Mrs. D. T. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. McAfee, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Marston, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Carmody, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Matthieu, Mr. and Mrs. E. Block, Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Stilwell, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ritchie, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Ira Bishop, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cummings, Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Henry J. Janin, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. John Boggs, Mrs. Mamie Sherwood, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Hooper, Miss Wilson, Miss Fisher, Miss Block, Miss Nolan, Miss Mac Scott, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. C. C. Coleman, Mr. R. L. Coleman, Mr. E. N. Bee, Mr. S. M. Shortridge, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. R. L. Sherwood, Mr. M. McCormick, Mr. F. M. Somers, and many others.

## Notes and Gossip.

Cablegrams have been received here from London of the announcement of the engagement of Miss Anna Head, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Head, of this city, to Lieutenant A. J. Mountenay Jephson, son of Rev. John Mountenay Jephson, late rector of Hutton, Essex, England. Lieutenant Jephson will be remembered as the companion of H. M. Stanley in his last African expedition. While visiting this city last year, he was entertained by the family of the bride-elect.

Miss Bessie Hooker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooker, and Mr. George H. Lent, son of General and Mrs. William M. Lent, will be united in marriage at noon on Saturday, October 8th, in the Unitarian Church, on Geary Street. Rev. Horatio Stebbins will officiate. Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Mamie Reynolds, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Miss Laura Bates will be the bridesmaids, Mr. Edward L. Eyre will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Elliott McAllister, and Mr. O. Shafter Howard. Following the wedding a breakfast will be served at the residence of the bride's parents, 917 Bush Street.

Mrs. Joseph Durbrow has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Emma Durbrow, and Mr. Spencer Cone Buckbee, which will take place at noon on Thursday, October 6th, at her residence, 1124 Bush Street. Miss Annie Buckbee will be the maid of honor, and Mr. Walter S. Newhall will act as best man. Only very intimate friends have been invited.

The wedding of Miss Mand Hopkins and Mr. Warren D. Clark will take place on Monday, October 10th, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Sherwood Hopkins, in Rio Vista, Saint Clair, Mich. A sister of the bride will act as maid of honor, and there will be four bridesmaids. Mr. Clark left for Michigan last Thursday evening, accompanied by Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, who will be his best man.

Mrs. Leocadia Acosta has issued invitations for the wedding of her daughter, Miss Catalina Acosta, and Dr. Edward Maldonado, which will be held in St. Mary's Cathedral, on Van Ness Avenue, at half past eight o'clock on Wednesday evening, October 12th. A reception will be held afterward at the residence of the bride's mother, 1307 Taylor Street.

The maid of honor will be Miss Clotilde Acosta, and the best man will be Mr. Alonso Acosta. Miss Marie Durand, Miss Emma Regensburger, Miss Eugenia Cabrera and Miss Lola Loaiza will act as bridesmaids, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Eutimio Acosta, Dr. Albert Maldonado, Mr. William Kelly, and Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger.

Information has reached here that Miss Marie Naglee, daughter of the late General Naglee, of San José, is engaged to be married to Mr. Robbins, whom she met at Bar Harbor, where she has been passing the season.

The wedding of Mr. Brainard F. Smith, of Sacramento, and Miss Mattie S. Pinkham, of this city, will take place next Wednesday evening at the residence of the bride's parents. Miss Grace Simon will be the maid of honor and Mr. William R. Ormsby, of Sacramento, will be best man. The ceremony will be performed by Rev. W. W. Case, of the Howard Street M. E. Church, and it will be witnessed only by relatives. The young couple propose to pass their honeymoon at Castle Crag, after which they will reside in Folsom.

The engagement is announced of Miss Daisy L. Crane and Mr. Horace C. Donnels. The wedding will take place on Monday, October 17th, and will be celebrated quietly.

The wedding of Miss Louise Breck and Mr. Frederick Melville Hathaway will take place next Thursday in St. Paul's Church, Oakland.

The wedding of Miss Rosalie Meyer and Mr. Sigmund Stern will take place on Monday, October 3d, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Eugene Meyer, on Pine Street.

The list of the Friday Night Club has been closed and five cotillions will be given on the dates we announced last month.

The members of La Cercle Français will give a ball next Saturday evening in Union Square Hall, in honor of the officers of the French man-of-war *Dubourdieu*, which will arrive here on Tuesday.

Sir Frederic Leighton, President of the British Royal Academy, is, perhaps, the hardest working of all that famous association of artists. He reaches his studio as early as half-past eight in the morning, but before that he has done what is a morning's occupation for some men—read the papers, opened and disposed of his letters, and given three-quarters of an hour to general literature. He keeps six or seven canvases in various states of progress at the same time, and finds that he secures all the rest he needs by turning from one to the other. When painting he uses a singular pair of divided spectacles, the upper part giving him the proper range of vision for seeing his model and the lower for applying the paint to his canvas.

Two railway incidents of a peculiar sort recently came together. One train starts backing over a bank, the engineer and some of the men jump, then the train breaks in two, the engine starts off with the cars that remain attached, a brakeman crawls forward over the tender and stops the runaway. Next we are struck with the coincidence in case two. A gale of wind makes a train unmanageable on a downgrade, the engineer whistles for brakes, the trainmen think it a runaway and jump, the engineer follows, and then the fireman crawls aft over the tender, sets the brakes, and brings the runaway to a standstill.

The manuscript score of "Don Giovanni," presented to the Paris Conservatoire by Mme. Viardot, has been subjected to careful examination from many persons of authority in musical matters. The general opinion is that it is a copy made by Mozart from rough draughts, which have been destroyed, and not the first inspiration of the master, as some people believed. M. Gounod is in the habit of copying his scores himself throughout in the same way from casual jottings made on slips of paper, which are immediately destroyed.

William Black, the novelist, has told a London journalist an anecdote that throws an interesting light on the every-day religion of our British cousins. Mr. Black was at one time quartered in a house where his study was in a line with his next-door neighbor's nursery. Every morning the novelist could hear his neighbor's eldest daughter call out to her flock: "Now, then, you 'orrid little things, kneel down and say your nasty little prayers."

In the private room of the old Emperor of Germany, grandfather of the present emperor, is a painting of a bunch of flowers done by the Princess Royal, one of his daughters. Every flower in this bouquet contains the baby head of one of her children, and a faded violet shows beneath its leaves the likeness of little Prince Sigismund, who died when two years old. A pretty idea, is it not?

Sarah Bernhardt has offered to go to any cholera-stricken town and give a benefit performance in aid of the so-called victims of cholera. In a recent interview she expressed her belief that there was no such malady.

Several songs, composed by the Princess Henry of Battenberg, and some of them set to words by Lord Tennyson, were recently performed at a concert in London.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## A Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-first Saturday Popular Concert—the first of the fourth season—was given by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel in Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon. The executives were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine, and the vocalist was Mr. Donald de V. Graham. The audience was the largest that has greeted any of the "Pop" concerts, and it received the various numbers with enthusiastic applause. The programme presented was as follows:

Trio for piano, violin, and cello, op. 70, No. 1, (1) allegro vivace e con brio (2) largo assai (3) presto, Beethoven, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine; song, "The sea hath its pearls," Stanley Cohn, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; Highland Ballad, op. 47, No. 1, Mackenzie, Mr. Sigmund Beel; song, "I love, and the World is Mine," Clayton Johns, Mr. Graham; trio for piano, violin, and cello, op. 50, "Dem Andenken eines grossen Künstlers" (a) tema con variazioni (b) finale, Tschaiowsky, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

The twenty-second concert will take place at Irving Hall on Saturday afternoon, October 8th.

## The Brandt Quartet Concert.

The first Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert of this season was given last Tuesday evening, and was quite successful. This is a continuation of the old Steinway Hall Concerts, and was the fourth one of the fourth series. A fashionable audience was well entertained with the following programme:

String quartet, No. 11, in F minor, op. 95, (1) allegro con brio, (2) allegretto ma non troppo, (3) allegro assai vivace ma serioso, (4) larghetto espressivo—allegro vivace, Beethoven, Hermann Brandt Quartet, first violin, Mr. Hermann Brandt, second violin, Mr. John Joseph, viola, Mr. Louis Schmidt, cello, Mr. Louis Heine; suite, piano and violin, Goldmark, Miss Ella Partridge, Mr. Hermann Brandt; songs, (a) "In Questa Tomba," Beethoven, (b) "My Marguerite," old French song, Miss Olive Reed Batchelder; quintet, piano and strings, op. 99, (1) con moto moderato, (2) andante moderato, (3) finale moderato, Alice Schmidt and the Hermann Brandt Quartet.

The next concert of this series will take place on Thursday evening, October 27th.

The members of the Saturday Morning Orchestra will give a concert in the Grand Opera House, on Tuesday evening, November 1st, for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage and the Hahnemann Hospital. This will be the second public appearance of this unique orchestra which is now splendidly equipped and fully prepared to entertain the large audience that is expected. Mr. J. H. Rosewald is the musical director. The vocal soloists will be Mrs. Edward Everett Wise and Miss Julia Neumann, and Miss Alice Ames will play a violin concerto, No. 22, by Viotti.

Miss Magda Bugge, the Norwegian pianiste, will give a series of three concerts in Kohler & Chase Hall on the first Saturdays in October, November, and December. She will have the assistance of Mr. Hother Wisner, violinist, Mr. Adolph Lada, cello, and other local musicians. At the first concert this evening, there will be presented Beethoven's trio in E flat, No. 1, Grieg's *Liedre*, op. 43, Spohr's polonaise, op. 40, and Chopin's concerto for piano in E minor, accompanied by a string quartet.

Lord Roberts, when recently speaking at Simla, made an extraordinary statement, based upon a careful consideration of all the statistics that could be obtained by him. It was to the effect that, at close firing, not more than one per cent. of the bullets was effective. He believed, also, that if one bullet out of twenty were, through good marksmanship, to find its billet, the English army would be five times as efficient as any continental army.

At a festive college dinner in Cambridge, Mass., many years ago, some one gave the toast, "Fame builds where Everett goes, but he can never build above one story," that great jurist being present. Oliver Wendell Holmes is credited with capping the punning toast with another on a speech by James Russell Lowell: "A witty poet, but here is a Whittier."

An index to the London *Times* is issued periodically by a person not connected with the establishment. The work is praised or condemned by that journal the same as though it had to do with any other matter.

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THERE IS NOT AN ACCOUNTANT

THERE IS NOT A MAN OR WOMAN

Guaranteed to pay for themselves each year in the saving of ink and pens. This alone is one hundred per cent. annually on the investment. Sold on approval.

G. G. WICKSON &amp; CO., 3 and 5 Front Street, S. F.

DO YOU SMOKE

PLINCOLN'S  
CABINET?

CIGARS.

IF NOT, YOU SHOULD TRY THEM.

## USE ONLY

MURRAY &amp; LANMAN'S



REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

A fragment of conversation overheard in the elevator of the Tribune Building, New York, the other day, accurately set forth the manner in which too many business men are apt to regard advertising. A man who had just met a friend in this centre of the newspaper and advertising business, replied to an inquiry respecting his errand by saying that he had just made a contract for advertising.

"Well," said the friend, with the air of a man who knew it all, "you have thrown away your money."

"I suspect that I have," replied the other, as though already convinced that he had been making a fool of himself.

The man who approaches advertising in that spirit is likely to find his misgivings come true. If you advertise, you should be prepared to make it pay. Grit and a cool head are essentials. "Faint heart never won fair lady."—*Printers' Ink*.

The advertiser gets more for his money now than formerly, because the greater attractions of the newspapers increase the number of newspaper readers, and, besides, the newspapers are read more thoroughly now than ever before. The advertising columns are an interesting feature of well-conducted newspapers, and are read about as generally as the news columns.—*Savannah (Ga.) News*.

GOODYEAR'S  
Mackintosh Coats



Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

Goodyear Rubber Co. R. H. PEASE, Agents, S. M. RUNYON, S. F.  
577 and 579 MARKET STREET.

That would not adopt the Davis Automatic Inkstand exclusively if they fully realized its economy of ink, pens, and time. Who would not use the Davis Automatic Inkstand exclusively if he but appreciated its cleanliness, convenience, and saving of time. Having occasion to use an inkstand at home, who would be without the Davis Automatic Inkstand if he or she but knew that it is always ready for use, keeps the ink pure and fluid until used.





## SOCIETY.

## The Harrison-Reid Wedding.

Hon. Ralph Chandler Harrison, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of California, was married last Tuesday to Miss Ella Spencer Reid, niece of Hon. Whitelaw Reid, of New York. The wedding was celebrated at Ophir Farm, the country home of Mr. Reid, in Westchester County, N. Y., and was attended by friends of both parties from many of the principal Eastern cities. The bride is the only surviving daughter of the late Gavin McMillan Reid, and has been under her uncle's care since 1872. She has traveled extensively, having passed two seasons in Paris and one in Rome. She met Mr. Harrison first while on a visit to Pasadena, and later they met at Mr. Reid's home.

The ceremony was performed at half past ten o'clock in the morning, amidst a decoration of autumnal flowers and foliage, the officiating clergyman being Archbishop Kirby, of St. Paul's Church. Two little cousins of the bride, Ogden Mills Reid and Jean Templeton Reid acted as pages, and three sons of the groom, Mr. Richard C. Harrison, Mr. Philip J. Harrison, and Mr. Robert W. Harrison, and Dr. Lovett, a friend of the bride, acted as ushers. The bride wore a handsome robe of heavy, white bordered silk, made with a court train, and elaborately trimmed with point lace. She carried a silver-bound prayer-book. Mr. Whitelaw Reid gave his niece away. After the ceremony an elaborate breakfast was enjoyed, and later in the day the newly married couple started for the West. They will stop en route at Cedarville, Ohio, to visit the bride's grandmother and aunt. They will make their home at Mr. Harrison's residence on Pine Street.

## The Goodloe-Stearns Wedding.

Miss Nellie Stearns, the artist, and Mr. Paul T. Goodloe, of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, were married on Wednesday evening, September 21st, at the home of the bride's father, 1210 Jackson Street. The house was tastefully decorated with orchids and other choice flowers and ferns. At nine o'clock the ceremony was performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. Mr. W. H. Magee acted as best man, and Miss Clara Fisher was the maid of honor. The bride wore a handsome robe of white brocade silk, and the maid of honor was attired in a becoming gown of white Canton crepe, trimmed with lace.

After the ceremony a reception was held, followed by a delicious supper, at which several toasts were given and responded to. Those of Rev. Dr. Stebbins and Judge Morrow were particularly eloquent. The presents to the bride were numerous and of much value. The Sketch Club, of which she is a member, sent a valuable album of etchings by well-known artists. The happy couple left for Casadero the next day for a two weeks' outing among the redwoods, and when they return will reside at 1210 Jackson Street.

## The Goodwin Golden Wedding.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goodwin celebrated their golden wedding at their residence, 1722 Broadway, on Thursday, September 22d. The house was beautifully decorated with potted plants and a profusion of yellow-bued flowers. After congratulations, dancing was indulged in until ten o'clock when refreshments were served, after which a few dances were enjoyed, and the remainder of the evening was most pleasantly passed. As the guests departed, each received a piece of wedding cake, done up in white paper and tied with yellow ribbon (after the fashion of fifty years ago) from a granddaughter, a little Miss of five years, who took the cake from a lace and ribbon trimmed basket which she held in her hand. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Goodwin, Mrs. M. R. Britton, Mrs. E. L. May, Mr. and Mrs. J. Willie Goodwin, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Feuster, Mr. and Mrs. George Crosby, Mr. and Mrs. William Newell, Colonel and Mrs. E. B. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Bullock, Mr. and Mrs. Gustavus Spear, Judge and Mrs. J. C. Everence, Mrs. L. L. Buffandeau, Mrs. Peter Outcalt, Miss E. C. Britton, Miss F. G. May, Miss J. Feuster, Miss Maybelle Feuster, Miss Estelle Feuster, Miss M. L. Bullock, Miss Maud R. Goodwin, Miss A. M. Goodwin,

Miss C. E. Goodwin, Mr. E. F. Holbrook, Mr. G. S. Holbrook, Mr. Clarence Feuster, Mr. James Stanley, and Mr. James A. Goodwin.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford and Miss Jennie Catherwood will sail from Europe next Wednesday for America.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers, who are now in Paris, will leave there so as to arrive in New York city early in November. They have given up their idea of a Western trip, and will remain in New York until Miss Ivers's wedding in January.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels will leave Paris today en route home.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine are in New York city, and will remain East about a month.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mrs. Henry Janin have returned to New York after passing the summer here and at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy were at the Holland House in New York city last week.

Colonel Creed Haymond has returned from an extended tour of Europe, and will pass the winter on his ranch in San Mateo County.

Mrs. W. Archibald Wilson is taking the cure at Bad Schwalbach, Germany. She will pass the winter in Italy and return in the spring.

Mrs. Henrietta Zeile, Miss Zeile, and Mr. John Zeile will return to San Francisco early next spring, coming by way of India, China, and Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gilling left New York a week ago for Europe on the steamer *Majestic*, of the White Star Line.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard L. Hill are expected to return from the East in November.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins will return from the East late in October.

Mrs. D. M. Delmas and the Misses Delmas will return from Mountain View in a few days to occupy their residence on Taylor Street.

Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and the Misses Gashwiler have arrived in New York city, after having made the trip via Panama.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Fanny Crocker returned from Europe last Tuesday, and are in New York city.

Mrs. Adam Grant and Miss Hart are paying a visit to Monterey.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller is convalescent after her recent severe illness.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope will remain in Europe several months more, and may return home via India and Japan.

Mrs. and Mrs. J. M. Cunningham and family are at Monterey.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre and Miss Mary Eyre will return from Menlo Park late in October, and will occupy Mrs. M. Nuttall's residence during her absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Deming, of Sacramento, are passing a couple of weeks at Monterey.

Mrs. O. W. Childs and the Misses Childs have returned to Los Angeles, after passing the season here and at Monterey.

Mrs. James Irvine, Mr. J. W. Byrne, and Mr. Callaghan Byrne will leave in December for New York to attend the wedding of Miss Ivers in January.

Mrs. William M. Lent, Mrs. Alexander, and Mr. Eugene Lent have returned from the East to attend the Lent-Hooker wedding.

Mrs. Milton S. Latham has returned to the city, after a prolonged visit at San Jose.

Miss Mamie Harrington has returned from a visit to the Misses Delmas at Mountain View.

Dr. Harry L. Tevis returned to New York last Saturday. Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Payne will soon return to the city, after passing the season at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mr. C. J. Hendry left for the East last Monday, and will be away several months.

Mr. James F. J. Archibald left last Saturday on the steamer *Santa Rosa* to visit San Diego, and from there he will go into Mexico.

Mr. and Mrs. John G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle left on an Eastern trip last Wednesday via the northern route.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour are now occupying their residence on Broadway after passing the season at their villa in Menlo Park.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Los Angeles.

Misses Lulu and Daisy Dresbach are enjoying a visit to friends in Ventura, and will remain there a couple of weeks more.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney M. Smith and the Misses Ethel and Helen Smith have returned from a visit at Bolinas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Stone have returned to the city after passing the summer in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter Dean and Miss Sara Dean have returned to the city after passing the season at Belvedere.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan have taken apartments at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Roy Jones has returned from Washington, D. C., and is at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Frances B. Edgerton has returned from a prolonged and pleasant visit to the Eastern States.

Miss Fannie Grant is visiting friends in Santa Barbara. Judge and Mrs. Robert V. Hayne, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, and Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott are enjoying a visit at Monterey.

Mrs. William Ashburner has gone East to visit friends in New York and Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Henry C. Hyde and Miss Hyde left England last Wednesday on the steamer *City of New York*, en route home.

Mrs. M. V. Huntington and Miss Minnie Hennessey are at Monterey for a few weeks.

Mrs. B. F. Sherwood, Miss Jennie Sherwood, and Mr. J. D. Sherwood will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Hinkley, *né* Blythe, are at Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. William Van Bergen have returned to the city after passing the summer in Sausalito.

Mrs. E. M. McBean, Miss Edith McBean, Miss Carrie Taylor, Miss Ella Morgan, and Miss May Hoffman left for the East last Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wooster, *né* McMillan, have returned from their tour of Southern California, and are residing at 202 Reid Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier and Miss Currier are preparing to occupy their new residence, 2007 Divisadero Street, corner of California Street.

Dr. and Mrs. Burdell and Miss Mabel Burdell are making a short visit in London, but expect to pass the winter in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook will soon close their Menlo Park villa and return to their city residence.

Mr. F. A. Haber is at the Hotel Marlborough, in New York city.

Mr. N. P. Cole is staying at the Hotel Bartholdi, in New York city.

Mrs. Morton Cheesman and Miss Jennie Cheesman have returned to the city after a prolonged visit at Castle Crags.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. A. Talbot will soon return to the city, after passing the summer at their residence in Redwood City.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, who have been passing the season in Menlo Park, will return to the city this month to pass the winter here.

Miss Louise Moulder has arrived in New York from Germany, and is en route here.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Nellie Smedberg will return from the East in a few days.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe is passing a couple of weeks in her cottage at Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Albert Lillenthal returned to New York last Thursday after a prolonged visit here. She was accompanied by the Misses Lillian and Irene Adler.

Mrs. William Willis will remain in San José during October. Her mother and sister are with her.

Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis have returned from San José, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. W. E. Holloway has been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett has gone East, accompanied by her

daughter, who will be placed in school at Farmington, Conn.

Mrs. H. M. Bissell and the Misses Bissell have returned to the city after passing the season in Sausalito.

Mr. Robert Mott and the Misses Mott are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Fuller are staying at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry E. Bothin will return to the city in a few days after passing several weeks at Monterey.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. McNear, Jr., have returned to Oakland after passing several weeks at Castle Crags.

Mr. Robert G. Hooker is expected here next week from Seattle on a visit to his relatives.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Chaplain and Mrs. Frank Thompson, U. S. N., *né* Carleton, have been at Santa Barbara during the past week.

Dr. Charles F. Stokes, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty at the naval hospital at Yokohama, Japan, and accompanied by Mrs. Stokes, *né* Berningham, sailed last Tuesday for the Asiatic station.

The Prince Maffeo Sciarra has had suit brought against him for selling his valuable private gallery outside of Italy. It has just become known that he smuggled the pictures across the frontier among the scenery and stage-furnishings of the Teatro Quirino, of which he was one of the stockholders. The theatre is back of his palace, and he had the assistance of the manager in his enterprise. It is doubtful if the pictures will ever be returned to Italy; but, at least, the prince will probably have to pay a heavy fine.

The sale of the treasures of the Borghese Gallery naturally attracted purchasers from all countries and climes. In a few short hours the gems gathered by ten generations of the famous family were scattered almost to the four corners of the globe. The well-known terra-cotta bust in which Bernini preserved the features of Pope Paul the Fifth, a Borghese, and one of the founders of the Borghese greatness, was purchased, it is said, by a merchant of San Francisco.

The interdiction by the Austrian Government of Zola's "Débâcle"—on the ground that it "tends to disturb the public peace"—is said to have its real motive in the idea that prompted the German Government to forbid all soldiers to go to see the repulsive battle pictures of Verestchagin. Neither book nor pictures inspire men to be soldiers.

The derivation of the word "Tuileries" shows that the great Parisian palace occupies the site of an old tile-yard, and that of "Escorial" shows that the Roman palace was built upon the refuse from an exhausted mine. The Ceramicus, or Potter's Field, at Athens, became the most beautiful quarter of the city.

A letter written by De Quincey to his publishers was recently sold in London. It apologizes not only for delay in sending "copy," but for certain marks on it, giving an excuse characteristic of the "Opium-Eater": "I must beg you to excuse the stains of laudanum, etc., which I hope have not made it more difficult to read."

An old Scotchwoman of frugal habits, who had means and appliances superior to her neighbors, and who rejoiced in the possession of a servant, used to say to that domestic, as the shades of evening began to descend: "Noo, Nannie, ye may pit the lamp on the table, an' if onybody o' consequence ca's, ye can light it."

The silky little King Charles spaniel is an expensive luxury. Puppies a month old easily fetch fifty dollars apiece, and when half-grown, one hundred dollars. There are comparatively few of these dogs in New York, and nearly every one is known to the dog-fanciers.

There is a fence of wire netting, five hundred miles long, between the Australian colonies of New South Wales and Queensland. Its object is to keep the rabbits from migrating from one colony to the other.

Unless an Austrian procures the consent of his wife he can not get a passport to travel beyond the frontier of his own country. This is home rule with a vengeance.

One of the members of the country cricket team of Hampshire, England, bears the cheerful name of Thankful Joy.

It is said that the natives of the East Indies know more about Boston than any other American city. Rum did it.

Mrs. E. Burd Grubb has been elected ensign of her husband's old regiment, the Twenty-Third New Jersey.

A NOVELTY THAT WOMEN WHO ENJOY SHOPPING will welcome is to be inaugurated on Monday at The Maze, the great modern department store on Market and Taylor Streets. It is the special "sale day" in dress goods, and its purpose is to advertise and introduce goods. The Monday "sale day" will be devoted to silks, when all kinds and varieties will be shown. It is difficult to explain just what the "sale day" is, but every lady in town who cares about pretty, new goods and low prices should make a point of visiting The Maze on Monday to find out. Another reason why she should be there is that The Maze has just received an invoice of fifty pieces of the new "crystal silk," the fashionable fabric of the winter; it comes in a vast assortment of shades and makes up beautifully for day or evening wear.

## ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the

## CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor, eruption, and disease from pimples to scrofula. Sold every where. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. *See* "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

CHAMPAGNE KRUG & CO. "PRIVATE CUVÉE." In Quarts and Pints. —FROM— KRUG & CO., - REIMS.

Sold by all Dealers, Jobbers, and Grocers.

HELLMANN BROS. & CO.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast, Telephone No. 414. 525 FRONT ST., S. F.

## THE MILK AND WINE LILY

OR CHIRIM FIMBULUM is one of the most beautiful of all plants. Its flowers are of all colors. Flowers are shaped like immense umbels, very large each flower 2 to 4 inches across, pure white striped with carmine, very showy and deliciously fragrant. Potted any time this fall it will bloom in any window during the winter. FINE large blooming bulbs, wrapped in long strands of lovely silvery-green tinsel moss, which is so beautiful for each and hold of decorative sent p. card for 2c each (w. l. cost von \$1.00 or more, each from Northern Florist.) A BULB OF THE BEAUTIFUL HARDY GAY FEATHER (Liatris) GIVEN ORDERING AND MENTIONING THIS AD.

PIKE & ELLSWORTH, JESSAMINE, FLORIDA.

## LOVE'S CONSERVATORY

—OF—

## DANCING

507 SUTTER STREET.

Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

## LADIES

Do not delay calling on us. Our

Stock of

## CLOTHING

—FOR—

## Boys and Children

Is the most complete ever exhibited in the West. We regulate the

Lowest Prices for Best Goods.

Just received the very latest in

Neckwear. Underwear. Dress Shirts.

Bath Robes. Gowns.

House Coats. Traveling Shawls.

Rugs, Etc.

Men's Suits, Overcoats,

and Ulsters,

The very Latest Fads.

—ONLY IMPORTERS OF—

Children's Hats and Caps

## ROOS BROS.

27, 29, 31, 33, 35, 37 Kearny St.

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



## HOW SHE READ THE SUMMER NOVEL.

By Tudor Jeoks.

"Darling!"

The word rushed to his lips, and was uttered before he could restrain it. So long had he thought of her that he was hardly conscious of what he had spoken.

And Daphne?

Daphne slowly raised her eyes, while a rosy tint covered her face. As she realized what the word meant, what changes in her future it implied, a delicious dreamy softness veiled the brightness of her blue eyes, which still gazed unabashed into those bent so bravely upon her.

"My love," he went on—for after that avowal he must risk all to win all—"can it be that you mean what your silence bids me to hope? Am I so blessed? I had not meant to say a word to you before my departure, but now—"

Still Daphne was silent, though he had waited for her to reply. For a moment there was silence between them. Then Daphne caught her breath with a little fluttering sigh, and held both her hands out to him, palms downward.

In an instant his arms were round her, her head sank upon his shoulder, and they were motionless.

From the ball-room were faintly heard the soft measures of the waltz "L'Amour."

So ended the great "Feud of the Carltons."

THE END.

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"—to their country-house."

"The Carltons? How extraordinary! I thought there was no love lost between them."

"Nor is there. But Gladys told me it was all an accident. It seems that he didn't know about it. He had been in the East, or the West, or somewhere, and hadn't kept up with all the goings on at home. At all events, he invited them both."

"And I suppose both were too proud to back out."

"They would have been if they had known. Possibly they didn't either of them know. Daphne couldn't have understood the way things were, or she would have made up some excuse to time."

"I'm glad I'm here to see the fun. Donnybrook Fair would be a peace convention beside it."

And so they strolled toward the smoking-room. It was a luxurious apartment. Around the walls ran a low divan of brown leather, contrasting well with the subdued blue of the dado and the—quiet frieze—ceiling—

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As Daphne swept into the drawing-room there was the hush of expectation that always heralds the entrance of a beautiful woman, or signifies the expectation of some awaited sensation.

Laurence, though he was turned away from the door, knew instinctively that she was in the room. He broke off his light badinage in the middle of a sentence.

Fortunately the lady to whom he was talking was a stranger who knew nothing of the Carltons or their history. She was one of the fortunate souls to whom life is but the kaleidoscope of folly and the whole of her horizon—

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"May I present Mr. Laurence Carlton?" said the major; and if he did not finish with a falling inflection, but gave the conventional phrase the form of an inquiry, we must consider the temptation.

Daphne bent her graceful figure, and Carlton bowed low. As the major retired, their eyes met. So had fate at last—

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"—and a beautiful old estate it is," Daphne answered, her eyes brightening as there came to her a vision of that avenue of old trees beneath which she had passed so many happy hours of her childhood's long seclusion; "a beautiful home. How I used to envy you who could dream of the sturdy forefathers who had planted that grand avenue so many, many years ago!"

Carlton could not but smile at her enthusiasm. "Then we were not the hated race I imagined you remembered only with scorn?" He had spoken playfully; but the pained look that drew together those delicately arched eyebrows touched his generous nature. "Forgive me," he went on, a little confusedly. "I thought—I feared—But that is all past now."

"Yes," Daphne replied, with a scarcely audible sigh, "it is all past now!"

The notes of a gay waltz were heard, and they swung quickly about the room. Did Daphne forget the words of her foster-father—"Daphne, the Carlton race is a cruel race; there can be no love between us but hatred"? Ah, no! Daphne looked into those deep brown eyes so near her own. They were not cruel. They were manly, and they were kind.

So passed the happy autumn days. Long rides over the crisping leaves; lazy mornings upon the cool river; evenings of brightness and sparkling talk, of dreamy music, of fair women and brave men—

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—time for the inevitable crisis. Was this crouching figure, this tigress of flaming eyes, the gentle,

high-bred Daphne Walden he had learned to love? "Deceit!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Carlton—Laurence! You know the word is false! John Walden took no more than was his own—or so he thought. How could he know that the will was forged? How could he know that Richard Carlton was alive? You yourselves could never prove it." "But you know it must have been a forgery!" said Laurence, almost as if he were upon the defensive.

"I knew nothing of it," said Daphne, passionately; "never until this moment have I heard the story of your claim. I swear to you by heaven above that I never heard it breathed that the will was a forgery. I knew you had brought suit to annul it, but I was told it was only a trumped-up claim."

"I see it all!" Laurence broke out; "it was Hezekiah Kimpton! He it was who drew the will! He became the trustee under it, and—Oh, how blind I have been!" and Laurence hid his face in his hands.

"Laurence," said Daphne, coming to his side, "I can not bear to see you suffer so. It was not your fault, nor was it mine. The dupe and the villain are alike dead, let us bury our enmity in their graves. It is all clear to me now. When your grandfather mortgaged the estate, it was understood that—"

—and so by his will he—

And now it is all forgotten and forgiven. The estates are yours. Never again will I return to that house. It is yours, not mine."

"But, Daphne," and Laurence looked up with a strangely intent gaze, "it is my wish, above all things, that you should live there forever."

"I could not!" she exclaimed, vehemently; "the very walls would cry out against me."

"But, Daphne," he said again, standing before her, so brave and so calm, "you do not understand. I do not refuse your offer. The house is ours, and it shall be mine. Can't you see?" And he stepped nearer as he asked the question.

Then Daphne lowered her eyes, but she did not turn from him. And Laurence saw that she was not indifferent to him.

"Darling!"

The word rushed to his lips, and was uttered—

## THE FEUD OF THE CARLTONS.

## CHAPTER I.

The great house evidently dated from colonial times. The long avenue of approach, shaded by magnificent trees—

Laurence Carlton was of tall and well-knit figure. His closely curling hair displayed to advantage a well-modeled forehead, beneath which his brown eyes, usually mirthful, at times glowed with a baleful fire. He was the second son—

—known far and wide as "The Feud of the Carltons." The Waldens, too, were a proud family; but since the death of her foster-father, Daphne was alone in the great mansion.

—faintly heard the soft measures of the waltz "L'Amour."

So ended the great "feud of the Carltons."—*Harper's Weekly.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Force of Habit.

It was a dainty summer girl,  
Who, knocking at the gate,  
Inquired of good Saint Peter—  
"Say, is my hat on straight?"—*The Club.*

## Not Dead Yet.

John Sullivan, my jo, John,  
When first we were acquaint,  
You trod this earth a king, John,  
Your path was red as paint;  
But now you're in the soup, John,  
Jim Corbett's all the go—  
His mark is on your nose and jaw,  
John Sullivan, my jo.

John Sullivan, my jo, John,  
Your mighty rush was vain  
At that bold tiger of the West  
That rent the lion's mane!  
Now you must totter down, John,  
Don't tread upon my toe!  
I've still a vast respect for you!  
John Sullivan, my jo.—*Puck.*

## The Telephone Girl.

This life to her is a heaven below,  
As happy is she as the birds in May,  
Because she's a telephone girl, you know,  
And has nothing to do but to talk all day.  
—*New York Press.*

## The Walking-Delegat.

"'Ye had better not do anny wurruk," says he,  
"I'll yez j'ine the union, Moike."  
So I pawned me coat and me Sunday shoes,  
And I j'ined the union and paid me dues—  
Thin he ordered me out on stroike.—*Puck.*

## All the Same in English.

One afternoon I chanced to stray  
Into a popular cafe,  
While sitting there I heard a waif  
Remark: "This is a dandy cafe."  
Which made a smart young woman laugh  
And say: "Hear what he calls a cafe."  
When her companion bright and chaffy,  
Remarked: "He should have called it cafe."  
And to myself I groaned: "Why can't  
It still be called a restaurant?"—*Truth.*

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

## A BRAIN AND NERVE FOOD.

For lecturers, teachers, students, clergymen, lawyers,  
and brain-workers generally.

## THREE MEN IN A BOAT.

And Three Women on the Rocks.

SCENE.—Three men fishing in a little boat. Three women fishing from the rocks close by.

FLOOD [pulling in a fish]—First blood.

ERR [pulling in a fish]—This is business. I guess they are coming in now.

SLACKWATER [pulling in a fish]—In with you, boys.

MRS. FLOOD—Each one of those men has caught a fish.

MRS. ERR—They said we could get them here, too; but see! Mr. Flood has just caught another one.

MRS. SLACKWATER—And my husband's got another, too! [Calling.] I should think you might give somebody else a chance at that!

SLACKWATER—Don't you have any bites, Henrietta?

MRS. SLACKWATER—No, we don't. The bobs haven't bobbed once.

SLACKWATER—They haven't fairly [stops to pull in a fish] commenced to run yet. You'll get as many as we do in a minute.

FLOOD [in undertone]—Doubtful about that, Theodore. They ain't fishing in the channel.

ERR—If we had a bigger boat—Gimini, but that's a nice one! Look at him.

MRS. ERR—You men must have a hundred, I should think, the way you are catching them.

ERR—Pshaw! We've only got two or three—little things at that. They'll run larger by and bye, and you'll get 'em over there, too.

SLACKWATER [softly—pulling two fish over the side of the boat and keeping between them and the ladies]—By gracious, boys! they pull like bull-dogs.

MRS. SLACKWATER—Are they running yet, Theodore?

SLACKWATER—Well, you can hardly say they are yet.

MRS. SLACKWATER—How many do you think you'll catch at a time when they do run?

FLOOD [unhooking a fish and laughing softly]—I guess we'll have to manage to get some of 'em out here, eh?

ERR [reeling furiously]—We ought to, but my wife is afraid to stay in a boat unless I'm along, too.

FLOOD [casting]—So's mine.

SLACKWATER—Two more, boys. My wife is that way, too.

MRS. SLACKWATER—Can't you come ashore, Theodore, and let Mrs. Ebb go out?

SLACKWATER—Why—yes—certainly.

ERR [in undertone]—You'll do nothing of the sort. I'll go ashore my—damn it! I lost a nice one, then. I've got to 'tend to business better'n this.

MRS. SLACKWATER—Well, why don't you come, then?

ERR—Do you want to come out, Emily?

MRS. ERR—Oh! I don't know that I do. You come in and let Mrs. Flood go out.

ERR—Heavens and earth! see those fellows jump! [To Mrs. ERR.] All right! [To FLOOD, with assumed cheerfulness.] Pull up that anchor, old man.

FLOOD [calling out]—Do you want to come out in Mr. Ebb's place, Lucy?

MRS. FLOOD—I don't believe I care about it. Why don't you come in and let Mrs. Slackwater go out?

MRS. SLACKWATER—I'll tell you what we can do. Two of you men can come and fish off the rocks, and the other one can take us out there and bait the hooks while we fish.

SLACKWATER [pulling in a fish]—All right.

FLOOD [pulling in a fish]—We'll do that.

ERR [pulling in a fish]—By and bye.

OLD GENTLEMAN [in next boat, who always goes alone]—For pure, unadulterated selfishness, give me the average man who goes a-fishing.—*American Angler.*

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## —DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

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which is absolutely pure and soluble.

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For General Debility, Fever & Ague,  
Poorness of the Blood, etc., etc.,  
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—WILSON & COMPANY, NEW YORK.

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THREE	White, 1/2 Flesh, 1/2 Brunette, 1/2	POZZONI'S
		All Druggists and Fancy Stores.
		TINTS



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Nicholas of Russia was much attached to the painter Vernet, and in one of his familiar conversations proposed that he should paint a picture on the partition of Poland. "I am afraid I can not do it, sire," replied Vernet; "I have never painted a Christ on the cross. The moment I had said it," continued Vernet, "I thought my last hour had struck. I am positively certain that a Russian would have paid for those words with his life, or at least with life-long exile to Siberia. I shall never forget the look he gave me; there was a murderous gleam in the eyes; but it was over in an instant."

A writer in the *Nautical Magazine* tells a story of how a Yankee skipper contrived to free his ship from rats. While he lay in port he discovered that one of the British ships then in the harbor had among her cargo a great quantity of cheese. He thereupon found an excuse for hauling over to her and mooring his own packet alongside. The next step was to procure a plank, smear it well with an odoriferous preparation of red berrings, and place it so as to lead through one of the ports on board the Englishman. The immediate result was a wholesale emigration of the rats from the American ship's hold to the cheese-laden vessel alongside.

A patient in an insane asylum imagined himself dead. Nothing could drive this delusion out of the man's brain. One day his physician had a happy thought, and said to him: "Did you ever see a dead man bleed?" "No," he replied. "Did you ever hear of a dead man bleeding?" "No." "Do you believe that a dead man can bleed?" "No." "Well, if you will permit me, I will try an experiment with you, and see if you bleed or not." The patient gave his consent, the doctor whipped out his scalpel and drew a little blood. "There," he said, "you see that you bleed; that proves that you are not dead." "Not at all," the patient instantly replied; "that only proves that dead men can bleed."

Recently (says a Helena paper) the finely bred Gordon Ester Faro, owned by John Kepple, of Helena, Mont., entered the Capital gambling-house with a ten-dollar bill in his mouth. Going to one of the faro-tables the dog dropped it on the queen. To say that the suave dealer was surprised would be putting it mildly. But recovering himself after a few moments, he asked the dog if he wanted a copper on the ten dollars. The dog barked as if in the affirmative, so, placing a copper on the money, the dealer made the turn. The queen came up a smiling loser, and the dog won. Taking two ten-dollar bills in his mouth, Faro gave them to his master.

A story is told of Lord Melbourne in his character of premier, asking the young Queen Victoria whether "there was any individual for whom she felt such a preference that she would wish to have him associated with her in the cares of sovereignty." The queen, a little astonished, asked whether the question was put by Lord Melbourne in his character as a minister of the crown, and he replied that under no other circumstances would he have presumed to address such a question to her majesty. "Then," said the queen, "I must admit that there is one individual for whom I entertain a decided preference, and that individual is the Duke of Wellington." The length of Lord Melbourne's face may be imagined, the duke being, of course, his great political adversary.

On one occasion, when a public reception was given to Daniel Webster at a hotel in Boston, a particularly obsequious old office-seeker was introduced. The man flattered Webster until the great man was tired of him, and, bidding him good-day, settled down heavily into the nearest chair. But the man, instead of passing on, lingered near, and seemed to have something still on his mind, though he looked very blissful. Webster observed this, and said, not very good-naturedly: "May I ask you, sir, if you want anything more of me?" "Oh—oh, no," said the man, smiling; "only, perhaps, I may be permitted to remark that I am proud to say that my hat is having the inestimable honor to occupy the same chair with Daniel Webster." Webster bad, as a matter of fact, sat down on the man's tall beaver hat, and crushed it out of shape.

A comic incident took place during some cheap trips on the Paris-Havre Railway. The pleasure-seekers found only half the necessary quantity of carriages at their disposal, and at the station, Harfleur, the overplus was put into a number of cattle-cars, which were quickly provided with seats. No sooner did the ticket-taker enter to demand the passengers' tickets, than he was greeted with a chorus of well-imitated "moos!" and the joke extending itself to all the other cattle-cars, he at last desisted from his attempt. At the next halting station, the station-master began a remonstrance, but "Moo! moo! moo!" sounded so overpoweringly that he retired. The train finally arrived at the terminus, Montvillier. Here the passengers, imitating the awkward leaps of cattle, sprang through the gate by

which traveling beasts usually leave the station. The station-master caught one of them by the collar. This was the signal for the whole crowd to lower their heads and butt at him vigorously with terrible lowering, so that he was quickly obliged to take to his heels, followed by a final triumphant "Moo."

Baron Rothschild was very anxious to have Horace Vernet paint his picture, and visited him with this object while Vernet was engaged upon his enormous Algerian battle-piece, "La Prise de la Smala." Vernet said he would paint the baron for fifty thousand francs, and, although Rothschild visited him repeatedly to induce him to name a smaller sum, he stuck to his price. Finally, upon one of the baron's visits, Vernet told him that he had already painted him full length for nothing, as he, the baron, could not afford to pay for his picture, and that he would find himself in the "Prise de la Smala," at Versailles. The baron accordingly went to Versailles, and there he was, the central figure in the foreground of the enormous picture, and he overheard the following conversation among the spectators: "Who is that man to whom the woman is appealing to save her child, and who appears not to hear her?" "Why, don't you see? He is a Jew running away with a casket." Rothschild, by threats, entreaties, and bribes, could not induce Vernet to paint out the figure.

The summer residents of a Cape Cod town made up their minds that they must have a casino. An old resident, a Mr. Buffon, was the owner of the lot on which the summer cottagers had set their hearts. At the first meeting the matter of contribution was broached. Mr. Buffon declined to contribute a cent. Then the cottagers labored with him over the site. Fifteen hundred dollars was his lowest figure. They explained to him the advantages that would accrue to the place through the erection of the casino, and the inevitable enhancement of the value of his other property; but he held out for fifteen hundred dollars. Finally one of the committee said: "Mr. Buffon, you should either knock off something from the price of the lot, or if we buy it for fifteen hundred dollars, you should make a handsome contribution." "Well," said Mr. Buffon, "I'm ready to do something for you. I can't let the land go for less than fifteen hundred dollars; but if you'll make the figure sixteen hundred dollars, I'm ready to contribute one hundred dollars to the fund." The meeting was adjourned on motion of one of the summer visitors.

Tom Thumb, when first taken to England, lodged at the same hotel with Lablache, the great singer. A Russian lady was very anxious to see Tom Thumb and went to Egyptian Hall for that purpose, but found that the exhibition was over. However, she found out his hotel and went there. She knocked at a door, which was opened by a man of colossal proportions. She started back in some alarm, but was reassured by the amiable and gracious manner of the man, who was Lablache. "I must have made a mistake," said the lady, "it is Tom Thumb I wish to see." "Very well, madam," said the giant, "I am he." "You, monsieur? Why, I had been told that he was so very little." "Oh!" said Lablache, "that is for the public, but when I come home I make myself comfortable by resuming my natural size." The lady again staggered her astonishment, when Lablache said: "Madam, your supposition is not very flattering to the British public. Do you suppose they would go in crowds to look at a man for the mere reason that he was very little? The interesting thing is the transformation; it is that which attracts people." The lady admitted that the remark was very reasonable.

## Desires to Bear Testimony.

Henry Thore, Traveling Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., writes from Exeter Hall, Strand, London, February 2, 1888: "I desire to bear my testimony to the value of ALCOCK'S Porous Plasters. I have used them for pains in the neck and side arising from rheumatic and other causes, over without deriving benefit from their application. They are easily applied and very comforting. Those engaged as I am in public work which involves exposure to sudden changes of temperature, will do well to keep a supply of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in their portmanteaus."

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21.  
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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.  
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## NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 2, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 2:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 2:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:55, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:10, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:45 P. M.  
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:45, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 3:25 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocoma Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Week Days 6:10 P. M. Week Days 6:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days 3:35 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.  
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

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## Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, Sao Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San Jose de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—October 18th, SS. Colima.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

## Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.  
Peru.....Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking.....Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M.  
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M.

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NOTICE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
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YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. (From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.)

Belgic.....Thursday, October 6  
Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 25  
Galleon.....Wednesday, November 15  
Belgic.....Thursday, December 15

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Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa, via Davis, Sacramento, Redding, via Davis, Atlantic Express, Ogden and East	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	9:45 P.

9:00 A.	Stockton and Milto.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	12:45 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.

4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, Woodland, and Oroville.....	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	8:45 A.

5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Almadeno, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San Jose, Almadeno, and Way Stations.....	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.....	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Meolo Park and Way Stations.....	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.

2:30 P.	San Jose, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 8:22 A.
5:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

"Early and often" should be the advertiser's motto.

Spasmodic advertising is the most costly.

What would be the risk of a person rowing a boat who turned around every few strokes to see how far he had gone?—S. C. Patterson.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburo, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.  
Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 2:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 9:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburo for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:05 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Hot Lake, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$8.20; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

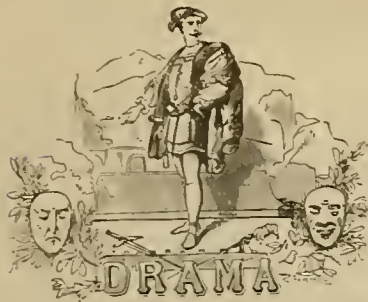
H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. McGLVNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street.

New Montgomery Street.





The kirmess in aid of the German Old Peoples' Home, which it is proposed to establish at Fruit Vale, was, perhaps, the most successful affair of the kind ever attempted in San Francisco. It is said that in six days thirty thousand dollars net were taken in, and the starting of the Home is assured. The result is due to the energy of the German ladies and gentlemen who took the affair in hand, and to the treasures of maiden beauty which visitors were surprised to discover.

The aim of the projectors was stated in Mr. Kirchoff's stanza:

"Da kam vom Himmel ein Sonnenstrahl  
In's dunkelnde Erdenleben,  
Der nimmt hinweg die Sorgen, die Qual,  
Wird Frieden und Ruhe geben:  
Es wollen die deutschen Männer und Frau'n  
Ein Heim für die Alten, die Greise bau'n  
Im Lande des Goldes, der Reben."

How to carry out the purpose was for a long time matter of debate. A dramatic performance, a concert, an opera, a picnic at Suto's, a bazaar, were all duly considered; but at last the preponderance of sentiment was in favor of a kirmess, as combining some of the best features of all and being especially German. No opera-goer who has seen "Faust" needs to be told that a kirmess is a combination of a charity fair with a fancy ball. Ladies appear in costume, and dance the popular dance of the country whose uniform they wear; while booths, attended by ravishing maidens, offer to male visitors everything which they can not possibly want at prices which they can not possibly afford. But it is the law of these entertainments that if the girls are beautiful enough and seductive enough, the question will not be what a man wants, or what he can not afford, but what money he has in his pockets.

The melting blondes of the kirmess sold lots of articles to men who did not know what to do with their purchases. How could it have been otherwise? Such tender eyes, pleading in so worthy a cause, drew money out of the closest pocket; when Gretchen approached, gold and silver coins leaped out of purses of their own accord, and flew into small, snow-white hands.

What a pretty sight it was! A Verein Arion booth, with dames in black and gold, and damsels in La Tosca gowns and Leghorn hats; a fish-pond surrounded by fisher-maidens in Italian green and black, and young shepherdesses in shrimp pink; a red and yellow cigar-stand, where señoras and señoritas in Spanish black robes and mantillas dispensed choice weeds; a beer cellar, where a bevy of buxom Bavarian girls officiated as cup-bearers to King Gambinus; a wine-room gorgeously decorated, where fair Marguerites dispensed the vintage of the Rhine grown in Napa County, and pointed those who hesitated on the brink to the legend on the wall:

"Wer nicht liebt wein, weib, und gesang,  
Er bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang."

A military booth, where the stars and stripes floated and Amazons in regulation uniform inspired visitors with a fierce impulse to get themselves arrested and taken to the guard-house forthwith; a country museum, full of all sorts of curious and rare objects, but none so rare they could compare with the peasant girls in short petticoats who offered their services as guides; a floral booth, where deft fingers—which it was forbidden to kiss—stood ready to decorate gentlemen's coats with boutonnières worth far more than their weight in gold; a candy stand, where the dispensers of sweets were costumed as goddesses of liberty, as if to say that here you are free to get toothache at the shortest notice and at a price commensurate with the loveliness of the candy-seller.

Fancy costume was in order at all times and in all places, and the hall often looked like a brilliant *bal costumé*, with princes and knights, and troubadours and minnesingers, and queens of beauty and leaders of fashion of every age, since the days of the Lorelei, streaming round the booths, or mixing in the dancing. In the Turkish booth, four young ladies in Turkish costume sang an oriental ballad, till those who heard them understood why the Moslems have adhered so tenaciously to polygamy. Americans walked away pensively, with their heads down, bemoaning the cruel fate which forbade them from making a bid for the lot. Then there was a fortune-teller who was warranted never to make a mistake; and exhibitions of calisthenics by young ladies which were really prodigious.

All these shows, and trades, and dances, and songs were carried on amid the wildest merriment. As a rule, your Nord-Deutscher is a serious fellow, not to say grim. He takes life gravely, whether he is fighting the French or capturing the trade of Central America and Mexico from Americans and English.

If you watch him smoking at his beer-garden, with his wife and children round him, you will think he has not a laugh in him. But catch him at a festive gathering like this, you will find that he possesses a fund of hilarity which is scarcely less demonstrative than that of the French. He is as thorough in his pleasures as he is in his toils. His laugh is a roar; his fun is tireless. He goes on fooling hour after hour without signs of fatigue. The involutions of the German language are unfavorable to the production of jokes. By the time the sentence ends with the dull thud of a verb, the point of the joke is lost. But among themselves, the Germans seem to cultivate a Teuton pleasantry which they appreciate. They have been known to enjoy the jests in *Fliegende Blätter*, which lead to softening of the brain in men of other races.

As for the German girls at this kirmess, it is enough to repeat what an Eastern man said when he saw them—that he had no idea there was so much beauty in San Francisco. And, indeed, it was a revelation. Many of our German girls are home-bodies, *haus-frauen*, who are raised under glass, and are rarely seen in public places. They are demure, timid doves, who nestle under mamma's wing, and are too shy to risk friction with the world. But when an occasion does offer when they can not shirk publicity, what eyes, what golden hair, what rosy cheeks, what rounded figures, what low, sweet voices, what rippling laughter, what grace in every movement!

German women come honestly by their charm. At a time when the English, French, and Italian women commanded scant respect, they were venerated and placed not on equality, but on a superior plane to men. He who beat a woman was punished twice as severely as if he had beaten a man. He who wronged a woman was executed, unless the woman chose to save him by becoming his wife; when she declined, not only did the wrong-doer expiate his crime with his life, but the house where he lived was torn down, and every living creature in it, to the very cattle, was put to death. German girls married late—generally after rather than before twenty; and it may be inferred that their spinsterhood was dull, from the fact that the German word for a wedding is *hochzeit*—a high old time. But they brought no dowry to their husbands, except, perhaps, a knife or a spear, and, for three days after the wedding, a sharp sword separated wife from husband in the nuptial couch. Notwithstanding the sword, the husband gave her, on the morning after the marriage, a present called a *morgengabe*; from which word the present "morganatic marriage" is derived. The women fought in the wars by the side of their husbands, and were thus inured to exposure and fatigue. Widows never remarried; the German phrase ran: "As a woman has but one body and but one soul, so she can have but one husband." Perhaps these reminiscences of the ancient Germans may help us to understand the loyalty, and beauty, and charm of German women to-day.

It is only in this country that the modern German woman receives her full development. On her native heath she is less attractive than the Englishwoman, or the Frenchwoman, or the American. She is so impressive an example of immaculate virtue, that she oppresses other people with a consciousness of their own depravity, and they shrink out of the sight of such spotless propriety. Vasili does imply that ladies of the court at Berlin sometimes condescend to *desipere in loco*—which may be freely translated by saying that they are equal to a flirtation in a back parlor, when the lights are out. But Vasili's prejudice is notorious. According to the memoirs of Alice of Hesse, so much starch goes to the outfit of a German lady of fashion that unbending is impossible; and her views are confirmed by the statements of poor Caroline Bauer in her autobiography. At Berlin they have a proverb which is equivalent to our "Be good, and you will be happy." A French scoffer retorted that, from what he had seen of German happiness, he would like to try a little misery by way of a change; but, then, the breach between Germans and French is flagrant, and the members of one nation can not figure as impartial judges of the other.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 3d: Albott & Teal's Company in "Niobe"; the Tivoli Company in "Maritana"; Lederer's Comedians in "Divorce Day"; De Lange and Rising in "Tangled Up"; "Caprice"; and "Yon Youson."

Worry and fear are two of the cholera's "right-hand men." The French understand this, and the more germs there are the louder they sing:

"Tu volla,  
Cholera!  
Ah! Ah! Ah!  
Tu n'm'attrap'ras pas,  
Cholérine!  
Tu n'm'attrap'ras pas,  
Choléra!"

One of the few women who were privileged to call Mr. Gladstone "William" died recently, near Liverpool, in her eighty-seventh year. She was Mary Anne McKean, and for more than half a century she was in the service of the Gladstone family.

Impaired Digestion repaired by BEECHAM'S PILLS.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

After the new opera by Sir Arthur Sullivan and Sydney Grundy has run its course, Gilbert and Sullivan will resume partnership.

Robert Buchanan is writing a comic opera, and J. M. Barrie—who wrote a successful farce for Toole—has written a comedy for Henry Irving.

Mr. Joseph Holz, the treasurer of the Tivoli Opera House, has been tendered a benefit, which will take place at the Tivoli on Wednesday evening, October 26th.

The elder Salvini has tired of seclusion, and is soon to set forth on a long engagement. He will be some time in the United States, and doubtless will visit San Francisco.

Marie Wainwright is to play Lady Teazle to Barton Hill's Sir Peter this winter, in an elaborate production of "School for Scandal." Eleanor Carey is a member of the supporting company.

The Press Club entertainment on Thursday afternoon was a success in every way. The auditorium was crowded, a long and interesting programme was performed, and the proceeds of the sale of tickets netted a thousand dollars or more for the charity fund of the club.

Vincent Wallace's opera of "Maritana" is to be sung at the Tivoli Opera House throughout the week commencing October 3d, with the following cast of characters:

Charles II., Ed. N. Knight; Don José de Santarem, George Olm; Don Cesar de Baza, E. F. Seaton; Marquis de Montefiori, Ferris Hartman; Lazarillo, Gerie Plaisted; Alcalde, H. A. Barkalew; Captain of Guards, George Harris; Maritana, Tillie Salinger; Marchioness de Montefiori, Grace Vernon.

Mascagni has been quite ill in Vienna. He went to the Austrian capital, as the guest of the Princess Metternich, to conduct the first performance there of "L'Amico Fritz" and a series of performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana." It seems he is a very shy man, and the way he has been run after and applauded has made him very nervous; and, too, he is almost worn out by overwork. But he persisted in leading, and, one night, he toppled out of the conductor's chair in a dead faint.

Almost every opera-singer of note in the past decade has appeared at one time or another on the stage of the New York Casino—now become an apotheosized music-hall. Here are some of the best known of them, men and women:

Lillian Russell, Pauline Hall, Marie Jansen, Lillian Grubb, Marcella Manola, Bertha Ricci, Rosalba Beecher, Billie Barlow, Isabel Urquhart, Sadie Martinot, Emma Hanley, Sylvia Gerold, Louise Beaudet, Mathilde Costello, Lilly Post, Belle Thorne, Agnes Folsom, Victoria Schilling, Alma Varrey, Sadie Kirby, Georgie Dennie, Villa Knox, Madeline Lucette, Camille d'Arville, Rose Beaudet, Kate Uart, Annie O'Keefe, Grace Golden, Fanny Rice, Eva Devenport, Pauline l'Allemant, Annie Myers, Marie Tempest, Francis Wilson, James T. Powers, Fred Leslie, Edwin Stevens, Mark Smith, W. S. Daboll, Richard Carroll, Alfred Klein, Jefferson de Angelis, Murry Woods, Fred Solomon, Max Lube, DeWolf Hopper, W. T. Carleton, Couricé Pounds, Frank Celli, and Henry Halla.

Lottie Collins has made her New York debut with "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay," which she sings between the second and third acts of "Jane." The first evening, she no sooner attempted her famous kicking than she sat flat on the floor with a resounding thump. "That's not in the play," she hastened to explain, and went on with her dance. But she kept it up only ten minutes the first night, and it was twice as long every night afterward, the floor being properly resined before she begins. They say that there is nothing indecent in her manner of singing or dancing, but that she is a clever pantomimist and a dancer who seems to go mad with folly. She is neither young nor pretty, but she is a success here as in London.

Mrs. Potter seems to wish to follow closely in Mrs. Langtry's footsteps, in some respects if not in all. She now announces that she will produce her version of "The Fringe of Society," the play Mrs. Langtry has used all this season in London. It is founded on Dumas's "Demi-Monde," and, of course, Mrs. Langtry can not prevent new adaptations being made. Mrs. Potter will call her version "The Upper Crust" or "The Smart Set." Meantime she and Kyrle Bellew are to appear in "Zola's Thérèse," founded on "Thérèse Raquin." Strange how women who have been prominent in the social world, as were Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Potter, prefer, when they are on the stage, to enact rôles of profligate women.

The pretty women of the stage seem to be marrying off like hot cakes, so to speak. Minnie Seligman is now Mrs. Robert L. Cutting, Jr., Minna Gale is Mrs. Haynes, Attalie Claire (*née* Smith) is the wife of a fragile-brained and wealthy youth named Kayne, Marie Prescott has married her leading man, R. D. McLean, Charlotte Behrens, a California girl, has just become Mrs. Richard Mansfield, and now Odette Tyler, of Charles Frohman's company, is to marry a friend of her childhood, who had the good luck to hurt his arm and be nursed back to health and matrimony by the fair actress, whose name in private life is Bessie Kirkland. The man she is to marry is a heavy owner of real estate—lucky dog—at Lewawake, Wis.—poor devil—and his name is Auer.

Queen Victoria possesses a small cabinet of Rose du Barri china that is valued at one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

#### Character in Note-Paper.

If there are people who can read one's character by analyzing one's handwriting, so there are people who can read one's social position by the mere sight of the note-paper that one uses. The staid and sober person selects one style of paper and uses it always, the frivolous and vulgar use "loud" and gaudy-patterned papers, and the woman of taste and position is distinguished by the use of some odd and pretty kind of paper that could not be associated with any other kind of stationery are the most desirable, and one may always be sure of getting them and no other if one buys note-paper only at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They have a tremendous assortment, and yet each kind is in perfect taste, and also in the latest fashion.

It is the same with the visiting-cards and invitations one has engraved there. The style of type, form of wording, and size and weight of paper are constantly being changed by the dictates of fashion. Sanborn, Vail & Co. keep run of these little modifications, for it is their business to do so, and any one having need of visiting-cards, wedding, ball, or reception invitations, and any other form of polite correspondence that must be engraved, will make no mistake by ordering from this firm.

At the same time it must not be imagined that Sanborn, Vail & Co. are neglecting their picture-frame and artists' material business. In these two lines they lead the trade on the entire Pacific Coast, and the stationery and engraving departments, however successful, are merely departments of their great business.

The *Dry Goods Economist* is authority for the statement that women should avoid wearing diamond ear-rings while shopping or traveling. A good many women do.

H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist, Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.**  
KRELING BROS., PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.  
Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of  
Scarelle's Sparkling Opera,  
**ESTRELLA!**  
Monday, October 3d,  
**MARITANA!**  
Popular Prices.....25 and 50 cents

## The Argonaut

DURING THE  
NATIONAL CAMPAIGN

During the campaign and ending with January 1, 1893, the Argonaut will be sent, by mail, to any person subscribing direct to this office, for ONE DOLLAR

Between this and November the political battle will be waged. It is to be a campaign of issues. Both Harrison and Cleveland have occupied the Presidential chair. The American people, by electing them to the highest office, have set the seal of tacit approval upon their characters. This will be a campaign of personalities, but of principles. The issues between the two parties are clear-cut. The Democrats believe in free trade. The Republicans believe in protection and reciprocity. The Argonaut believes that the success of the Republic party is essential to the good government of this republic. We believe in protection to American industries, and reciprocity with non-competing countries. We believe in bimetallic currency, and the free use of gold and silver for coinage, and that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, shall be an honest dollar and worth one hundred cents. We believe that the construction of the Nicaragua Canal should be encouraged and controlled by this government. We believe that our foreign commerce should be extended, the building of American ships encouraged, and the American flag restored to its former position upon the high seas. We believe in the entire exclusion of the Chinese from our soil. We believe in the restriction of naturalization. We believe in the present restriction of all foreign immigration, and the ultimate exclusion of all immigrants coming in competition with a tendency to degrade American labor. We believe that the success of the Republic party will best subserve all these ends, most of which are in its platform, the Argonaut will do its best for the success of that party in the campaign of 1892.

**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,**  
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.  
Agents for the California Line of Clipp Ships from New York; the Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheel Vitrins & Saws; Yellow Metal Sheathing Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartman Rahlfs's Composition; Ontario Cotton Stock.





"Art in Advertising," so frequently quoted by the Argonaut, can now be found on sale at Bancroft's or the San Francisco News Company.

It is a practical paper full of helpful points on the subject of Advertising. No merchant who thinks Advertising will help his business will regret a subscription.

Some of the subjects in September number:

Advertising Umbrellas. Retail Dry Goods Advertising. Random Notes. Artistic and Journalist Gossip. A Hundred-Dollar Prize for Newsdealers.

Price, 10 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$1.00.

ART IN ADVERTISING CO., 80 FIFTH AVE.,  
NEW YORK, PUBLISHERS.

## LA GRANDE LAUNDRY

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:  
**No. 23 POWELL STREET**  
BRANCH: 11 TAYLOR STREET.  
Laundry: Thirteenth St., bet. Folsom and Howard, San Francisco.

## C. C. O'DONNELL For Mayor.

Don't Stamp Head of Ballot.  
Stamp in the Space to the Right for all those you wish to Vote for. His Name will be Printed on the Ballot.

### Educational.

**ZISKA INSTITUTE,**  
1606 VAN NESS AVENUE.  
French, German, and English. Boarding and Day School for Young Ladies and Children.  
The 26th year opens August 1, 1892.  
MME. B. ZISKA, A. M., Principal.

**PRIVATE TUITION**  
1810 GOUGH STREET.  
MISS EMILY EDMUNDS (Mrs. J. M. Hutchings) undertakes private tuition in families and at her own residence. Advanced and Elementary subjects. Scientific methods, insuring rapid progress to delicate or backward pupils.

**MME. FRIES-BISHOP,**  
Teacher of Singing,  
Has resumed lessons at 607 Sutter St. (Lamperti Method).

**TELESCOPIC STUDIES**  
Of Sun, Moon, Planets, etc. Lessons in Astronomy.  
**MISS ROSE O'HALLORAN,**  
3209 Fillmore Street.

French, German, Spanish, Latin, Greek, Etc.  
**LARCHER SCHOOL**

**LANGUAGES**  
Flood Building, San Francisco.  
Send for a circular.

**BRYN MAWR COLLEGE** A COLLEGE FOR WOMEN.  
Bryn Mawr, Pa., ten miles from Philadelphia. Offers graduate and undergraduate courses in Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Mathematics, English, Anglo-Saxon, French, Old French, Italian, Spanish, German, including Gothic and Old High German, Celtic, Hebrew, Historical, Political Science, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, and lectures on Philosophy, Gynaecium, with Dr. Sargent's apparatus complete. Fellowships (value \$500) in Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, History, and Biology. For Program address as above.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Only those who think themselves of the elect get angry when you say there is no hell.—*Life*.

*American girl*—"Papa, what would I be called if I married an earl?" *Rich father*—"Crazy."—*Judge*.

"Is it true that he has broken with that opera-singer?" "Well, he went broke with her, I believe."—*Truth*.

*Papa Holdfast*—"I am ruined; all is lost." *Son-in-law*—"Ahem! Then I married for love, after all."—*Once-a-Week*.

*She*—"How did you get on at college?" *He*—"Didn't get on at all. It was the faculty that got on, and I got out."—*Life*.

*English tourist* (reaching the Adirondacks after a week in New York)—"And now, we must be in North America, are we not?"—*Puck*.

*Mrs. Bayview*—"Is the blue grass of Kentucky really blue?" *Colonel Kaintuck*—"No, it's green—same color as your blue sea, you know."—*New York Weekly*.

*He*—"I've been engaged in a desperate flirtation, but I'm tired of it, and I wish the girl would gently drop me." *She*—"Then, why don't you propose to her?"—*Life*.

*Hicks*—"There! For once I'll know where that collar-hutton is when I want it." *Mrs. Hicks*—"Where is it?" *Hicks*—"The baby has swallowed it."—*Truth*.

"Why does he go through such awful training?" "To make himself tough." "Then why does he go on such awful sprees?" "To show how tough he is, my dear."—*Life*.

*Gold Piece*—"I'm an honest coin, I am!" *Silver Piece*—"Yes, you are; I don't get into people, and steal away an appetite it has cost hundreds of dollars to cultivate."—*Puck*.

*Physician* (after examination)—"Well, colonel, you have water on the brain." *Kentuckian*—"Great heavens, doctor! Is there any danger of its reaching my stomach?"—*Life*.

"Come into the cabin," said the captain to the diver, "and have a drink." "Thanks. Guess I will," returned the diver; "this submarine business is pretty dry work."—*Puck*.

"Biggin's wife has the most perfect confidence in him." "Oh, every married man tells that sort of a story." "But she proves it. She lends him money to play poker with."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

"They say the child looks like me," said Gargyle, displaying his first-born. "He does—a good deal," replied Glanders; "still, I don't think I would drown him on that account."—*Bazar*.

*Tapely*—"You are an orphan?" *Miss Somergul*—"Yes." *Tapely* (much disturbed)—"Well, whose consent must I ask in order to marry you?" *Miss Somergul*—"Well, you might ask mine."—*Puck*.

*Jinks*—"It turns out that the singer who introduced 'Ta-ra-ra Boom' isn't dead after all." *Winks*—"Oh, well, it wouldn't have done any good, anyhow. Lots of other singers know it."—*New York Weekly*.

*He*—"The great trouble with Gahley is that he talks too much." *She*—"That's strange. When he has been with me he has scarcely said a word." *He*—"Oh, he is too much of a gentleman to interrupt."—*Truth*.

*Mrs. Louis Kan*—"Why on earth don't you get your husband to cut off his whiskers?" *Mrs. Rufus Baird*—"I wouldn't have him do it for the world. I want him to let them grow and get them all out of his system."—*Puck*.

Another engagement off: *His fiancée*—"Where is the Folly Theatre, where the burlesques are all produced?" *He*—"On Rearback Street." *His fiancée* (hitterly)—"I beg your pardon! I didn't ask where the stage-door was!"—*New York Sun*.

"Did you write James Skidmore's name on this note?" said the judge to the prisoner accused of forgery. "I'd like to know, judge," replied the latter, "if Jim Skidmore has a copyright on the letters which happen to form his name."—*New York Sun*.

In Kentucky: *Youth* (eloping with the girl of his heart)—"Judge, we would like you to join us." *Judge*—"Thanks; I don't know who you are, but I never refuse to drink with a gentleman, be he friend or stranger. I'll be with you in one minute."—*Puck*.

*Priscilla*—"And you are going to marry Mr. Rocksley's only daughter?" *Marigold*—"Yes." *Priscilla*—"Well, it's too bad." *Marigold*—"Indeed! Why?" *Priscilla*—"Think of her poor father?" *Marigold*—"Nonsense! I'm thinking of her rich father."—*Truth*.

*Judge*—"Officer, why did you arrest this man?" *Officer*—"For being intoxicated, judge. He stopped me on the street and asked where he was at." *Judge*—"Officer, a congressional committee has held that those words are evidence of complete sobriety. The prisoner is discharged."—*Judge*.

*Joralemon*—"I hear that Pierrepont has become very domestic since he got married." *Fulton*—

"Domestic is no name for it! He lives in Brooklyn now; and when I called to see him last Sunday, he was sitting in the kitchen working out the puzzles on the children's page of a religious weekly."—*Puck*.

*Miss Gale* (of Chicago)—"Oh, what a magnificent building that is! What is it?" *Miss Bean* (of Boston)—"That, it affords me a slight elation to say, is our new library." *Miss Gale*—"Great Moses! You don't mean to say that they're going to use that beautiful building just to put books in?"—*Boston Courier*.

*Fanning*—"Banning was your class-mate last year, wasn't he?" *Channing*—"Yes." *Fanning*—"What induces him to go into politics immediately upon graduation?" *Channing*—"His success at college." *Fanning*—"Take the prize in political economy?" *Channing*—"No; cheated on all his examinations."—*Puck*.

*Westfield*—"I got even with that mean cad Lawnno to-day." *Plainfield*—"That so? How?" *Westfield*—"I pretended to make up with him, and told him to save a seat alongside of him in the train for me. Then I missed the train. As long as he lives everybody in that car will consider him a liar and a hog."—*New York Weekly*.

*Old foggy proprietor*—"Why did you treat that shabbily dressed woman so coolly?" *Sharp clerk*—"You noticed I sold to her, didn't you?" *Proprietor*—"Yes." *Clerk*—"And the article didn't really suit her?" *Proprietor*—"I noticed that." *Clerk*—"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."—*New York Weekly*.

*Codling*—"Snips, what will you charge for a suit of clothes?" *Snips* (who knows Codling)—"If you will pay cash, forty dollars; but if you never pay, according to your usual style, I'll have to charge you seventy-five dollars." *Codling*—"In the latter case you'd save money by only charging me about thirty dollars." *Snips*—"How's that?" *Codling*—"You wouldn't lose so much. Don't you see?"—*Bazar*.

### Hark! What's That?

The dinner-bell, of course. Not a particularly welcome sound to the dyspeptic. But if the stomach be put in working order, and appetite insured with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, we welcome the ting-a-ling-aling that announces a meal with delight. The Bitters not only promotes digestion, but overcomes malarial and liver complaints, constipation, nervousness, rheumatism.

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— STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS A SUCCESSFUL remedy for over fifty years.

DCLXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 2, 1892.  
Clam Chowder.  
Cantaloupe.  
Broiled Lamb Chops. Lyonnaise Potatoes.  
Boned Chicken.  
Succotash. Tomatoes.  
Roast Beef.  
Carrot Salad.  
Strawberries and Whipped Cream.  
Lady Fingers.

BONED CHICKEN.—Take an old hen, cover it with water, and boil until the bones drop out; then chop fine; put it back on the fire in a little of the water in which it was boiled, with an ounce of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine, previously dissolved in a little cold water; season with pepper, salt, celery salt, and thyme, or other spices; cook gently for a few minutes. Turn into a mold and serve cold. A few slices of hard-boiled egg placed in the mold adds to its appearance.

— KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

An exhaustive article in a review deplores the personality and want of delicate feeling in the press. Its telegraphic communications, however, are, it says, unrivaled. "There is, after all, something rather imposing in the reflection that the death of Mr. Gladstone, for example, would be known very nearly as soon, and with almost as full details, in Los Angeles, Cal., as in London or Leeds." The complete unconsciousness of this writer upon good taste (writes James Payn), in an age of self-inspection and mental analysis, is exceedingly refreshing.

An Eastern woman has a very effective plan of getting a showy and satisfactory birthday gift for her husband, who is an inveterate smoker of high-priced cigars, which he buys by the box. She, to use her own language, "nips" one cigar every day, and when the anniversary arrives, she presents him with several boxes of his favorite brand, and unflinchingly accepts thanks for her liberality.

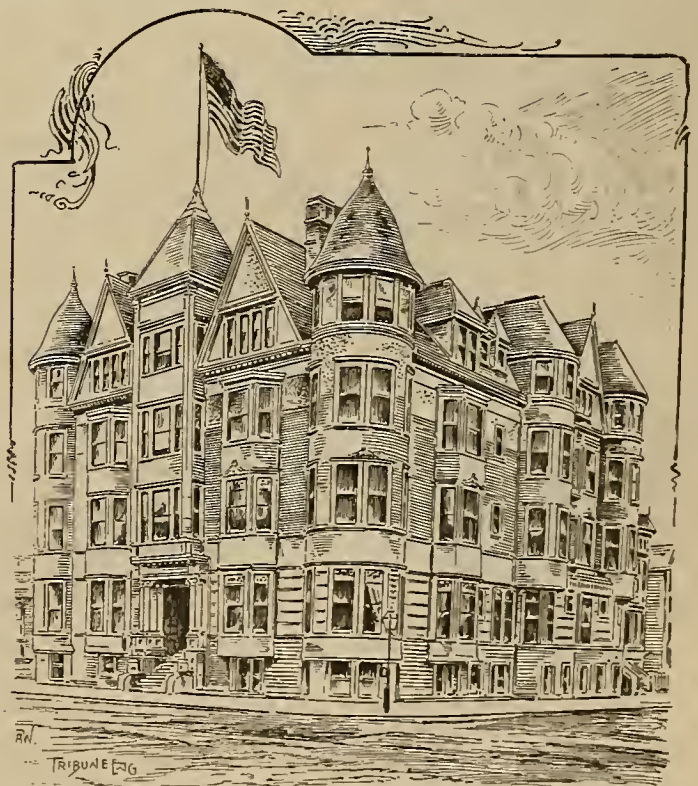
It is learned, through the bulletins issued at Kew, that the French have been making tea from an orchid, *Angraecum fragrans*, for fifty years. It grows in the forests of Bourbon and Mauritius, and is akin to the vanilla, which is likewise an orchid. Of the ten thousand species of orchids known, about twenty only have been turned to any use.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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**A British View of the American Tariff.**  
From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.  
"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be sought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Colonel John A. Cockerill was formerly managing editor of the New York World, of which he was supposed to be the brains, and of whose success he was supposed to be the architect. He is now the proprietor and editor of the Commercial Advertiser, and has an article in the current number of the Cosmopolitan. His theme is "Contemporary Journalism," and his observations thereon are chiefly notable as an indication that some of the conductors of newspapers of

great-circulation are becoming more or less dimly aware of the fact that there now exists a general and growing demand for conscience as a necessary part of the outfit of "a great modern daily." This fact has been clearly understood all along by men of education and brains who have not the misfortune to be journalists. Newspaper men, however, and especially newspaper men with business capacity added to their special talent—the sort who are not content to remain employees but are ambitious to be proprietors—have been, and yet mostly are, totally blind to it. The "news"—a "good paper" (that is, one that will sell)—"success"—at whatever cost to good manners or even decency—this is the ideal which daily inspires action in all, save, perhaps, half a dozen of the city newspaper offices of the country. To the aspiring journalistic mind of the time, it seems the summit of human achievement to obtain, first, a newspaper; then a great circulation; next, a sky-pricking building, filled with costly presses, elevators, pneumatic tubes, marble washstands for the printers, a room for the proprietor gorgeous enough to stun and bewilder the awed visitor—and, finally, a patent lift wherewith to raise the said proprietor at frequent intervals to the roof of the structure, where he may trumpet to the teeming and admiring multitudes below the triumphs and glories of the Daily Gutter-Snipe.

Colonel Cockerill has swum in the newspaper sewer himself these many years; but he yet possesses the creditable faculty of being able, when writing for a magazine, to separate himself intellectually from his environment, for he lifts his head above the professional tide long enough to cry out this confession:

"The Daily Crimes would be the best name for almost any sensational newspaper of to-day. The constant effort made to secure, by telegraph, by special correspondence, or by indefatigable reporters, at any cost, and to present, in the most meretricious form and at any sacrifice, occurrences which will catch the curious eye and hold the morbid fancy, has found its best reward, unquestionably, in the accumulation of newspaper millions and the erection of costly newspaper buildings. But there seems a certain desecration in applying the superlative of good to such a result; there is nothing good in it, and can not be."

The colonel then dives under and bubbles up the usual remarks about the public, after all, being responsible for the sins of the press, since the newspapers "only give the people what the people want." Such a plea is no better than would be that of a woman who sells her virtue, and when reproved for her unchastity, would reply that the public taste demands public women. Are we to believe that the proprietors of the "great modern journals," which are forever telling us in their editorial columns how virtuous they are, how public-spirited—telling us that their mighty engines of civilization have taken the place of the pulpit—that they can make no better defense than the whisky-seller, the bawdy-house keeper, and the dealer in loaded dice?

But the colonel bobs to the surface again, having fished up this manly bit of truth:

"The most shocking thing about 'news,' it seems to me, is the absolute lack of respect for privacy and decency which must attend its gathering. . . . Is it not astounding that our newspapers should find nothing more worthy of presentation to the eye of the thoughtful man or woman than the most recent divorce, the most painful death, the most disgusting elopement that can be heard of, by fair means or foul? What can be the true inwardness of this thing we call 'news,' if it may be, as it often is, the product of the upsetting of a coffee-pot by a servant in the family of a man whose name warrants the publication, by virtue of that upset, of his own biography, with scandalous allusions to the lives of all those connected with him by blood or marriage?"

Colonel Cockerill finds a good many reasons for the decline in influence of the editorial page. To us there seems but one. How in the name of sense can anybody care for the opinions of a man, or believe his professions of morality and unselfishness, when he utters them in a journal which belongs to him, and which on every page proclaims not only his willingness, but his eagerness, to outrage decency for the sake of money? If Mr. Jones, or Mr. Pulitzer, or Mr. Snooks own a paper whose columns are pusted three hundred and sixty-five days in the year with the foul advertisements of quack doctors, the programmes of "dive" theatres which the police should be ashamed of not raiding, the announcements of "massage" females, clairvoyants,

fortune-tellers, and Christian Scientists—most of them "next to reading matter" of the kind described by Colonel Cockerill, who is in the business himself—how can anybody believe that Mr. Pulitzer and the rest are to be credited when they lay their hands upon their breasts and modestly proclaim themselves patriots, moral mentors, and otherwise gentlemen incapable of a reprehensible act?

The question of how decency may be combined with circulation and profit is one which bothers the colonel, and he is hopeless about it, although he instances two London newspapers which have solved the problem. But is it indispensable, in this great and free country, that a man must cease to be decent if he finds that decency does not pay so largely as indecency? Must men turn criminals if experience teaches them that the path of honesty does not ever lead to the millionaire's palace? Are dividends the sole end of life? It may occur to some minds, not in the sensational newspaper business, that it is better to be clean than rich. Why should the Ten Commandments be suspended in favor of Mr. Pulitzer merely because he desires a pawn-broker's success? The New York Times and Evening Post have not a tithe of the circulation of Mr. Pulitzer's Daily Excavator, yet who that has self-respect and a healthy view of life's purposes would not rather be the owner of the Post or Times than of the World?

When the uneasy consciousness displayed in Colonel Cockerill's magazine article—that sensational journalism is criminal and disgraceful—shall have spread in his profession, and the same idea has taken more distinct and insistent form among the people, we believe that the clean paper will be the successful one. We believe that even now a daily journal, strong with large capital and aiming at a national instead of a local clientele, would in time conquer a circulation beside which that of Mr. Pulitzer's Catch-basin, considered so enormous, would be petty. There are several million American citizens to whom Pulitzer journalism is as loathsome as a dead cat. But they are widely scattered. Every one of them would feel under personal obligation in being permitted to subscribe for a really great newspaper, even though it were not published sufficiently near him to enable its conductors to hustle it up to his door on a special train, and fling it with a whoop over his food on the breakfast-table. The day, the nasty day, of Pulitzerism in journalism has passed its noon, we think. The era of the Daily Argonaut approaches. And in that blessed era, modesty will be the ruling characteristic of the new journalism.

Mr. E. W. Howe, who is known as an editor in the Missouri Valley, and the author of a book called "The Story of a Western Town," contributes an article to the September Forum on "The Provincial Peculiarities of Western Life," which renders it proper to say that the West of his thoughts is the prairie States, and does not extend to this side of the mountains. California has her provincial peculiarities, which have attracted surprise and created amusement among Eastern visitors; but they are not the provincialisms of Colorado, or Kansas, or Nebraska, or Iowa, or Missouri, or Illinois. In this State, a marvelous succession of windfalls in the shape of unexpected pieces of good fortune, following one after the other, shaped the evolution of civilization on different lines from those which were followed in purely agricultural communities, and the difference is as perceptible in the spirit of our legislation as in the rules of our society.

In the Western communities which Mr. Howe surveys, the first impulse of the people was to get a railroad to carry their produce to market; and for this purpose towns, counties, and States were ready to bond themselves for amounts which the people knew they could not pay, and which they never intended to pay. In this State, the railroad mania never became wild. When the people had got a line of road to the East, they asked for little more. They surrendered railroad building to the Southern Pacific; so that, at this time, the railroad mileage of California is only about half that of Kansas or Iowa. As to the "booming" by bond issues, which Mr. Howe considers to have been one of the great obstacles to the progress of the Prairie States,



we have seen nothing of the kind here. Our constitution imposes severe restrictions on the issue of bonds, and, though we have had occasional booms, like the one which occurred in 1888 in the country south of Tehachapi, they have rarely amounted to much. Our interior towns have owed their growth to the slow progress of natural direction.

But the contrast between Mr. Howe's West and the real West by the shore of the Pacific is most vividly presented by his sketch of society in the Prairie States. He has spent his life there, and must know; we must therefore assume that in the society which flourishes on the banks of the Mississippi and the Mississippi "there is a social equality which prevails nowhere else"; "the daughters of the blacksmith are quite as prominent as the daughters of the banker"; "it is dangerous to give a party where the invitations are not general"; "husbands are social outcasts"; "when a man gets married, it is held that he should be content with his wife's society"; "he has no standing in society, except by his wife's side"; "a middle-aged man who attends a social affair is looked upon as an oddity"; "very few of the men cultivate the social graces"; "parents regard it as impolite to intrude upon an engaged pair"; and "an Omaha young lady thinks it a good joke when a servant enters the drawing-room and finds her sitting on her young man's knee."

It is but fair to California to say that these social practices are as unknown here as they are in New York. Blacksmiths' daughters are not, as a rule, on visiting terms with the daughters of bankers. People who give parties ask whom they please. Husbands, if they know how to make themselves agreeable, are often as warmly welcomed by the girls as are bachelors. Men are not laid on the shelf when they reach middle age. Engaged young ladies do not make a practice of sitting on the knees of their young men.

We are bound to conclude that San Francisco is ahead of the prairie cities in matters of manners and social etiquette. As a matter of fact, there is nothing different in the social usages which prevail in refined circles in this city from those which are observed in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Paris. A girl who can hold her own in a really good house in this city has nothing to learn in point of social finish in the salons of the East or of Europe.

Of course we have circles here which are in the same stage of social development as the best society of Omaha or Kansas City—just as we have men who eat with their knives and spit on the carpet. But these persons bear the same relation to society proper that a grocer's barn does to the stables at Palo Alto. They are often excellent people, overflowing with the moral virtues, keen, shrewd, and bonest. It has never fallen in their way to cultivate the amenities of life, and, therefore, they sit with their coats off in their "parlors" and parade the dining-room after dinner in stocking-feet. The females of their species are much like the ladies whom Mr. Howe describes. In their youth, they sit on many knees; in the married state, they deny to their husbands the right of going to parties without them, apparently from the conviction that it would be unsafe to trust them in the presence of other females in the flesh. They are the product of social life in the rudimentary stage. Socially, they are squaws.

But society in San Francisco consists neither of men who spit in the presence of ladies, nor of squaws. In this respect it seems to be different from the society which Mr. Howe describes.

Cahenslyism is not dead, but, on the contrary, very much alive. Liberal Catholics—like Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, who know that they are living in the United States, and that this is the nineteenth century—fight Cahenslyism with fervid energy, for they comprehend that were it to become the policy of the church, Rome would speedily experience a shock calculated to dispel some of its medieval notions respecting its power over the minds of men—particularly men on this continent. The scheme to parcel out European immigrants according to nationality on their coming to this country, dividing the church here into departments—such as Irish, German, Italian, and so on—for the declared purpose of preserving the new-comers from the danger of becoming absorbed in the American mass, has only to receive the approval of the Pope in order to insure such an assault upon Catholicism as the church has not suffered in any Protestant country for centuries. Intelligent Roman Catholics know that the church's true policy in this republic—indeed, the sole condition of its peace and progress—is to keep itself and its aims as inconspicuous as possible. A large toleration in matters religious is an American characteristic, and one that will sooner or later bring great troubles in its train, for it is not an intelligent, but a lazy toleration. The Roman Catholic Church has benefited enormously by reason of this want of interest. Its expansion has been as vast as its methods have been crafty. Under cover of fair protestations of devoted patriotism it has insidiously fought our public-school system

and made itself in many portions of the country a political power to which aspiring men of all parties truckle. Against its organized advance, its organized strength at the polls, its organized loot of public treasuries for the support of its charitable institutions (commonly for Roman Catholics only), there has been no organized opposition. Even the Protestant churches, partaking of the spirit of toleration, of indifference, on the subject of religion that is in the air, no longer fear or hate Popery. But once let the American people wake up to the knowledge that the Roman Catholic Church is a foreign power, governed by a potentate enthroned in Rome, Italy, which potentate issues commands to his millions of subjects among us as to what languages they shall speak and to what schools they shall send their children, and then, as Ireland and Gibbons foresee, such a storm of resentment will burst, such an onslaught will be made upon this foreign autocracy within the republic, as will leave no room for complaint on the score of there being no organization to meet and battle with the organization of this church, every one of whose members is a Roman Catholic first and an American citizen next.

That Cahenslyism is still alive and bopeful was sufficiently shown by the meeting at Newark, N. J., in the last week of September, of the National Congress of the German Catholics of the United States, with no less than two thousand delegates from the German Catholic parishes of the whole country. What with German Catholic societies and laymen generally, the New Jersey town had between seven thousand and eight thousand German visitors, all representative and all on fire for Cahenslyism. Archbishop Corrigan was there. He always is anywhere when the attraction is a chance to bestow the darkness of his sixteenth-century Hibernian frown upon American ideas. One of the most conspicuous figures present was Mgr. Schbroeder, of the Roman Catholic University in Washington, an intimate friend of Herr Cahensly. He had but recently returned from Germany, where he had been in attendance on the general meeting of the St. Raphael Society, at Mayence. Cahensly was there, and this German-American priest outdid him in enthusiasm for the grand cause of hedging about the immigrant in America against the polluting influence of modern civilization. The St. Raphael Society is thoroughly ultramontane in its principles, and it has branches in every Christian country. Cahensly is its general secretary, and in every European port through which immigrants pass it has planted agents, whose duty it is to direct the departing son of the church to remain loyal to old-world traditions. He is specially warned against American influences as being dangerous to his faith. To quote the New York *Sun*, from which we derive this information as to the St. Raphael concern:

"It is the purpose of the society to centralize, solidify, and isolate the foreign Catholic emigrants and to secure them at any cost and by any means against Protestant and American ideas. This accounts for the large German and Polish colonies all over the West, and for the refusal of foreign Catholics everywhere to become Americanized."

The congress at Newark was the direct outcome of the St. Raphael meeting at Mayence, from which latter Mgr. Schbroeder hurried home aflame with zeal to preserve in their native ignorance and purity of faith, if not their dirt, the precious beings who have favored us by dumping their unpleasant persons on our shores. At the Mayence convocation, Schbroeder, concededly the leader of German Catholic thought in the United States, in his speech, after referring in bitter language to an attack made upon him by Archbishop Ireland for being un-American, deplored the "alarming losses from the ranks of European Catholics in America," and then scored those "liberal Catholics" who are everlastingly talking about foreign intervention in American affairs. Mgr. Schbroeder uttered for them and a quaking republic's benefit this awful warning: "Some day," he cried, "they will forget that the Pope of Rome is also Pope of America, and they will extend the Monroe doctrine even to the domain of religion!"

Speed the day. On the whole, the vitality of Cahenslyism is scarcely to be deplored. We observe that Senator Davis, of Indiana, is being opposed for reelection by a good many Roman Catholics because of his speech in the Senate on the political aspect of the movement—the effort which it implies on the part of foreign governments to retain their hold on their subjects who have settled among us. This is well. The sooner the open conflict comes between the pretensions of the ever-encroaching Roman Catholic Church and the American people the better. It can end only in one way, and that will be in additions to the laws which shall require every Catholic to forswear allegiance to the Pope of Rome as a condition of naturalization; a divorce of every Roman Catholic institution from the public treasury; and the subjection of the parochial schools to the inspection and control of the State.

Last week the telephone company in Chicago issued an order that all the girls in its offices should wear no color but

black. The most intense indignation was aroused among the telephone maidens. If they yield to the ukase, it will be stern necessity that drives them. Man has never been able to affect in the slightest degree the mind of lovely woman where the fashion of her garments is concerned. Think of the generations of doctors who have thundered fruitlessly against tight lacing.

Yet there are girls who lace their corsets to nineteen inches. Their bare existence is a conundrum, if we assume that all females are born with thoracic and abdominal organs.

These are things which are only remotely brought to men's attention when they have to pay their wives' and daughters' doctor bills. But they can not help inferring, from the fashion-plates in illustrated newspapers, that a diseased appetite for wasp-like figures has succeeded the Jenness Miller craze. Supreme beauty is said to consist in the widest possible contrast between the waist and the shoulders above and the hips below. It is an ancient heresy. The stock arguments against tight lacing will be found in all writers on female costume, from the *Spectator* to *Life*. But as the polite Addison and the brilliant Steele did not succeed in enlarging the British waist by so much as a single inch, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, so the diatribes of the doctors and the sarcasms of the press will probably fail to expand the American waist at the close of the nineteenth. If fashion decrees, our girls will cultivate waists which can be circled by the two hands of their lovers; for it is a received doctrine that a woman is a mere lay figure, upon which any hump, or hoop, or farthingale may be fastened that fashion-mongers choose.

Tight lacing impedes the circulation of the blood. This tells at both ends. It incarnadines the end of the nose and it freezes the toes. A girl who laces too tight can be picked out in a crowd by her red nose. And that organ, being deprived of a well-distributed blood supply, shrinks in substance and becomes peaked. Then there is another sure indication of overtight lacing. The tight lacer will always have cold feet. The blood which should warm them has been checked in its downward flow, and has returned to the heart. When a girl complains of cold feet, especially toward evening, it is always safe to inquire into the condition of her corset. Besides checking the flow of the blood, tight lacing displaces all the central organs of the body. The waist of a ship is that portion which lies between the fore-castle and the quarter-deck; the waist of a woman is that portion which lies between the respiratory organs and the abdominal system; and, as in the ship, the heaviest guns and the magazines are in the waist, so the female waist contains the most important organs of the body—the heart, the liver, the stomach, and the spleen. Compression of the ribs displaces all these organs. It drives the heart into one lung and the liver into the other. It crowds the stomach so close to the duodenum that it can hardly find room for the work of digestion. The result is a series of diseases which are known by Greek names in modern science, but which among laymen are mentioned by the old names of indigestion, heart disease, torpid liver, and dyspepsia.

One fashion, too, leads to another. Small waists sooner or later lead to large hoops—as the history of costume shows. When the marquise of the regence dropped her waist to twenty or twenty-one inches, she expanded her hoop till the circumference which touched the ground measured eight feet, and, on windy days, the prevailing fashion in garters became an open secret. We have had some experience of tilting hoops in this country. Yet, if the wasp waist becomes a settled fashion, ladies may just as well make up their minds to the revival of the monstrous hoops of twenty-five years ago, and papas must prepare for the construction of elevators in their private residences.

Whether those balloon-hoops were or were not comfortable, mere men are, perhaps, not qualified to judge. When they were in the height of their glory, it was said that they were a frequent cause of divorce, as there was not room in a carriage for a husband to sit by the side of his wife. They must have been chilly garments, and a lady, when she got into one, must have felt like a gasteropod mollusk when it popped out of its shell at the approach of winter. If they should again become the fashion, their wearers may possibly make another and a successful attempt to capture the garment which is generally, though erroneously, supposed to be peculiar to men. It is not commonly known that the first wearers of breeches were women; that they were the ordinary costume of the girls of Judea, when your common Jew always went about in petticoats. Men stole the garment from women; if the latter want it back, they have the same excuse that Bismarck had for annexing Alsace and Lorraine.

The sensible girl of the period will meet the attempt to restore small waists by discarding the old-fashioned corset altogether, and by adopting the comfortable garment to which Mrs. Jenness Miller has given her name, or one of the corset-waists which have been constructed on its model.



Thus shall she lead a youth without pain and a womanhood without doctors. So shall she be a joy in her mother's household and a prize for which all men will secretly pine. We can assure young ladies that men do not admire hour-glass figures. Looking forward, through the dim distance, to the elysium of bliss which crowns a successful courtship, a well-balanced man wants a girl whose waist will fit into the brook of his arm. And Angelina should be told that if she divides her stomach into two lobes through tight lacing, her Edwin will know perfectly well to what cause to ascribe the strange noises which roar and rumble around his Angelina's quatorial zone.

The *Examiner* has never declared itself openly as a humorous paper, but an article of a few days ago, presenting tables of the electoral vote as that journal would like to have it, leads to the suspicion that it is about to enter the lists of comic journalism. It devises all sorts of combinations, except the probable ones, and shows that if its figures are correct, Cleveland must be elected beyond a doubt; but he cardinal mistake it has made is in calculating the Presidential election of 1892 on the basis of the State elections of 1890. Its own table will show more clearly than anything else the radical defect in this sort of calculation. The *Examiner* says:

"To give an idea of the way people manage political computations, here is the way the electoral college would look on the basis of the vote of 1890:

CLEVELAND.		HARRISON.	
Alabama.....	11	California.....	9
Arkansas.....	7	Colorado.....	4
Connecticut.....	6	Idaho.....	3
Delaware.....	3	Illinois.....	12
Florida.....	4	Maine.....	4
Georgia.....	13	Michigan.....	5
Iowa.....	14	Minnesota.....	9
Indiana.....	15	Nevada.....	3
Illinois.....	13	North Dakota.....	3
Iowa.....	15	Ohio.....	23
Missouri.....	12	Oregon.....	4
Wisconsin.....	8	Pennsylvania.....	32
California.....	9	South Dakota.....	4
Massachusetts.....	15	Vermont.....	4
Michigan.....	9	Washington.....	4
Mississippi.....	9	Wyoming.....	3
Missouri.....	17		
Montana.....	3		
Nebraska.....	8		
New Hampshire.....	4	Kansas.....	116
New Jersey.....	10		
New York.....	36		
North Carolina.....	11		
South Carolina.....	4		
North Carolina.....	4		
Tennessee.....	12		
Texas.....	15		
Virginia.....	12		
West Virginia.....	6		
Wisconsin.....	12		
	318		

There would be a great deal of consolation to Democrats in this table if any sensible person could believe that such states as Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Montana, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, Rhode Island, and Wisconsin were in the slightest danger of going Democratic at the election in November. There are only two of this list, New York and Indiana, which are even as good as doubtful, and the electoral vote of the others, subtracted from the Cleveland side and added to the Harrison side, will make the composition of the electoral college look very different, besides being very much nearer the actual fact of the case.

But this is not the most humorous portion of the *Examiner's* article, for this table we can hardly believe to have been meant seriously. It is when it gets to figuring down solely that the paper in question becomes really facetious, in making up combinations to fire the Democratic heart, it gives the following as "a few of the combinations by which majority can be obtained":

I.		New Hampshire.....	
South.....	159	Rhode Island.....	4
New York.....	36	Connecticut.....	6
New Jersey.....	10	Indiana.....	15
Connecticut.....	6	Michigan.....	6
Indiana.....	15	Wisconsin.....	12
	226		
II.		V.	
South.....	159	The South.....	159
New York.....	36	New Jersey.....	10
New Jersey.....	10	Connecticut.....	6
Indiana.....	15	Indiana.....	15
Michigan.....	6	Michigan.....	12
Wisconsin.....	12	Illinois.....	24
	223		
III.		VI.	
South.....	159	The South.....	159
New York.....	36	New Jersey.....	10
New Jersey.....	10	Connecticut.....	6
Indiana.....	15	Indiana.....	15
Michigan.....	6	Michigan.....	12
Wisconsin.....	12	California.....	9
	226	Washington.....	9
IV.		Montana.....	3
South, less Virginia, West Virginia, and Alabama.....	130		
New York.....	36		
New Jersey.....	10		
	223		

It will be observed that in every combination, except those numbered V. and VI., New York plays a prominent part. When the consideration of the loss of that State is taken up, what is done to make up the deficit? Merely the cool assumption in the first instance that the Democrats can carry Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Illinois, and the second, that Cleveland can defeat Harrison in Connecticut, Indiana, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, Washington, and Montana. Of a verity this would rejoice Rain-w-chaser Brice's heart could not even see through the sheer folly and absurdity of it. There is no more probability

of Cleveland carrying any of the States mentioned in tables V. and VI., unless it be Connecticut—and even there his own party is in revolt on the money question—or possibly Indiana, than there is of Harrison getting the electoral vote of Texas.

But even such fine and delicate humor as this palls on the senses after a time, and we turn to facts and reason with a sigh of relief. Some weeks ago, the *Argonaut* published a table, based on the record of the elections of 1884 and 1888, showing how, in the doubtful States, and in some which are usually credited to the Democrats, the Democrats had lost votes from 1884 to 1888, and as a corrective to the calculations of the *Examiner*, we reproduce this table, the first column being Cleveland's pluralities in 1884 and the second his pluralities in 1888, except those in the second column marked R, which indicate a Republican plurality:

States.	1884.	Plurality.	1888.
Connecticut.....	1,415		336
Delaware.....	4,073		3,441
Indiana.....	6,427	R.	2,348
Kentucky.....	34,839		28,666
Maryland.....	11,118		6,182
Missouri.....	30,906		25,701
New York.....	1,097	R.	14,373
North Carolina.....	17,884		13,118
Virginia.....	6,003		1,539
West Virginia.....	4,221		552

If, as we have said before, Cleveland is the genuine exponent of Democracy, or rather, if Democracy be so popular in the United States as to be invincible, how did it occur that four years of Democratic rule should make a change of 6,000 votes in Kentucky, 5,200 in Missouri, 4,500 in Virginia, 3,700 in West Virginia, 1,100 in Connecticut, 15,000 in New York, and so on? If Cleveland barely escapes losing Connecticut and West Virginia in 1888, can he be assured of either in 1892?

The following is the most reasonable arrangement of the figures of the electoral college which we have found yet, and one which is approved generally by those who are in the habit of figuring on Presidential elections. In 1888, the loss of New York defeated Cleveland. New York was absolutely indispensable to Democratic success in 1888. It is as necessary to-day. The new apportionment gives:

REPUBLICAN GAINS.		New States.	
Old States.			
California.....	1	Idaho.....	3
Colorado.....	1	Montana.....	3
Illinois.....	2	North Dakota.....	3
Kansas.....	1	South Dakota.....	4
Massachusetts.....	1	Washington.....	4
Minnesota.....	3	Wyoming.....	3
Nebraska.....	3		
Oregon.....	1		
Pennsylvania.....	2		
Wisconsin.....	1	Total.....	35
	15		

Republican loss, Michigan..... 6  
Republican gain by new apportionment..... 29

DEMOCRATIC GAINS.	
Alabama.....	2
Arkansas.....	1
Georgia.....	1
Missouri.....	1
New Jersey.....	1
	7
Total.....	14

Gain in Democratic electors by new apportionment..... 14

The new apportionment enables the Republicans to elect without Indiana. It does not enable the Democrats to elect without New York. They must have its thirty-six votes. As Harrison beat Cleveland in New York by 14,373 votes in 1888, there is no reason why he should not do so again by an even larger vote in 1892.

To put this in another and possibly a more easily comprehensible way, if we start with Harrison's 223 and Cleveland's 168, in 1888, and add the new votes to them, Harrison should have 233 plus 16 and 17, or 266, while Cleveland should have 168 plus 7 and 3, or 178. If we should concede New York to Cleveland, the result will be: Harrison, 266 minus 36, or 230; Cleveland, 178 plus 36, or 214; which, of course, elects Harrison.

In any way the problem can be studied it favors Harrison, except on the extraordinary assumption of the *Examiner* that six or eight Republican States will go Democratic. While it bad its hand in, that journal might as well have claimed the solid vote of the electoral college, in which case it would not have been much wider of the mark than it is now.

Prior to the Civil War, the Democratic party had opposed any system of national banks. When President Jackson removed the deposits and virtually closed the United States bank, he in measure suggested the State banks as fit custodians of the public moneys of the government. As a consequence many of the States made changes in the law governing banks to conform to the Democratic idea as suggested by President Jackson, the greatest leader of the party. Thence arose, with other banks, the virtually irresponsible institutions, particularly in the new States, known as wild-cat banks. Banks were then of issue and deposit. Bank-notes, or bills, as they were commonly called, were the accustomed currency of the country. Gold coin—eagles, half and quarter-eagles were the only denominations coined—was rarely in circulation. Among the people, silver coins—half-dollars, quarters, dimes, and half-dimes of American coinage and the Spanish coins which passed for quarters, shillings, and sixpences—and bank-bills, of from one dollar to ten dollars,

constituted the general currency. American silver dollars and bank-bills of above ten dollars were rarely in circulation. The banks were, however, only State banks, and even within the State their bills were subjected to a discount of from one-half a cent to two cents on the dollar. Beyond the State, the discount increased with the distance and the reputed condition of the bank. But the bills of the banks of highest general credit in their own State were not received at par value in an adjoining or remote State. The bills of the United States bank in Philadelphia, before Jackson's peremptory removal of the government deposits and the wrecking of the bank thereby, had circulated at par in every portion of the country—in States and Territories alike. The great need for a currency that should supply this general want was everywhere felt. The sub-treasury scheme of Senator Benton and other great Democratic lights, during the administration of President Van Buren, which was promulgated as "the divorce of bank and State," was popularly rejected in the Presidential election of 1840, and subsequently the treasury-note system came into operation. It was retained until the Civil War period, when the legal-tender notes, or greenbacks, were introduced. Afterward came the national banks, and in every locality within the United States the note of every national bank is current at its face value, without regard to the State or Territory in which the bank is located. The government is in every case the thoroughly solvent indorser to its face value, and holds its own bonds as the unquestioned surety for every dollar issued by the bank.

There are none who have had, practical experience of the State banks who will care to abolish the national banks and return to the system of State banks. The national banks assure to every individual the full dollar of the note he possesses, against time and circumstance—the dollar of one hundred cents, without discount or loss. But notwithstanding this absolute solvency of the paper issue of national banks, the Democratic party, in its national platform, recommends the repeal of the tax of ten per cent. on the issues of State banks, in order to place them on equality with national banks in currency issue; in effect, to rehabilitate the State banks, and enable them to circulate their dubious notes as formerly. Inasmuch as the losses by depreciated or worthless bank-notes under the old State banks system almost wholly fell upon the farmers and workingmen and only slightly upon the rich; and as the Democratic party professes to be the friend and protector of the farmers and working-classes, it is remarkable, and it should not be overlooked, that it now seeks to return to the banking system of the States by which the masses were deceived and defrauded; to abandon the safe and convenient currency issued by the national banks and secured absolutely at full-face value by the government, and go back to the ante-war system, with its uncertainty and actual loss. Men under middle age, especially the men of Californian nativity and training, have never experienced the quality of State-bank paper and suffered therefrom. The State constitution forbids banks of issue and circulation. But the votes which would elect Cleveland would also re-establish the old and discarded State-bank system. It is one of the consequences to be feared in the event of Democratic success.

## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
WHELAN REID,  
OF NEW YORK.

### FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:

At large ..	THOMAS R. BARD, of Ventura
At large ..	J. C. CAMPBELL, of San Francisco
First District ..	WILLIAM CARSON, of Humboldt
Second District ..	MICHAEL L. MERY, of Butte
Third District ..	JAMES A. WAYMIRE, of Alameda
Fourth District ..	ISAAC HECHT, of San Francisco
Fifth District ..	H. V. MOREHOUSE, of Santa Clara
Sixth District ..	JAMES R. WILLOUGHBY, of Ventura
Seventh District ..	S. L. HANSBORN, of Modesto

Regular Republican Nominees.

### FOR CONGRESS:

First District ..	E. W. DAVIS, of Sonoma
Second District ..	JOHN F. DAVIS, of Calaveras
Third District ..	S. G. HILBORN, of Alameda
Fourth District ..	J. C. O. ALEXANDER, of San Francisco
Fifth District ..	EUGENE F. LOUD, of San Francisco
Sixth District ..	HERVEY LINDLEY, of Los Angeles
Seventh District ..	W. W. BOWERS, of San Diego
Third District (unexpired term) ..	S. G. HILBORN, of Alameda

Regular Republican Nominees.

[The "Argonaut Municipal Ticket" will appear in column in the next issue.]



## TWO MEN AND A WOMAN.

An Episode in which Civilization Gave Way to Primitive Impulse.

Henry Wilmerding's dwelling-place was not in any wild and unsettled part of the world, where it might be supposed that personal safety could only be preserved by personal caution and personal daring or readiness, but in a large and well-appointed apartment-house, conveniently and centrally located on the most fashionable avenue of the city. His sitting-room was richly and comfortably furnished; there were handsome rugs upon the floor, and the rays from the shaded lamp fell upon a table covered with books, and papers, and the latest magazines. On the walls were many pictures, engravings, etchings, and paintings, and on the top of the book-cases, which ran around the room, were a few pieces of well-selected bric-à-brac and small statuary, while the books themselves, which filled all the cases, were further evidence of his taste and cultivation.

Surely his was a home where he might feel secure against any violence or attack of any sort. There were chairs about so comfortable as to invite any occasional occupant of them to repose, and quiet, and forgetfulness of trouble; but in one of the easiest of these, drawn near the table with the lamp, Henry Wilmerding sat cleaning a revolver—an occupation which seemed almost improper, or at least incongruous, in such surroundings. He had removed the cylinder of the pistol from its barrel and stock, and was carefully rubbing it with a silk cloth, while upon the table at his hand were the cartridges he had taken from its chambers.

Suddenly the door, which he had carelessly left unlocked, was opened violently from without, and a man entered the room. Wilmerding rose quickly, in astonishment and anger; but the new-comer said at once:

"Sit down!" And, taking his hand from his overcoat-pocket, where it had been concealed, he pointed a cocked pistol straight at Wilmerding's breast. Wilmerding was overcome by the suddenness of the intrusion and the action of the man, so terrible in its significance. His knees trembled, and he sank back into his chair, weak and, for the moment, unnerved; but presently, as he saw the man looking at him somewhat contemptuously, he rallied, and it was with apparently perfect composure that he said:

"Your command is peremptory and unpleasant; but you seem to have the power to enforce it. Well?"

The man walked to the other side of the table, where he stood silently for a moment, looking down at Wilmerding. Then his attention was attracted to the picture of a woman which stood upon the table, in a sort of easel-frame. He struck it violently with his left hand, knocking it to the floor.

"How dare you have that—her picture, there?" he asked.

"Oh, see here," Wilmerding answered, in proud carelessness, although he looked at the pistol still pointing directly toward him, and then past it at the angry eyes of his visitor, "I can't change my arrangements to suit the whim of an uninvited and unwelcome guest. Pray, why have you favored me with this visit, Mr. David Bradford?"

"You know well enough why I have come."

"Apparently you have come to quarrel with me. You could not have chosen a happier time—for you," Wilmerding returned, as he glanced at his own now useless pistol.

"Pshaw!" Bradford replied as he noted the direction of Wilmerding's glance. "Now, I can wait; I can kill you when I please; I can be sure that you will feel all that it means; I can know that you will appreciate your punishment. Had you been ready, I would have been compelled to be quicker—that is all."

"Indeed?" asked Wilmerding; "yet I daresay I would not have used my pistol any more than I now care for help. This matter can be settled in only one way. But, if you hold that position long your hand, steady as it is, will shake. Sit down. You will be more comfortable."

Bradford sat down and folded his arms upon the table before him. He held the pistol, still cocked; but it was no longer pointed at Wilmerding. For a moment or so Bradford looked silently at Wilmerding, who, whatever fear he may have felt, showed no sign of it.

"You are cool," Bradford said at last.

"Yes."

"You are very cool."

"I can be very hot. At present, I prefer to be cool."

"Do you think that because I give you time I may spare you? Do you think that any plea of yours will help you?"

"When I plead with you, you may respond," Wilmerding replied disdainfully, retaining his wonderful command of himself.

"And yet life should be very pleasant to you; one would think you would find it worth your while to save it."

"It would be mere bravado to say that I court death," Wilmerding replied, as he shrugged his shoulders. "I will not stoop to that."

"Yet death is before you—imminent and certain."

"You are very cool, too."

"I am. Yet man never had greater reason to lose his self-control than I; no man ever had greater cause for passion or anger than I. My very coolness makes my purpose more certain. Passion will not blind me; I will not lose my way."

"Then why do we wait, Bradford?"

"You have grown tired of the situation? I do not wonder. I have something to ask, however."

"A favor to ask?"

"Yes. You owe me something for the havoc and ruin you have wrought in my life."

"I have wrought no havoc, no ruin. For whatever of ruin you have come to, you are yourself responsible. It is you who should be called upon for payment, for reparation. But let that go. I did not mean, I do not choose, to meet any accusation you may wish to bring against me."

"As you please; it will save time."

"Yes; but from your own point of view, do I owe you more than my life will pay?"

"More, Wilmerding? Far more. What good will your death do me? Do you think that I have failed to consider the cost of my step to me? It is punishment for you, not reward for me, that I propose to seek in this way."

As Bradford spoke, he unfolded his arms and touched gently, with the fingers of his left hand, his pistol. Wilmerding did not show that he noted the action of Bradford. He laughed coolly.

"You must have arrived at your judgment, and planned this—this execution of it, deliberately," he said.

"Yes."

"Then it is as a judge, righteous and pure, that it pleases you to pose?"

"Pose?" Bradford repeated.

"I think that that is the word. It may be that you deceive yourself; but you can not deceive me. I know you too well, Mr. Bradford—altogether too well. You were not happy in your selection of an audience. But come. This favor you want granted. What is it?"

"I want a statement; I want you to write and sign a statement of your relations with my wife."

Wilmerding expressed his astonishment that such a favor should be asked of him in a long, low whistle. He looked sharply and questioningly at Bradford, in whose determined face and unchanging attitude there was no indication that he meant either to relent in his purpose or to relax his vigilance. Then Wilmerding moved closer to the table and drew paper before him.

"Nothing could be simpler or easier to do than that," he said; "but I am afraid my statement will not gratify you. To be complete it will have to tell of your relations, too—of your foolish neglect, your inhuman cruelty, your falsity, and your baseness."

"You may include what you please."

"And, as for my relations, why should I not write of them? The whole world may know of them as well as not."

"That is not what I want. I do not care for only a statement of what the world knows or may know. That would not be worth the asking for."

"Then—" Wilmerding began; but Bradford interrupted him.

"I want a complete statement—a truthful statement, no matter who is harmed, no matter who is incriminated."

Wilmerding, as if his task were a hopeless one, pushed away the paper he had drawn before him. He leaned back in his chair.

"Ah, I knew," he said; "I thought so. You do not want the only statement I can write—that would not serve your purpose. You seek to justify yourself. You do not want the truth; it is not truth you want at all, but a lie. I will not write it. Yet I thank you."

"Yes; I have given you a chance."

"A chance?" Wilmerding repeated, as though he did not understand. "I thanked you because you had not tried to bargain with me; because you had not offered me my life in exchange for the lying statement you want. That great dishonor you have spared me, and I thank you."

"But I will make a bargain with you; I will give you your life for the statement I want."

Wilmerding rose. He pushed his chair from him so that it fell noisily to the floor. For the first time in the interview he spoke angrily and without the control of himself he had maintained.

"You scoundrel!" he said. Bradford rose from his seat, recoiled a step or two, raised his pistol, but then lowered it again as Wilmerding spoke on. "How dare you think of me so badly? How dare you think I would purchase even life at such a price as that? You want the truth, you say. I do love your wife. Is that the truth you want? I do love your wife more than I love life or fear death. I love her, I say; but no word of love from me has ever hurt her ears. No word of love for me has ever sullied her lips; yet I know she loves me. That is the most glorious truth I know. She loves me as she never did, never could have loved you."

Wilmerding, as though now he only wished that some end might be brought to the interview, any end to the suspense, leaned far over the table toward Bradford and pulled his waistcoat open, impatiently. Bradford raised his pistol again, his finger was on the trigger.

"Do not be impatient," he said. "You may even now change your decision and save your life."

Wilmerding straightened himself and pulled at his collar as though he found it hard to breathe. Then he raised his hand as if imploringly.

"Wait," he said. "One minute!"

"Ah!" Bradford said, as he smiled scornfully; "you know the terms."

"And you can think I will accept them? Wait. There, in that cabinet behind you—"

Bradford smiled again and shook his head. Wilmerding divined his thought at once.

"You fear to turn?" he went on, and he, too, smiled; "you are wise. But if you will only extend your left hand a little, you may open it for me—so. On that shelf—a little lower, please—there is a box. Hand it to me."

Bradford had followed the directions given him by Wilmerding not without thought of what might be intended; but the box, he found, was small and light. It could contain no weapon, and he threw it carelessly upon the table between them. Wilmerding took it, and opened it and looked at its contents.

"Bradford," he continued, slowly, "you could not, I suppose, have retained the love of your wife. Fate and yourself—your own character—were against you and were too strong for you; but you might, at least, have tried to retain her respect; you might have chosen not to make all her life a hideous nightmare; you might have chosen not to trample upon her and upon the love she bore you. Even now, while seeking, as you say, to do but justice and to punish me, you

are willing to make her the life-long victim of a ruinous scandal. I can save her. You are secure in your own defense, for it is the way to let such a crime as you intend go unpunished. You see that I feel the unassailable strength of your position; I have felt it too long and too much; I have respected only too well your rights; I have chosen not to attempt to storm the barrier her horrible blunder of long ago put between my love and me. Had I cared less for her I might—who knows?—have taken her from you and all your world. Ever since I had the fortune to meet her and to learn to love her—good fortune I call it, even now, though I stand in your power—I have done the best I could for her—the best I could to make her life bearable, to lighten her sorrows. I have lived my life—I have not been an angel; but toward her and for her I have been only good. And you? Can you ever say so much? Now you offer to spare my life. I decline your offer. I know a way to spare her. Now—the world will wonder; but scandal will not touch her. Be a little generous to her."

As he finished speaking, he took from the box he held in his hand two of the little capsules it contained and swallowed them. Almost immediately he fell backward.

Bradford, who had stood motionless, scarcely comprehending the meaning of his words, stepped toward him. He had spoken of justice and punishment, but it was hate that made him raise his pistol and fire at Wilmerding's form. After a pause, he shot again, and then, as quickly as he could, he fired the remaining charges in his revolver.

OCTOBER, 1892. WILLIAM MCKENDREE BANGS.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Buddha and the Woman.

When they came unto the river's side,  
A woman—dove-eyed, young, with fearful face  
And lifted hands—saluted, bending low:  
"Lord, thou art he," she said, "who yesterday  
Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,  
Where I live lone and reared my child; but he  
Straying amid the blossoms found a snake,  
Which twined about his wrist, while he did laugh  
And tease the quick-forked tongue and open mouth  
Of that cold playmate. But alas! ere long  
He turned so pale and still, I could not think  
Why he should cease to play, and let my breast  
Fall from his lips. And one said, 'He is sick  
Of poison'; and another, 'He will die';  
But I, who could not lose my precious boy,  
Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light  
Back to his eyes; it was so very small,  
That kiss-mark of the serpent, and I think  
It could not hurt him, gracious as he was,  
Nor hurt him in his sport. And some one said,  
'There is a holy man upon the hill—  
Lo! now he passeth in his yellow robe—  
Ask of the Kishi if there be a cure  
For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came  
Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,  
And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,  
Praying thee tell what simples may be good.  
And thou, great sir! didst spurn me not, but gaze  
With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand,  
Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me,  
'Yea, little sister, there is that might heal  
Thine first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing;  
For they who need physicians bring to them  
What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find  
Black mustard-seed, a tola; only mark  
Thou take it not from any hand or house  
Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died;  
It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'  
Thus didst thou speak, my Lord!"

The Master smiled  
Exceedingly tender. "Yea, I spake thus,  
Dear Kisagotami! But didst thou find  
The seed?"

"I went, Lord, clasping to my breast  
The babe grown colder, asking at each hut  
Here in the jungle and toward the town:  
'I pray you give me mustard, of your grace,  
A tola, black'; and each who had it gave,  
For all the poor are piteous to the poor;  
But when I asked, 'In my friend's household here  
Hath any peradventure ever died—  
Husband, or wife, or child, or slave?' they said,  
'O sister! what is this you ask? The dead  
Are very many, and the living few!  
So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,  
And prayed of others; but the others said,  
'Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave!'  
'Here is the seed, but our good-man is dead!'  
'Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died  
Between the rain-time and the harvesting!'  
Therefore I left my child—who would not suck  
Nor smile—beneath the wild vines by the stream  
To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray  
Where I might find this seed and find no death,  
If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,  
As I do fear, and as they said to me."

"My sister, thou hast found," the Master said,  
"Searching for what none finds, that bitter balm  
I had to give thee. He thou lovest! slept  
Dead on thy bosom yesterday; to-day  
Thou knowest the whole wide world weeps thy woe;  
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.  
Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay  
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse  
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives  
O'er fields and pastures to the sacrifice—  
As these dumb beasts are driven, men their lords.  
I seek that secret; bury thou thy child!"

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

An interesting relic of the old days in California—the days before the "bear flag" was raised and the Argonauts began to swarm into the land—is the little frame house near Aguacaliente, occupied nearly half a century ago by General, then Lieutenant, Joseph Hooker. Hooker purchased from General Vallejo a township of land, and, on a high knoll sheltered by oak-trees, built the house, which is still standing. A correspondent visited the cottage recently and found in the attic many souvenirs of the general's stay there, among them a saddle and some pistols, but most prized of all: a table on which Hooker used to play chess with the young officers of the garrison.

A Chicago paper offered ten dollars to the person guessing the nearest to the number of lines Grover Cleveland's letter of acceptance would occupy in its columns.



## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

"Van Gryse" on the Sights that Greet Home-Coming New Yorkers.

Now that the cholera scare seems to be subsiding, people are beginning to pour back into the city. The exiles—who were shivering on deserted seaboard and passing dreary, home-sick days in damp, half-furnished cottages—are thronging in on boat and train. How glad they are to get home only a real New Yorker knows. It is only fashion, not inclination, that keeps the Gothamite ranging the country till Thanksgiving Day. Like a Parisian, the New Yorker loves his native city as he does his best girl. Rolling and thundering down the long tunnel to the Forty-Second Street depot, entering that great, curved building, with its high, airy roof and its wide, echoing length, its roaring and reverberating of long, moving trains, its rattle of trucks, and yells of hackmen, and interminable footfalls of hurrying, dusty travelers coming in and hurrying, tidy travelers going out—the New Yorker's heart grows light, for he feels himself at home.

He has no regret for the mountain slopes he has left, where the air is already thin and clear with the first autumn days; where the quiet, dusty roads are fringed with the chrome-yellow plumes of the golden-rod; where the still, green woodland ways are dashed with the crimson and dull red of the young maples; where, in woody copses, the big, coarse, tufted ferns have suddenly grown rust-colored, and the wild rose-bushes are heavy with the varnished hips and haws, and the quail sit on the tops of stone walls and let their round, liquid call sound pensively in the autumnal stillness.

The home-comer is glad to get away from all this. He had to stand it longer than he liked, because cholera was in the ports and in the city, and his family were afraid. But in the morning early, by the light of the newly risen sun, he stands on the deck of a Sound steamer and fondly surveys that great hive of human bees which is his home. As the boat swings up from Brooklyn Bridge toward the Hudson, the city glitters to the sun, the taller spires catching its first rays, pricked at their peaks with gold that slides slowly downward, catches the golden dome of the *World* building, the tip of the *Tribune's* tall tower, the old brown spire of Trinity, the topmost point of the Equitable Life Building, the square, red mass of the Produce Exchange, and then spreads over roof, and turret, and windowed mansard, and creeps down dead walls and slides obtrusive, oblique rays into wells and walled courts.

As the big, unwieldy boat hacks, and turns, and churns up the water in her efforts to plough her way into her own slip, the home-comer may dwell upon his dear city at a closer view. But even this can not disillusion him. All the dirty slips, set close like horses' stalls, have flung out lines of half-standing piles, that are dripping with ooze, and green slime, and bits of browned chains, and rusty rings. The water between these shielding walls collects on its surface every sort of waif and stray that the river sweeps down as it washes the city's edges. Under the overhanging decks of idle steamers and in the shadows of wharf and dock, the motionless, dark-green water shows its surface thick with the river's findings since it passed the marshes near Spuyten Duyvil. All sorts of ghastly, horrible things wash gently up and down in these protected corners, and, as one glances fearfully downward, one can not suppress the sudden creeping apprehension that one's eyes may fall among the other flotsam and jetsam upon some grewsome suicide of last night.

Looking upward, one's glance may rest upon, one's ears be deafened, one's nostrils be offended past bearing, by West Street early of a fine autumn morning. The sun that shines alike upon the just and unjust shines gloriously upon the riotous traffic of West Street, and rouses from their lairs every unearthly smell that that horrible thoroughfare can give forth. There is great noise in West Street at this bright morning hour—noise of a thousand trucks, pouring down, and pouring up, and pouring in from side-street and river-ferry; noise of rolling packing cases, and falling hales, and thumping barrels; noise of a hock in the slowly moving stream of vehicles; noise of whips cracking, of wheels revolving, of iron hoofs grinding on stone; and, loudest of all, noise of men swearing in many accents oaths of divers nations, but vigorous, marrowy American oaths loudest of all.

And then there rise upon the golden morning air the many unmatchable smells of West Street—the smell of old bilge-water and rotting piles slime-coated; the smell of salted meats and fish; the smell of decayed fruit—this very strong; the smell of bad groceries, and fish-oil, and old leather; the smell of drains suddenly at street-corners; the smell of boiling tar and singed rope as you pass the places where new docks are being built; the smell of ham and eggs and coffee cooking as you rattle by frightful-looking restaurants; the smell of general dirtiness everywhere; the smell of fish at Washington Market, enough to make you faint; the smell of onions at a place where they are opening barrels of Bermuda onions—strong, but fresh and clean; and now and then, like a breath from Paradise, the smell of the sea—the fresh, clear, dancing, open sea, blowing in on some vagrant breeze that has lost its way among the slips, and the ships, and the trucks, but has come straight up from the place where the great ocean-liners are rocking idly at anchor at the upper quarantine.

A perfume is said to bring back a memory more quickly than a word, or a look, or a memorandum. Some of the smells on West Street bring back memories with all the effectiveness of the most delicate and sentimental perfume. They make one think of going to Europe and of the big steamers, lying waiting in their slips. They recall days when one has gone to see good friends off for a three months' tour and good friends off who are not coming back again. A powerful smell of bilge-water brings back the wet day when one lunched at Delmonico's, with two men and two women, and then went across town in a bobtail car full

of market-women in steaming rubber-coats, to put two of the party on the *Britannic*, en route for a long visit on the continent. That one whiff of bilge-water perfume brings the whole thing back—the good lunch and the laughter, the ride across town in the little car, when one had to stand and hang to a strap while one's umbrella rained water on the market-women's laps.

Then the great steamer, heaving and sighing at her moorings, the big, red, beefy-looking English and Scotch officers, with peaked caps and brass buttons, the crowd of people in the red-velvet saloon, the handsome woman in the fawn-colored ulster whose husband carried all the wraps and bags, the lady who bid good-bye to a score of friends from behind a rampart of flowers. Outside, the low sweep of the level, yellow decks shining with moisture, the melancholy couples stolen out there in the wet to bid tender, tearful farewells, the horrible glimpse down into the steerage, where the dull-eyed women and men stood about like cattle in the dumb wretchedness of illness and poverty, the curious impassiveness of the two young Englishmen in mackintoshes and deer-stalker caps, who looked down on this sad spectacle, and, last of all, the despairing boldness with which two members of one's own party sauntered away to the bow, and there, before the eyes of all men, kissed each other good-bye.

And one whiff of bilge water is sufficient to bring all this back, even to the feeling of dampness that came up through the soles of your shoes, the wet rustling made by the cape of your mackintosh, the scent of the bunch of dark-purple violets that one of the girls wore in the front of her long tan-colored coat, the very expression of tearful apology that you noticed in the eyes of the girl who had been led off to the bow to be kissed, when she came, loitering back to the rest of her party, who all stood in a line waiting for her and trying to look as if they had not seen what had been going on in the how. A whiff of bilge water brings this back, so does the smell of tarred rope and of stale salt-water, so, too, for the matter of that, does the smell of a damp mackintosh and the exquisite, soft scent of violets on a wet day.

When you turn out of West Street you leave the suggestion of Europe and ocean greyhounds, the bounding main, and wind-swept decks far behind. The smells on the street you turn down suggest only cholera and the lapis-lazuli skies of Italy. This is a street where many nations appear to meet and shake hands, and where a fondness for the meetings in the market-place, that was supposed to show such a bad spirit in the Pharisees, marks the inhabitants. You appear to be in a little tag-end of foreign New York—Italian, probably. The place is dirty, and the dwellers in that unsavory spot appear to have nothing to do but walk up and down or sit at upper windows looking out on the life of the quarter.

There were villainous faces at some of those open windows—old people, wrinkled deep and of an unearthly dirtiness, young people, quite handsome, a few women with the low foreheads, the smooth brows, and velvet, dark eyes of Italy. The rooms in which they sat, and of which one caught occasional glimpses, were frightful. Americans, no matter what their condition, could never live in such pens as most of these were. There were meagre grocery-stores, with mangy, lean-flanked cats sitting in the doorway. There were restaurants, very dirty, with long windows, through which one saw brown men, with sleek black hair and big black mustaches, eating strange food. One man, facing the street, wore a faded red fez and had hollow cheeks and melancholy, hungry black eyes.

On the pavement, loitering aimlessly with a pleasant air of being persons of elegant leisure, were the denizens of this little foreign city within one great American city. The women were stout, and big, and brown, and looked healthy and strong. They wore cotton dresses, sometimes striped in bright colors, and on their heads little shawls of grass-green or solferino pink. From under the shawls greasy black braids hung down below their waists. Now and then, from a high window in a sloping roof or an open doorway all black beyond, a face flashed that had all the dark, mysterious beauty of Italy in the black hair rippling back under a scarlet kerchief, the olive cheeks, the red lips laughing in a hurst of sudden gayety, while against the brown throat the great hoop ear-rings swung.

But the beauty of the Italian emigrant settled in New York is a beauty that looks its best in the distance of the upper window or the shadowed doorway. Near by, it is dirty and coarse. Leaning forward from the carriage window for another glimpse of it, one's gaze is caught en route by a small girl, with rough dark hair, who comes bursting out of a doorway holding in her hand a wire trap. This is full of some dark, moving creatures running over and under each other. What on earth are they? They look about an inch to an inch and a half long. A few loungers gather. The child, laughing at the sport, opens the trap, shakes its contents into the street, and hops back to the kerb. The black things fall scattering on to the cobbles. What are they—huge black beetles? They run this way and that. You lean out of the carriage window in fascinated horror, and—the carriage rattles round a corner. What were they?

NEW YORK, September 30, 1892. VAN GRyse.

Captivity is made as endurable as possible for the Apache Indians, who, with their brutal chief Geronimo, are confined at Mount Vernon, near Mohile. The officers of the post have taken an interest in their welfare and provided them with comforts. Geronimo has been the gardener of the garrison and has become noted locally as a maker of canes. To add to his dignity he has been made a justice of the peace to sit in judgment over offenders of his tribe.

Carrier-pigeons played interesting parts in the newspaper work of the recent elections in Great Britain. Important candidates in out-of-the-way country districts, poorly provided with telegraphic facilities, as Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian District, were accompanied in their tours by newspaper men provided with carrier-pigeons.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

The Rev. Arthur Bell Nicholls, widower of Charlotte Bronte, married again some time after his first wife's death. He now lives in King's County, Ireland, and sometimes preaches. He never talks of his early romance.

The Earl of Essex, who died a few days ago, was "a jolly old soul, and a jolly old soul was he." He was three times wedded, his last venture in that line having taken place eleven years ago, when he was almost seventy-nine years old. The earl has been succeeded by his grandson, Lord Capell, who is thirty-four years of age.

Colonel Mapleson, who lately was robbed of his watch and chain, has received a heavy one from California, with this inscription: "From the gods of San Francisco, who can not forget the man who gave musical America its greatest enjoyment in the present generation, and sympathize with the robbery in Drury Lane." It would be interesting to know who these "gods of San Francisco" are, who "sympathize with the robbery in Drury Lane."

Quite a number of members of the British House of Lords who are credited with being aristocrats are not. They are merely nobles. The present Lord Brassey is the son of a man who began life as a day-laborer. Lord St. Leonards is the grandson of a barber. Lord Battersea and Lord Playfair are not aristocrats. On the other hand, there are innumerable families in England and Scotland whose pedigree can be traced for centuries through a genealogical-tree without a missing or a doubtful limb, yet whose ancestors were not above the grade of gentlemen.

M. Zola has turned on the critics who complain of inaccuracies in "The Downfall." Their criticisms, he says, "remind him of the chatter of old soldiers who discuss garter-buttons and the elasticity of braces." In controverting one point of criticism, the novelist says that "all the generals from Napoleon downward were incapable. Bazaine was an imbecile; so, too, was Canrobert, as well as MacMahon, who ought to have been court-martialed like Bazaine. So, too, were De Failly and Trochu. Lebrun and Donay were the only intelligent men among them."

The late Duke of Cambridge was in the habit of thinking out loud, so to speak, and there were times when his audible expression of opinions was at least inopportune. It is related of him by a London journal that, during divine service, whenever the rector said, "Let us pray," his royal highness would answer, in a voice audible throughout the church: "Aye, to be sure; why not?" Once at the opera, after the duke had swept the house with his glasses, he called out, in a tone that reached from pit to dome: "Why, I declare, there are not half a dozen pretty girls in the house—not half a dozen, not half a dozen."

The marriage of Colonel Cuthbert Bullit and Mrs. Mary E. Shreve Ransom was solemnized a few days ago in Louisville, Ky. The bride, who is sixty-five years of age, enjoyed a long reign in society as a beauty and a belle. Her first husband was Judge S. P. Goodloe. Two years after his death she became the wife of General Ransom. He died several years ago. Colonel Cuthbert Bullit is eighty-five years of age. During the war he was an ardent Unionist. President Lincoln made him the collector of the port of New Orleans. His young wife died there, and after the war he returned to Louisville.

The new ministry is composed, says Mr. Lahouchère, mainly of "sucking patricians." There are, at all events, quite a number of landlords. Lord Rosebery's rent-roll is \$160,000 a year; Lord Spencer claims \$230,000 a year from the land which Mr. Asquith and his brother Fadhans desire to be more or less nationalized; Lord Ripon's rental is \$244,000; Lord Kimberley's, \$125,000; Mr. A. Acland is heir to \$190,000 a year from land; Lord Houghton has \$55,000, Lord Carrington \$200,000, Lord Vernon \$120,000, Lord Chesterfield \$30,000, Sir U. Kay-Shuttleworth \$23,000, Lord Rihhlesdale \$35,000. The administration has also plenty of rich men—namely, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Campbell Bannerman, Mr. Mundella, Mr. A. Morley, Mr. Seale-Hayne, Mr. Buxton, Mr. Majorihanks, etc.

Professor E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory, now famous as the discoverer of Jupiter's fifth satellite, is only about forty years old. Only a few years ago, according to the *Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph*, he was "earning a scanty living as a clerk in a photograph-gallery in Nashville, Tenn. He succeeded in saving enough money to purchase a very small telescope. He was admitted to Vanderbilt University as assistant-instructor in astronomy, and there the hudding genius of the young man began to develop. To keep the pot boiling, young Barnard gave up his nights to a search of the heavens for comets, and has probably discovered more than any living astronomer. While at Vanderbilt, he received five prizes of two hundred dollars each from the Rochester (Warner) Observatory. When the Lick Observatory was opened he was offered the place of assistant-observer."

The death of Cardinal Howard, recently reported, leaves the English and Irish without a single representative in the Sacred College. It is expected that nominations will soon be made among the English prelates at least, and that the present Archbishop of Westminster, Dr. Vaughan, will soon receive the red hat. His elevation will almost necessarily be followed by the elevation of Dublin's archbishop to the same honor. The elevation to the purple of Mgr. Stonoe, Archbishop of Trebizonde and a resident of Rome, is probable. He was recently the bearer of the pallium to Dr. Vaughan. For years he has been one of the most active of England's politico-ecclesiastical agents at the Roman court and is heartily detested by the Irish, so much so that the students of the Irish College in Rome never acknowledge his presence when they encounter him. In Fenian times he had Connelan, the Roman correspondent of the *Boston Pilot*, from Rome by Pope Pius. He is now advanced in



## A BOUDOIR STUDY.

The Duchess, the Monkey, and the Rose.

They found themselves once more tête-à-tête in her boudoir, the duchess and the monkey.

The ancestors of her grace had been whipped at Crécy and Poitiers, together with their king; they had enjoyed the high privilege of handing their royal master a napkin when his majesty besmudged himself at his meals. The ladies of her grace's family had held the prerogative of a *tabouret* in the presence of the queen; they had stood at the head of the movement against the decision of Louis the Thirteenth, who granted the same favor to the fair ones of the house of Bouillon, though not of princely blood; by force of their birth, rank, and station, they had possessed the invaluable right to keep the queen's shift ready, whenever her majesty saw fit to change her linen.

The ancestors of Coco (*Genus Sennopithecus—S. entellus*), male and female, never had cringed to royalty, but from times remote had themselves been objects of religious veneration to millions of swarthy Hindoos in far-away India. His escutcheon showed the vair-potent on a sable field, to distinguish his branch of the family from the other one, reveling in potent-counter-potent on an azure field.

Their nobility was beyond the shadow of a doubt, and they were justly proud of it, the duchess and the monkey.

To be impartial, however, since the value of a genealogical tree depends not so much on its good fruit as on its age, it should be said that Coco most decidedly had the best of her grace. His forefathers had been on record, swinging by their tails from the branches of holy trees at the Soorj Khan, centuries before any mention was made of her ancestors, who first appeared in history as followers of Godfrey before Ascalon.

They were living together on the best of terms. Coco was a character, and her grace, tinged with a superstition, growing in disbelief and advancing years, often sought inspiration from the pranks of his grave unconventionality. Whenever she wanted a sign from heaven, how to match the color of gloves and hosiery, she turned to her fetch. The oracle never failed.

The duchess had been vexed and worried lately. Mlle. Léonie, her only child, fresh from the convent, had shown determined objections against the match, cut and dried for her as a matter of family politics, a very short time after she was born. Assuming that the general idea of marriage ought to reach its fairest bloom and blossom in a girl of that age, it seemed strange that the gallant and accomplished young nobleman, set apart for her, failed to make the proper impression. Raoul, of a hundred and twenty-eight heraldic quarters, being unsatisfactory to the daughter, the mother had to find out the reason why. It did not take her long. There was a foolish attachment to a mere plebeian—that dashing young officer in the *chasseurs à pied*, Gaston Duruy, true son of his father, Aubrey Duruy . . . oh, yes! Aubrey Duruy, also in the *chasseurs à pied*, who got killed by the Prussians, leading his regiment at Sedan. Aubrey Duruy . . . once upon a time the duchess was fresh from convent herself, and—the duke never knew of it—she had been deeply interested in a foolish attachment all of her own.

She took the rosewood casket that held the remains of all the little real romance her life had known. It was not much, only a faded rose; but it was more than had been good for her. Circumstances proved averse to her desires when that rose stood blooming and blushing in the moonlit garden, and her sorrow ever after gathered new thorns from remembrance. She was proclaimed the happiest among the happy, and she seemed so; but all had been empty to her—empty as her own heart.

True love, having lost the battle, lives on its wounds; the deeper it went, the more we cherish the recollection of the circumstances and time that brought us hurt and harm. This was the rose he gave her when parting, long, long ago. She beld it between her fingers, and back from the past came to her the stillness of that summer night and the fragrance of the garden and the sweet words he spoke—back it came, as the melody of an old song, half-forgotten, all of a sudden heard again from a passer-by in the street.

And now his son and her daughter had found in their hearts the secret she thought was hidden so well—the old, old story. Poor Léonie, innocent yet of the world, and restive under the world's claims upon her young life—was the child going to suffer as she had suffered? It rested with her—with her alone. What was conventional duty against happiness and content? What more miserable than the lie of her own existence? Her eyes grew dim, and her strength went forth from her in a thought to shield that virgin soul from such a struggle and such a victory. She was a peeress, certainly; but she was a mother, first. A maiden's love is a prayer to heaven, a prayer for grace.

Here Coco interfered. Stealthily approaching, he made his way to where her grace was weighing her daughter's future. Snatching the keepsake from her hand, it was only a few seconds before he sat perched on the top-shelf of a Louis Quinze bookcase, between a bust of Sappho and another of Pallas-Athene; the duchess lately had been of a literary turn of mind, other fads having failed in rapid succession.

Much disturbed by the interruption, Coco's mistress feels indignant and angry at such rude behavior, and orders him down. The nobleman with the caudal appendix does not obey. Hurt by the tone of command, his disdain is apparent; threats do not make the withered flower any more negotiable.

Coaxing, perhaps, will answer better.

"Give back the rose, pretty Coco! Do give it back, and my darling shall have a diamond-ring and bonbons—plenty of bonbons. Look at the flower, it is dried up and gone; too old, Coco—too old for a sweet little monkey to play with; but it is all that is left of me and my poor love. Oh, give it back!"

Coco remained untouched by an appeal to his sympathy. He has his opinion of the matter in hand, and feels bound to have his say. His answer is eloquent. Deliberately pulling off the petals, he drops them down on the carpet, one by one. The stem he breaks in two, throwing the pieces behind a pile of books, perhaps as a reserve to draw upon for further revelations. This is all. A common ape, now, would have shown his teeth, and chattered, and jabbered a good deal; but the father-director of the duchess's conscience only assumes a dignified pose, and sits grave and still, awaiting developments, as his ancestors used to sit, sheltered by the foliage of the trees near Meerut.

Her grace looked at the rose-leaves, almost crumbled to dust, scattered all round her, and then she looked at Coco. His arbitrary action had roused her from a moment's forgetfulness of what she owed to a distinguished name. The black drop that lies deep down near the fountain-head of our heart's blood, waiting for the opportunities of the evil one, was slowly rising to the surface. Her better feelings sank back into oblivion, as the pale sunlight of a winter evening disappears behind the cloud-banks gathering from the west. The storm was coming fast. Who can tell with what unexpected suddenness, in a woman, the angel leaves and the devil takes possession?

"It is a token," she said to herself; "I have to stop this silly nonsense of Léonie, and I shall stop it at once. It will be better for her. Certainly it will be better. Who knows what is best? She will feel it, poor thing. After all, though, what is life, however we take it, but one great wrong? The misery that has made me old and wretched lies in the past. My girl must dream the same dream, and I shall be there to make her forget sooner than I have done. Here it ends."

Coco felt satisfied. This was the echo of his sentiments; exactly his idea—*noblesse oblige*. The old, old story he had wiped out of existence, and the new old story was to follow suit.

In a few minutes, a servant, wearing the ducal livery, carried a perfumed note, bearing the ducal arms, to one of the high functionaries of the Department of War.

The high functionary responded to the call with promptitude, and soon found himself seated opposite the duchess, in the august presence of Coco, still flanked by Sappho and Pallas-Athene.

"Excuse my request to come and see me, general. I know it is very audacious in me to ask for the privilege of even a short interview."

"It is more than a duty to obey your grace's behest—it is an honor."

"Your time is so precious and of so much value in the service of our country, especially in times of trouble, like the present, that—"

"The service of your grace commands my highest and first attention."

"Ah, yes; *toujours flatteur*. But tell me, is it really true that a new expedition has been planned against Tonkin?"

"Perfectly true, madame. The reinforcements that went under Admiral Courbet and General Bouët, a while ago, do not seem to be adequate to the demands of the undertaking. We are ready to send seven thousand men more. The death of Rivière has to be avenged."

"War is a terrible thing, general! And the climate of Tonkin is said to be very unhealthy, is it not?"

"Yes, madame; very unhealthy, indeed. We lose many men through the fire and steel of the enemy; but many, many more fall victims to the terrible climate."

"Poor soldiers!"

"Such is our profession."

"Does it ever happen that men, for some reason or other obnoxious to the authorities or their friends, are picked out to die there—in the interest of the service, of course?"

The warrior looked up with a start, eyeing her in an uneasy way, beginning to feel uncomfortable.

"Madame—"

"Oh, it is only a question."

A little pause followed. Something was in the air and they measured each other's strength, the monkey watching them, seemingly much interested in the little play of which he considered himself rightfully the prime mover. For a moment relaxing the rigid exclusiveness and unconcern with which he preserved the *sacra gentilitia* of his pedigree, he clambered to a place of vantage from where he should be able to observe the minutest details of facial expression and change of countenance in the duello he had started between the two, dragging along his chain, an ornament embarrassing as the friendship of a poor relation.

The game between his clients went on. They did not play for high stakes—only a human life—the merest trifle. The odds were heavily in favor of the duchess. She had also made up her mind to win, and the first move was hers.

"General, it is long ago now, but you remember, perhaps, what at one time passed between us. You gave me to understand that your heart, your life, your everything was mine, without reserve. You swore it upon your honor, and I believed you. You pledged your word to me. It was on the silent understanding that I should bend to your will. This was the upshot of our *affaire de cœur*, unadorned, clipped of all poetical rubbish. Do you remember?"

"Ma chère madame!"

"Don't get alarmed, general! We may as well speak the truth. Both of us are getting old, and honesty in words, if not in deeds, is becoming to us. We know each other. What is the use of mincing matters? Very well—you protested then, at the time I am speaking of, that your slightest wish was your law—you said and repeated it—often—upon your honor."

"I said so, and I repeat it again."

"I never put you to the test, but I kept my part of the contract. Do you remember how contemptibly foolish I was?"

"Lucile—!"

"Now keep yours. The time has come for you. There is a lieutenant in the *chasseurs à pied*; his name is Gaston

Duruy. He has to leave France. The climate of Tonkin may benefit him. He is a brave soldier, and I warrant that he will do at the head of a *colonne* in a desperate enterprise. I guarantee his indomitable courage and unswerving devotion to our colors. You, general—you guarantee him an opportunity to fight for his country; to shield our noble flag with his life and heart's blood. Do not bridle his ambition. Give him all the liberty he wants in following the road that leads to glory and fame. Let him follow it to the end, general—to the very end!"

"Impossible, it can not be done. This is monstrous! My duty—"

"I take no refusal. Remember, general, it is upon your honor!"

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1892.

## THE DEAD POET.

Some Famous Songs by Tennyson.

## CROSSING THE BAR.

<i>Sunset and evening star, And one clear call for me! And may there be no moaning of the bar, When I put out to sea,</i>	<i>Twilight and evening bell, And after that the dark! And may there be no sadness of farewell, When I embark; For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place The flood may bear me far, I hope to see my Pilot face to face When I have cross'd the bar.</i>
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## CLARIBEL.—A MELODY.

<i>Where Claribel low-lieth The breezes pause and die, Letting the rose-leaves fall: But the solemn oak-tree sigheth Thick-leaved, ambrosial, Of an inward agony, Where Claribel low-lieth.</i>	<i>About the moor's headstone: At midnight the moon cometh, And looketh down alone. Her song the linnwhite swelleth, The clear-voiced mavis dwelleth, The callow throatsle lispeth, The slumberous wave outwelleth, The babbling rannel crispeth, The hollow groat reptileth, Where Claribel low-lieth.</i>
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## SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS."

<i>As thro' the land at eve we went And pluck'd the ripen'd ears, We fell out, my wife and I, Oh, we fell out, I know not why, And kissed again with tears.</i>	<i>For when we came where lies our child We lost in other years, There above the little grave, Oh, there above the little grave, We kissed again with tears.</i>
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## "SWEET AND LOW."

<i>Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the western sea, Low, low, breathe and blow, Wind of the western sea! Over the rolling waters go, Come from the dying moon, and blow, Flow him again to me; While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.</i>	<i>Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Father will come to thee soon; Rest, rest, on mother's breast, Father will come to thee soon; Father will come to his babe in the nest, Silver sails all out of the west, Under the silver moon; Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.</i>
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## "BREAK, BREAK, BREAK."

<i>Break, break, break, On thy cold gray stones, O Sea! And I would that my tongue could utter The thoughts that arise in me.</i>	<i>And the stately ships go on To their haven under the hill; But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand And the sound of a voice that is still!</i>
<i>O well for the fisherman's boy, That he shouts with his sister at play! O well for the sailor lad, That he sings in his boat on the bay!</i>	<i>Break, break, break, At the foot of the crags, O Sea! But the tender grace of a day that is dead Will never come back to me.</i>

## FROM "IN MEMORIAM."

<i>I held it truth, with him who sings To one clear harp in divers tones, That men may rise on stepping- stones Of their dead selves to higher things.</i>	<i>Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd, Let darkness keep her raven gloss: Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss, To dance with death, to beat the ground</i>
<i>But who shall so forecast the years, And find in loss a gain to match? Or reach a hand thro' time to catch The far-off interest of tears?</i>	<i>Than that the victor Hours should scorn The long result of love, and boast, "Behold the man that loved and lost But all he was is overborn."</i>

## BUGLE SONG.

<i>The splendor falls on castle walls, And snowy summits old in story: The long light shakes across the lakes And the wild cataract leaps in glory. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.</i>	<i>Blow, let us hear the purple glens re- plying; Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying. Oh, love, they die in yon rich sky, They faint on hill, or field, or river: Our echoes roll from soul to soul, And grow forever and forever. Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying, And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.</i>
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## "ASK ME NO MORE."

<i>Ask me no more: the moon may draw the sea; The cloud may stoop from heaven and take the shape, With fold to fold, of mountain or of cave; But oh, dear fond, when have I answer'd thee?</i>	<i>Ask me no more, lest I should bid the live; Ask me no more, Ask me no more; thy fate and mine are seal'd: I strove against the stream and all in vain; Let the great river take me to the main: No more, dear love, for at a touch yield; Ask me no more.</i>
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## THE SWALLOW SONG.

<i>"Oh, Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South, Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves, And tell her, tell her what I tell to- thee.</i>	<i>"Why lingereth she to clothe her hair with love, Delaying as the tender ash delays To clothe herself, when all the wood are green?</i>
<i>"Oh, tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each, That bright, and fierce, and fickle is the South, And dark, and true, and tender is the North.</i>	<i>"Oh, tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown; Say to her, I do but wanton in it South, But in the North long since my nest is made.</i>
<i>"Oh, Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow and light Upon her lattice, I would pipe, and trill And cheep, and twitter twenty mill- ion loves.</i>	<i>"Oh, tell her, brief is life, but love long, And brief the sun of summer in it North, And brief the moon of beauty in it South.</i>
<i>"Oh, were I thou that she might take in, And lay me on her bosom, and her heart Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.</i>	<i>"Oh, Swallow, flying from the gold- woods, Fly to her, and pipe and woo he and make her mine, And tell her, tell her, that I follo thee."</i>



## THE AMERICAN GIRL IN PARIS.

"Sibylla" on her Social Position and Matrimonial Chances.

If the American people be, in very truth, the most pleasure-loving of all peoples, and youth be the most pleasure-loving of all seasons in life, it is not to be wondered at that the American young girl who wants to have a "good time" should seek Paris before her teens he officially spent. But, strange to say, once over here, she rarely mixes with French society, and must needs seek all amusement among her own country people, or in such public resorts as are accessible to strangers.

To explain this curious fact, it may be well to remember that the American girl finds no companion to associate with in French society, where a *jeune fille* is but a myth who makes one or two appearances, after leaving school, for the sole purpose of being presented to the husband her parents have chosen for her, and it is only as a married woman that she really "comes out." Consequently, there can be no comparison possible between a young American girl and a French one; and there must exist still less sympathy between them. For this reason, also, it is that the young American girl stands out in such bold moral relief from all French womankind. Indeed, she is looked upon as a very abnormal specimen of the fair sex in this old-fashioned quarter of the globe. Her free, outspoken thoughts and her independent ways are so many unraveled problems to the French mind.

Of late years, however, a great change is taking place. New people, new notions, and new things are growing altogether more acceptable to this old race of routine and tradition. Young men, who used to consider *l'Américaine* little better than belonging to the order of the *demi-monde*, have learned at last to respect her, and now treat her in a good-fellow, comrade sort of way that has not the slightest resemblance to their manner toward young French ladies. Mothers, who used to eye her with disdain, now admit her into their salons as a necessary element of life, required by the end of this nineteenth century, though still doing their best to counteract the effect produced on their own daughters by the obnoxious examples of these bold *charmeresses*, by long sermons against their *prime-sautier* ways and speeches—sermons which the aforesaid daughters seem less willing to obey, as at each succeeding season they continue waiting impatiently for their own emancipation on their wedding-day.

The American girl who *does* enter the lists, of French society, does so generally with the deliberate intention of seeking a husband among the nobility. She wants, in fact, a "handle to her name," and a handle she is sure to find if she be willing to pay for it; the greater her dowry, the more high-sounding her title.

But should our young American friend have no such aspirations, mixing simply with French society because of the official or artistic position held by her parents, she will find herself literally like a "fish out of water" in the insipid companionship of French girls; whereas young married women either totally ignore her because she is a *jeune fille*, or look down upon her as an obtrusive *trouble-fête*, before whom they must ever keep themselves on their good behavior.

Every now and then there is a *bal blanc* given in Paris for young girls, but these are few and far between; the rest of everything in the way of amusements belonging exclusively to young married women. Did not the Marquise de Nerville de St. Denis make the boast at her last *sauterie* that she had invited five hundred *jeunes dames* and not a single *jeune fille*, so that Réjane might sing her loose songs without fear of offending scrupulous mammas? And who has forgotten the answer made by Thérèse, the *café-concert* singer, when asked at the Princess Metternich's how the police permitted her such very free language? The police would certainly have put a stop in public concerts to such songs as Thérèse reserved for her repertoire in *fast salons* of French high life.

It is not astonishing, therefore, that we find many more American women than American girls in Parisian society. There seems to be no fit place for the latter unless she come, as before mentioned, with the one object of marrying a title. And could she but hear the commentaries that follow the news of her dowry, irrespective of her beauty, her talents, or her virtue, she would be ashamed to appear in a Paris ball-room, still less to follow to the altar her new-found husband.

When Royal Phelps's granddaughters came over to Paris, after the death of that worthy old banker, the excitement created in the Faubourg St. Germain was as ridiculous as it was disgusting. All the marriageable young men went crazy; mothers, fathers, sisters, and aunts shared their madness. There was betting in the clubs and prayers in the convents! Then came the amazing intelligence that these particular young ladies did not wish to have matters carried on exactly after the French fashion; they desired to make love-marriages! Upon which, as might have been expected, our young clubmen began making love with a vengeance, until it was discovered that there had been much exaggeration in the ciphering of the dowries. Two handsome young fellows found themselves caught in the trap they were laying, but perceiving that it was a golden trap, if not a diamond one, as they had supposed, they did not abandon the prize they held already in hand, and married the girls they had wooed with more than ordinary spirit.

Scarcely a ball was given last spring without an American girl, with so many millions for a dowry, being announced as an attraction. These charming young ladies invariably created the same rush among the men, who flocked to be presented; the same betting in the clubs; the same sarcastic smiles from the young married women, who chanced to be flirting at the time being with the pretendants of these future rivals; and the same intriguing went on all round till the bright, clever, superficial, pretty American butterflies fell one after another as so many happy wives to insignificant counts

and poor barons, lucky, indeed, if they are not the victims of handsome gamblers and libertines.

A few American young ladies really belong to Parisian society. They live in France for no particular reason that anybody knows. These neither bargain for a husband nor turn a cold shoulder to French admirers; but as their mammas do not start matters by sending the latter to their attorneys and bankers, their suitors never get so far as to declare their intentions, and the young ladies end by being treated universally like young married women rather than girls. Among the latter we might mention the Misses Bañuelos. Their mother, who was from Philadelphia, was an intimate friend of the Duchess de Luynes, who, knowing that her protégés wished to marry for love, worked hard for ten years to find them French husbands, and probably would not have given up yet had not the young ladies themselves become engaged—the one to a Spaniard, the other to an American.

The example of the Misses Bañuelos would certainly be the wisest to follow for those among their compatriots who desire to live in Paris, where they are sure to find plenty of American women friends to shop with and handsome French noblemen to flirt with, to say nothing of theatres, concerts, and pretty dresses, such as they rarely enjoy in America. But, if they be *very* rich, they must not linger long in Paris, for they may become intoxicated by the peculiarly artistic and magnetic influences—which a French author has classed among the modern poisons as "*Parisine*"—that centuries of culture have given to the very air one breathes in Paris, lest, when they desire to return to their own free, new country, they discover too late that they have lost their hearts to the old world, and prefer becoming a marquise or a duchess to going home.

SIBYLLA.

PARIS, September 12, 1892.

## MY LADY SPINSTER.

Why Women Do Not Marry.

While we acknowledge that a happy married life is by far the most desirable lot for the majority of women, and the conditions of wifehood and motherhood the most useful and natural (says Helen Marshall North in the *Bazar*), we must also acknowledge that there are many women for whom the married life is not the best, and who are much happier to remain single, if they can do so contentedly and thankfully. Hundreds of delicate, beautiful, self-sacrificing souls are, for unknown but necessarily wise reasons, imprisoned in bodies that are tortured by disease or unsightly through deformity. For such, marriage is generally impossible. Many are obviously incompatible as if the word were emblazoned on their foreheads. But incompatibility does not imply lack of ability, usefulness, or power to accomplish great and glorious things in the world's arena. On the contrary, the reverse is often distinctly true.

Incompatibility is a suggestive word, but does not necessarily imply ill-nature. To a sister or brother, with whose relations no authority is mingled, the incompatible may be all that is lovely. A change of environment and relationship, the marked difference between being an ordinary member of a family and assuming the reins of government, marks with her, it may be, the difference between a happy, useful life and one of galling restraint. Of the married incompatible we hear every day, either in the divorce courts or in the course of a morning call. Of the unmarried, whom a merciful Providence has restrained from a like unhappy fate, all sorts of good deeds are recorded.

There is a class of women, fortunately not large by comparison, but a real existence, nevertheless, whose hearts are as cold and indifferent to the soft blandishments of love as is the glittering diamond to the action of the sun's rays. Often brilliant, and endowed with great beauty or wit, or both, they laugh at the folly of their victims, and suffer no pain in refusal.

"Would I marry?" laughed a lovely young lady of five-and-twenty, dependent on her own income as teacher for support. "Well, no. When I consider the lot of my married friends, I am thankful for common sense enough to remain single. I thoroughly enjoy my free, unfettered life. To be sure, I go to my work in the school-room each day, but my married friends have household cares as imperative as mine, with far greater chances of failing to give satisfaction. I have no husband to find fault with the coffee or the state of my wardrobe, no children to worry my peaceful hours, no servants to cater to. I have not to plan for three times three hundred and sixty-five meals each year, and no hungry family comes in to devour in one brief hour the results of my hard morning's toil in the kitchen. No stern tyrant of a husband deals out, with grudging hand, small sums to supply my needs and those of his children. If I am engulfed in a whirlpool of extravagance, and purchase a lovely gown, a pair of delectable evening-boots, or a morsel of a French bonnet, I can endure the reproaches of my own conscience with some equanimity, but the scowls of an angry spouse would wither my very soul. When the blessed summer vacation comes around, there is a whole continent at my disposal, and, according as I have been economical or luxurious, I may choose my summer outing. Old age? Yes, it may come to me. It will come to my married friends, and may find them widows, with a half-dozen children to work for. But if the worst comes, and I can not work or find a snug corner in an old ladies' home, I fancy I could win some gray-haired lover who would offer me a home. There is generally some one around, you know." And her married friend reflected that, perhaps, all the advantages were not with the matrimonial state, as she had been taught to believe.

Thousands of women are to-day single and dependent on their own exertions for support, because some weak lover could not forego the sensual dissipations that so mercilessly enchain their victims. The maiden yields her claim on the lover's heart grudgingly, and only when she sadly perceives

that a power stronger than her love is gaining possession of his life. "Better weep alone," she says, "than spend fruitless years in grieving for a love that would die if the wine-cup were my rival. The drunkard's home is the saddest home that a woman can fill." Prisons and reformatories, insane and inebriate asylums, disgraced lives in foreign lands, selfish and aimless lives of men who ought to be working for some noble woman, answer the question why multitudes of women never marry.

There are women who remain single because over the shoulder of the would-be lover peer the sharp eyes of a censorious mother-in-law, whose home, so long as life lasts, must be in her son's house. "Love conquers all" is a very pretty sentiment, and many, doubtless the majority, of mothers-in-law are free from the faults generally attributed to them. But stern facts remain. Unless the prospective mother-in-law be of sweet and gentle disposition, wise and harmless, given to long visits away from home during the early years of married life, and content to look on without too frequently advising when the household is in disorder and its mistress uncertain, the girl is sensible who refuses such a marriage. Better a life alone than a divided life.

With so many records of marital infelicities openly confessed, so many divorce cases, so many palpable jokes as to the discomforts and incivilities of wedded life, the wonder is that the number of women who avoid marriage from a conviction that it generally results in unhappiness is not greater. The potency of patience and love to lubricate the machinery of household life is understood only by the married woman, and their triumphs are so numerous that no one thinks of recording them. Hence, in not infrequent instances, the unmarried girl is needlessly alarmed by the apparent prevalence of matrimonial jars and acerbities.

The fact that many thoroughly marriageable women never meet the man whom they would choose to marry is one evidence that there is a place in the world for single women. With some, all the paths of life seem to be crossed by lines of an adverse fate. The lover was ready to tell his tale, the letter was written and sent, the engagement ring was on the finger, the trousseau was prepared. But a swift message of death or disaster, a lost mail-bag, a misunderstanding or accident of some one of the thousand kinds of which nature has a large reserve stock, interfered, and the maiden remained unwed, and possibly never knew the cause of the difficulty.

Men do not always marry for beauty. Neither do they invariably marry for sweetness of temper, accomplishments, education, grace, or wealth. Yet lack of some one or all of these often warns off a possible lover. A warm heart and a plain face are very frequently found in company, but many an ardent admirer of beauty passes unnoticed the womanly, affectionate maiden whose face bears no witness to the hidden life of beauty and sweetness. A man may be lame, scarred, ill-formed, rough of feature, and careless of personal appearance. He is far more likely to marry than a woman who is deficient in any of these respects, simply because so many of his sex are decidedly unavailable for the reasons before cited. In many civilized communities men are so largely in the minority, that each counts for his full value and, perhaps, a trifle more.

Motives of filial love and duty often restrain a woman from accepting marriage. There is a feeble mother to care for, or an invalid father whose support or happiness, often both, are received from the daughter. With a brave but aching heart many a girl sets aside the lover's plea, and patiently devotes her young years to the care of those by whom she is most needed, a species of womanly martyrdom by no means uncommon even in these prosaic days.

And so it comes to pass, whether from one of these or other causes, some the result of a whim, others the dictates of sound common sense, that there is in the world to-day a large class of unmarried women who will, doubtless, so remain through life.

Aubrey Stanhope, the correspondent of the New York *Herald*, who, after having been inoculated with cholera virus in Paris, went to Hamburg to test Dr. Haffkine's preventive, comes of a famous English family, of which the best-known member is the Earl of Chesterfield (says the *Illustrated American*). Mr. Stanhope was formerly connected with the Bank of England. He came to New York loaded with letters of introduction to the principal people composing its society. Invitations poured in on him; but "A fellow can't live on dinners and balls," he remarked, and eventually found work on the *Evening Telegram*. A Frenchman, who was visiting Newport, introduced him to Mr. James Gordon Bennett, and that gentleman gave him a position on the *Herald*. For that paper he went to Europe, and was sent to Bulgaria when the troubles between Milan of Serbia and Prince Alexander were fomenting. When the cholera broke out in Spain, Mr. Stanhope went down to Valencia, and was inoculated with Dr. Ferran's cholera preventive. He suffered intensely, and, as he was not heard of for some days, was firmly believed by his friends to be dead. He turned up again, however, very much alive, in Paris, and went to Brussels, where he was invited to attend the medical congress then in session. He gave the congress an account of his experiences in Valencia, addressing it in French. Mr. Stanhope is a broad-shouldered man of about five-and-thirty years. He is a good boxer, a splendid swimmer, and fair oarsman.

One of the street-cat conductors in Oakland, Mr. A. F. Parker, possesses two medals awarded him for bravery on the battle-field—one the gift of the queen and the other of the Khedive of Egypt. He is a survivor of Wolseley's expedition for the relief of Gordon, and took part in the terrible march across the desert to Khartoum—the march which won Bismarck's highest commendation. Parker was a corporal in the Sixth Dragoons, and fought at Abu-Klea and Mettanneh. He says that the last words of the bold Lord Beresford, when he fell at Abu-Klea, were, as he pointed to a Gatling gun: "Turn that handle lively and we'll make the devils dance."



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins is engaged in preparing a volume on the writers of the Pacific Coast, which will be ready for publication in the near future. The scheme is a peculiar one in this respect—that a number of the sketches will be prepared by Pacific Coast writers discussing other Pacific Coast confrères. Mrs. Cummins—herself a writer of grace and skill—will be the author of many of the papers, as well as editor of the volume.

The new edition of Austin Dobson's collection, "At the Sign of the Lyre," is the eighth, and it is said that these London editions are of two thousand copies each. His "Old World Idylls" will soon reach its eleventh edition.

Two novelists are at work upon plays—Mr. Henry James and Mr. Conan Doyle. Mr. Doyle's is a one-act play, and is to be brought out by Mr. Irving.

In Jeanie Drake, the Messrs. Appleton feel that they have discovered a new light in American fiction, and they are particularly pleased in being the publishers of her first novel, "In Old St. Stephens." It is a story of Southern life a century ago, and the scene is laid in and around Charleston, S. C.

Signor Salvini—Salvini the Elder—has written an autobiography.

The novel by Molly Elliot Seawell called "The Berkeleys and Their Neighbors," will be added to the Appleton Town and Country Library in a revised edition.

A series of papers on the chief cities of this country is to be published in one of the juvenile magazines. Mr. Edmund C. Stedman will deal with New York, Colonel T. W. Higginson with Boston, Mr. George W. Cable with New Orleans, President Gilman with Baltimore, Mr. George Kennan with Washington, Dr. Lyman Abbott with Brooklyn, and Mr. Talcott Williams with Philadelphia.

The forthcoming volume on the famous women travelers, who have gone forth in search of the marvelous, is to have a preface written by Mrs. Norman, otherwise the "Girl of the Carpathians," otherwise Miss Menie Muriel Dowie.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's new novel, "The Pursuit of the Well Beloved," is to be published as a serial.

The trial of Sir Gilbert Edward Campbell and others associated with him in a series of frauds on persons ambitious for literary fame, terminated in a verdict of guilty. A recent London cablegram says:

"Sir Gilbert was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment at hard labor, he appearing on the evidence to have been a guilty stool-pigeon rather than a principal in the fraudulent schemes. William James Morgan, who was the chief in forming the various fraudulent societies and obtaining money from literary aspirants, was sentenced to eight years' penal servitude. James Sidney Tomkins, who was Morgan's right-hand man in the 'International Society of Literature and Art,' was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. William Nathan Steadman, one of the lesser conspirators, received a sentence of fifteen months at hard labor, David William Tomlin six months, and Charles Montague Clerke four months. The conspirators obtained various sums of money from clergymen, farmers, and even domestic servants, upon the pretense, never fulfilled, of publishing poems and other productions, or of giving them literary employment. The sums amounted to considerable in the aggregate, and were shared between the swindlers. Sir Gilbert Edward Campbell is an Irish nobleman of Carrick-Buoy, in the County of Donegal. He is about fifty-four years of age, and was formerly a captain in the Ninety-Second Highlanders. The first baronet was his grandfather, Sir Robert Campbell, who died in 1838. Sir Gilbert Edward's father was a man of some distinction, a major of cavalry and a *châtelain* in Persia. Sir Gilbert Edward himself has been a man of prominence, and has written a number of striking stories."

Mrs. Burton Harrison's new novel of New York life is to be called "Sweet Bells Out of Tune." The opening chapters will appear in one of the November magazines. C. Dana Gibson, who is to illustrate it, is ranked by the London *Chronicle* above Du Maurier.

Altruria, Mr. Howells's ideal land, is already known to his readers; but it is probable that he will give much more information concerning it in the forthcoming series of papers, "A Traveler from Altruria."

A volume of travels in Egypt, Palestine, and Italy has been prepared by Mr. Clinton Scollard, and will soon be published.

Mr. Edmund Gosse, allured, perhaps, by his recent studies in fiction, has been making his first original essay in that line. He has written a novel, or rather a novelette, called "The Secret of Narcisse," which will be published next month.

"The Ballad of Beau Brocade, and Other Poems" is the title of the book of eighteenth-century poems which Mr. Austin Dobson has been preparing.

F. Marion Crawford's "Children of the King" is nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams's book, "Three Episodes of Massachusetts History," has had a success in advance of publication. The anticipatory demand has been so great that its publication has been postponed to October 8th, the delay insuring the preparation of another edition.

The volume which Messrs. F. B. Sanborn and W. T. Harris have prepared concerning the life and philosophy of A. Bronson Alcott is now in the press.

Mr. W. H. Rideing has rather an ideal time of it for an editor. Every summer he goes abroad in

the interests of the *North American Review* and the *Youth's Companion*, and by his persuasive art gets distinguished men and women to write for him, who in the ordinary course of solicitation would probably refuse the request. Mr. Rideing meets them socially, and makes himself so agreeable that before they know it they have promised him the article he wants. This is a great art, and few have possessed it to a greater degree than the late editor of the *North American*, Mr. Allen Thorndyke Rice.

A new volume of essays is announced by the author of "Points of View," Miss Agnes Repplier.

Only one thousand numbered copies of Mr. Hopkinson Smith's work on "American Illustrators" will be issued. It is to have fifteen plates printed in color on Japan paper, and there will be nearly a hundred drawings, including portraits, in the text.

## New Publications.

"Through Pain to Peace," a novel by Sarah Doudney, has been issued in the Broadway Series published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Me Scrap-Book: By John L. Sluggervan" is a burlesque of the ex-champion pugilist's autobiography, mildly humorous in spots and vulgar to the last degree in every page. Published by the Athletic Publishing Company, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is not happy as a writer of prose fiction. Her latest story, "Sweet Danger," has to do with the relations of men and women and their comparative subordination to the social law. As a moral lesson it is pointless, and as a novel it is as cheap and tawdry as its name would suggest. Published by F. T. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"From the Throttle to the President's Chair," by E. S. Ellis, tells how a young man, who started in as brakeman on the I. & O. Road, suddenly rose by his own merits to the presidency of the company. The story will interest young readers, and teach them much of the life of railroad men. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

G. A. Hendy, a writer of stories which have a wide popularity among English and American boys, has written two new tales, which have value as painting the manners and customs of a strange or by-gone people. They are "Beric, the Briton: A Story of the Roman Invasion" and "In Greek Waters: A Story of the Grecian War of Independence (1821-1827)." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50 each; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Field-Farings: A Chronicle of Earth and Sky," by Martha McCulloch Williams, is a prettily bound and printed little book of prose poems in praise of the beauties of nature. "Snow-Fall," "Trees Blossom," "In a Riotous Garden," "Summer Rain," "Tongues in Trees," and "A Hunter's Moon," are some of the thirty-odd phases of nature which provide her themes. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A new and revised edition has been issued of Edwin Checkley's "Natural Method of Physical Training." The purpose of the book is not to train a man for some violent test of strength, endurance, and agility, but to develop the symmetry and strength of his body by holding himself properly, breathing correctly, and exercising his muscles in certain movements for which no apparatus is needed. Published by William C. Bryant & Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

Richard Harding Davis's series of papers describing certain phases of the West have been gathered into a volume which is published with the title "The West from a Car-Window." The title explains the character of the book. Mr. Davis is not pruned with statistics; he went to South-West Texas to hunt Garza, the Mexican revolutionist, but that individual was not to be found; so Mr. Davis came home after a jaunt through Texas, Colorado, Oklahoma, and other parts of the new country. In this book he sets down the points that particularly impressed an Eastern man who had never before seen his own country, except a few of the large Eastern cities. Everybody knows that Mr. Davis can not write otherwise than entertainingly; it is only necessary to add that his subjects in this particular writing are the Texas Rangers, the cavalry troops that hunt Mexican desperadoes and revolutionists, the life at the new mining-town of Creede, the three-year-old city of Oklahoma, the Texan ranches and cowboys, the Indians on the reservations and how they are treated, life at the large and small army posts, and the sights of Denver and Colorado Springs. The book is illustrated from photographs and drawings by Frederick Remington. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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## THE NOVELISTS' LOVERS.

How the Hero and Heroine Behave when he Pops.

Mr. D. R. McAnally, Jr., after reading several hundred standard love-stories, recently compiled the following table as to the conduct of both sexes of lovers at the thrilling moment of the avowal of the tender passion:

PROPOSAL ACCEPTED—GENTLEMAN'S BEHAVIOR.

Number of Cases, 100.	
Gentleman takes lady in arms.....	36
Gentleman kisses lady on lips.....	67
Gentleman kisses lady on cheek.....	4
Gentleman kisses lady on bangs.....	10
Gentleman kisses lady on eyes.....	3
Gentleman kisses lady on hands.....	2
Gentleman kisses lady on top of head.....	1
Gentleman kisses lady on nose, by mistake.....	1
Gentleman kisses lady on edge of shawl.....	1
Gentleman holds lady's hand.....	72
Gentleman holds lady's hand very tight.....	17
Gentleman weeps to some extent.....	3
Gentleman has eyes calm and clear.....	5
Gentleman has lump in throat.....	14
Gentleman has qualms.....	14
Gentleman says "Thank God!" aloud.....	9
Gentleman is deliciously happy.....	7
Gentleman says he is too full for utterance.....	5
Gentleman declares he can not live without her.....	81
Gentleman makes formal prelude.....	9
Gentleman begins all of a sudden.....	63
Gentleman fidgets, pulls handkerchief, etc.....	4
Gentleman stands on one foot.....	3
Gentleman sits on chair, sofa, etc.....	26
Gentleman lies on grass—that is, reclines.....	3
Gentleman goes on one knee.....	4
Gentleman goes on two knees.....	2

## BEHAVIOR OF THE LADY.

Number of Cases, 100.	
Lady sinks into the arms of gentleman.....	81
Lady sinks into arms of chair.....	1
Lady rests head on gentleman's shoulder.....	26
Lady rests head on gentleman's breast.....	68
Lady rests head on gentleman's knee.....	1
Lady clasps arms around gentleman's neck.....	11
Lady weeps tears of joy, silently.....	6
Lady weeps tears, not specified, presumably aloud.....	44
Lady has eyes hot and dry.....	2
Lady has eyes moist and limpid.....	7
Lady has eyes full of love.....	72
Lady rushes from room to tell somebody.....	9
Lady knows that something is coming.....	87
Lady is greatly surprised.....	4
Lady giggles hysterically and otherwise.....	5
Lady sneezes (a).....	1
Lady refers gentleman to papa.....	3
Lady kisses gentleman first.....	6
Lady fumbles at gloves, fan, flowers, etc.....	27
Lady hides face in hands.....	12
Lady struggles not to be kissed (b).....	1
Lady is pale and agitated.....	3
Lady is flushed and warm.....	18
Lady says "Yes, but don't be a fool!" (c).....	1
(a) A girl under sixteen; not a precedent.	
(b) A maiden forty to forty-five years old; not a precedent.	
(c) A widow; not a precedent.	

## REJECTED GENTLEMAN'S BEHAVIOR.

Number of Cases, 50.	
Gentleman rushes madly away.....	31
Gentleman says he will go home.....	13
Gentleman says he will go to a soldier.....	1
Gentleman says he will go to sea.....	4
Gentleman says he will go to the devil.....	1
Gentleman says he will commit suicide.....	6
Gentleman curses bad luck.....	4
Gentleman curses supposed rival.....	9
Gentleman tears hair—his own.....	3
Gentleman wipes eyes—his own.....	2
Gentleman wrings hands—his own.....	5
Gentleman puts hands in pockets—his own.....	1
Gentleman scratches head—his own.....	1
Gentleman declares he will marry another.....	1
Gentleman pulls at mustache.....	7
Gentleman pulls up his collar.....	2
Gentleman pulls down his vest.....	1
Gentleman throws himself on grass.....	13
Gentleman clears lump out of throat.....	15
Gentleman hopes never to see her again.....	4
Gentleman rubs his chin.....	1
Gentleman refuses to let her be a sister.....	7
Gentleman refuses to let her be a friend.....	4
Gentleman refuses to be prayed for.....	1
Gentleman pounds a stone wall with his fist.....	1
Gentleman swears life of no value.....	17
Gentleman brushes dust off trousers from kneeling.....	1

## BEHAVIOR OF THE LADY.

Number of Cases, 50.	
Lady rises to her feet.....	41
Lady weeps with gentleman.....	7
Lady becomes sick and faint from being obliged to refuse.....	4
Lady laughs in scornful derision.....	2
Lady promises to be a sister.....	17
Lady promises to be a friend.....	26
Lady leaves the room in anger (pretended).....	2
Lady is sorry she can not love him.....	9
Lady hopes he will find another.....	11
Lady hopes he will always be happy.....	13
Lady asks him if his mother knows.....	1
Lady promises to pray for him.....	1
Lady takes gentleman's hand to explain.....	2
Lady is calm, cold, and unmoved.....	2
Lady is much agitated at necessity of rejecting.....	7
Lady wishes she could accept.....	4
Lady tells him she must work (can't support him).....	2
Lady tells him he is too young for her.....	1
Lady tells him he is acting like a donkey.....	1
Lady tells him she loves another.....	8
Lady tells him she is engaged to another.....	3
Lady tells him she is unworthy of him.....	1
Lady tells him he wants some one who will obey him, and she is not that kind of a person.....	1

## D. APPLETON &amp; CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

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By G. FREDERICK WRIGHT, D. D., LL. D., Professor in Oberlin College; author of "The Ice Age in North America," "Logic of Christian Evidences," etc. No. 69, International Scientific Series. With numerous Illustrations. 12mo. Cloth, \$1.75.

Of Prof. Wright's "Ice Age in North America," the *Independent* says: "The author has seen with his own eyes the most important phenomena of the ice age on this continent from Maine to Alaska. In the work itself, elementary description is combined with a broad, scientific, and philosophical method, without abandoning for a moment the purely scientific character. Prof. Wright has contrived to give the whole a philosophical direction which lends interest and inspiration to it."

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By JEANIE DRAKE. No. 102, Town and Country Library. 12mo. Paper, 50 cents; cloth, \$1.00.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The White Sulphur Springs, in West Virginia, have been largely patronized the past season. This place is much more than a pleasure-resort where people go to take the waters (says the *Sun*). It is the Beauty Show of the South, to which all the pretty girls of the first families of every Southern State look forward as the place where they shall visit in their day to add to the beauty and the charm. The hotel, one of the largest in the United States, was built before the war, and its old-style architecture seems out of place with the electric lights, almost the only modern thing about the place, except the girls. It is a great building, four hundred feet long, covering an acre of ground, with large ball-room, and a dining-room, three hundred feet long, seating over twelve hundred people at one time. Altogether, the hotel and cottages will hold three thousand people, and the grounds include twelve thousand acres. The cottages opposite the front of the hotel, looking on the lawn, are called Paradise Row, because from their porches can be seen all the pretty girls on the hotel piazza. The men are assigned to cottages by themselves, several rows being reserved for men unaccompanied by families. The married men and their families have cottages by themselves, while the hotel is occupied by girls and their chaperons, usually accompanied by some male relative. The men's cottages are near the baths, so it is convenient for the occupants to stroll down, in pyjamas and slippers, to the hot baths or the plunge before breakfast. Men call at the cottages occupied by women, and entertainments are frequently given at these residences; but no woman, under any circumstances, ever visits in Bachelors' or Paradise Row. The Southern girls "come out" young, and they are never old. Their boarding-school days are a succession of innocent romances. Like many of the older generation, they still live in the atmosphere of Scott's novels, which are the household books of the South. It shows in their tournaments, in the crowning of the queen of love and beauty, the rival knights, and the personal encounters between the men.

Soft and graceful, the Southern girls look best in the ball-room or on a horse. If any one were to presume to criticise them, it might be said that few of them walk well and that some of them have a tendency to powder before breakfast and to begin wearing diamond ear-rings at an early age. Their eyes and their voices are their strongest points. Their eyes can say more than the most accomplished orator, and their voices suggest more than the eyes ever say. Their accents are soft and melodious, with vowels long prolonged and the consonants slurred over, and their choice of words is admirable. Their English is the English of Walter Scott, Shakespeare, and the Bible, mixed up curiously with phrases from current novels and the kind of mild argot which is put into the mouths of romantic modern heroines. Oddly enough, it seems that from the farthest South come the purest blondes. Texas, Louisiana, and the other Gulf States send girls with the largest blue eyes, the lightest yellow hair, and the softest skins, who look as if the sun had never beaten on them. The brunettes are more likely to come from Maryland and Kentucky or the North, which sends a few stray girls there from time to time. The Kentucky girls are the old English type, with the brown hair, blue or hazel eyes, and with slender figures, firm hands, well-poised heads, and the trim shoulders which come from riding across country and taking fences. A few of the girls are tall, but hardly one of them is stout, and, as a rule, they are below the height and considerably below the weight of the average Northern girl. Few of them are sunburned or brown. Out-of-doors they wear veils and gloves, and in full-dress there is hardly a shade of difference between the tints of their hands, their faces, and their shoulders. All of them ride and dance well. Southern girls rarely walk, except on the piazza or indoors. If there is a horse to ride, they will ride; if not, they will drive. If neither of these means of getting about is conveniently at hand, they sit down and wait.

The *Daily News* of London has of late given a great deal of space to correspondence discussing the question, "Why young men do not marry?" A young woman, who signs herself "One who Laughs in Her Sleeve," undertakes to solve the problem in a few words. "It seems to me," she writes, "that a young man does not marry for one of the three following reasons: Either he can not afford to marry, or he

does not wish to marry, or else no one will have him." The matter is not so simple as this young person seems to think. Her three reasons are as applicable to the last century as to this, and what the *Daily News* wishes to learn is why marriages now take place less frequently or much later than they did a hundred or fifty years ago. For the growing disinclination to marriage among young Englishmen, another correspondent, who signs himself "A Junior Barrister," would account as follows: "I think twenty-five may be taken as the average age at which young men married fifty or sixty years ago. Forty has been stated to be the average age in the present day. Why is this? I think the causes to which the change is mainly due will be found in the end to reduce themselves to a question of ways and means. Our fathers and grandfathers made a start in life at a much earlier age than is possible to us now. Average ability and industry, as a rule, met with their reward before life was half over. To this advantage over us the past generation added another not less important. The standard of requirements was a much more modest one than ours. For the young professional man, or one in a similar social rank, three hundred pounds sterling, or even two hundred pounds, was not deemed an insufficient income to begin married life upon. This is not so now. To whom are we to impute the blame? Not altogether to the young man. Even if his fiancée were of the right sort, and if he and she were prepared to make a stand against the extravagance of their age, I fancy the parents of his intended wife would have something to say about the inadequacy of means, should he propose a marriage on such a stipend."

This young barrister (comments the *New York Sun*) unquestionably hits the mark, though he speaks not from personal experience, but from reflection upon his observations. So far as the alleged overweening expectations of women are concerned, his judgment is confirmed by one who signs himself "Artium Baccalaureus," but who, having been thrice married, might fitly have described himself as a doctor in connubial arts. "My present age," he writes, "is forty-five. When I reached my twentieth year, I married a young woman of eighteen. She was a beauty, well brought up and educated, an American, but capricious, selfish, and of a cold nature, although very pious. With her I was not happy at all, and she died after being married to me for five years. My second better half was a poor Englishwoman, about twenty-two years old, handsome, good-natured, with some musical talent, fond of dressing and living in a superior style. She died at the age of thirty. Was I happy with her? No. My third wife was an excellent French lady of twenty-five, very pious, pretty, educated, but very egotistical, jealous, and of a hot, unreasonable temper. She died after having shared my lot for twelve years. Result: no happiness, except that she gave me three children. What was the cause? My own poverty. After twenty-six years of matrimonial experience and of honest labor in the struggle for life, and in trying to make three different poor women happy and contented, I have been treated with ingratitude and with complaints for my being poor. Did my three better halves love me? Yes; but they would have loved me more if I had been richer. Did I love my wives? Yes. Then why was I never happy? Because, as I think, the love of modern woman is principally based upon the comfort that money procures." It will be observed that this thrice-married one attributes to his wives the whole blame for his unhappiness and for the consequent reluctance of his unmarried acquaintances to follow his example. The same view, however, is taken by another correspondent, who signs himself "A Brute": "Every year Englishwomen seem to improve in personal appearance. They are far healthier, far handsomer, and far more becomingly dressed than they used to be some years ago. But, although in my opinion they look prettier and neater than they ever did before, I regret to say that every year I consider they are also growing more mercenary. They are gradually getting to be as hard, and as selfish, and as rude as man himself. While men are improving in manners, women are deteriorating."

A Western woman, whose husband occupied a high place several administrations ago (says a writer in the *New York Tribune*), has an amusing story to tell of her first introduction to fashionable life: "You know how plain everything is in those little Western towns," she said; "my entire life, before I went

abroad, had been on the most primitive lines, and I may really say that, until I arrived in London, my only knowledge of the outside world was derived from books. However, I made up my mind that my only safety was perfect frankness and no pretense of any kind, so I got on very well. We stopped a short time in London, and were at once asked to dine by various members of the government. We made our first appearance at Lord ———'s. Now, to tell the truth, this was the very first dinner-party I had ever attended, and, as I was particularly anxious not to commit any solecism, I went to the wife of our American Minister and frankly told her that I had not the least idea of the social etiquette of a dinner, begging her to enlighten my ignorance. She was very kind and told me everything she thought would be useful, winding up her advice in the sweetest way by saying: 'Only be quite yourself, dear Mrs. ———, and you are sure to be a success.' So I went to my dinner, feeling that I was armed *cap-a-pie* for all emergencies. Lord ——— took me in, putting me as the guest of honor on his right; and as he was most kind and simple, I soon felt completely at my ease. The first course was whitebait, which I had never seen or heard of, and as the dish was passed to me first, I helped myself very gingerly to two or three of the little fish. 'Let me help you more liberally,' said Lord ———; 'this is one of our national dishes, I might say, and I am sure you will learn to appreciate whitebait,' and he thereupon put a goodly quantity upon my plate, which I proceeded to eat with some delicious rolls of thinly cut brown bread and butter, carefully chopping off the heads first, however, and making a little pile of them on my plate. When I had finished, I happened to look around, and saw several people gazing at my little heap of fish-heads with suppressed smiles, and I suddenly realized that I should have eaten them whole, just as if they were fried potatoes. This struck me as very odd. 'Do they always eat fish's heads in England?' I asked my host, rather pettishly, and then, in spite of myself, and led on by a funny twinkle in his eyes, I burst into laughter at the sight of my neatly arranged pile of ghastly little remains—merriment in which he, after a moment's effort to look grave, heartily joined." However, it does not seem as though Mrs. ——— ought to have eaten the heads, if she did not wish to do so. People who allow their tastes in eating and drinking to be controlled by others must be, mentally, very flabby.

An honorable and the scion of a really old family writes to *London Truth* setting forth the grievous inconveniences that arise from the non-committal nature of most visiting-cards. In England it is not good form, as in Germany, to print the title or office of the husband on the card of the wife; much less may a son share in the glory of his father's social position by the reflected light of duke, "bart," general, or Q. C. The Germans are as lavish with handles to names as they are with the "fixings" of coats of arms. The Italians go much further, since they have retained or revived from the past the habit of stating on visiting-cards the general family to which they happen to belong. Thus the ambitious tuft hunter from Omaha is often booked by a plausible Italian of grandiose manners whom she takes for a prince, because his card says *degli Principi So-and-So*. He may be of the princely family, and as such is personally as good as another; but it is only after the engagement or marriage takes place that the bride discovers that her groom is a younger son or the remote cousin of a prince. Nothing will content this honorable save his own pet practice for honorables, namely, that of placing in the left-hand upper corner of his card the name of that peer, which is the chief glory of his family, preceded by the legend, "Of the family of ———." He has found that on the continent this slight trouble earns a rich reward. Most Americans (says the *New York Times*) will rest content with having shown before this honorable was born the proper thing for cards, and continue to state on their individual paste-boards that they do business of this kind or that in such and such a town and street. Some will be even more definite and sign themselves in lithograph as the poet of "Beautiful Snow" or the authoress of "Not Wedded, Yet a Widow."

Good dressmakers (says the *Sun*) absolutely refuse to make wedding-gowns in the Empire style. A kind of superstition seems to hang over the fashions worn by the unfortunate Josephine, and the short-waist, low-cut bodice and straight, loose above, though tight below, petticoat are absolutely tabooed for young brides. They are to be worn extensively, however, at balls and dinners. A stout woman becomes a horror in an Empire gown. So, likewise, does a very thin one, who resembles nothing so much as a Shaking Quaker when she gets it on. But for the *juste-milieu*, with rounded forms, in perfect symmetry, there have been many uglier fashions than those conceived and worn by the great Napoleon's divorced wife.

Dordlinger's American Cut Glass  
Is shown in every requisite for the table. Beautiful pieces for Wedding and Holiday Gifts. Genuine pieces have trade-mark label.

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**Cherry Pectoral**

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**Prompt to Act**  
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**PIANOS**

New Styles Just Received

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Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.



## SOCIETY.

## The Pierson-Fox Wedding.

Miss Mary Fox, of Oakland, and Mr. Frank E. Pierson, of New York city, were united in marriage last Monday evening in the First Congregational Church, in Oakland. The bride is well known in society circles in Oakland and has been for some time the soprano of the church in which she was married. The groom is a young clergyman, and met his bride while she was visiting in the East. The church was crowded with guests and the chancel was beautifully decorated with potted plants, flowers, and foliage.

A number of pleasing organ voluntaries were played as the ushers, who were young ladies in this case, seated the guests. At eight o'clock the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" was heard and the bridal party appeared. A little flower bearer, Miss Mossie Huckins, of San José, led the cortege, wearing a gown of white silk and carrying a basket of pink roses which she strewn along the aisle. Then came the four ushers, Miss Minnie Campbell, Miss Gertie Barker, Miss Hattie Fox, and Miss Leah Fraser. They all wore gowns of pale-blue surah silk, en train, and cut décolleté. The maid of honor, Miss Evadne M. Huckins, of San José, came next in a décolleté gown of yellow brocade, trimmed with yellow primroses, and finished with a princess train. Then came the bride with her father. Her robe was of white faille Française, made with a court train, and trimmed with point lace. A spray of orange blossoms adorned her coiffure, and from it a veil of white tulle fell to the end of the train. The groom and his best man, Mr. Aylmer H. Fox, met the party in the chancel and then Rev. Dr. McLean performed the impressive marriage ceremony.

After the wedding a reception was held at the residence of the bride, on Twelfth Street, to which only the bridal party and relatives were invited. The wedding presents were very handsome. On Tuesday, Mr. and Mrs. Pierson left to make a southern trip, and will return to Oakland on October 17th. After a brief stay there, they will go East to their future home in East Orange, New Jersey.

## The Stern-Meyer Wedding.

A notable wedding in Jewish society circles took place last Monday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Meyer, corner of Pine and Gough Streets. The contracting parties were their daughter, Miss Rosalie Meyer, and Mr. Sigmund Stern, a member of the firm of Levi Strauss & Co. Every room was canvassed, brilliantly illuminated, and tastefully decorated. The bridal bower was a pretty conceit of white India crepe festooned with pink rosebuds. The ceremony was witnessed only by relatives and it was performed by Rev. Jacob Voor-sanger. The sisters of the bride, Misses Elise and Florence Meyer, acted as bridesmaids, and two brothers of the groom, Mr. Abraham Stern and Mr. Louis Stern, were the groomsmen. The toilets of the ladies in the bridal party were exceptionally beautiful and are described as follows:

The bride, who is a charming brunette, wore an elegant imported costume of white satin made with a flowing court train. The front was completely covered with white chiffon, laid in fine plaits, and the waist was encircled by a band of white mousseline de soie. Fringing the edge of the round corsage was a circle of orange blossoms which met in the centre, the ends falling to the hem of the skirt. She wore a veil of white silk moline and carried a bouquet of natural orange blossoms.

Miss Elise Meyer appeared in a handsome gown of white satin, en demi-train, trimmed with white chiffon dotted with gold.

Miss Florence Meyer wore a becoming gown of pink satin made in the style of the First Empire, with a round corsage and high puffed sleeves.

Mrs. Eugene Meyer, mother of the bride, wore a rich robe of violet-hued velvet, en train, trimmed with a rich point lace. Her ornaments were diamonds.

For the reception that followed the wedding about two hundred invitations had been issued, and it was evident that nearly all of them were repented to in person. After congratulating the newly wedded couple the guests chatted, admired the decorations, and inspected the presents, which were numerous, elegant, and of great value. Afterward a sumptuous supper was served, under the direction of Ludwig, and following it were a few dances, that ended a delightfully passed evening. On Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. Stern departed on a Southern trip, and will reside at the Palace Hotel when they return.

## The Smith-Pinkham Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. John F. Pinkham last Wednesday evening, when their daughter, Miss Mattie S. Pinkham, was united in marriage to Mr. Brainard F. Smith, clerk of the State Board of Prison Directors at Folsom. Only relatives witnessed the ceremony which was performed by Rev. W. W. Case. Miss Grace Simon was the maid of honor, and Mr. William K. Ormsby, of Sacramento, was best man. After the ceremony and congratulations a delicious supper was served and the remainder of the evening was pleasantly passed. Mr. and Mrs. Smith went to Castle Crags on Thursday for a couple of weeks. They will reside in Folsom.

## Notes and Gossip.

There will be a fashionable wedding in the Unitarian Church, on Geary Street, at noon to-day, when Miss Bessie Hooker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, will be married to Mr. George H. Lent, son of General and Mrs. William M.

Lent. The bridesmaids will comprise Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Mamie Reynolds, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Miss Laura Bates. Mr. Edward L. Eyre will act as best man, and the ushers will be Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Elliott McAllister, and Mr. O. Shafter Howard. Rev. Horatio Stebbins will officiate. After the wedding the bridal party and about one hundred and fifty friends will enjoy a breakfast at the residence of the bride's parents, 917 Bush Street.

Miss Maud Hopkins and Mr. Warren D. Clark will be married next Monday at the home of the bride's parents, in Rio Vista, Mich.

The wedding of Dr. Edward Maldonado and Miss Catalina Acosta will take place next Wednesday evening in St. Mary's Cathedral. Afterward there will be a reception at the residence of the bride's mother, Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, 1307 Taylor Street.

The wedding of Miss Susie Tompkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, and Mr. Harmon Brown, of New York, will take place next Saturday at the home of the bride's parents in Ross Valley. Only a few relatives and friends will be present.

The wedding of Miss B. L. Ziel, of Alameda, and Mr. Wellesley Moore, British Vice-Consul at San Francisco, will take place on October 27th.

The engagement is announced of Miss Carrie Hamburger, daughter of Mr. A. Hamburger, and Mr. Otto Sweet. They will receive their friends on Sunday, October 9th, at 1309 Van Ness Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin gave an informal musicale last Monday evening at their residence on California Street, and pleasantly entertained a few of their friends.

The members of the Crocker Auxiliary gave one of their pleasant entertainments last Tuesday evening at the Old People's Home.

As a compliment to the officers of the French man-of-war *Dubourdieu*, the members of the Cercle Français will give a ball this (Saturday) evening in Union Square Hall.

The members of the Concordia Club will give their first ball of this season on Saturday evening, October 15th.

## Channing Auxiliary Friday Afternoon Lectures.

A series of lectures on "The Poetry of the Old Testament" will be given by Rev. Dr. Voorsanger, rabbi of Temple Emanu-El, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary, on Friday afternoons in October and November at the parlors of the First Unitarian Church.

Dr. Voorsanger brings to his work thorough scholarly training and familiarity with his subject, while his enthusiastic poetic nature will find a noble field in elucidating the beauty and power of these wonderful poems, so familiar to us from their religious side.

The first two afternoons will be spent upon "The Heroic and Epic Poetry" scattered throughout the older books of the Scriptures. Next he will treat of "The Union of Prophecy and Poetry," in two lectures. The fifth will be on "The Origin and Meaning of the Psalms." Then comes an afternoon with "Job and his Philosophy," followed by one session on "Idyllic Poetry," the main subject being The Song of Songs; and the series closes with "The Messianic Visions of Daniel"—the whole forming an unusually attractive course.

It is a noble subject—the development of a nation's poetry from the very dawn of literature down to the classic period. The theme has been written on from the ordinary standpoint until it seems worn and threadbare; but the reputation of Dr. Voorsanger is a guaranty of fresh and original treatment from a new side.

Single tickets, 50 cents, or \$2.50 for the course of eight lectures. Tickets can be obtained of Mrs. Horace Davis, 1800 Broadway, or at the church door on the afternoon of the first lecture, October 14th.

General R. P. Hammond and Mr. A. S. Baldwin have bought out the interest of their former partner, Mr. McAfee, in the well-known real-estate firm of McAfee, Baldwin & Hammond, and will continue the firm's business under the name of Baldwin & Hammond. In addition to their former interests, they will also conduct a house-renting department.

## An Instance of Applied Art.

How art and the love for the beautiful are entering into all the details of modern life! Take such a simple thing as a sheet of note-paper. Its exquisite tint represents the selection of an artist from hundreds of new shades and tints that the chemists are inventing for his inspection, while the pattern of the paper and the dainty device at the head of the sheet are the products of trained artists. An idea of the high character of the art employed in making note-paper may be obtained by a visit to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. Showcases are filled with different styles and makes of papers, each more beautiful than the others, and these are reinforced by innumerable boxes stacked against the walls.

One would think that Sanborn, Vail & Co. dealt exclusively in stationery, judging by the quantity and variety they keep in stock. But their stock of leather-goods is almost as large as that of stationery; they have purses and wallets, pocket-books and card-cases, lap-pads and traveling portfolios in all kinds of leather and plain or silver-mounted in simple or ornate designs. And yet this, too, is only a department of their business. As dealers in artists' materials and picture-frames, moldings, mirrors, etc., they have had no rivals west of the Mississippi for years past, and these are still the leading features of their immense trade.

Disordered Liver set right with BEECHAM'S PILLS.

## MRS. WHITELAW REID.

At the present moment, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid is invested with an interest which appertains to but few of her country-women. In the event of her residence at Washington as the wife of the Vice-President, the capital will have none to choose before her as an active leader in all that makes society brilliant and distinguished. In the latest issue of *Harper's Weekly* is printed the following sketch of her life, which will be read with especial interest by all Californians:

"Mrs. Reid, formerly Miss Elizabeth Mills, was born in the city of New York, January 6, 1838, and her early life was divided between the residence of her grandfather, Mr. James Cunningham, at Irvington on the Hudson, and those of her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, in Sacramento, Cal., and at his country-place, 'Millbrae,' seventeen miles south of San Francisco. Her grandfather, Mr. Cunningham, was a well-known ship-owner and ship-builder of that day. At the time of her birth, he had largely retired from business, but was still the owner of many vessels, one of them being the famous steamboat *The Senator*, which was the first of its kind sent around the Horn to navigate the Sacramento River after the discovery of gold.

"Miss Mills' early training was intrusted to governesses in the family. When she finally was sent to school, it was in company with her orphan cousin, the daughter of her father's only sister, Mrs. Easton. This cousin subsequently became the wife of Colonel Charles F. Crocker, the first vice-president of the Central and Southern Pacific Railways. For a time Miss Mills was placed in the school of Mlle. Vallette, in Paris. She afterwards completed the course of study in Miss Brackett's school in New York, where she was a favorite pupil of that earnest and distinguished teacher.

"Her father, Mr. D. O. Mills, became a banker before he was twenty years old, being a partner and one-third owner in the private bank conducted by his cousin, Mr. G. J. Townsend, of Buffalo. He had gone to California on the news of the discovery of gold in 1849, where he established what was known then as the Gold Bank of D. O. Mills & Company in Sacramento, an institution which, under the same ownership and with the slightly changed name of the National Bank of D. O. Mills & Company, continues to this day the largest bank in Sacramento, and the oldest bank which has always maintained full credit in the State of California. After this achievement, Mr. Mills had organized the Bank of California in San Francisco, had made it a notable success, and then retired from it; but he returned when calamities befell the bank under his successor, and succeeded in restoring it to more than its former credit and prosperity. He then withdrew from business, devoting himself to the care of his great and increasing estate, and in 1879 removed his residence to his native State of New York.

"Miss Mills first met her future husband in California, at her father's residence, in 1858. Mr. Reid had risen, through sheer ability and work, to be the chief of the powerful and historic *Tribune*; he had a competence, a good presence, strong abilities, and was in his prime. The two were married in New York, in April, 1861, and, after a brief visit to the husband's old home in Ohio, went immediately abroad, spending the next nine or ten months in Europe, and a large part of the time in London and Paris.

"After the engagement was announced, but before the marriage, the Berlin mission, which had been previously tendered to Mr. Reid by President Hayes, was again offered by President Garfield, and Miss Mills was asked whether or not she would go abroad as wife of the American Minister to Germany. She preferred the liberty of private life, and the mission was, for the second time, declined. Ten years later, after some hesitation, she returned to Europe at the head of the American Minister's household in Paris.

"She has had three children, two of whom survive—Ogden Mills Reid, now in his eleventh year, and Jean Templeton Reid, now in her ninth year. The children have been thus far trained entirely at home. They are well advanced in the ordinary studies, and have a fair speaking knowledge of English, French, and German. They have also had pretty thorough training for their age in gymnastics and horseback riding.

"Mrs. Reid's social tact has been evident since her first assumption of duties as the mistress of her husband's home, notably in the bounteous régime of their house on Madison Hill and the more conspicuous hospitalities of diplomatic life in Paris. At Ophir Farm, the resources of which are of the greatest country seats, her grace and ability are finely brought into play. Mrs. Reid's studious mind is well disciplined, and to her intuitive taste is added the rare good judgment which her father possesses so eminently.

An Englishman, named R. J. Crowley, has taken out a patent in Great Britain for opening up direct communication with Mars. He writes to the *St. James's Gazette* giving a delightfully vague hint of what his secret process is. There is no difficulty but expense in the way, he says. He has had much experience in heliograph signaling, and his plan consists in the arrangement of a series of mirrors to collect and reflect the light, these to be connected by electricity and operated by a telegraph key. He proposes to establish communication with "parts of the universe that even photography has not shown us." Mars, he says, is doubtless in communication with other planets, and the Martial people are tearing their hair because they can not "raise" us, as telegraphists say.

—THE PAINTING "BOSCOBEL" WAS RAFFLED on Monday, Sept. 25th, and was won by number 39.

## The United States Government

## The Columbian Exposition

## The Remington Factory

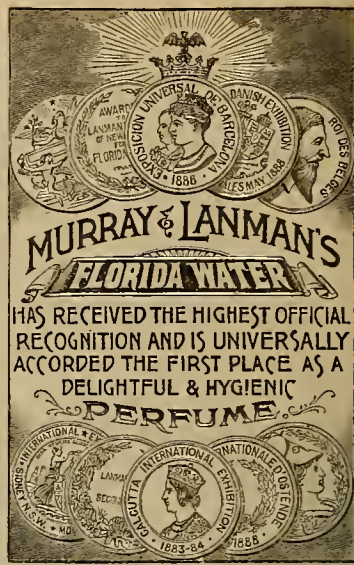
The Remington is not only unsurpassed but unapproached for Excellence of Design, Quality of Work, Simplicity, and Durability.

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**18 S. SIXTH ST., ST. LOUIS, MO.**

Advertisers find that it pays to get up specially engraved lines for advertising, and many even have all the line specially made by an artist, on the score of attractiveness. Will future years find the artist superseding the compositor in getting up advertising? Where space costs so much, there is no reason why advertisers should not spend a little more money with the artist, if by so doing the value of his space is greatly enhanced.—*Horace Dumars.*

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S. M. RUNYON, S. F.  
577 and 579 MARKET STREET.

Is the largest user of typewriters in the world. Upwards of 2,000 Remingtons are employed in the several departments at Washington, and the Remington Company is constantly receiving requisitions from the government for additional machines.

Has concluded contract by which the Remington Standard Typewriter is to be furnished exclusively for public use during the Exposition. The writing-rooms are to be furnished with Remingtons, in charge of expert operators, for the use of the public.

At Hion, N. Y., turns out a New Remington Typewriter every five minutes; or more machines every day than the combined product of all other manufacturers of high-priced Writing Machines.



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## SOCIETY.

## The Buckbee-Durbrow Wedding.

A notable wedding of the week was that, last Thursday, of Miss Emma Durbrow, daughter of Mrs. Joseph Durbrow, and Mr. Spencer Cone Buckbee, son of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Buckbee. The groom is a member of the firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. and is prominent in social and club circles. The bride is a charming young lady who has a host of friends, with all of whom she is deservedly popular. The parlors and other rooms were ornate with a beautiful decoration of snowballs, gladioli, cosmos, chrysanthemums, roses, and other bright flowers, among which foliage and colored silken ribbons were mingled with pretty effect. The morning was not an auspicious one for a wedding, but at noon the sun burst through the clouds as if to accentuate the old-time phrase regarding the happiness of the bride whom the sun shines on. There were about forty guests at the wedding to witness the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. W. W. Davis. Miss Annie Buckbee, sister of the groom, was the maid of honor, and Mr. Walter S. Newhall assisted the groom as best man. The toilets worn by the bride and her maid of honor are described as follows:

The bride wore a beautiful costume of white brocade silk, made with a court train. The corsage was trimmed with point lace, and in her coiffure was a diamond crescent which held in place the flowing veil of white moline. She carried a cluster of white roses.

Miss Annie Buckbee wore a handsome gown of pink silk, en train, and carried a bouquet of Mme. Pierre Guillot roses.

Soon after the ceremony, the guests who had been invited to the reception arrived, and swelled the assemblage to about two hundred in number. They extended their congratulations to the happy bride and groom, as they stood beneath the flower-decked bower. This pleasant duty was followed by the service of an elaborate *déjeuner*, under the direction of Ludwig. A string orchestra was in attendance, and played concert selections at intervals. The afternoon was made an enjoyable one to all present, and late in the day, Mr. and Mrs. Buckbee departed to make a tour of the southern part of the State. They were most generously remembered by their friends in the way of presents.

## The Hathaway-Breck Wedding.

Miss Louise Breck, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Breck, Sr., and Mr. Frederick M. Hathaway were married last Thursday evening in St. Paul's Church, Oakland. A large number of their friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Robert Ritchie in the handsomely decorated chancel. Miss Ella Garvey, of San José, was the maid of honor, Mr. James Breck was the best man, and the bridesmaids were Misses Augusta and Minnie Gillespie, of San Francisco. After the wedding reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, on Fourteenth Street, and the affair was delightfully celebrated.

## The Cummins Reception.

An informal at home was given by Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins last Wednesday at her residence, 1605 Baker Street, to the lady managers of the Columbian Exposition for California. The rooms were prettily decorated with flowers and a delicious repast was served. At the invitation of Mr. Irving M. Scott the ladies are to visit the Union Iron Works in a party next Monday and have luncheon on the tug boat. The guests of Mrs. Cummins were:

Mrs. E. A. Smith, Mrs. Amelia Marcellus, Mrs. Virginia Bradley, Mrs. Cornelius Cole, Mrs. Flora Kimball, Mrs. Anna M. Reed, Mrs. James R. Deane, Mrs. Frona E. Waite, Mrs. Parthenia Rue, and Mrs. Isaac L. Regua, of the National State Board; Mrs. John Vance Cheney, Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, and Mrs. W. H. Rodda, of the city board; Mrs. D. H. Haskell, Mrs. Franklin B. Poore, Miss Ernestine Falk, Miss Genevieve D. Cummins, and Mr. James D. Phelan and Mr. Irving M. Scott, the San Francisco members of the State board.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels will arrive in New York on Monday from Europe.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head will sail from England November 2d, on the steamer *Majestic*, of the

White Star Line, and expect to reach this city early in December.

Mrs. William H. Smith, who has been traveling in Europe during the past six months, has arrived in New York city, and is expected here in about a week.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling is expected to return from Europe early in November.

Mr. Joseph Livingston has returned from Europe, and is in New York city.

Mr. Robert Sherwood is en route home from his European trip.

Mrs. W. E. Holloway has gone to New York to visit her father, Mr. Grace.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Haxton, *né* Tibbault, will pass the winter at San Raphael, a watering-place in the South of France.

Mr. Raphael Weil left for Paris on Friday, and will be away a couple of months.

Mrs. J. B. Crockett is at the Hotel Windsor in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair have left Carlsbad and are in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Marston, of Oakland, are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Barron have leased the residence of Mrs. George Hyde, on Geary Street, for the winter.

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury has returned from a pleasant visit to Marshall Hall, Maryland.

Mrs. Henry C. Hyde and Miss Bertie Hyde have arrived in New York from England, and are expected here soon.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan, *né* Pullman, are at the Palace Hotel for the season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough are occupying their residence on the corner of O'Farrell and Franklin Streets.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo is visiting New York and other Eastern cities.

Colonel and Mrs. E. E. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, and Miss Mary Eyre returned to the city last Monday after passing the season at Menlo Park.

Mrs. A. D. Holman is visiting her mother, Mrs. Joseph Durbrow.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. T. Perkins, *né* Giffin, have returned to the city after passing a couple of months in Sausalito.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King left last Tuesday for New York, and will be away about two months.

Miss Alice Spinkings has returned from a visit to Miss Mary Eyre, at Menlo Park.

Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis and Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., will pass the winter at their Menlo Park villa.

Miss Alice Decker will return to the city early in November, after passing a couple of months with relatives in Salt Lake City.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Mrs. Morris Newton are at Castle Crag for a few weeks.

The Misses Rountree are residing at 1623 Central Avenue, Alameda, and will receive on Tuesdays.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Paige and Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague have returned from Helythdale, where they passed the season.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul T. Goodloe have returned from Cazadero, and are residing at 1210 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Wayne Belvin have returned to London, after a short trip to Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman have returned to the city after passing a month at Monterey.

Misses Fanny and Julia Crocker will pass most of the winter in New York city.

Mrs. Sperry and Miss Beth Sperry will return from Europe in November.

Miss Tillie Feldman is expected to return in a few days from Helena, Mont., where she has been visiting friends for about three months. Miss Alice Mau will remain there during the winter with her sister.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute and Miss Mason have gone East on a month's visit.

Mrs. M. V. Huntington and Miss Minnie Hennessey have returned to the city after passing a month at Monterey.

Mrs. A. M. Easton and her grandchildren have returned to the city after passing the season at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Zeile have returned from Menlo Park where they passed the summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean and Mr. Walter L. Dean have returned from Lake Tahoe and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderslice and the Misses Vanderslice have returned from a pleasant visit at Castle Crag.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Alexander have returned from Castle Crag and will pass the winter at The Colonial.

Colonel E. A. Belcher is now in Spokane, Wash., and has decided to reside there permanently.

Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence, Mrs. J. F. Dunne, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Arcadia Spence, and Miss Dillon have returned from Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen M. Clay are occupying their new home, 1423 O. St., Alameda. Mrs. Clay will receive on the first and third Thursdays of each month.

Mr. James Brett Stokes, who has been staying at Castle Crag during the past month, has returned to the city and will remain here during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Wright, of Sacramento, have been passing the week at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker will remain at the Barroilhet villa in San Mateo until the latter part of October.

Mrs. M. B. M. Toland has taken rooms at the Hotel Pleasanton for the winter.

Mr. Southard Hoffman left for the East last Wednesday, via Panama, and will be away about three months.

Mrs. Kittredge and Miss Edith Kittredge are at The Colonial, where they will remain during the winter.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant Frank A. Wilcox, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at Benicia Barracks.

Lieutenant Thomas Connolly, First Infantry, U. S. A., is enjoying a fortnight's leave of absence.

Dr. Louis W. Atlee, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Patia*.

Dr. F. N. Ogden, U. S. N., has been ordered to the *Independence*.

Dr. William Martin, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis*, owing to his continued illness.

The captain and officers of the U. S. steamer *San Francisco* entertained a large number of their friends last Thursday afternoon on board the steamer. Two tug-boats conveyed the guests to and fro, and from two until five o'clock the scene was an animated one. The naval band provided excellent music for those who desired to dance, and refreshments were liberally dispensed.

Captain Z. L. Lanner, U. S. N., has left Washington, D. C., where was arranging for repairs to the Fish Commission steamer *Albatross*.

Lieutenant Charles A. Clark, U. S. N., has been ordered to the receiving-ship *Independence*.

Captain James S. Mitchell, U. S. N., Pay Clerk on the cruiser *San Francisco*, was married last Tuesday to Miss Carrie L. Benson, of Oakland. Rev. Dr. Dille officiated.

— THE WINTER SEASON IS COMING ON QUICKLY now, and to prepare for it The Maze—the modern department store on Market Street and Taylor—has just got a large invoice of winter suits for boys. The new winter overcoats are the naggiest and most comfortable that were ever made up for youngsters, and the knee-pants suits and jersey suits—these latter in the latest Parisian styles—embrace novelties never before seen in California. Speaking of winter, it should be mentioned that The Maze has just been made selling-agent for the famous Ypsilanti underwear which Mrs. Jenness Miller, the fair priestess of common-sense dressing, has made so popular; The Maze keeps them in all sizes and weights, both equestrian tights and "combinations." No lady who wishes to be both comfortably and becomingly dressed will wear any other underwear after she has tried the Ypsilanti.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Bugge Concert.

Miss Magda Bugge, the Norwegian pianist, gave her first concert of this season last Saturday evening at Kohler & Chase Hall. An appreciative audience was entertained by the following programme:

Trio, E flat, No. 1, for piano, violin, and cello, (1) allegro, (2) adagio cantabile, (3) scherzo, (4) finale, presto. Beethoven, Miss Magda Bugge, Mr. Hother Wismer, and Mr. Adolph Lada; piano solo, Liric pieces, op. 42, (1) Butterfly, (2) Lonely Wanderer, (3) In My Home, (4) Birdie, (5) A Poem of Love, (6) Early Spring. Grieg, Miss Magda Bugge; violin solo, polonaise, op. 40, Spohr, Mr. Hother Wismer; concerto for piano, E minor, accompanied by string quartet, (1) allegro maestoso, (2) romance, larghetto, (3) rondo, vivace, Chopin, piano. Miss Magda Bugge, first violin, Mr. H. Wismer, second violin, Mr. F. Hess, viola, Mr. H. Sussmann, cello, Mr. Adolph Lada, double bass, Mr. F. Hartwig.

A joint meeting of the boards of lady managers of the Maria Kip Orphanage and Hahnemann Hospital was held Monday afternoon to perfect the arrangements for the combined benefit to be given for these two worthy charities at the Grand Opera House, Tuesday night, November 1st. The Young Ladies' Saturday Morning Orchestra, with a number of the brightest and most popular vocalists in this city, will be the attraction offered. The orchestra gave an artistic and successful concert last February, and all those who had the pleasure of hearing them then will surely not fail to take advantage of their reappearance. J. H. Rosewald, the director of the orchestra, is justly deserving of all the credit given him for his good work in organizing and perfecting this musical novelty. The ladies who have the management of the affair have their work of charity so systematically arranged that they can not help but make a grand success of the benefit. J. H. Love will have charge of the sale of reserved seats. Tickets can be purchased of the ladies of either institution. The box plan will open Friday, October 28th.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald's new opera, "Baroness Meta," will be produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, November 16th, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange. It is an operacomique, and its period is the eighteenth century. The libretto is an adaptation from a German comedy, and the music throughout is light and melodious. Mr. Rosewald will direct the music, and his orchestra will comprise nearly all of the musicians who played at his symphony concerts. Mr. Fred Urban will be the stage-manager and Mr. Solly H. Walter will design the scenery and costumes. In the cast there will be Miss Maude Berry, Miss Julia Neumann, Miss Freda Sylvester, Mrs. Charles Dickman, Mr. A. C. Hellman, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mr. A. M. Thornton, and Mr. Solly H. Walter, who will be assisted by a large and efficient chorus.

The twenty-second Saturday Popular Concert will be held in Irving Hall this (Saturday) afternoon. Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine will be the instrumentalists, and Mrs. Sunderland will sing two songs by Cowen and Goring Thomas. Among the other numbers are a trio by Dvorak—who has just arrived in this country to take charge of the National Conservatory of Music in New York—Paderewski's sonata for piano and violin, dedicated to Sarasate; and a cello solo by Mr. Heine.

At Mr. W. J. Maffey's concert, to be given next week, the affair will be under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, supported by Mrs. Louis Brechemin, soprano, Mrs. Eunice Westwater, contralto, Mr. Osgood Putnam, basso, Mr. W. J. Maffey, tenor, Mr. Nathan Landsberger, violinist, Mr. Otto Bendix, pianist, Mr. H. Clay Wysham, flautist, and Mrs. H. J. Stewart and Mr. H. M. Bosworth, accompanists.

A telegram from C. F. Tretbar, of New York, to a local music firm, received Monday, says: "Paderewski's secretary cabled from London that the pianist would positively begin his American engagement in San Francisco, December 8th. He is rapidly recovering from his recent attack of rheumatic fever, and will spend a few weeks in the south of France."

Mr. Otto Bendix is to give a piano recital at Irving Hall on Thursday evening, October 20th. The programme will be one of unusual interest.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst returns from London to tell us that investigation in his unenviable line of business leads him to the conclusion that London is not as bad as New York, when every one who knows London will say that so far as the social evil is concerned, no city on earth is as rotten as the great metropolis. The truth is that the slums of London, the notorious Whitechapel district, and others, reveal a kind and depth of depravity not equaled in New York; that more lewd women walk the broad pavements of Regent Street every night than Dr. Parkhurst saw on the night of his worst debauch in New York.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents; stamps or postal notes.

— WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, and monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourn Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN S., 213 Sutter St.

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When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczemas and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



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Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fall in your

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Neckwear. Underwear. Dress Shirts.

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The very Latest Fads.

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Children's Hats and Caps

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St., N. Y.



## THE POWER OF THE PRESS.

As Exhibited in a Modern Tale of Love.

CAPTAIN MARCET. MISS GEORGINA LASCELLES, his fiancée.

SCENE.—The drawing-room of Miss LASCELLES'S mother.

CAPTAIN MARCET [entering and shaking hands stiffly without speaking].

MISS LASCELLES—Well?

CAPTAIN MARCET [stiffly]—I suppose you know why I have come?

MISS LASCELLES—I guess.

CAPTAIN MARCET—And you have nothing to say as to why you have thrown me over in this sudden way—no explanation to give?

MISS LASCELLES—Absolutely none—and you?

CAPTAIN MARCET—Nothing except to wish you good-bye and good luck.

MISS LASCELLES—Thanks.

[A pause.]

CAPTAIN MARCET—I confess I am disappointed—and surprised.

MISS LASCELLES—I am surprised too—and disappointed.

CAPTAIN MARCET—And is it—is it all to end like this? You might have given me some warning before you—jilted me!

MISS LASCELLES—Surely you, too, might have let me know beforehand!

CAPTAIN MARCET—I am not going to make a scene.

MISS LASCELLES—Why should you? And don't be afraid that I am going to make a fuss.

CAPTAIN MARCET—Hardly, I suppose after—

MISS LASCELLES—After what?

CAPTAIN MARCET [bitterly]—After this [takes from pocket copy of evening paper]. This is the *Gazette* of last night. "Announcement is made of the engagement of Mr. Henry Lawley and Miss Georgina Lascelles."

MISS LASCELLES—Impossible! Let me see.

CAPTAIN MARCET—It is quite plain. Now, what have I done to make you treat me like this?

MISS LASCELLES—What have you done? Why this [taking up paper from table]. This is last night's *Journal*. "The engagement has just been announced of Captain John Marcet and Miss Selina Slater."

CAPTAIN MARCET—Impossible! Let me see.

MISS LASCELLES—There is no mistake about it. It's in the largest print. You do not deny it, I suppose? It is the woman—the odious, loud, hideous woman, with the absurd hat—you were going about with at Mrs. Hallett's garden-party. You do not contradict the announcement.

CAPTAIN MARCET [smiling]—Well, it is certainly premature. Though I don't see after what you have done that you have the right to ask me to contradict it. I suppose you would not like me to ask you to deny your engagement to Henry Lawley. I know you danced four times with him at Mrs. Somerville's.

MISS LASCELLES—You have certainly no right to ask me to deny or confirm anything.

CAPTAIN MARCET—I ask nothing, and I will not imitate you by criticising your friend as you did mine, though I can hardly congratulate you on your fiancée's general appearance.

MISS LASCELLES—When I want your congratulations, Captain Marcet, I will ask you for them.

CAPTAIN MARCET—And when I want your opinion, Miss Lascelles, on Miss Slater's manners and hat—I think both sweet—I will do the same.

[A pause.]

CAPTAIN MARCET—Good-bye, Miss Lascelles.

MISS LASCELLES—Good-bye, Captain Marcet.

CAPTAIN MARCET—Surely you might have sent me a letter, a telegram—anything. It was so hard to see it first in the paper!

MISS LASCELLES—Why did you not send me one? It was cruel of you to make me read it in print!

CAPTAIN MARCET—Have you—cared for him long?

MISS LASCELLES—When did you—first leave off liking me?

CAPTAIN MARCET—What a blind fool I was. I really thought you cared for me as much as—

MISS LASCELLES—As much as?

CAPTAIN MARCET—Well, nearly as much as I loved you, Georgie.

MISS LASCELLES—Well—how do you know I did not?

CAPTAIN MARCET—Why, of course, by your sudden infatuation for this wretched man.

MISS LASCELLES—He is not a wretched man. You can't say so.

CAPTAIN MARCET—You are right—he is your future husband. It is only that thought that made me abuse him. It was abominable and mean of me. I know in my conscience he is a thoroughly good fellow—good-looking, clever, and—

MISS LASCELLES—Nothing of the sort! He is plain, stupid, and conceited.

CAPTAIN MARCET—Then why did you flirt with him so outrageously? Why do you marry him?

MISS LASCELLES—Why, indeed! And why do you admire Selina Slater? Why are you going to marry her? Oh I admit that she is pretty; I know her dresses well; I know she is good form. I beg your pardon for abusing her. It was horrid of me.

It is, after all, the most natural thing in the world that you should love her. Forgive me! I was jealous, that's all.

CAPTAIN MARCET—Were you, dear? Then, perhaps, all is not lost yet. Why, Georgie, I don't care one little bit for Miss Slater.

MISS LASCELLES—No? Then why did you go about with her all day at that garden-party?

CAPTAIN MARCET—Because you danced four times with Henry Lawley at Mrs. Somerville's.

MISS LASCELLES—But the announcement of your engagement in the *Journal*?CAPTAIN MARCET—A lie; and the one announcing yours in the *Gazette*?

MISS LASCELLES—A story; I positively dislike Henry Lawley. How did the reports get about?

CAPTAIN MARCET—The press is a great institution, Georgie, and the social reporter is everywhere. I suppose there was one at Mrs. Somerville's watching you.

MISS LASCELLES—And another at the garden-party watching you! But—do you really love me still?

CAPTAIN MARCET [taking her in his arms and kissing her]—Desperately, dearest. And you, do you still care for me?

MISS LASCELLES—With all my heart and soul, Jack!—Black and White.

## THE MICHAEL CASEY SOCIETY.

How a Bon Vivant Revived Irish Literature.

"'Tis a fearful thing to stand before the plate-glass windows of a splendid saloon and to realize that you are penniless," said Roger Mortimer, *bon vivant, littérateur, and raconteur*. "Fancy sees the long rows of bottles, with their appropriate and palate-soothing labels ranged behind the bar. The 'little priest,' with its stimulating absinthe, the last resource before the inevitable madness of *delirium tremens*, gleams emerald-hued and mocking; the golden champagne, imprisoned sunlight, awakens thoughts of cool, bubbling fountains in memory's deep ravine; the ruddy brandy combines dreams of purple grapes and the dark rims of glowing tropic skies. By this time my palate is dry as tinder, while my tongue is dry as a bone in a desert. Mike Casey owns the saloon. He knows me, consequently he will not trust. Still, here is a glorious chance to test the superiority of mind over saloonkeeper. I enter boldly, and am greeted with a cordial 'Good-day' by the proprietor. I lean negligently on the bar. He serves two lusty longshoremen with cool, delicious beer. The white foam drips down upon the floor. Did Tantalus suffer tortures such as mine? Casey wipes off the bar. He knows I am thirsty as Saharan sands; he sees it in my wistful eyes. He draws a glass of beer and sips it slowly. The sight is more than I can bear, and I turn away my head. But I swear a deep, fee-fi-fum oath to have a drink at Casey's expense before I leave the saloon. Turning to Casey, I say:

"By the way, Casey, you are interested in Irish literature, are you not?"

"Faith, I am, sir. Ain't I afther buyin' three volumes of Carleton's works, and haven't I Moore's poems, and Charles Le-ver's stories, and Samuel Lover's 'Tales of the Irish Peasantry,' and Gerald Griffin's—"

"But here I interrupt him by asking: 'Perhaps you can tell me who wrote that beautiful little poem beginning

"Mush-a-ding-a-ding-ah, shillalah and all,  
My blessing go wid ye, sweet Erin-go-bragh!"

"No, I can not, sir; but the Poet Geoghegan or Bryan McSwyny could tell ye, I think."

"Casey is beginning to be interested. I switch him off on another tack.

"Do you know, Mr. Casey," I say, with a good deal of assumed earnestness, "that I think Irish literature has been neglected of late. Who speaks of Carleton, or Moore, or Lever, or Lover nowadays? Shall these glorious geniuses be allowed to slumber forgotten, or shall some public-spirited citizen rise up and take it upon himself to bring to the attention of the present generation the treasures of wit, pathos, and drama buried on the shelves of our public libraries?"

"Troth, you're right, sir." (He is deeply interested now. His eyes shine with patriotic light; the color rises in his cheek.) "It must be dry you are, sir, this hot day. What'll you have?" he says.

"I take beer, Casey takes seltzer. We clink glasses, and I propose the toast, 'A health to the revival of Irish literature!' Casey resumes:

"Have ye anny plan in your head, sir, so that we might get the b'ys a-rading Irish books?"

"Yes, Mike. I have a definite, feasible idea, which, I think, could be carried out by you and me," I reply. "I think an organization called the M. C. S. R. I. L. could be easily organized."

"And what does thin leathers stand for?" says Mike.

"The Michael Casey Society for the Revival of Irish Literature," I reply.

"Yis, yis, sir; I see, I see," says Mike. "And where would the society meet?"

"Why, right here in your back-room. We would limit the membership to fifty spenders, no dead beats; nice, respectable young men, you know. At the first meeting, we would elect you president, while I would act in the humble capacity of treasurer."

"You have a grate head for organization, sir. I can see that," says the delighted Casey. "What'll it be this time, sir? Ah, take whisky, sir; take whisky. Shure, beer is a Doochman's dhrink."

"I take the suggestion. It is prime stuff. It lingers gratefully on my palate. As I set down my glass I suggest that it would be well to prepare a subscription paper. Casey thinks so, too. I prepare one with an appropriate preamble, after which I write my own name, followed by ten dollars in figures, explaining to Casey that I am a little short of change. Casey says that's all right, and puts down his name for five dollars, which sum he gives to me for the purchase of stationery. I then suggest to Casey that it would be well for him to prepare a paper on 'The Life and Character of Brian Boru,' the material for which he can find in the Astor Library. He jumps at the suggestion like a hungry trout at a fly. We take another drink at Casey's expense. I then tell him that I have an engagement, but that I will take the subscription list with me and secure the signatures of Mayor Grant, Chauncey Depew, Eugene Kelly, Sojer Flynn, and a few other wealthy men with whom I am acquainted. We take a parting drink, also at Casey's expense. He follows me to the door and says, in a voice husky with emotion:

"You're a true friend of the Irish race."

"I walk unsteadily away, musing on the credulity of the human race, and more than half-believe in the old dyspeptic Carlyle's remark: 'England has a population of twenty-six millions, mostly fools.' I invest the five dollars given me by Casey in liquid sundries during the next two days, but I am dead broke on the third day. Then I call on Casey again. He is overjoyed to see me. He has passed twelve bours in the Astor Library and has prepared an exhaustive paper on 'The Life and Character of Brian Boru.' I congratulate him on his literary ability. He slides the whisky bottle over the bar. We irrigate. I then show him a list of fifty names of the most prominent citizens of New York city who have each apparently subscribed from ten to fifty dollars apiece. Casey is amazed. His generous impulses and pride are touched. He hands me another five-dollar note. I remain in the saloon for five hours, drinking the health of the Michael Casey Society every ten minutes, and reach home, in a delightfully mellow condition, in a cab paid for by the president of the new organization. I haven't seen Casey for two weeks. I understand that he has bought a new Winchester, but I am not at all anxious to inspect it."

## TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. CHAS. GATCHELL, of Chicago, in his "Treatment of Cholera," says: "As it is known that the cholera microbe does not flourish in acid solutions, it would be well to slightly acidulate the drinking water. This may be done by adding to each glass of water half a teaspoonful of Horsford's Acid Phosphate. This will not only render the water of an acid reaction, but also render boiled water more agreeable to the taste. It may be sweetened if desired. The Acid Phosphate, taken as recommended, will also tend to invigorate the system and correct debility, thus giving increased power of resistance to disease. It is the acid of the system, a product of the gastric functions, and hence will not create that disturbance liable to follow the use of mineral acids."

Mr. George Westinghouse, Jr., tells the *Railroad Gazette* that with a perfect brake, acting upon all of the wheels of an express train running at ninety miles an hour, at the end of ten seconds the train would still be moving at a little over sixty miles an hour and would have traveled a distance of about 1,130 feet. He adds that with the brake force now fitted to trains, the reduction of the speed of trains running above sixty miles an hour would, under favorable conditions, not exceed two miles for each second.


Do not allow the accumulation of Scurf or Dandruff, when it can be easily prevented by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor.

—WHETHER CONSIDERED FROM A CULINARY or scientific standpoint, it must be conceded that Highland Brand Evaporated Cream is the ideal form of milk, as it has all the relishing properties of the unprepared article, with the advantage of convenience and absolute safety from all forms of germ life.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.  
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS A SUCCESSFUL remedy for over fifty years.

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."**



In the family are more often the result of disordered digestion than most people know.

**BEECHAM'S PILLS** will keep peace in a family, by curing Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver, Constipation and all Bilious and Nervous Disorders arising from these causes.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

—OR— Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER &amp; CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER &amp; CO., Dorchester, Mass.

NATIONAL PRIZE OF 16600 FR

**QUINA AROCHE'S**  
INVIGORATING TONIC,  
CONTAINING

PERUVIAN BARK, IRON,  
AND A  
RICH CATALAN WINE,  
used with entire success by the Hospitals of Paris for INDIGESTION, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, INFLUENZA, SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, &c.

IRON and PERUVIAN BARK are the most powerful weapons known in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood and forms its force and richness; Peruvian Bark affords life to the organs, and activity to their functions. Paris: 22 rue Drouot.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S.,  
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# Highland Evaporated Cream

is a delicious accessory to the morning's first meal. It combines purity—convenience—economy—the three requisites for a breakfast dish. Delightful in your coffee; appetizing on your oatmeal; brings out the flavor of cut-up peaches. No more waiting for the milkman; no more worrying over his stall-fed cows. Highland Brand is uniformly rich and perfect—there's where it differs from its imitations.

HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.,  
Highland, Ill.

THREE POZZONI'S POINTS

**COMPLEXION**

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, Pink, Brunette. POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS



## STORVETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A man once rose to address the House of Commons, and got no further than "Mr. Speaker, I conceive," and after repeating that three times, sat down; on which the next speaker said: "The honorable gentleman who has just sat down has conceived three times, and has brought forth nothing."

At a large banquet of Irish judges and lawyers, two of them sat down before a dish containing only one small fish. One of them drew the fish toward himself, remarking: "This is a fast day for me." The other speared the fish with his fork, and transferred it to his own plate, saying to his pious neighbor: "Jasus! do you think no one has a soul to be saved but yourself?"

The following story is told of a retired saloon-keeper: "I see you are building a new house, Mr. Brown?" "Yes; you are right." "Made the money out of whisky, I suppose?" "No." "Why, you are a liquor dealer, are you not?" "Oh, yes; but the money I'm putting into this house was made out of the water I put in the whisky. Every farthing was made out of water, sir."

When Grattan was a young student, he was fond of practicing oratory in a certain wood, in a part of which was a gallows from which depended the rusty chains in which a criminal had been hanged many years before. When he was once apostrophizing this melancholy object, a stranger came up unperceived behind him and squelched his oratory by saying to him: "How the devil did you get down?"

Bishop Phillips Brooks has a little niece, brought up, as a bishop's niece should be, to say her prayers. One night, when she had put herself to bed, her mother asked her afterward if she had said her prayers. "No," she said, she had not. "But why not?" her mother inquired. "Well," said the little maid; "I was tired and sleepy, so I asked the Lord to excuse me, and he said, 'Certainly, Miss Brooks; with pleasure.'"

King Frederick William the Third of Prussia was often humorous in doing a kind act. A lackey, who had been discovered after the annual *déjeuner dansant* to have partaken of some red wine by the stains on his white livery, had been summarily dismissed; he placed himself in the king's way, and fell on his knees, asking forgiveness. The king granted him his pardon, adding: "Dummer Kerl, warum hast du nicht Weiss getrunken?" ("Why did you not drink white?")

Few poets had more admirers among women than Whittier had, and this admiration frequently took personal form (says the *Evening Sun*). One day his sister, in her slow, Quaker fashion, was describing these eruptions: "Thee has no idea," she said, "of the time Greenleaf spends in trying to lose these people on the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says, 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him.' To this Whittier pathetically added: 'But I can never lose a her.'"

Prince Jerome Napoleon had a strange hallucination that he had taken part in his uncle's campaigns, and had headed a charge of cavalry at Waterloo. George the Fourth was gifted with a similar hallucination, and on one occasion, when prince-regent, had referred to the Duke of Wellington, who was sitting opposite to him at dinner, to confirm his statement that he had commanded a cavalry corps at Waterloo. His grace merely replied: "I have always heard your royal highness say so."

A New York lawyer (says the *Sun*), explaining his rapid increase in wealth as in reputation, said it was due to the tomfoolery of people. "For example, a client of mine had a race-horse that he swapped for an island in the Sound. The race-horse went wrong, and the other man brought suit to recover damages. This made my client angry, and he brought suit for misrepresentation of property. The opposing lawyer was a friend of mine. Each had two suits, and we fought them tooth and nail. Now he owns the race-horse and I own the island in the Sound."

In Rev. J. E. Hardy's sketches of Maltese life, he tells a story of a naval friend, who stopped one

Christmas time in the great market in Valetta, before the stall of "a Joe" with whom he had had many dealings. The color of one of the turkeys, all trussed and ready for the spit, attracted him. The breast of the victim was of a bluish purple, the legs were scraggy and also discolored, but otherwise the bird seemed to have been well fed. Pointing to it, he asked: "How much?" Joe fell back, and beckoning to him, explained matters thus: "Dat not for you, signor; dat for de hotel." Then, in a mysterious but impressive whisper, he added: "He die."

The most remarkable manifestation of the great religious movement which swept over this country just before the War of 1812, was the physical and nervous disorder known as "the jerks." The jerks took their name from the fact that the arms and legs would be thrown about apparently by a force beyond control of the individual. The disorder was epidemic in Tennessee. A slave-owner, a man of great wealth and prominence, and irreligious, called his slaves together one Sunday morning, when a camp-meeting was in progress near by, and announced his deliberate intention of horse-whipping any one of their number who took the jerks. "It is all imagination," he said, "and I'll whip any one of you that takes it within an inch of his life." He went to camp-meeting, and while conversing with a friend in the outskirts of the ground, was told that one of his negroes had the jerks. Seizing his borsewhip, he hastened toward the spot, and when half-way, was himself seized by the jerks.

When General Grant was in Ireland, in 1879, on his tour round the world, Mr. J. A. O'Shea was in his train as a newspaper correspondent. On the way from Dublin to Derry, the cars stopped at Portadown, and Mr. O'Shea hastened into the refreshment-room after something to eat. He was nibbling a sandwich and chatting with the barmaid, when a voice at his left quietly demanded a glass of lemonade and a biscuit. The voice belonged to General Grant. The correspondent finished his luncheon, and was turning to go, when the barmaid said: "Tell me, is it true General Grant is passing by this line to-day?" "Yes, I believe you are correctly informed." "You are an American, aren't you?" "I have not that privilege." "Would you know General Grant if you saw him?" "I think I should." "What like is he? I suppose he is a fine-looking man. Do you know when he will pass? If you are here, will you point him out to us?"—this all in a breath. "I should be happy to oblige, but I am leaving by the next train." The general all this time "munched his biscuit and sipped his lemonade, his face as impassive as an Italian image," and the hero-worshipping barmaid was none the wiser.

## The Result of Merit.

When anything stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people like the Americans, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. The value of a medicine is best proved by its continued use from year to year by the same persons and families, as well as by a steady increasing sale. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the introduction and progress of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effective purgative and blood purifier introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that BRANDRETH'S PILLS actually perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK: Majestic, October 19th; Germanic, October 26th; Teutonic, November 2d; Britannic, November 9th.

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent, 29 Broadway, New York.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

We cannot explain how a man gains a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—it happens sometimes.

It is food that he can digest; we understand that. But it must be more than food to give more than the whole of itself.

He has been losing flesh because he did not get from his food the fat he needed. Scott's Emulsion sets his machinery working again.

Shall we send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING? Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

## NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 2, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:58, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:10, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor, Tolacoma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Week Days
3:25 P. M. Week Days		6:10 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		6:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Mondays
3:35 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction. Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tolacoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$2.00; and Tomales, \$1.00.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Oct. 15th, SS. City of Sydney; Oct. 25th, SS. San José; Nov. 5th, SS. San Juan.

## Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon on each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas. Way line sailing—October 18th, SS. Colima.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

## Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc. Peru..... Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M. City of Japan..... Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M. City of Peking..... Saturday, November 20, at 3 P. M. China..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets, Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING! Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892. Oceanic..... (via Honolulu)..... Tuesday, October 25 Galle..... Wednesday, November 16 Belgic..... Thursday, December 15 Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

## PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	* 6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	* 8:15 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:45 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
* 7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	* 8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
* 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 P.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
* 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	* 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

A newspaper advertisement judiciously written, displayed, and if necessary neatly illustrated, appearing in a proper medium, will sometimes suffice to make success certain.—Printers' Ink.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M. Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35, 6:50 P. M.

## Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.		Windsor, Healdsburg, and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.			6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willets, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$6.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

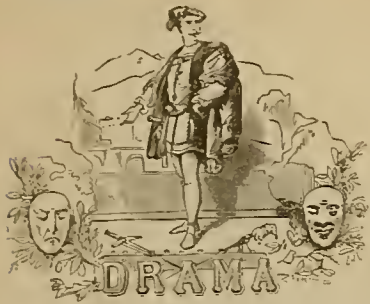
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In one of the most splendid rooms of the Uffizi Gallery of Art at Florence, in Italy, stands the Niobe group. It is not in the Tribune, where the Apollo Belvedere, supreme in manly beauty, the Venus of Medici, the ideal of shrinking maidenhood, and the Venus of Titian, opulent in sensual charm, educate the beholder in high art; it has a room to itself, as befits the masterpiece of Praxiteles, which was dug out of the Roman dirt to make room for the foundation of a Roman Catholic church. There are fourteen life-size figures in the group: six stalwart sons, six lovely daughters, a pedagogue, and in the centre the mother weeping for the doom of her children—condemned to die for having aroused the jealousy of vindictive Artemis. It is one of the most touching of ancient works of art; many an American, sorrowing for the bereaved mother, has paid to the imagination of the sculptor the tribute of a tear.

Niobe's sad tale would hardly seem a fit groundwork for a farce. But since Offenbach, in "La Belle Hélène," set the example of making merry at the expense of the solemn old Greeks, other playwrights have realized that it would be droll to place the grand tragedy of the ancients in juxtaposition with the matter-of-fact conceptions of to-day, as several of them have tried to do. The one who has best succeeded is Gilbert, in "Pygmalion and Galatea." That is one of the very best humorous pieces on the stage. It soars above farce into comedy. The dialogue is exquisitely funny, perfectly natural, and yet excruciatingly droll. Gilbert's Galatea is just the product of spontaneous generation that one would expect to find in a creature who had had no youth and no education, but who had suddenly appeared a perfect woman nobly planned. It is Galatea's naturalness which makes her confidences so irresistible. She convulses people with laughter, because she does not try to make them laugh. When she asks Pygmalion if she is a woman, and what is a woman, the audience roars from the simplicity of the question. That is humor not elaborated in the closet or hammered out on the literary anvil, but springing spontaneously out of surrounding circumstances.

Gilbert followed the Greek legend, and surrounded his vitalized Galatea with people of her epoch, such as she might have met had she really been called to life. The Messrs. Paulton make a heavier draft on public credulity. They suppose a statue of Niobe, made twenty-two or three hundred years ago, buried in Athenian dirt, resurrected by some explorer, hidden for centuries in a museum, and finally conveyed to a modern house, whose genial warmth recalls her to life; they rely for their fun upon the obvious clash of sentiment and opinion between this resuscitated Greek queen and the members of an ordinary American household. Their success is undoubted. The dialogue throws the audience into convulsions of laughter. The *quipproquois* are very droll, indeed. There is a want of naturalness in the situations. Neither in Greece, nor anywhere else, would a bixom young woman have gone round hugging married men without some reprobation from their wives. That sort of thing may have occurred in Arcadia, where the laws regulating the title of women to their husbands were ill-defined, and the example of Jupiter unsettled the minds of married men on the subject of conjugal fidelity; but in civilized Greece, though the wisest philosophers visited the hetaira in order to enlarge their minds by improving conversation, neither Aspasia nor Glycerion would have spent a pleasant evening had she accompanied Pericles to his home. But this is hypercriticism. No one can tell what would be the behavior of a lady who had been dug out of a grave in which she had lain for a couple of thousand years, especially if, on her resurrection, she had come to life in the shape of marble.

It is not easy for a modern writer to clothe creatures of his imagination with the garments and the color of a past age. There is a good deal of curious fancy in Rider Haggard's "She"; but it is not necessary to be an Egyptologist to detect the anachronisms or to spy out the ignorance in that catchpenny work. Bulwer's novel on Pompeii was, in its day, quite popular; but people can not stand it in our time. His personages are not modern, and the reader feels that they are not genuinely ancient. They do not move, or speak, or act as we feel the Romans of the first century must have done. Perhaps the most successful of the writers who have disinterred ghosts for our amusement is George Elfers. Before he began to write he saturated himself with the spirit of ancient Thebes and Memphis, and he has probably painted the life of the great cities as faithfully as any modern can ever do. But the captious critic never gets over the feeling that his Egyptian

tians are not the real Egyptians of the days of the Pharaohs, but counterfeits drawn with skill and painted with learning, but still counterfeits. When we see, on a Paris stage, a John Bull, in coachman's coat and top-boots, and Brother Jonathan, in a swallow-tail, with a pair of trousers made out of an American flag, we become distrustful of the accuracy of delineations of personages who were conceived by the spirit and not seen by the eye of the artist, and if that is the case with modern portraiture, how much less faith can we attach to paintings of human beings who vanished thousands of years ago!

Niobe was a purely mythical personage, though her legend was so intertwined with early Greek history that children doubtless were brought up in the faith that she was historical. She was the daughter of that Tantalus who for his sins was plunged into a lake of cool water, which fled from his lips when he tried to drink; he has partially expiated his crimes by enriching modern languages with a useful verb. But he was a bad fellow all through. He cut up his little son, cooked him *en sauté*, and served him up to the gods; their discernment was such that none would touch the savory dish, save Ceres, who picked a bit of the shoulder. This son, Niobe's brother, who, of course, was brought to life, was Pelops, who gave his name to the Greek Pelloponnesus; he was a rough customer in life, and had a way of throwing men off precipices when they differed with him about the tariff; but after his death, his bones, especially the shoulder-blade, were much thought of as a remedy for cholera, until some scoffing savant declared that this shoulder-blade had belonged to a mammoth. After this, popular faith in Pelops's bones declined as rapidly as modern faith has declined in Dr. Koch's specific for the same disease. But there are said to be adherents of the old belief in Athens to this day.

Of Niobe herself history remembers nothing, except that she raised a large family, and that when sons and daughters perished, she wept continually. There is a rock somewhere in Greece which bears her name, and on the top of it a spring feeds a small stream. The legend says that the gods turned Niobe into this rock, and promised, in order to assuage her grief, that it should weep forever. These Greek conceits are very pretty, indeed.

The lady who plays Niobe in the play is Miss Isabelle Coe, and she does it very well, indeed. Nature has endowed her with a beautiful face, a shapely neck, and rounded arms; when she throws them round Mr. Edeson's neck, the spectator feels that it is he and not the lady who must be of marble not to respond to the embrace. Her elocution is excellent; she speaks distinctly, with a pleasing voice; the audience do not miss one of her points. It was quite refreshing to listen to her after Lillian Russell. Mr. Edeson was also good as Peter Amos. He is a well-trained, conscientious artist, who does all that his part requires, and no more. A word of praise must also be awarded to Miss Minnie Monk, the virago sister-in-law. But for the rest of the cast, or for the embroglio in which they took part, the less said the better. Having got their central idea, the Messrs. Paulton seem to have decided that the underplot was of no consequence, and the actors regarded it as perfunctory business.

The house for a first night was poor. Had it not been copiously papered, the orchestra and dress-circle would have reminded the observer of the jaws of the old woman whose principles forbade her to go to a dentist. There is growing up in the mind of the San Francisco public a feeling of resentment against the impudent attempts of managers to hoodwink them about plays and players. Nothing hurt the Lillian Russell engagement so much as the prodigious flims by which it was heralded. In the East, it may be an article of faith at the synagogue that San Francisco will believe anything and swallow anything. But in this community the faculty of deglutition is becoming impaired by abuse. We are not so much impressed as we used to be by an announcement that a play has run one hundred nights in New York, one hundred nights in Boston, fifty nights in Chicago, and has received "the absolutely unanimous praise of the press." Without actually calling for proof of these assertions, we would like, if you please, to judge for ourselves. When we are told that we ought to approve because New York approved, that we ought to applaud because London applauded, we are, so to speak, put on our mettle to form our own opinion; instead of meekly accepting the verdict of other communities, we make up our minds to render our own.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 10th: John T. Kelly in "McPee of Dublin"; Lederer's comedians in "Divorce Day"; the Tivoli Company in "The Bat"; and repetitions of "Niobe" and "Tangled Up."

#### Give Us Rest.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, soon remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism, and kidney complaints.

— H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist, Painless filling,  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

Poor Judie has almost lost her voice. She made her reappearance at the Chatelet, in Paris, a fortnight ago, and failed completely.

Johnstone Bennett was born at sea, and, being left an orphan at an early age, was adopted by a Mrs. Bennett and then by a Mrs. Johnstone, whence her striking name.

Tennyson's play, "The Foresters," is to be taken around the country by a company headed by Arthur Kehan. Maid Marion, the rôle enacted here by Ada Kehan, is to be played by Belle Archer.

There is no doubt that Lottie Collins is a great popular success in New York, however the intelligent may regard performers of her class. The seats are sold several days in advance, and hundreds of people are turned away nightly.

Effie Shannon, a very pretty and quite capable actress, who has been here more than once, is suing Henry Guy Carleton, who was brought up in San Francisco and educated in the local schools, for divorce. They were married quietly in 1890, but the fact was known to very few people, and the application for divorce comes as a surprise to the friends of both parties. He is forty-one years of age and she is twenty-five.

John Drew began his career as a star in Milwaukee in "The Masked Ball" a few days ago. The play is a comedy by Bisson and Carré, in which Drew is sent to woo a girl for a friend and wins her for himself. Thereafter he has a lively time keeping from his friend the knowledge of his perfidy. He is supported by a good company, and made a successful début. His engagement in New York begins on Monday night.

Miss Minnie Campbell, an Oakland girl who has been studying elocution in Boston, will make her début next Friday evening, October 14th, at the First Unitarian Church in Oakland. The entertainment will be a dramatic recital, in which Miss Campbell will be seen at her best; and she will have the assistance of Dr. Richardson, basso, Mrs. Guterson, pianist, and a male quartet, in presenting an interesting programme.

There were no end of mishaps, owing to faulty stage mechanism, at the first night of Edgar S. Kelley and C. M. S. McLellan's opera, "Puritania," in New York, and the first reports were not laudatory. The music was too classical and the libretto too literary to suit the popular taste, the critics said. But, since the performance has been running smoothly, the public has rebuked the critics by growing enthusiastic over "Puritania."

F. N. R. Martinez, who deserted San Francisco for New York, two or three years ago, has recently become the dramatic critic of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, for both morning and evening editions. His intimate knowledge of theatrical affairs, his trained judgment and his facile pen were well known in the local journals, a few years ago; and now, though he is still in commercial pursuits, he combines journalism with commerce.

Strauss's pretty opera, "The Bat" ("Die Fledermaus"), is to be sung at the Tivoli this week, with the following cast:

Von Eisenstein, Phil Branson; Rosalinde, Tillie Salinger; Franke, Ferris Hartman; Prince Orlofsky, Emma Vorce; Alfred, Arthur Messmer; Dr. Falke, George Olmi; Blind, Ed. M. Knight; Adele, Gracie Plaisted; Ida, Grace Vernon; Olga, Irene Mull; Frosch, Fred Urban.

On Monday, October 17th, "The Mascot" will be revived. The annual benefit of the treasurer, Joseph Holz, takes place during the following week.

When "The Taming of the Shrew" was played by the Daly Company in Philadelphia, a few nights ago, John Drew's rôle was played by George Clarke. Petruccio is Drew's favorite character in the Daly repertoire, and those who have seen him tame the winsome shrew will scarcely believe the Philadelphia papers when they say "Mr. Clarke is far more thorough as a reader, and far more able to convey his interpretation than was Mr. Drew."

Before leaving San Francisco, Mr. T. Henry French, manager of the Lillian Russell Company, heard the music and libretto of the new opera, "His Majesty," by Mr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Peter Robertson, and expressed a desire to produce it in New York next season. If satisfactory arrangements be made, it is probable that De Wolf Hopper will be given the title rôle. The opera will be produced here in February, 1893, for the benefit of some charitable institution.

The German Press Club of California recently decided to give an entertainment at the Baldwin Theatre on Thursday afternoon, October 27th. A number of leading artists have already signified their desire to participate in the performance, among them the Duff Opera Company, the Alexander Salvini Company, the Margaret Mather Company, and the German Theatre Company. The proceeds are to be devoted to the sick benefit fund of the club, which is a branch of the National Association of German-American Journalists and Authors.

In the closing of the Alcazar, the *Call* and *Bulletin* have scored one knock-down in their fight with the theatres. The Alcazar succumbs because it has not the money or the backbone to stay open, but not

another one of the theatres in town is more than making expenses at present, if they are doing that much. Interest in politics is a factor in their unpopularity, poor shows is another; but this is not a lively political campaign, and yet no previous campaign has caused the theatres to close. A large proportion of the withdrawal of patronage from the theatres must be ascribed to the disappearance of the theatrical announcements from the *Call* and *Bulletin*. Papers have been boycotted by the theatres time and again, in New York and London, and invariably the theatres have had to capitulate. The lack of the few paltry dollars the advertisement gives the paper is scarcely appreciable, while the disappearance of the announcements from the paper hurts the theatre to the extent of a great many dollars. Many people see only one paper, and, if they do not see mention of the theatres in that paper, they forget that there are such places; they do not go to the theatres, and the theatres lose many times the price of the advertisement. It may be that the *Call* and *Bulletin* have not pursued a very dignified course in the present instance; but the closing of the Alcazar conclusively shows that the theatres can not get along without the papers.

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#### MARITANA!

Monday, October 10th,  
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The Channing Auxiliary announces Eight Lectures on the

#### Poetry of the Old Testament

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Terms for the Course.....\$2.50  
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**First Unitarian Church, Oakland, Friday Evening, October 14th.** Admission, 50 cents.

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Stamp in the Space to the Right for all those you wish to Vote for. His Name will be Printed on the Ballot.

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### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

#### A Summer Girl.

She is as fair as heaven is,  
But cold as polar ice;  
She makes a splendid summer girl,  
But in winter she's not nice.  
—*New York Herald*.

#### The Milwaukee Girl.

She's the dearest and sweetest girl  
That ever mortal saw,  
But she will persist in the practice  
Of calling her father "Paw."  
—*New York Herald*.

#### Autumn.

When the leaves begin to turn,  
In the grate a fire we burn,  
When the robins homeward fly,  
Then the price of coal gets high,  
When the summer roses fade,  
All our hotel bills are paid,  
And an I. O. U. we pen  
Till the birdlets nest again.  
—*New York Herald*.

#### When they Meet upon the Level.

Said the sparrow to the reed-bird:  
"Of fowls you're talked of most,  
But at least we meet as equals  
When we appear on toast."  
—*Washington Star*.

#### A Costly Kiss.

I came—I saw—I pressed her hand—  
I begged her for a kiss.  
She blushed—looked down. I stole the prize—  
It was a dream of bliss.  
I've awakened from my dream since then;  
That kiss has cost me dear.  
I'm paying alimony now  
For it twelve times a year.  
—*Providence Journal*.

#### In a Plight.

She seemed to be in such distress,  
I asked if I might lend her  
My help. She blushed and muttered, "Yes,  
If you've a spare suspender."  
—*Philadelphia Record*.

#### Ta-Ra-Ra.

The harp that once through Ta-Ra-Ra Boom-  
De-Ay's balls  
The soul of music shed,  
Must soon hang silent on the walls  
Or we will all be dead.—*Puck*.

#### An Inexorable Exception.

The heart, relenting, still is prone to smother  
The angry feelings which arise 'twixt men;  
But when balloonists fall out with each other,  
They seldom speak again.—*Puck*.

#### A Farmer.

I want to be a farmer and with the farmers stand,  
A corn-crib in the foreground, a thrasher nigh at hand;  
And then till next November so glorious and so bright,  
We'll chew the healthful ozone and win in glorious fight.  
—*Minneapolis Journal*.

#### The Decorative Mania.

On the wall hangs a dipper with ribbons all over,  
A coal-hod begarlanded stands on the floor,  
A crazy old tea-pot with gilt on the cover,  
And wreaths of gay clothes-pins are over the door.  
Some household utensil of Mildred's adorning,  
Bedecked and bespangled, is found every niche in,  
But the hand-painted wash-board is missing this morning,  
For mamma is using it out in the kitchen.  
—*Chicago Tribune*.

#### DCLXXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday,

October 9, 1892.  
Vermicelli Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Crabs à la Crêole.  
Breaded Veal Cutlet. Mashed Potatoes.  
String Beans. Cauliflower au Gratin.  
Fillet of Beef, with Mushrooms.  
French Artichokes.  
Cocoanut Ice-Cream. Fancy Cakes.  
Fruits.

COCOANUT ICE-CREAM—Allow one grated cocoanut to two quarts of cream sweetened with three-quarters of a pound of sugar, add the milk of the cocoanut. When the cream is partially frozen, add the cocoanut with the beaten whites of two eggs.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

Mr. Gould's fancy for floriculture is well known, and the collection of rare plants and shrubbery at Lindhurst, his country home on the Hudson, is said to be the finest in the world owned by any private citizen. It is surpassed, indeed, by but few of the public gardens of Europe, which it rivals in extent and variety. The palms alone are valued at two hundred thousand dollars, and in the orchid conservatory are ten thousand plants. Mr. Gould is said to be preparing to expend one hundred thousand dollars more in additions to his greenhouses. The care and direction of this vast floral estate devolve on a chief gardener, who is paid a bank president's salary for his services, but the millionaire himself has long been an interested student of botany, of which he now has an extensive knowledge.

Competitive literary or musical composition undertaken to secure a prize is not always work of the best order, though it will be remembered that "Cavalleria Rusticana" was the result of such a competition to secure a reward offered by a Milan publisher. This publisher—Sonzogno—has again had a number of composers compete for a prize, and of the sixteen operas submitted the judges have selected two, which are to be given stage representation before the prize is awarded. The operas chosen are "Festa a Mariana," by Coronaro, of Vicenza, and "Don Pacz," by Boezi, of Rome.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Perdita*—"Did you kiss him?" *Penelope* (ambiguously)—"Not much."—*Life*.

*She*—"I suppose you would have been happier if you had not married me?" *He*—"Yes, darling, but I wouldn't have known it."—*Life*.

*Mr. Morrison Essex*—"That new girl gone, too?" *Mrs. Essex*—"Yes." *Mr. Essex*—"What time did she go?" *Mrs. Essex*—"I don't know—she took my watch with her."—*Puck*.

*Mr. Fussy*—"My dear, I can't see why you are always holding up your skirt with one hand." *Mrs. Fussy* (sweetly)—"Because I have no trouser-pocket to stuff my hand into."—*Puck*.

Perhaps at this blessed moment Mr. Cleveland is taking his pen in hand to let some Democrat at Moosehead Lake know that he is well, hoping that this will find him the same.—*Chicago Mail*.

*Mrs. Hashcroft*—"You must regret losing Mr. Gildersleeve. You had him so many years." *Mrs. Small*—"Yes, indeed. He was the only boarder I had who really liked stewed prunes."—*Puck*.

"Been South, I understand?" "Yes; I was down there nearly all summer." "Great country. Very hospitable people." "Yes, indeed. Butter flows like water there in the summer."—*Puck*.

"Pop," said the professional humorist's little son, "what regiment did the minute men of Lexington belong to?" "To the Sixty-Second, of course. Ask me something easy, my boy."—*New York Sun*.

*Mr. Jimson*—"What? Is Bilson going to get married? He told me positively he would never marry again." *Mrs. Jimson* (calmly)—"I presume you asked him on the way to the funeral."—*New York Weekly*.

*Miss Ethel Makeup*—"You are complimentary to our sex, captain; but, after all, we women can do a lot with our faces." *Captain Cautique*—"Ya—as—by Jove—triumph quite over nature—ah—quite!" —*Pick-Me-Up*.

*Ethel*—"I heard last night that George was head over heels in love with me." *Mrs. Knox*—"You can't believe all you hear." *Ethel*—"No; but I shouldn't wonder if there was something in it." *Mrs. Knox*—"Who told you?" *Ethel*—"He did."—*Truth*.

*Mother* (sitting down just as the train starts)—"Oh, would you mind changing seats with me, sir? My baby wants to look out of the window." *Mr. Haven Hartford* (with sarcastic politeness)—"With pleasure, madam. I have been saving this seat for him for half an hour."—*Life*.

### ART NOTES.

Amadée Joullin has completed a new painting, a scene in Chinatown, which he will send to the Columbian Exposition. It shows the veranda entrance to a Chinese joss-house, with a view of the city, flooded with sunshine, in the distance. A Chinese mandarin, in a robe of black and violet silk, is standing in front of a large brazen urn offering a burning punk to the gods. The smoke from the punks curls upward in fantastic wreaths to the gayly colored lanterns overhead. In the middle background a young Chinese girl stands, looking intently at the potted dwarf plants near the urn. At the rear is a view of the altar-room, rich with tinsel and the brightest of coloring. It is a very large canvas, and is framed in brown wood, upon which the name of the joss-house is carved in golden letters. Mr. Joullin has also completed his cartoon of the Bohemian Club's midsummer jinks. It is a very accurate and pleasing reproduction of the weird scene in the forest of redwoods, with the immense statue of Buddha as the central figure.

Mr. Jules Pages and Mr. Oscar Deakin left for Paris last Monday. They will remain away about a year studying art.

When the public schools opened at Homestead a few days ago, the Misses Mary and Annie Bailey, daughters of one of the strikers who resumed his work in the mills without the permission of the union, were escorted to the school, where they are employed as teachers, by three deputy-sheriffs, who remained on guard until they were satisfied that it was safe to leave. As they approached the school-house several women, wives of the strikers, had assembled, and greeted them with jeers. Most of the pupils were in their places, although there were several absentees, due to the bitter feeling against the father of the teachers. The older boys were threatened with arrest if they made any disturbances.

#### Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

### REGULAR

# REPUBLICAN

## Municipal Ticket.

Mayor.....WENDELL EASTON  
Auditor.....T. J. L. SMILEY  
Sheriff.....WILLIAM J. BLATTNER  
Tax-Collector.....THOMAS O'BRIEN  
Treasurer.....J. H. WIDBER  
Recorder.....E. B. READ  
County Clerk.....GEORGE W. LEE  
District Attorney.....WILLIAM S. BARNES  
City and County Attorney.....MEYER JACOBS  
Coroner.....DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD  
Public Administrator.....WALTER B. BLAIR  
Surveyor.....CHARLES S. TILTON  
Superintendent of Streets.....CHARLES GREENE  
Superior Judge (long term).....CHARLES W. SLACK  
Superior Judge (long term).....JAMES M. TROUTT  
Superior Judge (long term).....GEORGE H. BAHRS  
Superior Judge (long term).....JOHN LORD LOVE  
Superior Judge (for unexpired term ending January, 1895).....WILLIAM G. BRITTAN  
Police Judge (long term).....H. L. JOACHIMSEN  
Police Judge (long term).....W. A. S. NICHOLSON  
Police Judge (long term).....JAMES A. CAMPBELL  
Police Judge (for unexpired term ending January, 1893).....JAMES A. CAMPBELL  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....FRANK GRAY  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....JOHN P. GOUGH  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....JOHN F. MULLEN  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....ARTHUR M. WILLETTS  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....J. E. BARRY  
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893).....J. E. BARRY  
Supervisor First Ward (unexpired term).....EDWARD HOLLAND  
Supervisor First Ward.....EDWARD HOLLAND  
Supervisor Second Ward (unexpired term).....DR. R. C. MEYERS  
Supervisor Second Ward.....DR. R. C. MEYERS  
Supervisor Third Ward.....CARLOS G. YOUNG  
Supervisor Fourth Ward.....HENRY A. STEFFENS  
Supervisor Fifth Ward.....H. R. ROBBINS  
Supervisor Sixth Ward.....W. E. LANE  
Supervisor Seventh Ward.....VICTOR D. DUBOSE  
Supervisor Eighth Ward.....P. J. COFFEE  
Supervisor Ninth Ward.....ALBERT HEYER  
Supervisor Tenth Ward.....HENRY P. SONNTAG  
Supervisor Eleventh Ward.....THOMAS J. PARSONS  
Supervisor Twelfth Ward.....AUGUST HELBLING  
School Director.....A. F. JOHNS  
School Director.....DR. C. W. DECKER  
School Director.....GEORGE W. PENNINGTON  
School Director.....JAMES A. PARKER  
School Director.....LUKE BATTLES  
School Director.....J. H. CULVER  
School Director.....J. J. DUNN  
School Director.....PAUL BARBERI  
School Director.....WILLIAM H. EASTLAND  
School Director.....C. O. SWANBERG  
School Director.....HARVEY L. SANBORN  
School Director.....Z. T. WHITTEN  
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893).....A. F. JOHNS

## LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

#### FOR STATE SENATORS.

17th District.....JAMES CRAVEN  
19th District.....JOSEPH WINDROW  
21st District.....L. H. VAN SCHAIK  
23d District.....CHARLES H. FANCHER  
25th District.....JOHN F. MARTIN

#### FOR ASSEMBLYMEN.

28th District.....PETER JOSEPH KELLY  
29th District.....CHARLES E. COREY  
30th District.....JAMES J. FALLON  
31st District.....THOMAS F. GRAHAM  
32d District.....JOHN A. HOEY  
33d District.....FREDERICK WOODS  
34th District.....J. F. MCQUAID  
35th District.....JOHN S. ROBINSON  
36th District.....ALBERT B. MAHONEY  
37th District.....JOHN F. O'BRIEN  
38th District.....GEORGE S. MATHEWS  
39th District.....JULIUS KAHN  
40th District.....LOUIS A. PHILLIPS  
41st District.....HENRY C. DIBBLE  
42d District.....GRANT ISRAEL  
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44th District.....JAMES MCGOWEN  
45th District.....JOHN HAYES



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The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, It is Practical, Simple, Durable.

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## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital ..... \$3,000,000 00  
Surplus ..... 1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits ..... 3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD ..... President  
THOMAS BROWN ..... Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR. .... Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON ..... 2d Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Fremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; India, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## WELLS FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

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Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

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(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

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Receives deposits; deals in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital ..... \$1,000,000  
Assets ..... 2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders ..... 1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.

CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

## London Assurance Company

Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

## Northern Assurance Company

Of London. Established 1836.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAPEL AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities, 28½-inch Duck, from 7 ounces to 15 ounces, inclusive.

## MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

BAKED FISH  
AND BEANS  
UNEQUALLED.



CAKES, PIES  
AND COOKIES  
UNSURPASSED

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Our Home-Made Bread

Is now in the houses of thousands of families, who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheaper.

TRY IT!

Wedding Parties Supplied with all the Delicacies.

We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.

Main Office 409 Hayes St., San Francisco.  
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Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.



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OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.

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The Leading

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# KNABE PIANOS

It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.



## KIMBALL'S FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.  
16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

# THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
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The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
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The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

# PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

— FOR —

WALL PAPER,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
and CORNICE POLES

— GO TO —

G. W. CLARK & CO.  
653 and 655 Market Street.

A gentleman who has been running a five-line advertisement with good results, told me that he recently tried reducing the space to three lines and increasing the number of papers. The result was a disappointment to him, for the total business from the increased number of publications was far below what he had previously received from the fewer papers in which the five lines appeared. Publications which had given fine returns to the larger advertisement were almost unheard from after the smaller advertisement appeared. The gentleman in question is now convinced that advertisements may be made too small, and also that fair-sized announcements give a much better return for the amount of money expended. Hereafter he will at least double his original space instead of reducing it.—*Horace Dunbars.*

A plan of advertising should be carried out as if it were a military campaign. A general, sending ammunition or forces to different parts of the country, does so without feeling—by cold calculation of the necessities or advantages of each case. The past of advertising has been marked by too much personal preference and friendly feeling. It has long been held, even by the most expert men in the soliciting line, that the greater portion of the advertising patronage was given out, as kissing is, by favor. Some of the best business in the country has been secured through mere personal preference, and is blindly left, as the funds of some banks are, in the hands of an incompetent board of directors, who do not realize the leaks, or, indeed, know how to locate them.—*Artemus Ward.*

## ASK FOR

The Select White Wines from the California Sauterne District.

# CHATEAU BELLEVUE

Cream of Sauterne ..... Case 12 quart bottles, \$7.50  
Grand vin Sauterne ..... 5.00  
Hock ..... 0.00  
Riesling ..... 4.50  
Sillery Rose, "Champagne Grapes" ..... 5.00

They will be found at the leading restaurants in the city.

Ask for Chateau Bellevue Clarets

1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 vintages.

CABERNET, BURGUNDY,

ROUSSILLON, ZINFANDEL

PRICES ACCORDING TO QUALITY AND VINTAGE

Orders large or small, directed to the winery, will be carefully attended to, and delivered at residence in San Francisco and Oakland.

A. DUVALL, Livermore, Cal.

GERMEA  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO, SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 16.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 17, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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## A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

It is fair to presume that in reply to M. M. Estee's forcible presentation of the cause of protection, Stephen M. White, probably one of the ablest exponents of Democratic doctrine in California, made the best showing that could be made in behalf of free trade. Assuming this to be true, let us point

out some of the fallacies and sophistries which permeated Mr. White's reply.

In the first place, Mr. White established his claim to be considered a genuine Democrat by refusing to meet the issue squarely. He said that the Democratic platform denounces Republican protection as a fraud, but does not denounce protection as a mere incident to a tariff for revenue, and in support of this fence-straddling proposition, he went back to Cleveland's message of 1887, in which, as is universally conceded, after having advocated free trade, Cleveland became alarmed at his own boldness and tried to hedge by the use of some qualified expressions, which did not deceive anybody. How could Mr. White reconcile his assertions regarding incidental protection with the second clause of the Democratic tariff plank, which reads: "We declare it to be a fundamental principle of the Democratic party that the Federal Government has no constitutional power to enforce and collect tariff duties, except for the purposes of revenue only." This was inserted at the instance of Henry Watterson, as everybody knows, to get rid of a plank which did seem to favor incidental protection, and now it is preposterous for Mr. White to say that the Chicago convention favored tariff for revenue with incidental protection. The word "only" has a well-defined meaning, as Mr. White well knew.

Mr. White then declared that the real issue was whether the people were in favor of building up private industry by the imposition of duties sufficiently large to prevent foreign competition, irrespective of treasury necessities, or whether they were in favor of such duties as would prove adequate for the support of the government economically administered. This is not the issue at all. The issue is whether import duties shall be put on foreign products which compete with home products, or on those which do not. The Republican party declares that the alien producer shall pay a tax on his product as a condition of competing with the domestic product in the home market; the free-trader says that revenue is not only the first, but the only condition of tariff duties, and that the American producer must scramble for himself in the home market, exposed to competition from alien, non-tax-paying products, made by cheap labor, and enriching only the foreign producer. The Republican party does not believe in taxation for taxation's sake, as was evidenced by the removal of the duties on sugar, effected by the McKinley Bill.

When Mr. White got to the subject of oranges and raisins, he recognized the fact that he was treading on delicate ground, his speech being delivered in Los Angeles; so he made a half-face and declared that oranges and raisins were articles of luxury, and therefore might have any rate of import duty imposed on them which Congress should think proper. The hole was a very small one to crawl through. It is true that when politico-economical terminology was devised in Great Britain, oranges and raisins, like sugar and butter, and tea and coffee, were classed as luxuries, the reason being that the English economists could not conceive of wage-workers, at English rates of wages, ever being able to use such things as articles of food; but in this country, where the workman gets good wages and lives well and comfortably, we do not class them as luxuries. Mr. White's argument on this score is calculated for the meridian of Greenwich, not Washington.

We must confess surprise at finding Mr. White resorting to an argument which was completely refuted in the campaign of 1888. He says that, comparing the output of American laborers with that of foreign laborers, wages, while apparently greater here, are in many cases less. This was looked into by Edward Atkinson, the statistician and student of labor questions, and he negated the assertion very decidedly. He said, in the May Forum:

"General wages were higher in 1890 than they were in 1880 by from ten to forty per cent., according to the grade of the workman. . . . There has been during the twenty-seven years since 1865, subject to temporary variations and fluctuations, a steady advance in the rates of wages, a steady reduction in the cost of labor per unit of product, and a corresponding reduction in the price of goods of almost every kind to the consumer. There has never been a period in the history of this or

any other country when the general rate of wages was as high as it is now, or the prices of goods relatively to the wages as low as they are to-day, nor a period when the workman, in the strict sense of the word, has so fully secured to his own use and enjoyment such a steadily and progressively increasing proportion of a constantly increasing product."

Before Mr. White attempted to make use of the outworn and illogical labor-cost argument, he should have been sure of his evidence. Had he examined the subject with care, he would have found that his argument has been answered and disproved a hundred times.

In concluding his speech, Mr. White sought, after the manner of the Democratic orator, to charge the Homestead strikes to protection, and here, again, he presumed on the ignorance of his audience. Colonel Oates, of Alabama, whose Democracy is more Bourbon than that of Mr. White, upset that idea when he was made chairman of a special committee of investigation. It is true that without protection there would have been no strike at Homestead, but that is because without protection there would have been no Homestead to give employment to some three thousand eight hundred wage-workers.

A careful reading of the two speeches will convince any candid reader that Mr. White did not reply to the arguments made by Mr. Estee in behalf of protection. Mr. Estee stated facts. Mr. White placed his reliance largely on theories. Mr. Estee told what protection has done. Mr. White told what he thought free trade would do.

There appears to be a fierce controversy at Berkeley on the subject of mortar-boards. The alumni and the co-eds are convulsed over the question whether students should wear their ordinary clothing when they attend the classes at the university, or whether they should wear the gowns and flat-topped hats of English students. The issue is an offshoot from Yale, where, a year ago, the students decided that their minds would be more alert if their bodies were covered with a garment which is like a domino, and their beads surmounted with the flat bod which plasterers use.

Despite Yale's example, it is well that the students of the University of California should consider the philosophy of the students' gown and cap. When that costume was adopted, the several classes into which society was divided were distinguished from each other by their apparel. Soldiers wore uniforms; the clergy wore clerical robes; doctors appeared in long black skirts; the magistracy wore red gowns; municipal officers wore fur collars; and, to comply with the prevailing custom, students and teachers at the universities wore gowns and flat-topped hats, in order that they should be distinguished from the other leading classes and from the rabble. The practice was approved by the authorities, because it enabled the watch to pick out students in brawls. It still lingers in England as a venerable relic of respectable antiquity; and, in Germany, students are required to wear caps of a particular shape, and varying in color, to show what part of the empire they come from, and to enable the Dogberries to spot them when they commit breaches of the peace.

The alumni of Berkeley will perceive that these various reasons for fancy costume fail to apply in this country and at this time. Lawyers, doctors, city mayors, magistrates, and even soldiers, when not on duty, wear ordinary clothes, which they share with the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker. Why should college students be the only class to adhere to distinctions of costume? Students seldom come into collision with the police; they do not need to carry a badge to betray their calling. The only excuse for a revival of the mortar-board is the opportunity it affords for eccentric display. But, so far as the co-eds are concerned, that advantage might, perhaps, be found to come high. It is doubtful how the San Francisco hoodlum might treat a bevy of pretty girls parading the streets in costumes rarely seen, except at fancy balls. He might guy them.

Costume is growing obsolete everywhere. Kings go about the streets in the dress of shopkeepers. The Mikado of Japan, in a suit of clothes made in Paris, receives his cabinet ministers, who are all dressed in London coats and trousers.



On the Mosquito Coast, the sovereign is still understood to receive visitors in the simple attire of a swallow tail and a stand-up collar, but the Queen of the Sandwich Islands has her gowns made by Worth, and very well they fit, indeed. The general of the army of the United States walks down to his office every morning in a rusty suit of pepper and salt, with a cotton umbrella. The sole surviving devotees of ancient costume are the Episcopal and Roman Catholic Churches, and the Supreme Court of the United States.

It is an article of faith in those venerable churches that the services of religion require splendor and become more impressive when they are celebrated by functionaries in gorgeous array, and that is a matter of religious doctrine on which a layman may not entertain opinions. If a few ribbons and tassels can smooth the path of a sinner to heaven, let us have cartloads of them. As to the Supreme Court of the United States, it was felt from the first that it should be surrounded by the paraphernalia of majesty, so as to impress the beholder with awe, and to mark the distinction between it and State courts. If the first justices had dared, they would have had a trumpeter precede them into court, blowing a trumpet sonorously.

The fashion of college students wearing caps and gowns was transplanted to this country, as we have said, by Yale. Last summer, on Baccalaureate Sunday, the students wore their nice new caps and gowns through New Haven's streets, and very droll they looked indeed. In England, the custom is well enough, because it has always existed there. But here it is only another instance of that insufferable anglomania which has pervaded the Atlantic Coast. Yale University is old enough to have her own customs, and to adhere to them. This new fashion does her no credit.

The riotous workmen at the Homestead works, in Pennsylvania, now find themselves confronted by a danger of which it is safe to presume they had no knowledge—that of being indicted, tried, convicted, and punished for treason to the commonwealth. Chief-Justice Paxson, of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, sitting as a judge in the Court of Oyer and Terminer, has charged a grand jury to make inquiry into the whole matter of the Homestead troubles, and to find indictments against all those who had been guilty of treason. The jury has found true bills.

In defining treason to the grand jury, the chief-justice gave a detailed account of the causes leading up to the riots, of the defiance of the authority of the sheriff, of the arrival of the Pinkertons, the riot which followed, and the mobilization of the State troops, adding:

"We can have some sympathy with a mob driven to desperation by hunger, as in the days of the French Revolution; but we can have none for men, receiving exceptionally high wages, in resisting the law and resorting to violence and bloodshed in the assertion of imaginary rights, and entailing such a vast expense on the tax-payers of the commonwealth. It was not a cry for bread to feed their famishing lips, resulting in a sudden outrage with good provocation—it was a deliberate attempt, by men without authority, to control others in the enjoyment of their rights."

When we contrast this judicial language with the intemperate harangues of Democratic demagogues seeking to make political capital out of riot and murder, we can comprehend the respect and reverence which the American people as a whole pay to law and to those whose duty it is to administer it.

Continuing, the chief-justice pointed out that if we were to concede the doctrine that the employee may dictate to his employer the terms of his employment, and, upon the refusal of the latter to accede to them, to take possession of his property and drive others away who were willing to work, we should have anarchy. No business could be conducted upon such a basis; that doctrine, when once countenanced, would be extended to every industry.

This is very unlike the sophistry which Palmer, of Illinois, sought to force upon the Senate of the United States, when he insisted that the employee had a vested right not only to work as long as he pleased at a rate of wages to be fixed by himself, but that he had some sort of an equitable interest in the property of his employer; a sort of limited partnership, in which he was to share in the profits while the employer was to stand all the losses.

It is quite time that there should be something like this charge of Chief-Justice Paxson's to clear up the atmosphere. The rights of property were becoming very uncertain, or at least questionable, and it has needed some strong, vigorous, able man, speaking with authority, to bring people, especially workmen, back to their senses. If Hugh O'Donnell, Burgess McLuckie, and a few others are sent to prison for a term of years, we think the remedy will be complete.

The highest judicial officer in Pennsylvania tells the striking workmen who resist the law and slay watchmen that it is "treason and murder." These are ugly words. "Treason and murder." Let the trades-unions study them well.

The German Catholics of America had a real good time at their recent national congress in Newark, N. J. The people

of the United States are pretty well agreed that Germans are desirable immigrants. They are an intelligent, industrious race, home-builders, thrifty, clean-living, and patriotic as citizens of the republic—if they happen to be Protestants or Free-Thinkers. But the speeches delivered at that congress and applauded there furnish sufficient evidence that Catholicism unfits a German for American citizenship. Even when the faith is not earnestly but only formally held, it induces a habit of mind and implies associations which are inimical to that individual intellectual ownership befitting a free man. Of course the congress was in favor of Cahenslyism. Indeed, the convention was called chiefly in the interest of that scheme for portioning out the immigrants from Europe among priests of their own nationality, and antagonizing in every way their acquirement of the English language and absorption into the mass of the population—a scheme advocated not only for religious reasons, but on the distinct secular ground that it will enable the governments of Europe to retain their power over the millions of their subjects who have emigrated to the United States. For protesting in our national Congress against this religious-political conspiracy, Senator Davis, of Indiana—now a candidate for reelection—is being fought by Roman Catholic influence in his State.

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, was a sympathetic attendant on the Newark gathering. Corrigan was born in Brooklyn less than fifty years ago, but he was educated in the fifteenth century—that is, he went to Rome as a youth and got his training for the priesthood there. He has no sympathy whatever with such progressive and (considering their faith) liberal prelates as Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland. He is an ultramontane of the strictest sort, and as heaven, for its own mysterious purposes, gave him a head not much larger than, and about equal in elasticity to, a coconut, he rejoices at every opportunity to proclaim his devout mediævalism. He made a speech at the Catholic congress, in the course of which he protested against the entirely just charge that Cahenslyites are not Americans. "Can we not," he asked, "be excused for not trumpeting the fact that we are American citizens? Do men go about proclaiming that they are of legitimate birth?" This is very fine and also very familiar. But how comes it that Roman Catholics constantly find their Americanism called in question? The answer is given by other speeches made at that same congress and by the resolutions which it adopted. It is to be remembered that both the speeches and resolutions were subjected to the most careful (and, we presume, prayerful) consideration and revision before delivery. Mgr. Schroeder, a professor in the Roman Catholic University of Washington, for example, freed himself of an address, in which he said:

"At the head of our demands there is, and there always will be, this: Restoration of the temporal power of the Pope. . . . The robbery of the Pope was a robbery of God. It was a horrible sacrilege. Shame on those Catholic journals which keep silence on a subject like this! Shame on those Catholics who would turn the Catholic press into a dead factor by dodging the main issue of these times! There is a sickly sentimental nationalism abroad in this country; but we are not afraid of it, whether it appear in the shape of an Italian Irredentist, or in the shape of a Chauvinist on the banks of the Seine, or in the shape of the 'patented, only genuine American.' There is no compromise with liberalism on the question of the restoration of the temporal power."

When the tumultuous applause had died down, Mgr. Schroeder shouted that "the Catholic world still recognizes the Pope as a temporal prince." He closed with a burst of candor and Roman Catholic loyalty which the reader is at liberty to square with Corrigan's protestations of the Americanism of American Catholics, if he can. "I propose," cried Mgr. Schroeder, of the Roman Catholic University of Washington, the chief educational institution of the church in this country—"I propose," he cried, "three cheers for our Holy Father, Pope, and King!" And the audience of Catholic American citizens went wild and cheered themselves hoarse.

The Rev. Father H. Meissner, of Peru, Indiana, had "patriotism" for his theme, and was good enough to say that English, the language of this republic, was "best adapted for cursing." The formal resolutions of the congress reproached the public schools. "These schools without religion," they averred, "are abominable in their very nature." Then followed this, with reference to the efforts of Archbishop Ireland and his liberal allies:

"We denounce all efforts at coquetting with the State schools as dangerous and inopportune, in view of the undoubtedly materialistic tendency of such State schools. We regret that such efforts have been made by Catholic prelates. We heartily commend and uphold the outspoken declarations of most Catholic bishops against the attempts to interfere with our parochial schools. Especially do we commend the recent action of the bishops of Illinois in protesting against such attempts."

The Rev. Father Heinen made a speech on the school question, in which he reinforced the resolutions. "The church alone," he declared, "is the proper institution to take charge of the education of children, nor is the right and province of the church in this respect limited only to re-

ligious instruction. A religious test must be applied to secular education, which is worse than worthless if it is not inspired by religion. I claim, therefore," he added, "that there is only one school worthy of the name, and that is the parochial school." This reverend father in God not only condemned the public schools, but expressed his own and the congress's sterling Americanism by grieving over the severance of the tie between government and the church:

"It is said that when emigration will have ceased, our posterity will and must be American, and will and must speak nothing but the English tongue. But let us ask why? Once the State freely acknowledged all the rights of the church. But here, in America, such a happy state of affairs is out of the question, because here church and state are separated."

The privilege of sending children to any sort of school selected by parents did not satisfy Father Heinen. "It is tyranny of the most oppressive character," he said, "to compel the parents to pay for schools to which they can not send their children."

And so it went. Through all the speeches ran the same threat of hostility to the language, the institutions, the tendencies of the republic—echoes in sentiment of the frank acknowledgment by Mgr. Schroeder of the Pope of Rome, not merely as a spiritual potentate of infallible authority, but as an earthly monarch, obedience to whom is the highest and holiest of human duties. How is it possible for men whose minds are so molded, who from their infancy are taught to regard an Italian priest and prince as God's representative here below, to feel that their first allegiance as citizens, and possible soldiers, is due to the United States of America? To such men the Pope is of necessity placed on a height immeasurably superior to President, Queen, or Kaiser, and loyalty to His Holiness a profounder obligation than nationality can impose. Many changes are needed in our naturalization laws, but none more so than one requiring every Roman Catholic candidate, no matter from what land he may come, to forswear political allegiance to the Pope of Rome. To the people of his church he is the greatest of all monarchs. How furiously the Roman Catholics of the United States would fight such an amendment, if proposed, can be imagined. From Corrigan down, every child of the church would rally against this wholly reasonable test of the Americanism of Roman Catholics.

Dr. August Seibert, who was sent to Hamburg and Berlin, in the latter part of August, by the health board of New York to observe and report on methods of quarantine against cholera, has returned, and has made the most sensible and reasonable observations about the pestilence that have come under our notice. He says that the only way to protect the United States absolutely against cholera is to stop all immigration from infected countries until at least six months has elapsed without a case appearing in them. No exact statistics have been collected, he says, to show the life of the comma bacillus and its cultures; but there are cases known where the germs have lived in a dirty carpet, or in heavy clothing, for more than six months.

During his stay abroad, Dr. Seibert had a number of interviews with Professor Koch, and, on one of these occasions, the great bacteriologist said to him: "New York has many things in its favor toward keeping cholera out, but, remember, let only one cholera patient become ill near the Croton water-shed, or let one infected garment be washed therein, and no earthly power could save you from the plague."

With such a catastrophe staring us in the face—for an epidemic of cholera in New York next spring or summer would mean the spread of the pestilence all over the United States—it is clearly and unmistakably the duty of Congress to prohibit all immigration from the infected countries for six months at the very least, and, better still, for a year. We certainly do not need the dirty, filthy, ill-smelling, disease-disseminating paupers who have been crowding over here by the hundreds of thousands for the past ten years, and it is barely possible that the danger of an epidemic of cholera may stiffen up the backs of some of the philanthropic freaks who have preached the "asylum-of-the-oppressed" theory, and make them advocate America for Americans for at least a year to come.

We fear it will be vain to expect the House of Representatives to take any such action at its next session, even though the Presidential election will be over. The Democratic politician sees in every greasy, poverty-stricken immigrant who lands on our shores a potential Democratic voter, and the more ignorant he is the easier he is to be led or driven, as occasion may demand. At the same time, if the sentiment of the people of the United States is pronounced overwhelmingly in favor of the suspension of immigration, it may be strong enough to stir even the Democratic House out of its political greediness and selfishness, and make it take some action. The alien vote is very desirable from the Democratic standpoint, but if it has to be taken with the accompaniment of an epidemic of Asiatic cholera, it may be that



the dose will be too nauseous even for the not-over-squeamish stomach of that party.

Before the Civil War there were in New York three hundred and forty-six State banks of issue, with notes or bills in general circulation as currency. These bills were not at par beyond the locality of the bank, and not even in each community, except in daily trade. They were neither legal tender nor good for their face in important transactions—in the payment of notes of hand, in payment for real estate, or in discharge of mortgages, or in large financial and commercial dealings. The discount upon them increased as the holder traveled to distant localities. A bank-note detector was indispensable, in receiving the bills, to ascertain the rate of discount, the solvency of the bank, or whether the bill was a counterfeit. The bank-bill issued in Buffalo, and par there, was subject to a discount of one or two per cent. at Albany, and still heavier discount in New York. Employers in New York city were accustomed to exchange bills of the gilt-edge Chemical Bank for the bills of banks current at small discount—from one to two per cent.—with which to pay their employees the weekly wages, and the wage-earners, in turn, sold them to brokers at the discount price, or paid them to grocers, and butchers, and bakers for their weekly bills of trade—the employers profiting the sum of discount thereby. But landlords refused the discount bank-bills for rents—they required par bank-notes, and the tenants bore the consequent loss. Of the three hundred and forty-six State banks, one hundred and eighty-nine were insolvent and their bills of issue worthless. Ohio presented a similar condition. The State Bank of Ohio had forty branch banks throughout the State, and the bills of every one of them were at discount—some more, some less; but not any at par. There were in the State, besides, twenty-nine free banks—generally free to rob the public; upwards of sixty State banks either intrinsically insolvent or utterly worthless, many of them actually worthless. Counterfeit bills were dangerously prevalent, raised bills were frequent, and thousands of victims could do no more than bewail their carelessness and loss, for recourse was quite impossible. A citizen departed from his home in the morning, with his supply of bank-bills in his wallet for a fortnight's absence, and the next day's issue of his town daily newspaper brought to him the depressing item of local news that the State bank, the bills of which constituted the contents of his wallet, had failed and closed its doors forever. Its bills were thenceforth worthless. He was left penniless on his journey. The sudden collapse of the bank had for the time beggared him. He had no recourse. It is this sort of banks the Democrats would rehabilitate and reestablish throughout the land, to displace the national banks. Their platform resolution to repeal the tax upon the State banks is susceptible of no other intelligent construction. Elect the Democratic national candidates, restore the State banks, and there will be little occasion for train-robbers to hold up express-messengers or passengers, or for bank-robbers from the outside. Jesse James could have gone into the State-bank industry in Missouri and lived a millionaire by the legitimized mode of securing "plunder." The Daltons should have awaited the result of the election. If Cleveland is elected, Messrs. Evans & Sontag will simply come in from the tall timber, get pardoned, and open a bank.

The *Argonaut* lays before its readers this week its complete municipal ticket. It has been selected with great care, and is about equally divided between the Republican, the Non-Partisan, and the Democratic tickets. Other things being equal, we have given the preference to the Republican nominees. As between Easton and Ellert, the strongest personal and political influence has been brought to bear upon us to place the Non-Partisan nominee at the head of our ticket. It is our opinion, however, that this is a bad time to split in twain the Republican vote for mayor, hence we run the regular Republican nominee, Wendell Easton. It is our belief that the fight is between Easton and O'Donnell, and that votes for Ellert will help O'Donnell. Four years ago, O'Donnell polled over fifteen thousand votes; two years ago, he polled over seventeen thousand votes; his adherents firmly believe that he was counted out two years ago, and a number of other people share their belief. Such being the case, it is not probable that his vote will fall off. Ellert will draw principally from the Republican vote, and his candidacy, as we have said, makes O'Donnell dangerous. We therefore advise Republicans to vote for Easton for mayor, if they wish to save the city from the stigma of having O'Donnell as its chief magistrate.

The names upon our ticket have been weighed with great

care, and we can assure our readers that they will make no mistake in voting it. We particularly urge upon them the desirability of voting for our nominees for school directors. They are all men of character and standing, and a number of them are on the present board, which is an excellent one. The *Argonaut* is a strong friend of the American public schools, and is not apt to make any mistake in selecting school directors, as its readers know.

We shall return to the municipal nominees in future issues.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### Norsemen and Highlanders, Buccaneers and Train-Robbers.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The daily press so offends sense and probability with its everlasting output of mock "enterprise," which costs nothing but lying, that a genuine bit of striking endeavor inspires a feeling akin to gratitude in the hearts of the discerning. This remark is apropos of the San Francisco *Examiner's* interview with the Collis train-robbers, Sontag and Evans, who for the past few months have been in hiding in the mountainous King's River region, relieving the tedium of their retirement from the excitements of Visalial civilization by the occasional murder of a pursuing deputy-sheriff or detective. The interview was achieved by Mr. Harry Bigelow, whose feat has made him of the blood royal in the reporters' kingdom. Obviously the task was not unattended by danger, but its true merit inheres in the patient and deft diplomacy that must have been used in order to induce this brace of hardy outlaws, for whose taking a reward of ten thousand dollars is offered, to admit to their retreat a stranger, and a newspaper man at that. The interview has excited a great deal of interest, and has been received, we observe, with not a little incredulity; for it has struck the ordinary citizen as highly improbable that a reporter could do what Mr. Bigelow has done. We take it for granted that the interview is genuine, since a paper of the *Examiner's* position could not afford to lend itself to a fraud, and the reporter's story appears to carry internal evidence of genuineness. And then it is asked: "What is the use of such work? What good public purpose does it serve?" The answer is, that real news is the newspaper's proper prey, and it is its legitimate function to gratify curiosity which is not morbid or indecent. The Bigelow interview comes distinctly within these limits. We are all curious about such abnormal human formations as Evans and Sontag. They are fine instances of atavism—savages in the midst of civilization. In their own view they are not criminals, but wronged men, engaged in a righteous, defensive war. Did they rob a train? Well, the railroad, they say, is a soulless monopoly, and could afford to lose whatever they might take from it; besides, it is only recovering stolen goods to wrest out of its hands anything of which the corporation may be possessed. Have they shot down officers of the law? Certainly; but were not the officers of the law seeking to deprive them of their booty and liberty, and ready to resort to deadly force in the accomplishment of that malign purpose? Why should they be pursued as if they were wild beasts? Is not it clearly now their only object to leave the country? They do not want to hurt anybody; but if anybody interferes with them, why, of course—

How can one help but be interested in fellow-creatures whose brains work in this fashion? And, to own the truth, how can one withhold admiration for the dauntless courage of the murderous, primitive scoundrels? True, they ought to be hanged, but while the civilized man gives that as his judgment, the natural man within has yet a chord or two that no sophistication can keep from vibrating in graceless sympathy with such utterly unreasonable, rope-deserving rebels against law and society as this brace of land-pirates, who are holding the Sierra Nevada Mountains with their guns against the whole State of California. And when all is said, what does it need save time and circumstance to transform a murderous thief into a romantic, a heroic figure? Who thinks of the moral quality of the daring deeds of the Norsemen? Or of those of the gallant knights in the train of mediæval nobles when on their doughty raids? Or of the right or wrong of the proceedings of the foraging Highlanders, of whom Buckle justly says that they ever were willing to charge through fire and face death if whisky and booty lay beyond? Did not Christian English gentlemen, oppressed with the dishonor of debt, go buccaneering on the Spanish Main that they might ease their consciences and be once more at peace with God and man? Is it to be supposed that any of these gentry, whose place in history is so respectable, and in romance so preëminent, would have hesitated one instant to rob a train, had trains been so unfortunate as to exist in their stirring days, or have held their hands from shooting, if followed, as they retreated to the hills afterward? It must have been a tepid breast that did not glow a little over the telegraphed accounts of that splendid battle in Coffeyville, Kan., last week, when the Daltons were wiped off the face of the earth, but fell with their faces to the foe, shooting and killing to the last. Nobody who is not criminal by instinct regrets their fate, but reflect on the courage it must require for half a dozen men to walk into a town in broad daylight, capture two banks, and force the officials of the same to empty the treasures of the safes into their bags. It is reasonable to assume that if the shades of the intrepid villains can look down, or up, upon the scene of their splendidly audacious essay, they bear no malice against those who shot them. That was the fair hazard of their enterprise, and, doubtless, their dying thoughts were as calm as are those of the professional gambler who passes over his last dollar with three aces to a full hand. No, it will not do to insist that all heroes shall be honest and respectable. What the deuce would become of history and poetry if that desirable rule were applied?

So we say that the *Examiner* and the accomplished reporter, Mr. Bigelow, did the public a service in letting us hear Evans and Sontag's side of the story. More, the fact that the interview was had shows that the pair of gallows-birds are gettable. If our officers had the good nerve of those of Kansas, who stood and fought the Daltons like men, or the people of the Visalia region had the pluck of the corn-fed rustics of Coffeyville, who backed up their officials fearlessly, Evans and Sontag, instead of owning the Sierras and coolly sending down challenges to detectives to come up and fight duels (generously stipulating that a route of retreat shall be left open), would before this have been perforated, or brought in handcuffed, to be tried for their atrocious crimes.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 12, 1892.

## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
OF INDIANA.

FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
WHELAN REID,  
OF NEW YORK.

### FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:

At large	THOMAS R. BARD, of Ventura
At large	J. C. CAMPBELL, of San Francisco
First District	WILLIAM CARSON, of Humboldt
Second District	MICHAEL L. MERY, of Butte
Third District	JAMES A. WAYMIRE, of Alameda
Fourth District	ISAAC HECHT, of San Francisco
Fifth District	H. V. MOREHOUSE, of Santa Clara
Sixth District	JAMES R. WILLOUGHBY, of Ventura
Seventh District	S. L. HANSCOM, of Modesto

Regular Republican Nominees.

### FOR CONGRESS:

First District	E. W. DAVIS, of Sonoma
Second District	JOHN F. DAVIS, of Calaveras
Third District	S. G. HILBORN, of Alameda
Fourth District	C. O. ALEXANDER, of San Francisco
Fifth District	EUGENE F. LOUD, of San Francisco
Sixth District	HERVEY LINDLEY, of Los Angeles
Seventh District	W. W. BOWERS, of San Diego
Third District (unexpired term)	S. G. HILBORN, of Alameda

Regular Republican Nominees.

## "ARGONAUT" MUNICIPAL TICKET.

Mayor	WENDELL EASTON
Sheriff	HENRY H. SCOTT
Auditor	T. J. L. SMILEY
Recorder	E. B. READ
County Clerk	J. J. MORAN
Tax Collector	THOMAS O'BRIEN
Treasurer	J. H. WIDBER
District Attorney	WILLIAM S. BARNES
City and County Attorney	H. T. CRESWELL
Surveyor	CHARLES S. TILTON
Superintendent of Streets	THOMAS ASHWORTH
Coroner	DR. W. T. GARWOOD
Public Administrator	A. C. FREESE
Superior Judge (long term)	WILLIAM T. WALLACE
Superior Judge (long term)	F. W. VAN REYNOM
Superior Judge (long term)	CHARLES W. SLACK
Superior Judge (long term)	DUNCAN HAYNE
Superior Judge (short term)	JOHN A. WRIGHT
Police Judge	CHARLES A. LOW
Police Judge	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
Police Judge	H. D. TALCOTT
Justice of the Peace	J. E. BARRY
Justice of the Peace	W. M. WILLETTTS
Justice of the Peace	FRANK GRAY
Justice of the Peace	J. P. GOUGH
Justice of the Peace	FRANK H. DUNNE
Supervisor First Ward	T. H. COLLETT
Supervisor Second Ward	DANIEL ROGERS
Supervisor Third Ward	JOHN B. GARTLAND
Supervisor Fourth Ward	P. J. KENNEDY
Supervisor Fifth Ward	SANDS W. FORMAN
Supervisor Sixth Ward	B. P. FLINT
Supervisor Seventh Ward	LOUIS A. GARNETT
Supervisor Eighth Ward	WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN
Supervisor Ninth Ward	FRANCIS KORBEL
Supervisor Tenth Ward	HENRY P. SONNTAG
Supervisor Eleventh Ward	THOMAS J. PARSONS
Supervisor Twelfth Ward	JAMES DENMAN
School Director	F. J. FRENCH
School Director	F. A. HYDE
School Director	F. W. EATON
School Director	PELHAM W. AMES
School Director	C. W. DECKER
School Director	S. E. DUTTON
School Director	J. H. ROSEWALD
School Director	J. H. CULVER
School Director	C. A. CLINTON
School Director	Z. T. WHITTEN
School Director	ARTHUR F. CARMODY
School Director	JOHN J. DUNN

### LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senator, 17th District	WILLIAM J. DUNN
For State Senator, 19th District	JAMES D. HORAN
For State Senator, 21st District	MONROE GREENWOOD
For State Senator, 23d District	CHARLES S. ARMS
For State Senator, 25th District	JOHN FAY

For Assemblyman, 28th District	THOMAS P. CUSICK
For Assemblyman, 29th District	WILLIAM T. BOYCE
For Assemblyman, 30th District	I. S. COHEN
For Assemblyman, 31st District	J. J. KENNEDY
For Assemblyman, 32d District	JOHN E. BUCKLEY
For Assemblyman, 33d District	W. D. BERRY
For Assemblyman, 34th District	GEORGE C. SARGENT
For Assemblyman, 35th District	J. M. HIGGINS
For Assemblyman, 36th District	EDWARD SHORT
For Assemblyman, 37th District	THOMAS W. BURKE
For Assemblyman, 38th District	H. FORBES
For Assemblyman, 39th District	W. T. KIBBLER
For Assemblyman, 40th District	L. R. THOMAS
For Assemblyman, 41st District	O. D. BALDWIN
For Assemblyman, 42d District	SAMUEL SHAEEN
For Assemblyman, 43d District	SETH MARTIN
For Assemblyman, 44th District	A. DECOURTIEU
For Assemblyman, 45th District	WILLIAM H. G.



## AT THE "BAILE."

Gerry, engineer at the Aladdin, was drunk. He had been in that condition ever since the "grand opening" of the Gold Bar liquor dispensary. Barnes, the superintendent of the Aladdin group was mad. This state of mind on the part of the "old man" also dated from the grand opening aforesaid. These conditions resulted in Mr. Gerry's retirement from his position as engineer, and left him free to exchange his "time," even unto the last cent, for the doubtful oblivion-producer dispensed at the Gold Bar and other institutions of its kind, of which there were several in camp.

The old man hesitated before letting Gerry go. It is usually easy enough to find plenty of men to thump a drill or dump a car, but good engineers are not always available. So Barnes reasoned and pleaded with the erring Gerry, and tried every possible way to get him to sober up and go back to work, but without success. Gerry would promise to go on shift; he would promise anything, and back up his word with much profanity and an occasional flow of maudlin tears; but when the whistle blew for his shift, he would be too drunk to lie on the ground without holding on. Once, indeed, Barnes got him to bed and slept him for several hours, and Gerry started for the mine that evening with a lunch-pail and quite an assortment of good resolutions; but the seductive Gold Bar lay almost in his path; he fell, and the next day the old man drove to town to find another engineer.

The new engineer was rather out of the usual order. I have often wondered how it happened that Barnes took him on; for the old man always insisted that a mine was no place for boys, much less an engine-room. And the newcomer was certainly not a man. He could not have been more than eighteen, to judge from appearances, and was small for his age. But he could handle an engine with the best of them.

"Flies at it like a veteran, doesn't he?" remarked the old man, as he watched the new engineer, on the evening of his arrival, handling the engine as though he had made it himself. And Barnes rode down the gulch to camp, actually whistling in his satisfaction at having found a competent engineer who did not indulge in any habits likely to incapacitate him for duty.

Next morning, Rice, the assayer, who had been over near the Gila for several days on business for the company, returned. The new engineer and myself were sitting at a rather late breakfast when the assayer entered the dining-room. The latter came over and shook hands with me, and I introduced the new arrival. Rice shook hands with him in his frank way, glancing at the engineer rather keenly. The latter seemed embarrassed and acted strangely, I thought, though I paid no particular attention to the fact at the time. When, afterwards, I had occasion to think of it, I remembered that Rice was unusually silent that morning for some reason.

The new engineer soon became the most popular man in camp. He was so pleasant and obliging, and, withal, so gentlemanly and nice in his ways, that everybody "cottoned" to him straight off. Maybe it was partly because he was never profane and had no bad habits, but, despite this, never "preached," that we liked him at first. And then we liked him because he was "white"—that is about the most expressive adjective we could apply to him.

And "Milly," as we called him (his name was Milton Ledyard), seemed, in return, to like all the boys, in his quiet, undemonstrative way, though it was quite plain that he took a particular liking to Rice. This, in itself, was not surprising. Everybody liked Rice. He was big and handsome, and had a deep bass voice and a jovial, hearty way about him. Moreover, he could shoot quicker and straighter than any one else in camp; could and did drink more than any other one man in the whole district, without showing it; and was always ready to help the weaker side in a row, albeit even Milly was not more gentle.

But there was something about Milly's admiration for Rice that distinguished it from the feelings the rest of us entertained for him. When the engineer was off shift, he invariably stayed around the assay office, or, if Rice was not there, at a saloon, or anywhere else the big assayer happened to be—generally at a saloon, more's the pity. When Rice spoke, Milly seemed to hang upon his words, and when he moved about, Milly's eyes would follow him in such a queer way. It was evident that Rice did not like to have the little engineer hang about him so closely—it made him nervous, although he never was otherwise than kind to and friendly with the little chap.

"By Jove! old man, it just gives me the fidgets," he said to me, one day, as we sat chatting in my office, "to have the little cuss tag me around so. I wish he didn't like me quite so well—no, I don't, either; but—damn it all, it makes a man feel like a shadowed criminal." He laughed uneasily, and I noticed that his eyes did not meet mine.

Then, for the first time since I had known him, I wondered if there could have been anything in that old story that was circulated when he ran for the county clerkship, five years before. At that time, there was a rumor, started, no doubt, by the opposition, to the effect that he was a fugitive from justice, on account of a young woman he had betrayed. But this yarn had gained no credence, and was speedily lost sight of. It seemed impossible that a man as frank, and open, and honest as Arthur Rice could have anything in his past to be ashamed of; so it was not long before the story was forgotten. And I, after thinking it over, concluded that there was nothing haunting him, and that his shifty actions proceeded from that embarrassment a big, powerful, manly man always feels when he is made much of.

"Let's go over to the baile to-night," suggested Rice, at the breakfast-table, one morning. "There'll be plenty beer and lots of Gila monsters to dance with. Come on, colonel; we're getting rusty and need a little shaking up. You can get Jerry McNichol's little cayuse, and I'll borrow Barnes's nag. Want to go and shake a foot, Milly?" he added, noting the wistful look in the lad's eyes. "All right; let's

make up a crowd and go. And put on your best bibs and tuckers, boys—two of old Miles's girls are just back from St. Louis, and we want to create an impression."

So, that evening, we set off in high spirits—Rice, Milly, Jones and MacTavish—two shift-bosses—and myself. On the way to the Gila, we passed through two other camps, and were joined by a half-dozen others.

When we reached Miles's, the dance was in full progress. We could hear the music of the violin and guitar, the click of the cowboys' high-heeled boots, and the nasal notes of the "caller-off" (evidently, from the expressions he used, a "cow-hand") a long distance away.

We met with the usual hearty welcome of the South-West, and it was not long before we were inside, taking a hand in the fun. Milly and I for a while sat and watched the others, and got no end of enjoyment out of it. In the corner nearest us, Rice, with the grace natural to men born south of Mason and Dixon's line, was saying pretty things to a big, freckled, raw-boned "Gila monster," with a pink dress and a magenta sash, who responded to his remarks with an occasional "Aw, sho! Y're bawn stuffin' me!" or, "G'way, now! Ye must think I's bawn yistiddy." MacTavish, with his broad Gaelic brogue, was trying to talk to a pretty Mexican girl whose stock of English was very limited and who could not understand a word he said. But Mac was never so contented as when he was doing all the talking, and the young lady's oft-repeated "Si, señor—sí, señor," and a glance from her dark eyes now and then made him perfectly happy and quite confident that he was making a brilliant impression.

Then, across the room, there was a young cowboy, who was dressed up and seemed to feel it. He wore a pair of noisily striped trousers, seersucker coat and vest, and a blue cotton shirt, with a paper collar; and on his shirt-front was an artificial flower, pink in color, of species unknown and fly-specked to a considerable degree. But he was, oh! so proud of it! Every now and then he would stroke it and readjust it carefully, and his satisfied air clearly proved that he felt himself the best-dressed man in the room. His partner was a tall, thin girl, with red hair worn in a Psyche knot, a red dress, and a white sash.

Presently, between dances, in came a couple of the Miles boys, with beer and lemonade.

"Hold on, you hands!" shouted Mose Miles to the musicians; "wait till I water these yere heifers!" And he proceeded to let the "heifers" refresh themselves according to preference, informing the men, "Ef you all wants waterin' go tew it; it's thar, an' I sho' ain't goin' t' hustle fer you cow-hans'."

Pretty soon I noticed that Rice was paying considerable attention to one of the Gila girls, a pretty little thing, whose father raised "garden-truck" a few miles up the river. He danced half a dozen times in succession with her and did not leave her an instant. This is never the proper thing and is not good policy where girls are scarce, and I knew it might make trouble, especially as the girl was understood to be as good as engaged to Harve Bragg, who was one of the "worst" men in the county when feeling disagreeable. And he seemed to be feeling disagreeable this evening. Every few minutes he would return from the room where the beer and whisky were on tap and look scowlingly on at the scene in the big living-room; and I knew enough of him to believe that he was likely to cause trouble presently. I went over and whispered a warning to Rice, but he only shook his head and laughed. "Pshaw! he won't do anything—not to-night, anyhow. All right; I'm only going to dance with her this once more," he whispered; and I left him, half-satisfied, but still somewhat apprehensive of trouble.

It came. The next dance was a quadrille, and Rice and his partner were just taking their places in the first set, when Harve Bragg, his face like a thunder-cloud, strode out on the floor and touched the assayer on the arm. As Rice turned, I saw by his eyes that he, too, was affected by the liquor he had drunk, and had, doubtless, been impelled by its influence to act as he had.

"See yere, Mister Man!" hissed Bragg, threateningly; "this yere foolin's b'en goin' on long 'nough. Let loose o' that heifer, an' give a white man a show!"

Rice's eyes blazed. He stepped back a couple of paces, out of hearing of the women, and answered, with quiet earnestness:

"Go to hell, sir! I'd have you understand that no white-eyed cow-puncher can bullyrag me. I'm going to finish this dance—and more, if I choose. But if you have anything to say about it, I'll accommodate you after this quadrille, in any way you like."

Bragg's eyes sparkled. "Guns?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, anything. Go out and wait in the road, by that white rock. I'll be out there when I finish here. When I reach the cut-off down there, begin shooting."

"All right." And Bragg, who was considered the best shot in the county, went quietly away, satisfied. The music struck up, and the dance began as though nothing had happened. Indeed, while every one knew that there had been trouble, there was only one person besides the principals who had heard the conversation, and who knew that the trouble was not yet over—and, presently, he slipped from the room.

Harve Bragg, pacing impatiently up and down the road, waiting, with six-shooter in hand, heard some one coming from back toward the house. He turned at the white rock and halted, his fingers clutching nervously at the stock of his revolver. He could see a figure advancing in the gloom. Nearer, nearer, to where the cut-off left the main road.

Now!

Two shots rang out almost simultaneously. Harve Bragg felt a sharp pain in his left shoulder, but kept pulling the trigger. Two more shots from each, and Bragg fell to the earth, shot through the lungs, but with sufficient strength left to fire his three remaining shots.

Down in the road we found them both—Bragg just dying, and Milly—poor little Milly, with three wounds—shot

through and through and gasping for breath. Rice and I picked him up and carried him in, and the others cared for Bragg. We laid Milly down on the bed in the Misses Miles's room. He motioned to me to go out and close the door, and I went, leaving Rice alone with him.

Ten minutes later, Arthur Rice, with a drawn, deathly look on his handsome face, came into the hall where I was talking to one of the Miles girls.

"Go to her," he said, strangely; "it is my wife, and she is dead."

He took my arm and drew me from the house and down to where we had left the horses. The clouds were gone and the moonlight made his livid face look fairly ghastly. We halted and faced each other.

"I lied," he said—"I lied; she was not my wife, except, maybe, in the eyes of God. I deceived her—betrayed her, and fed like a coward. I have been sorry, but I heard she was dead, and thought I could make no amends. Bury her, old man, and say on the stone, so everybody can see it, 'Alice, beloved wife of Rice MacArthur'—that's my name. I can't bear to stay. Good-bye—good-bye, dear old boy—God bless you."

He thrust some bills into my hand, whispering "For her," leaped on his horse, and was gone—into the hills. I never saw him again. He went to Central America and was murdered by plundering natives a year later.

We buried Alice as he had asked. I wonder if the little woman knew how many sincere mourners she had? And Rice—we miss him, too; but maybe both are happier now. SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1892. R. L. KETCHUM.

## ANECDOTES OF TENNYSON.

His Literary Quarrels, his Wife and Sons, and his Home Life.

The death of the poet laureate of England reminds Americans that it is time for some new bard to appear. We, on this side of the ocean, have lost Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell; and, across the Atlantic, the place which Tennyson held will be difficult to fill.

Much has appeared in the daily press about Tennyson since his death last week, most of it critical. This article is not critical, but anecdotic, and we think that the readers of the *Argonaut* will find it interesting.

Tennyson was sixty years before the public eye, and though he was a shy man, born with a horror of the *digito monstrari*, public curiosity has found out a good deal about his inner life. He sprang from a family of poets. His father wrote verse, and so did his six brothers. Charles Tennyson published a volume of poems which had some success, and at one time he was looked upon as the poet of the family. Had magazines been as numerous fifty years ago as they are now, Alfred Tennyson's genius would have been recognized before his beard was grown; as it was, he published in book-form, and was twenty-one when he gave to the world, a volume of "poems chiefly lyrical." It was of this volume that Christopher North wrote: "The spirit of life must be strong, indeed, within him, for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the Westminster, and after that he may sleep with safety on a pan of charcoal." To which the young poet replied:

"You did late review my lays,  
Crusty Christopher;  
You did mangle blame with praise,  
Rusty Christopher;  
When I learnt from whom it came,  
I forgave you all the blame,  
Misty Christopher:  
I could not forgive the praise,  
Fusty Christopher!"

In 1832, he published another volume of verse, including "The Miller's Daughter," which attracted the attention of the queen, and was the secret of his subsequent selection as poet laureate. Among those who were led captive by the melody and power of his verse were the members of the royal family of Denmark, who were great readers and excellent English scholars. They invited Tennyson to stay with them every summer at Copenhagen, and he spent days wandering over wild country places in Denmark, with his inseparable companions, the Princesses Dagmar and Alexandra, who never dreamed that they were destined to occupy thrones. In order that their intercourse should not be hampered by ceremony, they called him Alfred, and he called them Lizzie and Carrie; they delighted to beguile him into the woods and make him recite his latest composition. Only a few years afterward it fell to his lot, as poet laureate, to welcome Lizzie to England, as the bride of the Prince of Wales, in the well-known lines:

"Sea-king's daughter from over the sea,  
Alexandra!  
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,  
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,  
Alexandra!"

At this time Tennyson lived at Twickenham, where William Howitt saw him sitting before the fire in a country inn, with a volume in his hand, a foot on each hob of the fireplace, and a well-blackened meerschaum pipe in his mouth. To the end of his life he was an inveterate smoker, and of late years it has been one of the duties of his son Hallam—who lived with him—to fill his pipe. He was an insatiable reader, and was cross if he was disturbed. John Forster, Dickens's biographer, met him at dinner at this period, and describes him as cordial and unaffected, quite at his ease, with manners of manly simplicity. But he was bitter when he was assailed. When Bulwer attacked him, in the "New Timon," with wanton sneers, he showed that he could strike back. Bulwer wrote:

"Not mine, not mine, O Muse forbid! the boon  
Of borrowed notes, the mockbird's modish tune,  
The jingling medley of purloined conceits,  
Out-babbling Wordsworth, and out-glittering Keats;  
Where all the airs of patch-work pastoral chime  
To drowsy ears in Tennysonian rhyme;  
Let School-Miss Alfred vent her chaste delight  
On 'darling little rooms so warm and bright,'"



Chant 'I'm a-weary' in infectious strain,  
And catch her blue-fly singing i' the pane."

And Tennyson retorted:

"We know him out of Shakespeare's art,  
And those fine curses which he spoke,  
The old Timon with his noble heart,  
That strongly loathing, greatly broke.  
So died the old; here comes the new:  
Regard him; a familiar face:  
I thought we knew him: what, it's you;  
The padded man that wears the slays;  
Who killed the girls, and thrilled the boys,  
With dandy pathos when you wrote.  
A Lion, you, that made a noise  
And shook a mane *en papillotes*!  
A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame!  
It looks too arrogant a jest;  
The fierce old man—to take his name,  
You bandbox! Off, and let him rest!"

Bulwer lived to be sorry for his unprovoked assault upon the poet, as Thackeray lived to make excuses for his playful satire of Sir Edward-Bulwer-Lytton-Bulwig. But *littera scripta manet*.

He was at the height of his fame and forty-one years of age when he married a Lincolnshire girl whom he had known all his life. With her he removed from Twickenham to the Isle of Wight. He chose a spot on a solitary and almost inaccessible hill called Hind Head. It was three miles from the railway station, without a neighbor in sight. The soil of the place is called "chert," a mixture of flint and sand, which in its natural state will grow nothing, and the water benches lie so low that it is necessary to dig five or six hundred feet to find them. By dint of assiduous cultivation the poet managed to make a flower-garden and a copse of trees in which he loved to wander; but he used to say that the chief charms of the place were that he was alone there, and that he could not possibly waste money in farming. He built himself a plain, roomy, and unpretentious house.

Many sight-seers came simply in order that they might be able to say that they had seen the laureate, and his hospitality to strangers soon cooled. However, who in early manhood appears to have been consumed with a noble rage to see Tennyson or die, gives us an amusing account of his visit to Aldworth. He obtained admission to the house by asking for Mrs. Tennyson. The lady was found in a morning-room, sewing; he explained his purpose in faltering accents. Mrs. Tennyson was touched by this evident emotion of the boy, and explained to him that Mr. Tennyson rarely saw visitors whom he did not know.

"Oh," said the young curate, clasping his hands, "if I could only see him for one instant!"

At that moment Tennyson came in with ragged clothes and unkempt hair. He looked at the stranger and then at his wife.

The latter replied to the look: "This is the Rev. Mr. Haweis, who wished to see you."

"What do you want?" growled the poet, in his gruffest tones. The young man was speechless. He gasped, and tried to articulate, but his tongue refused its office, and he fled madly into the open air.

Sir Edwin Arnold had a more hospitable reception. When the poet woke from his morning nap, at noon, he received the visitor with a pleasant welcome, talked poetry, and recited some of his own verse.

He was as original in his conversation as he was in his poems. He believed that the English language was gradually changing, partly through its use in the United States. "When a language dies," he said, "it is perpetuated in its classics, but when it endures, it gradually changes, and the time will come when my poems will be as difficult for Englishmen and Americans to understand as Chaucer is today."

Though he was eighty-two, his hair was not white, but sable-silvered, and his glance was as bright as ever. He wore a loose wrapper, round his neck a white silk handkerchief, and on his head a velvet cap, over which he placed a slouch hat when he went out. Over his shoulders, his son threw the black cloak which is shown in his photographs. On the left side of his neck there was a small "wine-mark."

His household consisted of his wife (who has been long an invalid, and was confined to her room), his son Hallam and his wife (a lovely young lady), and their child daughter. He had had another son, Lionel, adored of his father. He was on the staff of Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of India, and was on duty at the famous Delhi review, when several divisions of British troops, under the command of General Roberts, defiled before the potentates of India. While the review was progressing, a rain-storm broke out and drenched every one to the skin. Lionel caught a cold, which he was unable to shake off; he died on board the home-bound steamer, and was buried at Aden. His brother Hallam succeeded him in his filial duties and in his father's affection. At the death-bed, when the dying man's eyes were fixed on the sky, through the open window, and his spirit was slowly fading into nothingness, Hallam, now Lord Tennyson, stood by the bedside, while the autumn moon flooded with its beams the darkened death-chamber.

There is not a page in Tennyson's writings nor in his career which his successor would willingly blot out. His verse, like his life, was always pure. His instincts were always manly. He was to some extent provincial. He was an Englishman all through, and secretly, in his heart of hearts, he held other races in small esteem. Although the *Argonaut* despises anglophiles, it is too strongly American itself not to admire such an intensely English Englishman as Tennyson. He was an English gentleman whose regard for the masses was not intense. He agreed rather with Coriolanus than with Jack Cade. There is not a line in his poetry which breathes any sympathy for the political aspiration of the proletarian class. His idea of government was that it should be in the hands of gentlemen, and not gentlemen by the grace of Mammon, but born in the purple. It has always seemed that in his poem of *Godiva* he did not think the earl so much in the wrong, and he rather inclined to the belief that for the interest of her people the countess had better have kept her clothes on.

## THE PLACID MARRIED WOMAN.

"Van Gryse" pictures Another of the Social Types of Gotham.

One of the most interesting figures in the seaside life of the summer here, and the five-o'clock tea, dinner, and reception life of the winter, is that kind of married woman who is young, pretty, rich, not particularly enamored of anything, but having the same old good time that she had when she was eighteen; who loves to be comfortable; who has an amiable liking for her husband, and takes a sort of amateurish interest in her children, as if they were fitfully amusing little beings that belonged to somebody else.

Of all the types and classes of the great American people, this woman is the most completely and entirely negative. We are not given, in this country, to producing negative types. We are mostly positive, and even to be positively disagreeable is preferable, artistically speaking, to being mildly negative. But the Placid Married Woman of the negative type has an interest as the most perfect picture, the most complete example, of her kind now existing. In arranging our specimens of New York types, she would have her little niche with the Summer Girl, and the Amateur Actress, and the Boy About Town, and the Bachelor Girl.

In one place in "The Human Document," the hero, having quarreled with his love, says angrily of her that she loves first her children, then her comfort, and then her clothes. Striking out the children, this is a fairly good description of the Placid Married Woman. She belongs to that nineteenth-century kind which, with a charming surface refinement, is consistently and unwaveringly material. Of the three degrees that the human animal may pass through—the material, the intellectual, and the spiritual—she never gets beyond the first. In fact, she never wants to. To be comfortable, to be cool in summer and warm in winter, to wear good clothes, to be able to go to fine dressmakers who will not bother one, to have lots of money, to have plenty of good things to eat, to wear shoes that are pretty and never pinch, to have a carriage for wet days and a standing order at the florist's—these are the joys of her existence, or, rather, these are the ultimate ambitions of her dreams.

Life brought up to a plane of level, unruffled luxury is what she desires. There must be no disturbing ambitions and no turbulent loves. Mild flirtations may be indulged in, where there is the agreeable flattery of nicely expressed admiration, but no real feeling involved. That, in the first place, is not *comme il faut*; and, in the second, disturbs the even tenor of one's way. Intensity of feeling in any direction is to be discouraged. It is bad for the digestion and for the complexion. One grows sallow and loses one's appetite. The happy days when ginger was hot in the mouth, and one slept from midnight till midday without lifting an eyelid, are passed and dead as Julius Cæsar.

So this charming lady, under an elegant and finished exterior, is a materialist, but rapid even as a materialist. She is not like the beautiful materialists of M. Paul Bourget's novels. Even the desire to be comfortable and well clad is mild, and if she were neither comfortable nor well clad, she would continue in her tranquil way with unruffled and amiable placidity. But, as a rule, she finds herself in the environment of comfort and well-being that her soul loves. When our whole being, even though it be a flabby, backboneless being, tends in one direction, we generally end by reaching the goal upon which our eyes have been always fixed. It is once more the triumph of the one-ideal that Carlyle was always talking about. To succeed, one must be a specialist. And this negative, tranquil, undistinguished, placid married woman has never had more than one idea in her head, but that idea has always been there—how to be most comfortable on so much a year when you are not well off, how to be most luxurious on so much a year when you are rich.

The result of this concentration is that her life is one of singular and entrancing comfort. The people around her share in it, too. Her home is ideally luxurious. Her table is sumptuous. Her own good temper is unflinching. Hence her husband adores her. If he did not adore her, but quarreled with her and carped at her, she would never be miserable, but she would be continually ruffled and uncomfortable, and this deplorable state of things is to be avoided at any cost. There never was in the world an easier woman to get on with. Having everything she wants, she can afford to be perfectly and perpetually amiable. Placidity of a gentle, bovine, stall-fed kind is the foundation of her character, and therefore she never has moods, never has "blues," never has "nerves." She is invariable, delightful, and monotonous. You always know just how she is going to look, just what she is going to say, just the mood and temper that she will be in. Her charming red lips will part in the same old, peacefully mechanical smile over her superb white teeth. She will hold out a plump white hand, heavy with large canary diamonds and big turquoises, give yours a limp shake, look sweetly into your eyes if you are a man, smile just as tenderly, but sweep you from head to heel with one swift, penetrating, investigating glance if you are a woman, and then, ever smiling, look at you and wait for you to say something.

If you see her often, you will be surprised by her unchanging evenness of temper, her immovable tranquillity, her absolute lack of any emotional power in any direction, the multiplicity of her costumes, and the apparent pleasure it gives her to listen to the platitudes of innumerable commonplace men. You will wonder if anything—a blizzard, a revolution, a dynamite explosion, being witness to a murder, a first reading of "The Cloister and the Hearth," seeing Bernhard's "La Tosca," listening to Thomas's orchestra play the "Waldweben" from "Siegfried," being made love to by Romeo or Claude Melnotte—if anything could lift her out of her gentle but persistent self-absorption.

She likes everything, but loves nothing. She likes her husband, and is never out of temper with him. He is gen-

erally a good deal older than she is, has lots of money, and loves to see her dressed up in the most gorgeous plumage. He covers her with jewels like an Indian idol, and for each new present she smiles her eternal smile and murmurs her neat little phrase of pretty thanks. She likes her children, but at a distance best. They, being part of her surroundings, come in for their share of the general comforts. Their well-being is carefully looked after. They are well-fed and charmingly dressed. Their careful mamma takes them to the best places and buys them the loveliest clothes. They have good nurses and high-priced governesses, and when they are sick, the most expensive doctors.

Their mamma likes to look them over when they go out for their daily promenade, and remark on the elegance of their new coats. When they approach her in silent farewell, she follows the example of Mrs. Wilfer, and presents for their kisses a powdered expanse of naturally rosy cheek. Upon this the well-trained offspring press their little red lips in a soft good-bye, and trot away to their papa, with whom they are on very friendly terms. They tell him about their new games and their various mishaps. He corrects their grammar, listens to their little stories, and upon occasion extracts a large silk handkerchief from an inner pocket and blows their small noses, as a good papa should. They, in return, are very fond of him. Their mamma they regard with a sort of awesome reverence as a superior, superb, glittering being, of whom they are a little afraid, and in whose society they feel shy and uncomfortable. But it is great sport to steal into her room when she is out, stealthily to finger the shining silver ornaments and boxes and brushes on the long, low dressing-table; to look at their short-skirted figures in the swinging pier-glass; to peer into the deep cupboards where the dresses hang in long lines from wooden stretchers; furtively to pull open the great bureau-drawers, where the laces and gloves lie on scented cushions, and where everything smells of violets and heliotrope.

If this placid and most comfortable lady has any deep affections, they undoubtedly are for her clothes. She loves to be charmingly dressed. When she gets on a really successful costume, everything suitable from shoe to bonnet, she has the same feeling of personal triumph and pride that the artist has when he stands in silent joy before his completed masterpiece, and the writer feels when he reads his successful work in the transforming medium of print. She loves her own beauty and loves to see it set off to advantage. She takes an æsthetic delight in looking at herself in the glass. She likes to dress her hair high and low, in braids and in curls, and then study the effect. She lingers fondly over her toilet, especially on great occasions, when she tries on and takes off a dozen necklaces, muses over the becomingness of turquoises and pearls, puts a diamond star in her hair and then substitutes a high wrought-gold comb. And all this is done with a lingering pleasure. She could spend hours dawdling over her toilet and thinking with a tranquil self-satisfaction how charmingly, delightfully pretty she is.

It is also a mild amusement to her to be admired, especially by men. She enjoys knowing that most people think her a very pretty woman. She is given to coquetting in a simple, harmless way. She puts her head on one side and smiles her soft, immovable, child-like smile, and says very little, but looks as if she might be thinking the sweetest, tenderest things. Her captive, who finds her the most lovely woman he has seen for months, talks, and talks, and talks. He tells her merry things and the smile never moves; he tells her sad things and the smile never moves; he tells her tragic things and the smile wavers, but, after some gentle indecision, decides to stay. He begins to tell her somewhat tender things, to let the conversation grow personal and pensively flirtatious, but that terrible, rosy, child-like smile still confronts him. Moreover, she says very little, and that little is rather tame and discouraging. No matter what the subject under discussion may be, her manner never changes. Like her good temper and her fascinating urbanity, it is invariable, sweet, and monotonous with a maddening monotony.

The next time that particular man sees her at a reception or a tea, he decides he will not break his neck for another conversation with her. But she looks charming and she smiles upon him beamingly, softly, entrancingly, invitingly. She is undoubtedly wonderfully pretty, and, dressed in a dress of turquoise blue, with a corselet of glittering, green spangles that shine like a mermaid's scales, there can be no question about her being the most striking-looking woman present. But that sweet smile haunts him still. It beams upon him now from first one corner and then another of the rooms. He comes face to face with it as the lady promenades by on her husband's arm. He sees it dazzling other men and women who have just been presented to her. He watches it as she accepts an ice from a waiter, and thanks her husband for holding her cloak. It is a very beautiful smile—but "spring would be but gloomy weather if we had nothing else but spring."

VAN GRyse.

NEW YORK, October 7, 1892.

A railroad man named Ross Ward has tobogganed down Pike's Peak on a board three feet long and a foot and a half wide, to the bottom of which was nailed a cleat to serve as a keel. This keel fitted between the rack-rails of the cog-railroad. The distance covered was nine miles, with a descent of eight thousand feet, and the time made was eleven and one-quarter minutes. Ward did it for a wage of twenty-five dollars, but says he would not repeat the feat for six millions of dollars.

Judge Williamson, of Mississippi, has charged the grand jury in Leflore County that it is an indictable offense for a man to screen himself by holding an open umbrella across his shoulder while taking a drink in a saloon. The annotated code abolished bar-screens, since which time the umbrella has been used as a substitute.

Cardinal Taschereau has ordered the singing of the "Miserere," morning and evening, in all Roman Catholic churches of Quebec, as a means of warding off cholera.



## THE RIVAL BARDS.

Some Extracts from the Poems of Possible Laureates.

The death of Tennyson has left vacant the office of poet laureate, and an interesting discussion as to who shall succeed him is going on in literary circles here as well as in England. The cables name as the leading candidates Lewis Morris, Swinburne, Sir Edwin Arnold, Alfred Austin, William Morris, and Robert Buchanan. We give below a poem selected from the writings of each, the selection being made not according to the critical value of the poem but for its popularity. Lewis Morris might be best represented by "The Epic of Hades," Swinburne by "Atalanta in Calydon," Sir Edwin Arnold by "The Light of Asia," Alfred Austin by "The Human Tragedy," William Morris by "The Earthly Paradise," and Buchanan by his "London Poems." The following poems, however—with the exceptions of those by Lewis Morris and Alfred Austin, who are almost unknown in the United States—are the ones which have received the stamp of popular approval here, and by which their authors are best known to Americans.

## Love's Suicide.

BY LEWIS MORRIS.

Lewis Morris was born in Wales in 1833, and was graduated at Oxford in 1855. He read law and tried political life, but is chiefly known for his poems, among which are "The Epic of Hades"—now in its twenty-sixth edition—Gwen, a Drama in Monologue, and "Songs of Britain," in which last are his odes on the Queen's Jubilee and on the Imperial Institute (the latter written by request, owing to the illness of the laureate) for which he received the jubilee medal from the queen. Alas for me that my love is dead! Sunk fathom-deep, and may not rise again! Self-murder'd, vanish'd, fled beyond recall: And this is all my pain.

'Tis not that She I loved is gone from me; She lives, and grows more lovely day by day: Not dead could kill my love—but, though She lives, My love has died away.

Nor was it that a form or face more fair Forswore my troth, for so my love had proved Eye-deep alone, not rooted in the soul: And 'twas not thus I loved.

Nor that, hy too long dalliance with delight And recompense of love, my love had grown

## Racoon.

BY A. C. SWINBURNE.

Algernon Charles Swinburne was born in London, April 3, 1837. He entered Balliol College, Oxford, but withdrew before being graduated. His best known works are "Atalanta in Calydon," "Ode on the Publication of the French Republic, September 4, 1870," and his ode to Russia, which called for a remonstrance in the House of Commons two years ago.

Take hands, and part with laughter; Touch lips, and part with tears; Once more and no more after, Whatever comes with years. We twain shall not re-measure The ways that left us twain, Nor crush the lees of pleasure From sanguine grapes of pain.

We twain once well in sunder, What will the mad gods do For hate with me, I wonder, Or what for love with you? Forget them till November, And dream there's April yet; Forget that I remember, And dream that I forget.

Time found our tired love sleeping, And kissed away his breath; But what should we do weeping, Though light love sleep to death? We have drained his lips at leisure, Till there's not left to drain A single sob of pleasure, A single pulse of pain.

Dream that the lips once breathless Might quicken if they would; Say that the soul is deathless; Dream that the gods are good; Say March may wed September, And time divorce regret; But not that you remember, And not that I forget.

We have heard from hidden places What love scarce lives and hears; We have seen on fervent faces The pallor of strange tears; We have trod the wine-vat's treasure, Whence, ripe to stain and stain, Foams round the feet of pleasure The blood-red must of pain.

Rememberance may recover, And time bring back to time The name of my first love; The ring of my first rhyme; But rose-leaves of December The frosts of June shall fret, The day that you remember, The day that I forget.

The snake that hides and hisses In heaven, we twain have known The grief of cruel kisses, The joy whose mouth makes moan; The pulse's pause and measure, Where in one furtive vein Throbs through the heart of pleasure The purpler blood of pain.

We have done with tears and treasons, And love for treason's sake; Room for the swift new seasons, The years that turn and break, Dismantle and dismember Men's days and dreams, Juliette; For love may not remember, But time will not forget.

Life trends down love in flying, Time withers him at root; Bring all dead things and dying, Reaped shall and ruined fruit, Where crushed by three days' pressure, Our three days' love lies slain; And earlier leaf of pleasure, And latter flower of pain.

Breathe close upon the ashes, It may be flung to the sky; Unclose the soft close lashes, Lift up the lids, and weep; Light love's extinguished ember, Let one tear leave it wet, For one that you remember, And ten that you forget.

## After Death in Arabia.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

Sir Edwin Arnold, born June 10, 1832, was educated at King's College, London, and elected to a scholarship at Oxford, where, in 1853, he was selected to address the late Earl of Derby on his installation as chancellor of the university. Since 1861, he has been on the editorial staff of the London Daily Telegraph. He was created Knight Commander of the Indian Empire by the queen in 1888, and has received several decorations and orders from Oriental potentates.

He who died at Azan sends This to comfort all his friends, Faithful friends! It lies, I know, Pale and white and cold as snow; And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!" Weeping at the feet and head. I can see your falling tears, I can hear your sighs and prayers; Yet I smile, and whisper this: "I am not the thing you kiss; Cease your tears, and let it lie; It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women love For its last bed of the grave Is a hut which I am quitting, Is a garment no more fitting, Is a cage, from which at last, Like a hawk, my soul hath pass'd. Love the inmate, not the room—The wearer, not the garb—the plume Of the falcon, not the bars, Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! lie wise, and dry Straightway every weeping eye; Farwell, friends! Yet not farewell; Where I am, ye, too, shall dwell.

I am gone before your face A moment's time, a little space; When ye come where I have stepped, Ye will wonder why ye wept; Ye will know, by wise love taught, That here is all, and there is naught. Weep a while, if ye are fain—Sunshine still must follow rain; Only not at death—for death, Now I know, is that first breath Which our souls draw when we enter Life which is of all life centre.

## Is Life Worth Living?

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

Alfred Austin was born near Leeds, May 30, 1835, and, after attending St. Mary's College, Oscott, he took his degree at the University of London in 1853. He was correspondent of the London Standard in the Franco-Prussian War, and has written much for that paper and the Quarterly Review. His best known works are "The Human Tragedy," "Prince Lucifer," and political writings.

Is life worth living? Yes, so long As Spring revives the year, And hails us with the cuckoo's song, To show that she is here; So long as May of April takes, In smiles and tears, farewell; And wind-flowers dapple all the brakes, And primroses the dell; While children in the woodlands yet Adorn their little laps With lady's-mock and violet, And daisy-chain their caps; While over orchard daffodils Cloud-shadows float and fleet, And ouzel pinks and lavender trills, And young lambs huck and bleat; So long as that which hurls the bud And swells and tunes the rill Makes springtime in the maiden's blood, Life is worth living still.

Life not worth living! Come with me, Now that, through vanishing veil, Shimmers the dew on lawn and lea, And milk foams in the pail; Now that June's sweltering sunlight bathes With sweet the stripplings' limbs, As fall the long straight scented swathes Over the crescent scythe; Now that the thistle never stops His self-sufficing strain, And woodbine trails festoon the copse, And egantine the lane; Now rustic labor seems as sweet As leisure, and blithe herds Wend homeward with unwearied feet, Carolling like the birds; Now all, except the lowly vow, And pichtingale, is still; Here, in the twilight hour, allow, Life is worth living still.

When Summer, lingering half-forlorn, As Autumn loves to lean, And fields of slowly yellowing corn Are girt by woods still green; When hazel-nuts wax brown and plump, And apples rosy-red, And the owl hoots from hollow stump,

## The Haystack in the Floods.

BY WILLIAM MORRIS.

William Morris was born near London in 1834, and was educated at Exeter College, Oxford. In 1863, he joined Dante Gabriel Rossetti and E. Burne Jones in an establishment for designing and manufacturing wall-papers, stained glass, and the like, and has lately become a prominent socialist, writing and speaking much in favor of his theories. His best known works are "The Earthly Paradise," "Love is Enough," "The Story of Sigurd," and—in prose—"The House of the Wolfings" and "The Roots of the Mountains."

Had she come all the way for this, To part at last without a kiss? Yea, had she born the dirt and rain That her own eyes might see him slay Beside the haystack in the floods? Along the dripping leafless woods, The stirrup touching either shoe, She rode aside as if to do; With knife killed to her knees, To which the mud splash'd wretchedly; And the wet drip'd from every tree Upon her head and heavy hair, And on her eyelids broad and fair; The tears and rain ran down her face.

By fits and starts they rode apace, And very often was his place Far off from her; he had to ride Ahead, to see what might betide When the roads cross'd; and sometimes, when There rose a murmuring from his men, Had to turn back with promises; Ah me! she had but little ease, And often for pure doubt and dread She sob'd, made giddy in the head By the swift riding; while, for cold, Her slender fingers scarce could hold The wet reins; yea, and scarcely, too.

She felt the foot within her shoe Against the stirrup; all for this, To part at last without a kiss Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they near'd that old soak'd hay, They saw across the only way That Judas, Godmar, and the three Red running lions dimly Grinn'd from his pennon, under which In one straight line, along the ditch, They counted thirty heads.

So then, While Robert turn'd round to his men, She saw at once the wretched end, And, stooping down, tried hard to rend Her coil the wrong way from her head, And hid her eyes; while Robert said: "Nay, love, I scarcely two to one, At Portiers where we made them run So fast—why, sweet my love, good cheer, The Gascon frontier is so near, Nought after this."

Be ye certain all seems love, View'd from all the distance above; Be ye stout of heart, and come bravely onward to your home! La Allah illa Allah! yea! Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave This to those who made his grave.

And the dormouse makes its bed; When crammed are all the granary floors, And the Hunter's moon is bright, And life again is sweet indoors, And logs again alight; Ay, even when the houseless wind Waileth through cleft and chink, And in the twilight maids grow kind, And jugs are filled and clink; When children clasp their hands and say, "Be done Thy Heavenly will!" Who doth not lift his voice, and say, "Life is worth living still!"

Is life worth living? Yes, so long As there is wrong to fight, Will of the weak against the strong, Or tyranny to fight; Long as there lingers gloom to chase, Or streaming tear to dry. One kindred woe, one sorrowing face That might be seen to grieve, Long as at tale of anguish swells The heart, and lids grow wet, And at the sound of Christmas bells We pardon and forget; So long as Faith with Freedom reigns, And loyal Hope survives, And gracious Charity remains To leaven lowly lives; While there is one untrodden tract For Intellect or Will, And men are free to think and act Life is worth living still.

Not care to live while English homes Nestle in English trees, And England's Trident-Sceptre roams Her territorial seas; Not live while English songs are sung Wherever blows the wind, And England's laws and England's tongue Enfranchise half mankind! So long as in Pacific main, Or on Atlantic strand, Our kin transmit the parent strain, And love the Motherland; So long as flashes English steel, And English trumpets shrill, He is dead already who doth not feel Life is worth living still.

An end that few men would forget That saw it—So, an hour yet! Consider Jehane, which to take Of life or death!"

Dismounting, so, scarce awake, He left the place, And totter some yards; with her face Turn'd upward to the sky she lay, Her head on a wet heap of hay, And fell asleep; and while she slept, And did not dream, the minutes crept Round the twelve again; but she, Being waked at last, sigh'd quietly, And strangely child-like came, and said:

"I will not!" Straightway Godmar's head, As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

For Robert—both his eyes were dry, He could not weep, but gloomily He seem'd to watch the rain; yea, too, His lips were firm; he tried once more To touch her lips; she reach'd out, sore And vain desire so tortured them, The poor gray lips, and now the hem Of his sleeve brush'd them.

With a start

## The Ballad of Judas Iscariot.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Robert Williams Buchanan was born in August, 1841, and was educated at the University of Glasgow. He is better known in dramatic than in poetic literature; among his poems, however, "London Poems," translations from the Danish, and other short poems, are popular.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot Lay in the Field of Blood! 'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Beside the body stood.

Black was the earth by night, And black was the sky; Black, black were the broken clouds, Though the red Moon went by.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot Singled and dead lay there! 'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Look'd on it in despair!

The hreath of the World came and went, Like a sick man's in the rest; Drop by drop on the Rector's eyes The dew fell cold and blest.

Then the soul of Judas Iscariot Did make a gentle moan: "I will bury underneath the ground My flesh and blood and bone."

"I will bury deep beneath the soil, Lest mortals look thereon; And when the wolf and raven come The body will be gone!"

"The stones of the field are sharp as steel, And hard and cold, God wot; And I must bear my body hence Until I find a spot!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, So grim, and gaunt, and gray, Raised the body of Judas Iscariot, And carried it away.

And as he bare it from the field, Its touch was cold as ice; And the ivory teeth within the jaw Rattled aloud, like dice.

As the soul of Judas Iscariot Carried its load with pain, The Eye of Heaven, like a lantern's eye, Open'd 'till shut again.

Half he walk'd, and half he seem'd Lifted on the cold wind; He did not turn, for clay hands Were pushing from behind.

The first place that he came unto It was the open wold, And underneath were prickly whins, And a wind that blew so cold.

The next place that he came unto It was a stagnant pool, And when he threw the body in It floated light as wool.

He drew the body on his back, And it was dripping chill; And the next place he came unto Was a Cross upon a hill.

A Cross upon the windy hill, And answer'd soft and slow— "It is a wolf runs up and down With a black track in the snow!"

And on the middle cross-bar sat A white dove slumbering— Did it sit in the dim light, With its head beneath its wing?

And underneath the middle Cross A grave yawn'd wide and vast— But the soul of Judas Iscariot Shiver'd, and glided past.

The fourth place that he came unto It was the Brig of Dread; And the great torrents rushing down Were deep, and swift, and red.

He dared not fling the body in For fear of faces dim; And arms were waved in the wild water To thrust it back to him.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Turn'd from the Brig of Dread; And the dreadful foam of the wild water Had splash'd the body red.

For days and nights he wander'd on Upon an open plain; And the days went by like blinding mist, And the nights like rushing rain.

For days and nights he wander'd on All through the Wood of Woe; And the nights went by like moaning wind, And the days like drifting snow.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Came with a weary face, Alone, alone, and all alone, Alone in a lonely place!

He wander'd East, he wander'd West,

Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart; From Robert's throat he loosed the hands Of silk and mail; with empty hands Held out, she stood, and gazed, and saw.

The long high blade without a flaw Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his hand In Robert's hair; she saw him bend Back Robert's head; she saw him send The thin steel down; the blow told well.

Right backward the knight Robert fell, And moan'd as dogs do, being half-dead, Unwitting, as I deem; so then Godmar turn'd grinning to his men, Who ran, some five or six, and beat His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turn'd again and said: "So, Jehane, the first fite is real! Take note, my lady, that your way Lies backward to the Chatelet!" She shook her head and gazed awhile At her cold hands with rueful smile, As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had Beside the haystack in the floods.

For months and years, in grief and tears, He wander'd round and round.

For months and years, in grief and tears, He walk'd the silent night; Then the soul of Judas Iscariot Perceived a far-off light.

A far-off light across the waste, As dim as dim might be, That came and went, like the light-house gleam On a black night at sea.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Crawl'd to the distant gleam; And the rain came down, and the rain was blown Against him with a scream.

For days and nights he wander'd on Push'd on by hands behind; And the days went by like black, black rain, And the nights like rushing wind.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot, Strange, and sad, and tall, Stood all alone at dead of night Before a lighted hall.

And the wold was white with snow, And his foot-marks black and damp; And the ghost of the silver Moon arose, Holding her yellow lamp.

And the icicles were on the eaves, And the walls were deep with white; And the shadows of the guests within Pass'd on the window light.

The shadows of the wedding guests Did strangely come and go; And the body of Judas Iscariot Lay stretch'd along the snow.

The body of Judas Iscariot Lay stretch'd along the snow; 'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Ran swiftly to and fro.

To and fro, and up and down, He ran so swiftly there, Around and round the frozen Pole Glideth the lean, white bear.

'Twas the Bridegroom sat at the table-head, And the lights burn'd bright and clear; "O, who is that," the Bridegroom said—"Whose weary feet I hear?"

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall, And answer'd soft and slow—"It is a wolf runs up and down With a black track in the snow!"

The Bridegroom in his robe of white Sat at the table-head: "O, who is that who moans with-nut?" The blessed Bridegroom said.

'Twas one look'd from the lighted hall, And answer'd fierce and low—" 'Tis the soul of Judas Iscariot Gliding to and fro!"

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Did hush itself and stand; And saw the Bridegroom on the door, With a light in his hand.

The Bridegroom stood in the open door; And he was clad in white; And far within the Lord's Supper Was spread so broad and bright.

The Bridegroom shaded his eyes and look'd, And his face was bright to see; "What dost thou here at the Lord's Supper With thy body's sins?" said he.

'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot Stood black, and sad, and here; "I have wander'd many nights and days, There is no light elsewhere!"

'Twas the wedding guests cried out within, And their eyes were fierce and bright; "Scourge the soul of Judas Iscariot Away into the night!"

The Bridegroom stood in the open door,



And he waved hands still and slow;  
And the third time that he waved his  
hands,  
The air was thick with snow.

And of every flake of falling snow,  
Before it touch'd the ground,  
There came a dove, and a thousand  
doves  
Made sweet sound.

'Twas the body of Judas Iscariot  
Floated away full fleet,  
And the wings of the doves that bare  
it off  
Were like its winding-sheet.

'Twas the Bridegroom stood at the  
open door,  
And beckon'd, smiling sweet;  
'Twas the soul of Judas Iscariot  
Stole in and fell at his feet.

"The Holy Supper is spread within,  
And the many candles shine,  
And I have waited long for thee  
Before I pour'd the wine!"

The supper wine is pour'd at last;  
The lights burn bright and fair;  
Iscariot washes the Bridegroom's  
feet  
And dries them with his hair.

It would be hardly even to hazard a guess as to who will receive the honor. The fact that Lewis Morris was ordered to write the ode on the Imperial Institute during the illness of the laureate, seems to show that he is favored by the powers that be. Swinburne is by birth an aristocrat and is undoubtedly a great poet; but his radicalism—such as led to the frenzied ode against Russian oppression two years ago—and the sensuality of his earlier poems will probably bar him. Sir Edwin Arnold has wonderful facility in writing poetry to order, but doubtless his recent exhibition of senile eroticism has queer'd him with the queen, so to speak. He is, too, an active journalist, as is Alfred Austin, which should militate against both of them; the latter, moreover, is too much of a politician. William Morris would be an available candidate, were it not for his socialistic views. As for Robert Buchanan, he is a hack-writer and adapter of plays, and his performance thus far in his career does not entitle him to rank with these others, though his more recent writings indicate a new departure on his part in the direction of more serious and careful production.

## THE SEASON AT HOMBURG.

Where Would-be American Beauties Meet the Prince of Wales.

Before 1870, when the gambling-tables attracted the fashionable society of Paris, Homburg was a French town, but since then it has become more and more English day by day. True, there is a little French colony seeking health from the air and waters, and many of the inhabitants, being French refugees, likewise keep up, as a sort of tradition, the use of the French language, but the English tongue, nevertheless, most indisputably dominates the place. The signs of the shops are in English, the bills posted in the street, the menus of the restaurants, the cooking, the beds, the very arrangement of the houses—everything is English; while most noteworthy of all, Homburg alone, probably, among German towns can boast that its hotels are supplied with a sufficient number of "tubs" to meet even the unreasonable requirements of its Anglo-American invaders. In the olden days, when *les petits chevaux* were in full swing, "the waters" were regarded as a huge joke, and no one ever thought of being cured of any disease by them; but those who had enjoyed themselves "not wisely but too well" during the London season, and who wished to vary their course of pleasure by a little "gaming," came here, got up early because they went to bed early, walked an hour before breakfast, and aided rest and the effect of good air by drinking two or three glasses of the water daily. As years rolled by, the "tables" were replaced by the tennis lawn; but as the latter in itself would have been hardly sufficient to attract, "the waters" were diplomatically discovered by the local faculty to be a cure for all ills of humanity, and thus the periodical visitations of "everybody," with the others who were not anybody but wished to be thought "somebody," were secured without any inconvenient interruption in their continuity.

Society at Homburg, it is almost needless to say, centres round the royalties, or rather round the members of the English royal family who may be in the town, and more especially round the Prince of Wales. To his royal highness, indeed, Homburg is largely indebted for the high favor in which it is held by English and Americans, and his consistent patronage of this continental resort for the last eighteen years lent a certain amount of color to the ridiculous statement some years ago that the prince had been engaged for a term of years by the local authorities at an enormous salary. The report was, of course, an absolute fabrication, but it is inconceivable how many were found to have placed considerable credence in it. The prince is very regular in his habits when at Homburg, and follows the "twenty-one days' cure" in the most methodical manner. Dressed in a gray tweed suit and a soft hat, about seven in the morning he goes to the Elizabeth Spring, which is only a few minutes walk from his rooms, where he is sure to find some of his more intimate acquaintances among the curious crowd. After a glass or two from the well, he walks up and down listening to the band for an hour or so, when he returns to breakfast on the veranda of the Villa Imperiale and to his newspaper. Business occupies him from ten o'clock till one, when he lunches, sometimes at the Park Hotel and less oftener on the terrace of the Kursaal. Afterwards he drives in the mountains and takes tea in the Kurgarten Pavilion, while, with dinner over about nine, the prince and his guests stroll down to the Kurgarten to listen to the concert, now seated in the first row of chairs and again walking up and down the promenade. By eleven the prince is usually on his way home, and seldom goes to bed later than midnight.

The season this year has been a divided one; and, in the end, the cholera scare, if it did nothing else, killed outright that which at its best had little real vitality. Not even the arrival of the Duke of Cambridge, with the Fitzgeorges and Christopher Sykes in his train, did much to enliven things, for only glimpses of the other royalties were obtainable. The Empress Frederick, with the Princess Christian and the Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, had taken up their quarters at the Schloss, where one of George the Third's daughters kept house eighty years ago, and where she laid out and planted that English garden—still one of the attractions of the place—and set up in her boudoir the clock on the dial of which Thackeray read the word "Windsor." The

Prince of Wales, too—save that he dined now and then with some member of his own especial circle—had little to do with the gayeties of the place, and favored solitude in preference to the mob of snobs of which the ruck of Homburg is composed. In fact, his visit was one long disappointment alike to ambitious Englishwomen, would-be American beauties, and restaurant-keepers; and the comparative seclusion he has affected, and his obvious desire to avoid all festivities, inspired both English and American "toadies" with feelings akin to despair. He almost confined his society to the family circle at the Schloss, spending whole days there with his favorite sister, and most of his luncheon and dinner-parties were given to relatives at the Villa Imperiale. He did not put in an appearance on the terrace nearly so often as usual, and he studiously avoided the tennis courts, except, sometimes, in the early morning, when he and Lord Alington—another early riser—would drop in and passively encourage the enthusiastic players who get up at daylight to indulge in matches. The prince remained longer than he generally does at Homburg, for the hot weather, a fortnight ago, affected him to some extent; but when he left, on Sunday, he did not appear to have benefited particularly by the prolongation of his visit. It is well known he feels the death of his boy as keenly as ever. No phenomenal transatlantic beauties or married *ingénues* beset him this year, and he seems to be gradually making his affliction an excuse for breaking away from the old life at Marlborough House and his old surroundings.

The Duke of York, whose arrival helped to cheer up his father a little, not unnaturally gave the gossips of the Brünnen—and their name is legion—an opportunity to connect his visit with the Princess Victoria's presence at the Schloss, where the atmosphere is charged with matrimonial forces; but, as a set-off to this, comes the report that there has been renewed activity in the late Duke of Clarence's apartments in St. James's Palace, which were handed over to Prince George, and that the Princess of Wales and the Princess "May" were, while in town, most constant supervisors of the alterations.

Although far from the equal of those of former years, when Sir James Mackenzie and Reuben Sassoon gave their favorite picnics, at which racing, with diamond bangles as prizes, are well-remembered incidents, the season, considering the many disadvantages under which it labored, was a fairly good one. Nowadays, however, Homburg attracts great numbers, and, instead of being the holiday place of a few, it is a resort for the many, while with the additions of a Battle of Flowers—a very poor imitation of Nice—racing, coaching, and so on, the change is becoming more marked, and Homburg ceases to be, in some respects, so interesting. Still, princes and princesses came in crowds this year, dukes and duchesses the same, and the nobility, gentry, and public in general were more numerous than ever. But where were the bishops, the judges, and the lawyers who used to make such a brave show? In the olden days, they called the Hôtel de Quatre Saisons the Quarter Sessions Hotel; but this year the legal luminaries made up a small contingent and of celebrities there were still fewer.

This year Americans were not so much to the fore as they generally are, and did not seem to be in such large numbers as formerly; but there were always some to be met with near the Hotel Russie, Mrs. Mackay's bead-quarters; while, among others, the young lady who boxed her mamma's ears on the terrace of the Kursaal some years ago was here again, though she did not startle the proprieties in a similar way. That the English colony was split up into an endless variety of small cliques goes without saying, but the smarter sets, as a rule, followed the lead of one or two ladies, like the Countess of Cottenham and the Countess of Cork. It is quite possible now to have a good time and be in the swim, without being dependent in any way on royal favor.

Tennis, which numbers among its votaries the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, has been very good, even for a place which ranks among the first in the world as a centre of the game, and golf has managed to survive on a bad links, while "rounders"—a mild form of base-ball—attained a quick popularity. Mrs. Mackay took the lead among the chief entertainers, and the dances, also, were fairly good, especially those given by Baron Echerstein of the German Embassy in London, but in the absence of either a new beauty or a piquant scandal to discuss, a novel importation from your side in a "leap-year ball" was the all-absorbing topic of conversation. The ball was given by two fair Americans—Miss Edith Kip and Miss Whittier—and its most prominent feature was the purely subjective part displayed by the male element. It was the hostesses who led the cotillion, in which, by the way, no less than sixty couples took part, and it was the girls who escorted their partners to the supper-room. The affair was voted an immense success by the whole colony, which was very generally represented.

The belle of the season was most undoubtedly Miss Keith Fraser, an English girl, and Lady Eryntrude Malet was recognized up to her departure as the best-dressed woman of the year. But dress has been very quiet. The plainest of serge skirts and coats do duty for morning wear, and simply made cottons and delaines have sufficed for afternoons. Very large straw hats have vied in popularity with the inevitable felt gear of the district, but on hot days, of which there were many, the straw hats were most worn.

Just when everything seemed to be going on all right and when gayety had begun to exert its full sway, although no one really believed in the cholera, all of a sudden there arose a panic. Fear, not of cholera, but of quarantine, broke up house-parties and brought down the price of lodgings. There was a regular stampede, and every one began to pack up and make preparations for a hasty start. Swiss tours were abandoned, all arrangements were upset, and the season 1892 met with an unexpected death-blow in the rush for England, via the Rhine and Belgium, rather than through the guarded frontier of France.

HOMBURG, September 15, 1892.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Captain Charles King, author of many military novels; R. H. Savage, who wrote "My Official Wife"; and Professor Arthur S. Hardy, writer of "But Yet a Woman" and other books, were all cadets together at West Point in 1865.

The following significant paragraph was cabled to the London papers from Winnipeg, Manitoba, under date of September 2d: "Sir Edwin Arnold, accompanied by a Japanese lady named Mrs. Harowara, arrived here to-day. He leaves to-night for the East."

Boito, the opera-libretto writer, having been requested to contribute to an album, inscribed this sentence on the page: "Ebro e Otel, ma Amleto e orbe" ("Drunken is Othello, but Hamlet is mad"). The chief point of interest about it, apparently, is that it spells the same whether you read it forward or backward.

General Butler has been sued by Estes & Lauriat for alleged failure to abide by an agreement to give them his recent book to publish, and the case was heard in the Massachusetts Supreme Court last week. The general's examination of witnesses was designed to prove, if possible, that all looks like his, except General Grant's, have been a failure, according to the Boston News.

Eugene Field, in the Chicago News Record, remarks that W. S. Gilbert is the only librettist whose name has been commonly used first in a partnership with the musical composer. It was "Gilbert and Sullivan" always in talking of the authors of "Pinafire" and its successors. Still Mr. Field does not disguise his own particular opinion that Mr. Gilbert is "as arrogant and disagreeable a person as ever wore trousers."

One of the humors of the failure of the Oriental Bank, in London—a failure grim enough, on the whole—is the letter which Rudyard Kipling sent to the officials on hearing the news. Mr. Kipling was interested to a considerable extent in the bank, and he wrote strongly, as may be supposed; but he also gave vent to his feelings by several pen-and-ink drawings upon the envelope. One of these depicted a grave surmounted by a tombstone bearing this legend: "Here lies the remains of the New Oriental Banking Corporation, awaiting a glorious liquidation."

The Mascagni "rage" reached a climax at Vienna recently. When the composer left the Exhibition Theatre he was followed, and, before he had reached the place he was going to, some two thousand men and women packed themselves densely around him. His hands were seized and pressed. He was kissed and embraced a dozen times, and the cigar he was smoking was taken out of his mouth and fought for. At last twelve constables surrounded him and made way for him to one of the gates. Here he got into his carriage under their protection, and the wrought-iron gates were closed upon his pursuers.

Who that has followed the French plays for years past can not recall the little rotund figure, twinkling eyes, and soft, unctuous voice of Daubray of the Palais Royal? He was the fattest, the sleekest, the best-tempered of comic actors, and he always seemed to filter his voice through a roll of butter. He was seen at his best as the amenable husband in Sardou's "Divorçons." Who will forget the scene of reconciliation in the *cabinet particulier* of a restaurant between Daubray and Céline Chaumont? But we shall never laugh more at Daubray, the comedian. His voice is silent for ever. And disaster did not end here; for when his sister heard by telegram of her favorite brother's death, she dropped down dead from heart disease.

Archbishop Vaughan, of Westminster, on whom the pallium was recently conferred, with imposing ceremonies, in London, was a captain in the Crimean War, in which he gained the reputation of being a good soldier, a brave officer, and a man of extraordinary coolness under fire. He was the son of one of her majesty's crack officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Vaughan, of Herefordshire, and it was not until he had returned from his service in the Crimea that he determined to abandon the army for the church. There were several instances in our own Civil War of staff-officers becoming bishops of the church; but Dr. Vaughan is probably the only English prelate of modern times who has risen from the soldier's tent to an archbishopric.

Elihu Vedder, the well-known artist, was employed by the director of decoration at the World's Fair, Mr. Millet, to assist in that work. In the few weeks he has been in Chicago he has made initial sketches for the four panels in the art palace, which were assigned to him. And the *Inter-Ocean* says that since he began his sojourn at the grounds, he has rendered valuable assistance by his suggestions and experience, and the result of his work was regarded by those in charge of the artistic matters as highly satisfactory. But he has now left Chicago, and it is suspected that he has no intention of returning. No particular reason is assigned for his departure, although Mr. Millet intimates that he may have more valuable commissions on hand elsewhere.

It is said that as a young man, the late Cardinal Howard rode at the head of the military procession at the Duke of Wellington's funeral. He left the army soon afterward for the service of Pius the Ninth, to whose personal regard he owed his conspicuous advancement. A member of one of the oldest families in England, Cardinal Howard was, perhaps, never much more than a name to the majority even of English Catholics. He virtually became an Italian priest, and the honors showered upon him are little except a string of titles to his countrymen. But he was distinguished for a diplomatic quality which has often stood the Holy See in good stead, and he labored unceasingly to establish the somewhat fitful relations between the Vatican and the British Government.

PICCADILLY.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Mr. Horace F. Cutter, of this city, recently contributed an article to the *Overland Monthly*, in which he shows how, from the beginning of our government, Russia has been our unfaltering friend. It is reprinted in the *Review of Reviews* for October.

A "Dictionary of Anglicized Words and Phrases" is in the Cambridge University Press.

Mr. Hall Caine proposes to publish, next year, a novel dealing with the position of the Jew in Europe at the end of this century. In the preparation of this book he has had the help of the distinguished Austrian novelist, Karl Emil Franzos, himself a Jew.

It is reported that Mrs. Deland rewrote every chapter of "John Ward, Preacher," five or six times.

Douglas Sladen, who has resided for some time in Japan, has joined the industrious army of writers on that country. His book will be called "The Japs at Home."

The author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" is not a man, as even the *Athenaeum*—usually accurate in these matters—seems to think. "Maxwell Gray" is the pseudonym of a lady. The novelist is Miss Tuttle. She is the daughter of a well-known physician, and resides in the Isle of Wight.

Professor H. A. Beers's forthcoming book is to be called "A Mid-Winter Night's Dream and Other Tales."

The Hon. James G. Blaine has promised to contribute to the November number of one of the reviews an article on the "Political Issues of the Presidential Campaign."

A recent visitor to the scene of Thomas Hardy's novel says that "Wool Heath" is the true name of the "Egdon Heath" of "The Return of the Native." The house whence poor Tess went with Clare on the night of her wedding, once really belonged to the old family of the D'Urbervilles; it is described as a "vine-clad, ivy-covered, many-chimneyed old manor-house."

A curious volume on "Dancing as an Art and Pastime" is announced in London. Its author is Edward Scott and it is to have forty illustrations from life.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has been spending the summer in the bracing air of the English hill country, but returns to New York this month. The latest work from her pen is a volume of essays, entitled "Children's Rights," to which her sister, Miss Nora Smith, has contributed several chapters. Mrs. Wiggin is writing at present a series of magazine articles to be called "Cicely's English Experiences."

In Mr. G. B. Brinnell's forthcoming book, "Black-foot Lodge Tales," the stories appear as told by one of the Indians themselves over the lodge fire.

Mr. Edgar Fawcett is bringing out a new novel under the title of "American Push."

Miss Harriet Monroe, the young lady to whom was intrusted the task of writing the Columbian Ode, is about to publish a book of verse. Its title is to be "Valeria, and Other Poems."

The publication of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Children of the King," has been postponed until next year; but "Dnn Orsino" will be issued almost immediately, completing the series descriptive of modern Italian society, of which "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" were the earlier volumes.

Eugene Field has in press a "Second Book of Verse" and a volume for children, called "With Trumpet and Drum."

Lord Tennyson's new volume of verse will have the title "Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems."

"Enoch Arden," it is recorded, has been translated six times into German, five times into French, twice into Italian and Dutch, and once into Spanish, Norwegian, and Dutch. The latest French translation is an elaborately annotated one.

Queen Victoria's admiration for the novels of Miss Marie Correll has born fruit. Miss Correll, who is staying at Homburg, had the honor of dining with the Prince of Wales. His royal highness expressed a great desire to meet the young authoress, and an introduction was effected through Sir Charles Hall. Mr. Eric Mackay, Miss Correll's step-brother, and author of the well-known "Love-Letters of a Violinist," was also a guest at the royal table, the prince having a great admiration for the poems alluded to.

"Giovanni and the Other" is the title of the volume of twelve short stories for children which Mrs. Burnett has lately prepared for publication.

W. E. Norris has been writing a new novel, which is to be published under the title of "His Grace."

Mr. Austin Dobson has written a chapter on "Modern English Library Books" for Mr. Lang's volume on "The Library."

The *United States Investor* (Philadelphia) offers one thousand dollars in prizes for essays of not more

than one column each respecting American cities and towns. The prizes will be subdivided as follows: For the best essay respecting any American city or town, five hundred dollars; for the second best essay respecting any American city or town, three hundred dollars; for the third best essay respecting any American city or town, two hundred dollars. Each essay is to deal with the merits of the city or town chosen as its subject, either as a desirable place of residence, as affording opportunities for investment, or as possessing any other claim to unique interest or special distinction.

"King Poppy" is the title of the volume of poems by the late "Owen Meredith" (Lord Lytton), which is soon to be published.

George Meredith's new book of verse is to be called "The Empty Purse and Other Poems."

Mrs. Stannard (John Strange Winter) has written a new novel, which is to be published under the title of "A Soldier's Children."

What promises to be an interesting book is announced in England under the title of "Extinct Monsters." It will deal with the strange and massive animals of former ages and will make the most of the discoveries in America. The book is written by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, and the animal artist, J. Smith, has made twenty-four curious "restorations" of antediluvian creatures.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's book, "One Hundred Days in Europe," is in its fifth edition in England.

## New Publications.

"The Tariff Controversy in the United States—1789-1833," by Orrin Leslie Elliott, Ph. D., is the first in the series of Leland Stanford Junior University monographs. Published and for sale by the Registrar, at the university, Palo Alto, Cal.; price, \$1.00.

"A Blue Stocking," by Mrs. Annie Edwards; "A Woman's Web," by C. V. Maitland; and "Strikers and Communists," by Alan Pinkerton, have been issued in paper covers by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, 25 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Short Studies in Botany for Children," by Mrs. Harriet C. Cooper, contains thirteen easy chapters on the flowers and plants that grow about us, written to interest and instruct young children. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"Messages from Mars," by Robert D. Braine, being the narrative of a sailor who is shipwrecked on an island where a tree grows the leaves whereof are lenses and constitute a telescope of enormous power, has been published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

A new edition of "South Sea Idyls," by Charles Warren Stoddard, has just been issued, with an introductory letter by W. D. Howells, in which he calls them "the lightest, sweetest, wildest, freshest things that ever were written about the life of that summer ocean." Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

Rossiter Johnson, whom many young readers will recall as the author of "Phaeton Rogers," has written a new book for boys. It is entitled "At the End of a Rainbow," and tells of two lads who set out to find the crock of gold on which the end of the rainbow rests and perform other more or less remarkable feats. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson and by The Bancroft Company.

"Kent Hampden," by Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis, is a tale for boys, telling an interesting story and pointing the moral that honesty and manliness are virtues which sometimes are well rewarded. The hero's father is accused of a theft, and it is largely through the lad's untiring efforts that the real culprit is detected. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by A. M. Robertson.

"England and Its Rulers," by H. Pomeroy Brewster and George H. Humphrey, is a new history of Great Britain. Special attention is paid to the growth or decline of the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the democracy; to the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial interests; and to the origin and constantly increasing power of Parliament and the influence of the church. Published by S. C. Griggs & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A delightful little contribution to the literature of aesthetics is "The Desire of Beauty," by Theodore Child. It is merely an essay, but it is full of ideas. He first shows the solitude of the soul and the impossibility of exact communication between individuals, and then discusses beauty, the inadequacy of the various kinds of criticism, the joy of art, the error of realism, the schools of art, and a critic of the fifteenth century (Alberti), and concludes with a final chapter on the education of the eye. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The three final volumes of Imbert de Saint-

Amand's series of historical studies of Famous Women of the French Court are devoted to the Duchesse of Berry, and the first of them—"The Duchesse of Berry and the Court of Louis XVIII."—has just been issued in English translation. Like its predecessors in the series, this volume summarizes all that is known of life at the court at the period of which it treats, and the narration is spirited and brilliant, though the author's judgment has not been warped by partisan feeling. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by A. M. Robertson.

## Journalistic Chit-Chat.

The New York reporters who wrote up the cholera at quarantine—Sandy Hook and Fire Island—talk of forming a Cholera Club. The officers of the club will be given such remarkable titles as Chief Germ, Assistant Microbe, Bacteriologist, Funigator, Sanitarian, etc., and all the members will be bacilli. There were about sixty men on the cholera.

Yates Thompson has sold the *Pall Mall Gazette* to Mr. Kneighley, a member of the National Liberal Club. It is understood that the paper, which has been Radical in its tendencies, will become a Liberal-Unionist organ. Another account says that Lowenfeld, proprietor of a certain ale, is said to be the real purchaser of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Dove Kneighley acting for Lowenfeld in the purchase.

Henry George's *Standard*, recently suspended, once had a circulation of between fifty thousand and seventy-five thousand; but it steadily sank in circulation during the last three years of its existence, save for a short time when a special effort was made to obtain new subscribers. Its annual deficit was met by a few wealthy men who shared Mr. George's theory, and its subscription-list was kept alive by the efforts of a few hundred enthusiastic single taxers.

A new daily newspaper, to represent the interests of the government, is about to be established at Berlin. A leading Conservative member of the Reichstag, whose name has not been made public, will be the chief editor, and among the stockholders are Duke von Ratibor, Prince Putbus, Professor Delbrück, and Krupp, the gunmaker. The capital of the company is 425,000 marks (about \$705,000), a ridiculously small sum as compared with the sum required to establish a great newspaper in the United States.

General Lloyd Bryce, the editor of the *North American Review*, has brought suit against the *Evening Telegram* for an alleged violation of the copyright laws in republishing, without permission, in the *Telegram* an article which appeared in the October number of the *Review* from the pen of William E. Gladstone, entitled "A Vindication of Home Rule." Under the copyright laws, if the violation is proved against the *Telegram*, its proprietor will be liable in damages to the extent of one dollar for every copy of the paper containing the article. In the *Telegram's* case this would be about sixteen thousand five hundred dollars.

Apropos of the editorial discussion of Colonel Coe's recent magazine article on "Contemporary Journalism," in the *Argonaut* of last week, a correspondent sends us the following paragraph—we regret that we can not give the name of the paper in which it was printed, or the name of the speaker:

"At a dinner recently given the members of the press in New York, a journalist was called to reply to the toast, an 'Independent Press.' He said: 'There is no such a thing in America as the independent press, unless it is out in the country towns. You are all slaves. You know it and I know it. There is not one of you who dares express an honest opinion. If you express it, you know beforehand that it will not appear in print. I am paid one hundred and fifty dollars per week for keeping honest opinions out of the paper I am connected with. Others of you are paid similar salaries for doing similar things. If I should allow honest opinions to be printed in one issue of my paper, like Othello, my occupation would be gone. The man who would be so foolish as to write honest opinions would be on the street looking for another job. You know this, and I know it. What foolery to be toasting an 'Independent Press.' We are the tools and vassals of rich men behind the scenes. We are jumping-jacks. They pull the string and we dance. Our time, our talent, our possibilities are all the property of other men. We are intellectual prostitutes.'"

## Newspaper Annuals.

"Remington's Newspaper Manual for 1892" is the sixth annual issue of that publication. It devotes two hundred and twenty-four pages to a list of all the publications of the United States and Canada, arranged alphabetically by States and towns, and stating the circulation and other particulars; and after a score of pages of special lists—as of agricultural weeklies—it has three hundred pages of advertisements of periodicals. Published by Remington Brothers, Putsburg, Pa.; price, \$2.00.

The eighteenth edition of "Evans's Advertising Handbook" is a pamphlet of one hundred and twenty pages. It lists the leading publications of the United States, arranged geographically according to States and alphabetically by cities and towns, the title, date of publication, political complexion or class, and circulation of each paper or magazine being stated. The book also contains some useful advice for advertisers and certain lists which the publisher advocates as particularly desirable mediums. Published by T. C. Evans, Boston, Mass.

"The American Newspaper Annual" has reached its thirteenth edition in the issue for 1892. It aims to be a complete and perfect record of all the period-

icals published in the United States and Canada; and, in addition to the list of papers by State and city, it gives, in a list of papers by counties, not only the names of the papers, but the population, the popular vote in 1888, and the physical character and leading industry of the county. There are minor lists, too, of class publications, press and editorial associations, tabulated statements, population tables, etc., besides one hundred and fifty pages of advertisements. Published by N. W. Ayer & Son, Philadelphia; price, \$5.00.

The *Argonaut* is not in the habit of reprinting eulogistic comments on itself from other journals, but the following paragraph from New York *Truth* has another and wider interest:

"The other day, I asked the superintendent of the reading-room in the Mercantile Library for the last number of the San Francisco *Argonaut*, one of the very best weekly papers in the United States. To my surprise, I found that it was not kept on file there. It is surprising to learn that the admirable and delightful *Argonaut* is neglected by our intelligent and discerning public libraries. I hope that in the course of time they will learn to appreciate and enjoy that most admirable weekly as much as I do."

The reason for this neglect is that, probably, the New York Mercantile Library expects, as do many other libraries, to get the *Argonaut* free. We receive many letters from libraries and public reading-rooms requesting that the *Argonaut* be sent them free of charge, on the ground that the paper would be read by many people among their subscribers and that we would aid in the dissemination of culture and the progress of civilization by shedding, gratuitously, upon their subscribers the light of our intelligence. These requests seem to be based upon the entirely erroneous supposition that the *Argonaut* is an eleemosynary institution. The *Argonaut* pays cash for its paper, ink, type, and the services of its employees, and it sees no reason why it should give a portion of that which produces its income to a library which derives its income from subscription fees, State tax, or private endowment.

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## VANITY FAIR.

The amateur photographer, who "snaps" anything and anybody he sees, has aroused the ire of several correspondents of *London Truth*. One writes: "Within the last month or six weeks, a plague of appalling dimensions has settled upon this unhappy town (Folkestone). We are invaded by a mosquito swarm of photographic cameras, accompanied by their manipulators—male and female. No spot is free from them. Nothing is sacred to them. The beach swarms with them. They lie in wait behind bathing-machines, or in the neighborhood of public bathing-places, and 'take' their prey naked and defenseless. The only distinction observed in this direction is that the male photographer usually frequents the female bathing-place, and *vice versa*. Having taken people on the beach, with their clothes off, they swarm up into the Lees and take them with their clothes on. They obtrude themselves upon couples who, by their attitudes and their choice of a situation, plainly indicate their desire for privacy. So little consideration have they for the worst afflictions of their fellow-creatures, that they even seize upon points of vantage in the harbor, with a view of making pictures of the miserable passengers as they land from the Channel steamers. It is fun, no doubt, to the photographer; but to his helpless subject it is death. People don't like being photographed unawares and in heaven knows what attitudes. Unless this sort of outrage is stopped with a high hand, the days of this town are numbered. P. S.—I see written up everywhere, nowadays, 'Dark Room for Amateur Photographers.' They even put it in hotel advertisements. I never read the words without thinking that I should like to alter it to 'Black Hole for Amateur Photographers.' Don't you think that would be the best treatment for them?"

Another says: "Papa has been taking us for a tour through the West of England, and I want to tell you how we have been annoyed everywhere by the amateur photographers with their horrid cameras. You can't get away from them anywhere. It is not their photographing scenery that we object to, so much as their photographing their female fellow-creatures. If you are not very careful, you may get taken at any minute, as an 'object' in the foreground of a picture. And the people who carry hand-cameras think it the greatest fun to get pictures of girls in undignified attitudes. Now, if there is one thing more than another that any girl with a well-regulated mind is particular about, it is to look nice when she is having her portrait taken, and it's a horrible thing to think that you may be photographed at any minute without knowing it, with your hair and clothes all anyhow, and yourself, perhaps, all thrown down in a heap, after a long walk or a game of tennis, in the belief that no one could see you. You may say, of course, that nobody who knows you see these pictures. But how are we to be sure of that? We heard, the other day, of a lady who was sitting at the side of a rock, with a gentleman of her acquaintance in a rather indiscreet attitude, when an amateur photographer took the pair of them. He was so pleased with the picture that he handed it round the smoking-room at the hotel, and showed it, among other persons, to the lady's husband. That amateur photographer has started a divorce case."

A girl of fifteen recently attempted suicide in New York (says the *Sun*), because her family are unable to supply her with the clothes demanded by her own standard of a respectable appearance. The newspaper reporter selected the word "shabby" to describe her garb. The mental anguish that may be inflicted by conscious shabbiness varies, doubtless, in different persons. A man of letters, not long deceased, has left in his autobiography a vivid account of the mental suffering he underwent as a boy from making a shabby appearance. It would be a hasty judgment to pronounce off-hand that a susceptibility of this sort argues actual weakness of either mind or character. Although it may do so in many cases, the instance of the man of letters just referred to is proof that the reverse may be the case. The long and successful career argues the contrary. The foregoing considerations apply equally to the two sexes, but there are others that bear especially on girls. It is fundamental that one first duty of their sex is to make an advantageous appearance. This is bred in the bone of the race, without distinction of sex. It follows that the consciousness of a shabby appearance cuts deeper with girls than boys. The woman with whom it ceases to hurt will be found to have lost

other attributes of humanity. It is not often that a girl of fifteen seeks relief in suicide. This particular instance is of value only as offering a measure of the acuteness with which shabbiness may be felt.

In France, unmarried women have no social status whatever, probably from the fact that if conceded to them it might be reversed by their marriage. This is so generally recognized that, in England, where they enjoy many social privileges, they are presented again to the queen after their marriage, even if they have been to court for years. There, girls always bear their titles. In Germany, they are ceremoniously called by them; also in Belgium; in France, never. In the highest families in France, the eldest daughter is simply "Mlle. de ———." Even the invitations to her wedding bear no more pompous formula. Sometimes, when there are two names in the family, and the father has a title not belonging to his surname, one sister will be known by one, the second by another. Thus, Mlle. de Noailles and Mlle. d'Ayen are both daughters of the Duc de Noailles-Ayen, by the same mother. At times, one generation will adopt one appellation, the next changing it to the other, as Luynes and Chevreuse, Crussol and D'Uzès—all ducal houses. The etiquette in the best old families of France, as regards young girls, is very strict. At seventeen, they begin to be seen at their mother's "at homes"; but at eighteen only they make their debut in society, beginning with the opera, Lenten receptions, and what are now generally called *bals blancs*. Before her first ball she is taken by her mother on a round of calls to all the elder friends and relatives of the family on their respective "days." She never has any cards of her own; when she is what we call "out," her name is written below her mother's. The letters addressed to her are always delivered first into her parent's hands, who passes them to her, open or unopened, as she thinks fit. She wears no jewelry beyond one row of pearls around her neck; the only theatres at which she is ever seen are the opera, the Comédie-Française and the Opera Comique, and then always in company with some chaperon of mature age and established respectability, when not with her mother. She rides early, before the fashionable hour at the Bois, escorted by her father; her brother may take her out driving, and she is even permitted now to take the reins—a liberty which ten years ago would have stamped her as outrageously fast. French girls of almost any rank, including the *bourgeoise*, never walk out alone, and they are not supposed to select for exercise the more crowded thoroughfares. They marry young, presumably before twenty. Again, of late years, they have been allowed to wait and form their own choice, but, by a polite fiction, a *jeune mariée* is always eighteen. English girls are not treated as reverently by men as their sisters across the channel. They are the boon companions of the other sex, ambitious to share their sports, pleasures, and pastimes, living with them on a footing of free and frank familiarity, and are satisfied to be looked upon as younger and somewhat troublesome brothers, who ought to be immensely flattered at their being noticed at all. The English girl visits married women alone, but the latter are never called upon to return the visit. In the same way, when a girl is asked to spend some time in a town or country-house her parents are not bound to return to her hosts the courtesy she has received, a simple letter of thanks at the conclusion of the visit being esteemed sufficient.

An ingenious luncheon was carried out (says a writer in the *New York Times*) by a young woman to a half-dozen intimate friends. They are all recently back from summer jaunts, and the feast was an outcome of a chance meeting of two at the house of a third—the trio exchanging adventures and regrets that the halcyon days of tennis and moonlight were over. "We ought to have a formal farewell to summer," laughed one, and out of this the function developed. When the company entered the luncheon-room, a shout of laughter went up and a chorus of "Ohs!" followed at its appearance. A hammock swung from two gilded hooks across one corner, with two cushions side by side in it. A man's tennis-cap and blazer were thrown across one, and on the other rested a dainty garden-hat and parasol. On the walls were crossed rackets, in one corner a pair of oars, and arranged on a panel of burlap, like a piece of tapestry, was a most fetching bathing-suit. The table was decorated with what the hostess explained were "florists' June roses that grew in September as well." At each girl's cover was an emblem of her wander-

ings. One had been in Europe, and a little toy-ship, with an anchor falling on an ominous card with "Quarantine" traced across it, told its own story.

Women who own diamonds have them always on their minds, and generally on their bodies (says the *Evening Sun*). They go about the streets like traveling safety-vaults. The shrewd observer will frequently see a placid, decorous-looking woman suddenly press her hand on some part of her body not apparently claiming attention, and a look of anguish pass over her face. This is not caused by a casual spasm of pain, a momentary dereliction of some physical function, but by the horrible thought that her diamonds may have slipped their moorings. Some women carry their diamonds around their necks in chamois bags, like scapulars; others adjust them, like porous plasters, around their waists. Mrs. Thomas Winans, of Detroit, pinned a thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on to her corsets, and now is bewailing their loss. Women seize the most unlikely places to stow their diamonds when not in use, but do not seem to lessen the chances of loss or anxiety. Last winter, a young woman pinned a six-hundred-dollar diamond to the bottom of a silk skirt for safe-keeping. A week after, forgetting this, she put on the skirt and merrily promenaded the town. When she sought to wear her diamond it was gone. After a week of anguish, it was recovered by the offer of one hundred dollars reward. She had dropped it where it had been picked up. Not two weeks after, she sent it to a strange wash-woman pinned inside of a corset-cover. The mental agony which accompanies such exploits tends to whiten the locks. A woman with solitary earrings of unusual value wore them concealed in gold balls. In a sleeping-car these were removed, and she was brought back home in a piteous state of collapse. Another woman, believing that her person is in danger from the possession of such valuable diamonds when traveling, pins them in the folds of the window-curtains and hides them under the corners of rugs. The next morning she has forgotten the precise spot, and, after ransacking the room in a state of comparative frenzy, and perhaps losing a train, the missing jewels are found. The same woman, in Paris, hid her diamonds in a slit in a mattress. The diamonds, after a week or so, had made a considerable tour of the interior of the mattress. Not being found, the maid who attended to her room was charged with theft; detectives were called in. A pretty imbroglia was set in motion, when the enterprising landlady had the mattress opened and the diamonds were found. People who do not own diamonds have this compensation, and it should not be lightly valued—they do not have to take care of them.

I am inclined to think (says Lady Violet Greville in the *Graphic*) that women, as a rule, are what men make them, and a husband of twenty-two or twenty-three lacks experience in wife-training. If only marriage were like a civil-service examination! So many questions to answer, so many qualifications to fulfill—how easy it would be to prepare for two modern languages, or one music or drawing, algebra or cooking, as the case might be! A man in the colonies knows what he wants a wife for—to cook, to sew, to scrub, to wash; in short, a respectable, unpaid general servant—ordinary female labor being unattainable. But what does a man in London know of his requirements? The wife he married when he was a struggling junior at the bar, or a tradesman in a small way, is out of touch and out of harmony with his surroundings now that he is lord chancellor, or the head of a firm and a rising M. P. qualifying for a baronetcy. The small clerk needs a cook; the artist or literary man an intelligent companion; the brilliant statesman a woman who will exert a soothing influence over him, see that he has soup and wine when he returns from his work, and keep away from him all disagreeable and tedious admirers. Every great man requires and finds such a one—generally, unfortunately, however, in some one else's wife.

To refer to women as the weaker sex, a German scientist says, is surely a mistake, for they have always known how to preserve their dominion over the so-called stronger sex. Men are, indeed, women's most obedient slaves. Solomon said his wives were bitterer than death, and surely there never was a greater slave to woman. Statistics show that seven wives survive every ten famous men. Heloise survived the loss of her beloved Abelard twenty-two years, and, similarly, the wife of Washington, though she declared she could never get over the death of her husband, outlived him thirty years.

A *New York Times* writer assures the Philadelphia woman, who recently remarked severely to her shoemaker, "No French heels for me; it takes a New York woman to wear French heels to market," that New York women do not wear French heels to market, either. They do not wear them shopping, or calling, or driving, or anywhere, indeed, except in full evening-dress. The sensitive ears of the Philadelphia woman are as safe from the click of French heels on Murray Hill as they are within the sacred precincts of Rittenhouse Square.

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,  
February 13th, 1892.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Lent-Hooker Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Bessie Hooker and Mr. George H. Lent took place on Saturday, October 8th, in the Unitarian Church on Geary Street. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent. Full evidence of their popularity was seen both in the crowded appearance of the church and in the array of beautiful and costly presents that their friends had sent to them. The chancel of the church had been decorated to resemble a tropical forest scene, for it was massed with ferns, and glossy-leaved palms, and tall banana plants, whose immense leaves projected above their verdant-hued companions. Maiden-hair, asparagus tenuissimus, and vines of smilax graced the altar, lectern, and baptismal font in delicate relief, and assisted daintily in carrying out the pretty general effect that prevailed.

Every seat in the church was filled at twelve o'clock with the noddily attired guests, the fair sex, of course, predominating. As the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," was played the bridal-party entered and proceeded to the chancel where the groom and his best man, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, awaited them. The bridesmaids were Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Mamie Reynolds, and Miss Laura Bates, while the ushers comprised Mr. Frank D. Madison, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Elliott McAllister, and Mr. O. Shafter Howard. The bride was escorted by her father. When they had assumed their proper positions the ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Horatio Stebbins. The dresses worn by the young ladies in the bridal-party were very pretty, forming an effective picture against the background of green. They are described as follows:

The bride was arrayed in an elegant robe of pure white satin, made with a court train that was laid in Watteau plaits. The corsage was high and the sleeves were long and full at the top. Over the front of the dress were flounces of white chiffon falling to the hem, and the waist was encircled by a band of white satin. The long veil was of white silk moline, and it fell in graceful ripples to the end of the train. Her hands were ungloved, and she carried a bouquet of bride roses encompassed by bands of moline. The bridesmaids were all attired alike in becoming gowns. The bodice of white silk was high, and the sleeves were long and full. The skirts, which were of white crepe, were in demi-train. They wore La Tosca hats adorned with yellow feathers, and carried shower bouquets of Perle du Jardin roses.

After the ceremony at the church, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, 917 Bush Street, to which about two hundred intimate friends were invited. Throughout the various rooms in the house were seen the glowing colors of roses, chrysanthemums, and cosmea, that Miss Mary Bates had deftly arranged in harmonious combinations. The bridal bower was formed of a palm-thatched canopy, gemmed with white chrysanthemums and fringed with ferns. It was here that the happy young couple received the congratulations of their friends. The bride's mother, in a toilet of black silk, en train, finished with fine blue stripes, and the groom's mother, who wore a rich robe of black silk, also met with many congratulations. Soon after one o'clock an elaborate *déjeuner* was served at small tables, under the direction of Ludwig. When the bride's cake was cut, Miss Mamie Holbrook secured the ring, and later in the day Miss Mamie Reynolds caught the bride's bouquet. A Hungarian orchestra played concert selections during the afternoon. Mr. and Mrs. Lent left in the afternoon to make a southern tour, and will be away several weeks. When they return they will occupy their new residence, 2225 Washington Street, which is beautifully furnished and ready for occupancy.

## The Clark-Hopkins Wedding.

A wedding of interest to San Franciscans took place last Monday at Rio Vista, the country residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hopkins, in St. Clair, Mich. The contracting parties were their daughter, Miss Maud Hopkins, and Mr. Warren Dearborn Clark. The groom is a member of the firm of Williams, Diamond & Co., of this city, and met his bride here during her prolonged visit to her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins. The celebration of the wedding was made doubly pleasant, owing to the fact that it was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the wedding of the parents of the bride.

The grounds were brilliantly illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and the residence was fairly embowered in flowers. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. G. Stone in the presence of a limited number of intimate friends and relatives. Miss Frances Hopkins, sister of the bride, was the maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ella Hopkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Hopkins, and the Misses Helen, Edna, and Georgia Hopkins, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins, of this city. Mr. Claude T. Hamilton, of this city, assisted the groom as best man. The toilets of the young ladies are described as follows:

The bride wore a costume of white Duchesse satin, made with a full court-train, and adorned with sprays of orange-blossoms, white heather, and broderie Romienne. The bodice was trimmed with Duchesse lace. She carried a silver-covered prayer-book and a shower bouquet of Niphetos roses, caught up with silk ribbons. Her only ornament was a large pale-pink pearl pendant, surrounded by diamonds, a gift from the groom.

The maid of honor and bridesmaids appeared in gowns of cream-colored silk and *crêpe* de Chine, trimmed with lace and ribbons to match. They carried bouquets of roses and wore the bride's favors in the form of gold wreath pins, set with jewels.

A reception was held immediately after the cere-

mony, and it was largely attended. Dancing and an elegant supper contributed to the pleasures of the evening. The wedding gifts were numerous and of much value. At ten o'clock in the evening, the bride and groom left for Port Huron on the steam-yacht *Bonita*, and from there went East. They will travel about six weeks, and then come to this city to reside.

## A Dinner to Mrs. Sharon.

A charming dinner-party was given recently by Mrs. Louis T. Haggin and her daughter, Countess Festetics, at their residence on Taylor Street, in honor of Mrs. Fred W. Sharon. Covers were laid for twenty in the beautiful dining-room and the table was ornate with Mrs. Haggin's elegant Vienna glassware and an array of La France roses. Crystal and silver candelabra and shaded lamps gave illumination to the scene, which was a particularly pretty one when the guests were seated. A bounteous menu was admirably served, and during its discussion a Hungarian orchestra played concert music. At its conclusion a number of musical selections were enjoyed. Mrs. Sharon and Mrs. McGavin sang delightfully and Miss Ames gave some violin solos in an excellent manner. The affair was a perfect one in every respect. Those present were:

Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Count and Countess Festetics, Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mrs. Henry Janin, Mrs. L. H. Colt, Miss Ames, Miss Hager, Miss Newlands, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. J. B. Cassery, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, and Mr. Winfield S. Jones.

## The Irving Dinner-Party.

An enjoyable dinner-party was given by Mr. Robert A. Irving last Friday evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wooster, *née* McMillan, to which the members of the bridal-party who assisted them at their wedding last month were invited. A private dining-room at the hotel was used for the purpose and it was very prettily decorated. The repast was an elaborate one and several hours were very pleasantly devoted to it. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Wooster, Miss Jennie McMillan, Miss Sara Dean, Miss Lotta Farnsworth, Miss Gertrude Goewey, Miss Susie Wells, Mr. R. A. Irving, Mr. Robert McMillan, Mr. B. W. Cooke, Mr. George S. Mearns, Mr. James Bonnell, and Mr. Cornelius Roman.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Helen Snedberg, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Snedberg, to Lieutenant George W. McIver, Seventh Infantry, U. S. A.

St. Mary's Cathedral will be the scene of a pretty wedding on Thursday evening, November 3d, when Miss Lolita Monteverde, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Monteverde, will be married to Dr. Grant Selfridge, son of Dr. J. M. Selfridge, of Oakland. There will be no reception after the wedding, but the bridal-party will enjoy a supper at the home of the bride's parents on Sutter Street. Rev. Father Prendergast will perform the ceremony at half-past eight o'clock. The maid of honor will be Miss Georgie Masten and the bridesmaids will be Miss Salie Huie, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss May Reis, Miss Lillian Reis, Miss Meta Thompson, and Miss McGeoghegan, of San José. Mr. George James will act as best man, and the ushers will comprise Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Harry Wadsworth, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. James J. Archibald, and Mr. Samuel H. Knight.

Miss Susie Tompkins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Tompkins, will be married to-day (Saturday) to Mr. J. Harmon Brown, of New York, at the residence of the bride's parents, in Ross Valley.

The wedding of Miss Daisy L. Crane and Mr. Horace C. Donnell will take place on Monday, October 17th.

The Misses Wethered gave an informal *matinée* tea last Saturday at their residence on Pacific Avenue. A few friends were invited to meet their relatives, Mrs. Schwerin and Mrs. Elliott, of Baltimore, Md., and they were pleasantly entertained.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis will give a house-party next week at their villa near Bakersfield. Among those who have been invited are Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Henry Janin, Miss Ella Goad, Mr. Francis Francis, Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg, and others.

Mme. B. Ziska and her daughter, Miss Alice Ziska, gave a most enjoyable reception last Tuesday evening, at their residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, in honor of the officers of the French war vessel *Dubourdieu*. Quite a number of their friends were present, and passed the hours delightfully in dancing in the ball-room or listening to musical selections in the salon. Miss Adèle Puerari, Mme. Billoni-Zifferer, Miss Ziska, Mr. Lesley Martin, Mr. George Maguire, and others contributed vocal and instrumental numbers. Light refreshments were served during the evening.

The Cercle Français gave an elaborate reception last Saturday evening in its rooms, in the Union Square Building, in honor of the officers of the French man-of-war *Dubourdieu*. The admiral and his officers arrived at ten o'clock, and were welcomed and introduced by President Raas, after which dancing was enjoyed in the large and handsomely decorated hall. A delicious supper was one of the many delightful features of the evening.

The Concordia Club will give its opening ball of the season this (Saturday) evening.

An entertainment will be given at the Grand Opera

House on Thursday evening, November 17th, for the benefit of the Mission Unitarian Church, Rev. Thomas Van Ness, pastor. The congregation has, as yet, no place in which to hold its services other than a hall, and the entertainment will be given with the object of forming the nucleus of a building fund. An attractive programme will be presented, one of its features being the European novelty entitled "A Game of Cards," in which over fifty young people will participate.

A musical and literary entertainment will be given in the banquet-hall of the Hotel California on Saturday evening, October 29th, in aid of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children.

William Muldoon's explanation of Sullivan's recent inferiority to Corbett shows the marvelous spread of science among the expert trainers of men, whose methods formerly were almost wholly empirical. His view of Sullivan's defeat is that its cause was not the weakness of his deltoids nor the muscular sluggishness of age, but a cerebral imperfection resulting from too fat a neck. Thereby the nervous telegraph connecting brain with muscle became so slow of communication that the action of the body followed the action of the mind too late, and hence the fists that used to fly like whirlwinds could play on Corbett's cheeks no more than a harmless tattoo. If the surroundings of the Sullivan cerebellum, then, were restored to their former condition of health, their once terrible owner would be himself again. If Professor Muldoon can reconstruct the Sullivan of old, he will be as great a man as the ex-champion himself.

## A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

A strange sinicure in Paris, the place of dentist of the Paris Opera House, has just been filled by the election of the lucky man from a list of one hundred and fifty applicants. The salary attached to the position is nominal, but the number of applicants shows how eagerly the place is sought.

A bone-forming, blood-making, growth-promoting compound is Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The new British coinage will bear the queen's head without a crown.

## Artistic Frames for Photographs.

The photograph-frames that are being made now by the French and Florentine artisans are miracles of beauty. Sanborn, Vail & Co., whose great art-store is on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, have just received a large invoice of them, which will repay careful inspection. From frames for the tiniest scrap of a portrait they range up to the largest Paris-panel size. Some have merely the beveled plate-glass mounted on a gold standard; others are ornamented with some device in jewel-effect or in mosaic; others are encircled in a wreath of violets or other flowers; and still others are framed in delicately designed gold and silver frames. The single frames are in greatest variety, but they come also in sets of two, three, or four, arranged like a folding screen or in other styles.

The Florentine frames are a decided novelty, and will spring into immediate popularity. They are gold frames in large, floriated designs, and set off a portrait with splendid effect. Another tasteful style of frame is that made of celluloid sheets, the delicate transparency of which is very beautiful in pink, blue, and other tints, some undecorated and others ornamented with pretty sprays of flowers or other designs.

By the way, Sanborn, Vail & Co. have just received also some of the "cutest" little heads of children in terra cotta that artist ever conceived. They show pretty little folk, laughing, crying, pouting, or smiling in the most life-like way imaginable. They are only casts, but they look as if they had been carved by a master-hand, and they make charming ornaments for the drawing-room.

—MR. S. STROZYNSKI, CORNER OF ELLIS AND Leavenworth Streets, the leading ladies' hair-dresser, has returned from abroad and is again superintending all work personally. He has also reduced all his prices.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Maldonado-Acosta Wedding.

There was not a vacant seat in St. Mary's Cathedral last Wednesday evening when Miss Catalina Acosta, daughter of Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, and Dr. Edward Maldonado, a prominent dentist of this city, were united in marriage. The sanctuary was ablaze with the light from a myriad of wax tapers that gleamed on the beautiful altar, and the effect was toned to a certain extent by the disposition, here and there, of potted palms, among which little fairy lamps glowed. The organist played voluntaries for an hour, and finally, at nine o'clock, the bridal party entered to the joyous notes of Wagner's "Bridal Chorus." The march of the cortege was a pleasing spectacle. First in order were the four ushers—Mr. Eutimio Acosta, Dr. Albert Maldonado, Mr. William Kelly, and Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger. Then came the best man, Mr. Alonso Acosta, alone, and he was followed by the bridesmaids, Miss Marie Durand, Miss Emma Regensburger, Miss Eugenia Cabrera, and Miss Lola Loaliza. Miss Clotilde Acosta, the beautiful sister of the bride, acting as maid of honor, came next alone, followed by the groom with the bride's mother, and the bride with her brother, Mr. Bernabe Acosta. They formed inside of the sanctuary rail, all facing the altar, and then Rev. Father Prendergast advanced and performed the short but impressive ceremony of marriage. As they stood there, an excellent opportunity was afforded for a view of the toilets of the ladies in the bridal party, which are thus described:

The bride, a handsome brunette, was attired in an elegant Parisian robe of heavy white satin, having a complete oversleeve of pointed lace. The bodice was wrought in floriated designs, and finished with a manteau de la cour of the satin. The corsage was round, with a delicate trimming at the border of Roman pearls, and the sleeves were long and puffed at the shoulders. Little sprays of orange-blossoms graced the skirt around the base, and throughout the meshes of the face was an embroidery of pearls. In her collar was a spray of orange-blossoms holding in place the fleecy veil of white tulle that enveloped her graceful form. Her gloves were of white undressed kid, and she carried a bouquet of bride roses. A parure of diamonds glistened in her dark hair, and at ears and wrists—gifts of her brothers and the groom.

Miss Clotilde Acosta, the maid of honor, wore a most becoming gown of emerald green crepon, made with a demitrain. The round corsage was trimmed with lilies of the valley and finished with a bertha of chiffon, while the short sleeves were puffed high at the shoulder. Encircling the waist was a sash of green-watered silk and a girdle of lilies of the valley, and these same flowers adorned the bottom of her skirt at intervals. In her hair was a spray of lilies of the valley and a circlet of green silk ribbon. She wore long gloves of tan-colored undressed kid and carried a bouquet of Niphetos roses.

Miss Marie Durand appeared in a Marguerite gown of pale blue crepe de Chine, with a girdle of silk cord, and a stomacher of blue crystal beads. The round corsage was filled in with rows of blue beads, and the bouffant sleeves, which extended to the elbows, were finished with a band of beads. She carried Marechal Niel roses.

Miss Emma Regensburger was attired in a gown of white brocade, en train, having a band of var-colored silk around the waist. The high bodice was in wide plaits, and the full sleeves were of point Applique lace. Her gloves were of white undressed kid and she carried pink roses.

Miss Eugenia Cabrera was attired in a toilet of baby pink faille Française, with an oversleeve of pink mousseline de soie dotted with pink rosebuds and trimmed with narrow pink silk ribbons. The corsage was décolleté, and her gloves were of tan-colored undressed kid. She carried Duchesse de Brabant roses.

Miss Lola Loaliza appeared in a handsome costume of white silk, with an oversleeve of striped mousseline de soie. The corsage was décolleté, and the gloves were of white undressed kid. She carried La Marque roses.

After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's mother, 1307 Taylor Street, to which about one hundred friends had been invited. The residence was decorated in exceeding taste with bright and fragrant flowers, cordons of smilax, and potted plants in profusion. As the guests arrived they extended their congratulations to the newly wedded couple, then viewed the elegant wedding presents, and afterward indulged in dancing to excellent music. At midnight a sumptuous supper was served, under the direction of Ludwig. This, however, did not terminate the festivities for the guests were so hospitably entertained that they remained until daylight, sending the bride and groom away at two o'clock amid showers of rice. Dr. and Mrs. Maldonado left on Thursday for Castle Crag where they will remain a couple of weeks, and they will reside at the Palace Hotel when they return.

## The Masten Dinner-Party.

Mr. N. K. Masten gave an elaborate dinner-party at his residence, 2218 Clay Street, last Wednesday evening.

day evening, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington. Covers were laid for fourteen, and the table was ornamented in exquisite taste. Violets were massed at one end over lavender-hued silk, and there were brilliant yellow chrysanthemums at the other end, over silk of the same color. Illumination was afforded by means of lamps and candelabra, that threw a mellow light over the scene. The menu was delicious, and it was perfectly served. After dinner the parlor was sought, and a couple of hours were agreeably passed in conversation, varied by some French songs and English ballads that Mrs. McGavin sang in her usual charming manner. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Carrie Campbell, Misses Masten, Mr. N. K. Masten, Mr. C. Grunwaldt, of Russia, and Mr. P. H. Gordon.

## The McCarthy Reception.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Avery McCarthy, *nee* Wagner, give their first post-nuptial reception last Thursday evening at their home, 1918 Sacramento Street. As a commencement to the affair the young hostess entertained many of her lady friends in the afternoon at a high tea which had many pleasant features. The evening reception was very large attended. The floors were canvased, each room was neatly decorated, and a string orchestra was in attendance. Mrs. McCarthy looked charming in a gown of pale-pink watered silk and was assisted in receiving by Miss Susie LeCount, Miss Helen Gibbs, Miss Wagner, Miss Georgie Nightingale, and Miss Ella McCarthy. Dancing was indulged in and a delicious supper was served. It was about one o'clock when the affair ended.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon and Mrs. Henry Janin will not return East until early in November.

Count and Countess Festetics will probably remain here during the winter. Count Festetics is studying navigation, and is greatly interested in the subject.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Mackay passed the latter part of September in Hamburg, but have since returned to London. Mr. Mackay will soon return to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Moore, 2264 Franklin Street, for the winter season.

Mr. William L. Elkins will arrive here from Philadelphia early in November on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis at Menlo Park.

Mrs. N. Dillon and the Misses Marie and Kate Dillon will remain in San Rafael for another week.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow will return to the city in November, after passing the season at the Hyde mansion in San Rafael.

Mr. Fred W. Somers is residing at 1001 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, who have been traveling in Europe for six months, have returned. They are at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Marie and Kate Voorhies are at the Hotel Chatham in Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Valentine are at the Everett House in New York city.

Mr. Thomas H. Buckingham arrived in Paris last week.

Mr. William S. McMurtry is at the Brunswick House in New York city.

Miss Ethel Smith and Miss Alice Simpkins have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, at their cottage in San Rafael, during the past week.

Miss Leila Carroll, of Sacramento, is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. O. Alexander, at The Colonial.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum have returned to the city and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William H. Smith has returned to the city after a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre have leased the residence of Colonel A. G. Hawes for the season.

Colonel and Mrs. A. G. Hawes will reside during the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

Dr. William J. Younger left last Wednesday for Chicago with Governor Markham.

Mrs. C. J. Torbert and Miss Mollie Torbert will reside during the winter at 1101 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge and Miss Jennie Blair will leave Paris on November 8th for New York and are expected here early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Shepard and Miss Shepard have returned from Menlo Park where they passed the summer and are staying at 1101 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will sail from England next Saturday to pass the winter here with Mrs. A. M. Parrott.

Mr. Charles Sonntag has returned from her European tour and is at the Hotel Savoy, in New York city.

General John H. Dickinson has gone to Humboldt County on a three weeks' bundling trip.

Miss Alice Grant left last Sunday for Boston, where she will pass the winter with friends.

Miss Florence Pullman will pass the winter here as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barton and Miss Grace Barton are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Miss Agnes Burgin has returned to the city after passing the season at San Rafael and Littons.

Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Hanlon will give up their cottage in San Rafael about November 1st, to pass the winter here.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels have returned from Europe, and are in New York city.

Miss Tillie Feldmann has returned from a prolonged visit to friends in Helena, Mont.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux were in San José during the week to attend the Maynard-Lusson wedding, the bride being a sister of Mrs. Crux. They were the guests of Mrs. Edward Stanley.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Josie Pierce, Miss Mary J. McVitt, and Mr. Harry L. Coleman are enjoying a fortnight's outing in Santa County.

Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum have been entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase during the past week.

Mr. William Gerstle has returned from Europe, and is at the Hoffman House, in New York city.

Mr. C. W. R. Ford is at the Holland House, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward S. Taylor, *nee* Sanford, are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott have returned from San Rafael, where they passed the summer, and are occupying their residence on Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Deane, of New York city, are here on a visit, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Richardson left on Friday to visit Los Angeles and San Diego.

Miss Stella Currier has just returned from a month's visit to Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Hecht and the Misses Hecht have returned from Europe, and are visiting friends in Baltimore.

Mr. E. G. Schmiedell is making a tour of Southern California.

Mr. Philip B. Thornton will return from Arizona in December.

Mr. Van Dyke Hubbard has returned from an enjoyable trip through Oregon.

Mrs. A. W. Moulton and Miss Florence Moulton have returned to the city, and are occupying their residence, 1912 Pacific Avenue.

turned to the city, and are occupying their residence, 1912 Pacific Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Dargie, of Oakland, have returned from a pleasant visit to Castle Crag.

Mrs. Leocadia Acosta and her daughter, Miss Clotilde Acosta, will leave on November 3d, to pass six months at their residence in Mazatlan.

Miss Elsie Andrade will depart for Guaymas on October 28th to visit her cousins for a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Hopkins have left Edinburgh, and are in the South of France, where they will pass the winter.

Miss Hilda Castle is visiting Miss Cluness in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Levine, *nee* Plum, have returned from a delightful northern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Hicks are here from Los Angeles on a visit to relatives.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford and Miss Jennie Catherwood arrived in New York from Europe last Thursday. They are expected here soon.

Mrs. Frank Thompson, *nee* Carleton, has returned from her southern trip, and will be at home to her friends on Fridays at the residence of her aunt, Mrs. B. F. Norris, 1822 Sacramento Street.

Misses Adele and Ethel Martel have returned from a visit to friends in San José.

Misses Helen and Virgie Gibbs have returned from Coronado Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Herold have returned from Sausalito and are occupying the residence of Mr. W. H. Jardine, corner of Haight and Laguna Streets. They will receive on Wednesdays.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

General O. D. Greene, U. S. A., and family are residing at 1915 Van Ness Avenue.

Lieutenant J. Estcourt Sawyer, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is en route here from New York, with a number of recruits.

Naval-Constructor D. W. Taylor will be detached from duty at Philadelphia on November 20th, and ordered to the navy-yard at Mare Island.

Mrs. M. A. Healy, wife of Captain Healy, U. S. N., of the *Bear*, returned last Monday from Unalaska on the *Yorktown*.

Naval-Constructor J. H. Lindard will be relieved from duty at Mare Island late in November, and will then proceed to duty at the Union Iron Works.

Naval-Constructor R. W. Steele, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Union Iron Works and ordered as inspector of cellulose at Philadelphia.

Lieutenant John W. Stewart, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Thetis* and has been granted three months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant G. N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., who is East on a leave of absence, was in Washington, D. C., last week.

General and Mrs. Schofield, U. S. A., are visiting in Chicago.

Captain William N. Tisdall, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted four months' leave of absence.

Lieutenant F. E. Sawyer, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Richmond* and ordered to the *Thetis*.

Ensign H. A. Wiley, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Charleston* and ordered to the *Ranger*.

Major John Van R. Hoff, Surgeon, U. S. A., has been ordered to duty at the Presidio.

Mrs. George L. Dyer is now residing at 339 South Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.

Lieutenant Alex. McCrackin, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Miantonomah* and ordered to the *Marion*. He will leave here on October 25th.

Captain J. J. O'Connell, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned from his tour of Europe.

According to the testimony of physicians and the well-settled belief of the people, there is no better friend of the deadly comma bacillus than fear. The Parisian journalists seem to realize this, and there is little danger that the plague will get a foothold in the gay capital if a policy of reckless and devil-may-care hilarity can prevent it. Here is an illustration taken from the columns of a popular Parisian paper and fashioned after Victor Hugo's "Dansez, les petites filles":

Danse, les petits bacilles,

Et la peste;

Ils l'auront, gargons et filles,

Le cholera.

Danse, les petits microbes;

Allez, dansez,

On fera de belles robes

Aux trespassees.

Danse, les animalcules

De par ici,

En accent grave, en virgules,

En point aussi.

Danse une folle ronde,

O rois du jour,

C'est vous qui menez le monde,

Plus que l'amour.

The President of the United States having, by proclamation, declared Friday, the twenty-first instant, a national holiday, in commemoration of the four-hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America, the day will be duly observed as such at all army posts. A national salute will be fired at twelve o'clock M.

An intellectual amusement, recently devised in Boston, consists of writing a capital D on a sheet of paper while standing at a table, and trying to make the right foot swing in the opposite direction from that which the pencil is following on the paper. No one, so far as heard from, has been able to perform the feat.

LADIES WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR THAT A "special sale" of dress patterns is being made just now at The Maze, the modern department store, at Market and Taylor Streets. The "special sale" is a sale, for a limited time only, of the most desirable goods at unusually low prices, and they form such a good advertisement of the store that the firm not only can afford them, but finds that they pay. These dress patterns, for instance, are the most desirable goods; they are pure wool, finely made, and handsomely designed in the very latest fashions; and, as for variety, there are fifty distinct patterns. Yet The Maze sells them for five dollars each. And, by the way, ladies who go to The Maze in the next few days should not fail to look at the new millinery, for a fresh invoice of the latest novelties has just been received from Paris.

NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUITER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

## SKINS ON FIRE

With agonizing Eczemas and other Itching, Burning, Bleeding, Scaly, Blistery, and Pimply Skin and Scalp Diseases are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the greatest skin cure,

## CUTICURA

SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

## WEAK, PAINFUL KIDNEYS,

With their weary, dull, aching, lifeless, all-gone sensation, relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Painful Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing strengthening plaster. 25 cents.

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House Coats, Gowns,

Bath Robes, Satchels,

Traveling Shawls,

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

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## THE DAY OF RECKONING.

## A Household Tale.

HENRY MURRAY. MRS. HENRY MURRAY.

SCENE.—MR. MURRAY'S study. MR. MURRAY sits at the writing-table. MRS. MURRAY sits by him. She holds a file of papers in her lap. Time: after breakfast.

MRS. MURRAY [sighing]—It seems only yesterday that we paid them before, doesn't it, Harry? How the months come round!

MR. MURRAY—Come, Nellie, let's get to work. Are they all there—yours and mine?

MRS. MURRAY—Yes, dear—all mine are, anyhow.

MR. MURRAY—Well, you know, you kept back Mme. Chiffon's last time.

MRS. MURRAY [with dignity]—I overlooked Chiffon's account, Henry; you deliberately concealed Snaffle's.

MR. MURRAY—Oh, nonsense; it was a mere trifle, and—anyhow, Nellie, we agreed to say nothing more about it.

MRS. MURRAY—About either of them, Harry.

MR. MURRAY—Well, all right. I'm on the square this time. Fire away, Nellie.

MRS. MURRAY [taking first bill off file]—Mr. Bull, butcher, one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and eighty-five cents.

MR. MURRAY—Hum. Good appetites in this house.

MRS. MURRAY—Sands, grocer, forty-five dollars and seventy-five cents. I'm sure that's low enough, Harry.

MR. MURRAY—Let's see. [inspects it.] One hundred and thirty-two cakes black-lead! Now, what on earth—

MRS. MURRAY—If you don't wish the stoves black-leaded, Henry, of course I can—

MR. MURRAY—Oh, all right; one hundred and thirty-two cakes black-lead. Next, Nellie.

MRS. MURRAY—Chiffon—ooo hundred and sixty-three dollars.

MR. MURRAY [throwing down his pen]—I paid her last week.

MRS. MURRAY—Last quarter's dear. This is this quarter's.

MR. MURRAY—Ooo hundred and sixty dollars in three months! Well, if I spent that on my tailor I should be ashamed—

MRS. MURRAY [hastily]—Is that down, Harry? What's the next? Oh, here! Wilson—one hundred and seventy dollars. Who's Wilson, Harry? It's one of yours.

MR. MURRAY—Oh, that's all right. Wilson's very reasonable. Go on.

MRS. MURRAY—But who is Wilson?

MR. MURRAY—Hang it, I can't go about in *puris*—Wilson's the tailor. Do let us go on.

MRS. MURRAY [smiling triumphantly]—I don't want to stop, dear. Does a coat cost—

MR. MURRAY—I must be down town by twelve.

MRS. MURRAY—Well, then! Tucker and Frills—ninety-four dollars.

MR. MURRAY—That's a stiff item, what's that for?

MRS. MURRAY—Oh, lace and trimmings, and things.

MR. MURRAY [gravely]—Once for all, Nellie, I must impress on you that I am a man of moderate means, and—

MRS. MURRAY [gently]—It's all for the children—at least, almost all, Harry.

MR. MURRAY—The children! You could clothe 'em in buttons for half the money.

MRS. MURRAY—How you talk, Harry! The poor things must be decently dressed.

MR. MURRAY—Well, we must pray for a movement in grain. What's next, Nellie?

MRS. MURRAY—Oats & Grain—

MR. MURRAY—Oh, that's all right—that's for the horses. How much?

MRS. MURRAY [solemnly]—One hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty cents, Henry; how do you suppose—

MR. MURRAY—Glad it's not more; I've got that down. What next?

MRS. MURRAY [resignedly]—If it had been only the children now! But the horses, of course—Oh, I don't complain. [Takes next bill.] Healy & Sons—fifty-seven dollars.

MR. MURRAY—Healy?

MRS. MURRAY—My boots, dear—three pairs and one of evening shoes.

MR. MURRAY [with affected anxiety]—I hope your boots are comfortable, Nellie?

MRS. MURRAY—Oh, he fits me capitally.

MR. MURRAY—I mean, if he doesn't, go to some one who isn't so ridiculously cheap.

MRS. MURRAY [coldly]—I don't see any fun in that, Henry. Shall we go on?

MR. MURRAY—By all means.

MRS. MURRAY—Boozle Brothers—four hundred and ninety-three dollars—four hundred and ninety-three dollars!

MR. MURRAY—Well, it was about time we laid in a little wine.

MRS. MURRAY—Four hundred and ninety-three dollars for—four hundred and—

MR. MURRAY—Really, Ellen, if you are not a little reasonable—

MRS. MURRAY—How you can reconcile it to

your conscience, Henry, to spend so much on wine and whisky when I and the children—

MR. MURRAY—You forget yourself, my dear.

MRS. MURRAY—Oh, I know it's no use! Here's the next—Bloomer & Roots—one hundred and thirty-two dollars and seventy-five cents.

MR. MURRAY—What for?

MRS. MURRAY [shortly]—Flowers.

MR. MURRAY—Waste of money. Go on.

MRS. MURRAY—You might be civil, Henry. Nicotine Frères—eighty-five dollars. I don't know that name.

MR. MURRAY—That's correct; they're very respectable people.

MRS. MURRAY [scanning the bill]—Hum! Importers of cigars. I thought so. How selfish men are!

MR. MURRAY—Anything else?

MRS. MURRAY—Bonbon & Co., two hundred and eleven dollars; suppers, dear, and ices, and so on. Oh, and here's Blast's for the band—sixty dollars!

MR. MURRAY [ostentatiously adding up]—Two hundred and eleven and sixty—two hundred and seventy-one. Two hundred and seventy-one dollars for feeding and amusing a set of idiots for one evening!

MRS. MURRAY—Two evenings, Henry. You might at least be accurate.

MR. MURRAY—Idiots of men and frights of women!

MRS. MURRAY—Your friends chiefly and their wives. I try to maintain my position in society, Henry, at the smallest possible expense; and all the thanks I receive—

MR. MURRAY—Oh, do go on, there's a good woman.

MRS. MURRAY—The rest are just sundries—little trifles.

MR. MURRAY [suspiciously]—Trifles?

MRS. MURRAY—Yes, dear. There's no use going through them.

MR. MURRAY—Well, what do they come to?

MRS. MURRAY—Oh, well—you know, Harry, how little things mount up—they—

MR. MURRAY—Well, how much?

MRS. MURRAY—In a house one wants so many things, nothings in themselves, but—Yes, I've added them up, dear.

MR. MURRAY—Do come to the point, Nellie. How much?

MRS. MURRAY [timidly]—Well, Harry dear, as near as I bring it, it's—four hundred and eighty-six dollars—and forty cents.

MR. MURRAY [with decision, shutting the inkstand]—I don't pay that, Ellen.

MRS. MURRAY—I'm very sorry, dear, but—

MR. MURRAY—I don't pay it! Hang it! We must draw the line somewhere.

MRS. MURRAY—The things have been ordered.

MR. MURRAY—Can't help that.

MRS. MURRAY—And supplied, dear.

MR. MURRAY—I don't care.

MRS. MURRAY [feeling for her pocket-handkerchief]—I suppose I shall have to go to prison! Oh, I wish—how I wish I'd married a nice man!

[Mr. Murray whistles a few bars of a popular tune.]

MRS. MURRAY—You don't seem to care what your wife suffers, Henry.

MR. MURRAY—Haven't got the money—that's all. Look here, Nellie! I—I practice every kind of economy. I cut down the stable bill—

MRS. MURRAY—One hundred and seventeen dollars and fifty cents.

MR. MURRAY—And the wine bill—

MRS. MURRAY—Four hundred and ninety-three dollars.

MR. MURRAY—Women have no more head for business than an owl. Give them votes, indeed! I think I see myself!

MRS. MURRAY—I don't want a vote, Harry, but [a sob] I don't want to go to prison, either, and—why, here's the subject bill!

MR. MURRAY [with the calm of desperation]—Oh, go on.

MRS. MURRAY—The Restaurant Magnifique—to dinner for seventeen persons and wine—one hundred and ninety-five dollars. Oh, there's some mistake. I've never been to the place. I never heard of it.

MR. MURRAY—Then that's all, is it?

MRS. MURRAY—But this, Harry! Surely this is wrong? Henry, you do not mean to tell me that you have spent one hundred and ninety-five dollars at a restaurant?

MR. MURRAY [feebly]—Well, you see, Nellie, dear, when you went to your mother's I wanted a little cheering up, so I asked a few fellows to—

MRS. MURRAY—A few fellows? A few pigs!

MR. MURRAY—Come, Nellie, when a fellow's wife deserts—

MRS. MURRAY—Oh, nonsense, Henry.

MR. MURRAY—I was so jolly lonely without you, Nellie.

MRS. MURRAY—I am not to be persuaded like that.

MR. MURRAY—Honor bright I was, Nellie. [Mrs. Murray shakes her head.] Oh, I say, Nellie, what was that—er—little item for—you know?

MRS. MURRAY—Sundries, Harry.

MR. MURRAY—Yes, dear.

MRS. MURRAY—Four hundred and eighty-six dollars and forty cents.

MR. MURRAY—Oh, call it five hundred dollars. That's the lot.

MRS. MURRAY—Oh, Harry, you are a dear! Harry, I'm so sorry I was disagreeable. Of course, you were right to have a few friends to cheer you up, dear. There! I'm so glad the horrid things are done.

MR. MURRAY—By Jove! so am I! After all, we don't manage badly—do we?

MRS. MURRAY—I think we are rather economical—at least, I am!

MR. MURRAY—Well, I never spend a dime without looking twice at it. Hullo! I must be off—twenty-five past.

MRS. MURRAY—Good-bye, dear. You will be a little more careful in future, won't you?

MR. MURRAY—I like that! If you were half—

MRS. MURRAY—There's the half-hour. Kiss me and run! And, Harry, even if I do spend a little money on dress, don't you think I look—

MR. MURRAY—And if I do give a dinner or two, don't you think, Nellie—

MRS. MURRAY—Yes, dear, I do. [MR. MURRAY departs to catch his train.]

MRS. MURRAY [gazing reflectively after him]—Well, I think I can manage a man.

MR. MURRAY [as he gets into the train]—With a woman, you only want a little tact—that's all.—*Black and White.*

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## He Did Not Suit.

I loved a girl of Juno sort,  
But ill-luck did my suit besfall,  
Better have loved a girl that's short  
And never loved a tall.—*Judge.*

## She Grows Dearer.

They told me when I married her  
My ardent love would fade away,  
But as I buy her gowns, I find  
My wife grows dearer every day.—*Cloak Review.*

## Not His Huckleberry.

He found a girl who could not talk,  
And wanted her to wed;  
But though she couldn't say a word  
She gently shook her head.—*New York Herald.*

## How Matrimony Affected Them.

When Bennie Brown his Annie wed,  
Concerning him it might be said,  
As he the shrine of Hymen quitted,  
He felt that he was Benny fittid,  
And, speaking of his happy bride,  
Who thus to him had been allied,  
It might, with equal truth be stated,  
That she thereby was Annie mated.—*Roselaf.*

## Her Request of the Poet.

He wrote some verses on her gown;  
She thought they were quite fine;  
And then upon her new fall hat—  
She thought they were divine.

He wrote upon her fairy form,  
Her eyes, her golden hair,  
The color of her dimpled cheeks,  
And then, in his despair—

He asked her for some newer theme.  
She blushed and hung her head—  
"I think this time I'd like something  
Upon my lips," she said.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## An Early Instance.

It se fell out one autumn daye  
I saw a pretty maide,  
Who gathered something by the waye  
And unto her I said:

"Ah, maiden faire, so verie faire,  
Of other maides beyond compare,  
In truth, I love thee passing well,  
And this to thee I've come to tell."

How blushed she then, the pretty maide,  
And I to change the subject said:  
"What gatherest thou, sweet maiden, praye?"  
"Chestnuts," she said, and that was all she'd saye.  
So I rode on.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## CHOLERA.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

The cholera microbe will not live in acid solutions, and Horsford's Acid Phosphate is recommended as the most desirable acid for use as a remedy or preventive because of its beneficial effect on the nerves and process of digestion, as well as its tonic and general strengthening effect on the whole system.

Half a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water, with sugar if desired, makes a palatable drink.

The author of "The Gossip of the Century" has produced a book that will rank in interest with "An Englishman in Paris" as a compendium of entertaining information about persons and things. The chapter on old-time blood-letting by physicians contains some startling anecdotes of the faith doctors once placed in that remedy as a panacea for all ailments of the flesh. It is related that the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father, was bled to the amount of one hundred and twenty ounces.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

At dinner, recently, an old foggy had been harrying the company with stupid and unpleasant remarks about natural history. At length, in that peculiar tone of voice in which theological questions are uttered in the pulpit, the foggy said: "Has an oyster brains?" "Certainly," replied the host; "for an oyster knows when to shut up."

A lady, in Edinburgh, having advertised for a parlor-maid, who, in addition to the ordinary duties of such a situation, would be required to wait and carve, received, the other day, an application in which the following occurred: "I have not been in the habit of *carving*, but am most anxious to learn, and have no doubt will be able to give satisfaction."

An old man entered a crowded street-car, and seeing a boy seated in the corner, asked if he would give him his seat. "Naw," said the boy. "Do you think that is showing the respect to age that is becoming in a boy? If your father were to come into this car now, wouldn't you get up and give him a seat?" "Betcher life," said the boy; "I ain't ridin' in a street-car with any ghost."

Willie is the son of a clergyman (says the *Sun*), and participates in all the functions of church and prayer-meeting. Notwithstanding, he is very tardy in getting dressed in the morning, and occasions his mother much annoyance. One morning, her patience being more tried than usual, she said: "Willie, if you don't stop dawdling while you are getting on your clothes, I will punish you." Willie accordingly made haste, and, when he had finished dressing, fell upon his knees to say his morning prayer, to which he added these petitions: "And, O Lord, keep me from dawdling; but if, Lord, it should be Thy will that I should dawdle, grant that mother may be reconciled."

In slavery times (says the *Sun*), the overseer was treated with but little more consideration than the slave. Major Cuthbert, who had just engaged a new overseer, was a very arrogant man. The new overseer meeting the old overseer, said: "They tell me the major is a mighty hard man to get along with." "Not a bit. When he cusses you, you just cuss him back." Shortly after, the new overseer was riding along, and he met the major on his horse. "Get down," said the major, "and open that gate for me." "D— you, open it yourself," said the new overseer. The major did get down, and the new overseer was laid up for a week. The next time he met his friend, he said: "I thought you told me all I had to do was to cuss the major back?" "You blamed fool," said the other man, "I didn't tell you to let him hear you."

Here is Thackeray's version of his first meeting with Charlotte Bronte. The tiny, intense creature had idealized Thackeray, personally unknown to her, with a passion of idealization. "Behold, a lion cometh up out of the North!" she quoted, under her breath, as Thackeray entered the drawing-room. Some one repeated it to him. "O Lord!" said Thackeray; "and I am nothing but a poor devil of an Englishman, ravenous for my dinner!" At dinner, Miss Bronte was placed opposite Thackeray, by her own request. "And I had," said he, "the miserable humiliation of seeing her ideal of me disappearing down my own throat, as everything went into my mouth and nothing came out of it; until at last, as I took my fifth potato, she leaned across, with clasped hands and tears in her eyes, and breathed imploringly: 'Oh, Mr. Thackeray! Don't!'"

A robust American friend of ours lives below the boundary in Lower California (writes Dr. Remondino in his *Review*). There lived in the neighborhood a foreigner, as homely a man as one might light his eyes on in a year's travel. He was an undeveloped or immature Quilp. He managed to accumulate considerable money and needed a wife. An acquaintance suggested that he visit our Lower California friend, who had several very handsome marriageable daughters. He was received with baronial hospitality. He mentally made his choice from the trio of beautiful girls, and, next morning, broached the subject to the father. The old gentleman eyed him with an amazed smile, and remarked: "My friend, I fully appreciate and feel highly honored by your preference; but when I want to raise monkeys in my family I'll send for you. I am not yet embarked in the menagerie business."

A naturalist, who is absent-minded to a degree, recently celebrated his silver wedding. Just as the first guest arrived, one of the daughters was sent to summon the father, who was all ready, and came into the parlor. The daughter noticed that her father carried in his hand a small wooden box, and as he shook hands with the nearest guest, she saw him drop it. The cover rolled off, but she gave a sigh of relief when she saw that the box was apparently empty. The naturalist, however, uttered a cry of dismay, and instantly went down on his hands and knees in an attempt to gather up something. "Have you spilled anything, father?" she asked. "Spilled any-

thing!" he echoed, in evident indignation at her calm tone; "I have lost fifty fleas that I have just received from Egypt!" The effect of this intelligence on the family was nothing in comparison to the effect the catastrophe had upon the company before the evening was over.

Captain J. C. Powell had gone to a certain town once, and went to the court-house to find the deputy-sheriff. "He is on the street," said the county clerk, "and is sure to be somewhere between such and such places. You can't possibly miss him." "But I don't know the gentleman," said the captain; "how am I going to identify him?" "Well, I'll tell you," replied the clerk; "just go ahead until you see the ugliest man you ever laid your eyes on. That's Eminger. There is only one of him in the United States." Captain Powell walked down the street and began scrutinizing the passers-by. In a few minutes he saw a man so phenomenally ugly that he was petrified with astonishment. "I hesitated no longer," he says, "but approached the man and addressed him by name. He at once replied, and asked in some surprise how I knew him. I explained, and he burst into a hearty laugh. 'I pride myself,' he said, 'upon being the ugliest man in the United States, and am delighted to know that you recognized me so readily.'"

General Van Wahl, when governor at Kieff, received a visit, one day, from a poor woman, the widow of a police agent. For a long time she had solicited the pension which was her due. The head of the police, to whom she had addressed her demand, always sent her brutally away. She went to the governor and told him all her story. "Sit down there and write," replied the general, pointing to a writing-table. The trembling woman took her seat and wrote, from the general's dictation, a long supplication. "Now address it and wait for me in the next room." Two or three minutes afterward the woman was recalled, and the general gave into her hands a sealed letter, saying to her: "Take this letter to the head-constable; take care not to open it, and come back to me as soon as you have the reply." A week passed, at the end of which the woman went to the palace again, but this time joyfully; for pension had been granted to her, and she thanked the governor with joy. "It is useless to thank me; I am nothing in the affair," and he immediately gave the following order: "The head of the police at Kieff is dismissed from his post and sent into exile. The reason: because he granted a demand after having received a sum of money for so doing." In the letter which the widow had written to the head of the police, General Wahl had, unknown to her, slipped a bank-note for twenty-five roubles, which accounted for her supplication being granted.

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If you suffer with lame back, especially in morning, ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS are a sure relief. If you can not sleep, try an ALLCOCK PLASTER, well up between the shoulder-blades—often relieves—sometimes cures. Try this before you resort to opiates. If any of your muscles are lame—joints stiff—feet as if they wanted oiling—or if you suffer with any local pains or aches, these plasters will cure you. If you use them once you will realize why so many plasters have been made in imitation of them. Like all good things, they are copied as closely as the law allows. Don't be duped by taking an imitation when it is as easy to get the genuine. If you always insist upon having ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and never accept a substitute, you will not be disappointed.

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Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21.  
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For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays 9 A. M.  
For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, sailing on 1st and 5th day, 8 A. M.  
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TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 2, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
FROM SAN FRANCISCO FOR SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO FOR MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:20 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M.  
Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:55, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:10, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M.  
Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO FOR SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M.  
(Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M.  
Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M.  
Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:20 A. M. Week Days
3:25 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	6:10 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	6:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Duncans Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Mondays
3:25 P. M. Week Days		6:10 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		6:15 P. M. Sundays

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.  
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.  
**THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY** (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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**Way Line to Mexican and Central American ports, Panama and Panama.**  
Steamer sails at noon 15th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.  
Way Line sails—October 15th, SS. Colima.  
When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

**Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.**  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.  
Peru, ... Saturday, October 15, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro, ... Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking, ... Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M.  
China, ... (via Honolulu), ... Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M.  
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.  
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**FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.**  
NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong. 1892.  
Oceanic, (via Honolulu), ... Tuesday, October 25  
Gaelic, ... Wednesday, November 16  
Beagle, ... Thursday, December 15  
Oceanic, (via Honolulu), ... Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
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For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.  
**T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.**  
**GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.**

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José. ...	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José. ...	* 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa. ...	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis. ...	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East. ...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff. ...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East. ...	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton. ...	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore. ...	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers. ...	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez. ...	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José. ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno. ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa. ...	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, ...	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville. ...	10:45 A.
* 4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore. ...	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles. ...	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and Ogden. ...	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José. ...	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East. ...	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo. ...	† 8:45 P.
† 7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East. ...	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz. ...	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz. ...	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz. ...	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos. ...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations. ...	* 2:38 P.
† 7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions. ...	† 8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations. ...	6:10 P.
† 9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations. ...	† 2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations. ...	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations. ...	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations. ...	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations. ...	* 8:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations. ...	* 9:06 P.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations. ...	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations. ...	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations. ...	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

Every promise conveyed through an advertisement should be rigidly carried out, and, in addition, the utmost courtesy and painstaking extended to all. First impressions are all potent, even in business.—J. H. Comperthwait.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

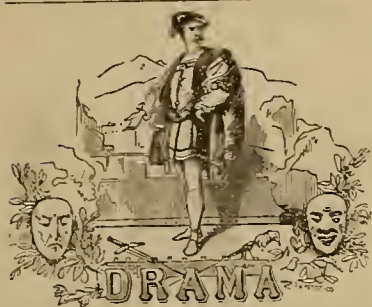
Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:  
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.  
Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.  
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.  
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.  
Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.  
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.  
Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.		DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.	
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.		SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. N.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. N.	9:30 A. N.		6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. N.	5:00 P. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Linton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.		
3:30 P. M.			7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. N.	8:00 A. N.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 A. M.
3:30 P. N.				10:30 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. N.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. N.	5:00 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. N.		10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. N.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Satoraga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Ukiah, Calito, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Willits, Hydenville, and Eureka.  
**EXCURSION TICKETS** from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$1.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.  
**EXCURSION TICKETS**, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, New Montgomery Street.





"Die Fledermaus," which was produced at Vienna eighteen years ago by Johann Strauss, has been so frequently played here that it may be said to be an old acquaintance. It is full, from beginning to end, of the rattling dance-music for which the Strausses are famous, and it contains three parts which afford performers a fine opportunity for display. It is pleasant to be able to add that the company at the Tivoli does it justice, and that the admirable orchestra at that theatre renders Strauss's music with a verve that the *maestro* would have appreciated.

In the German tongue, "fledermaus" means a bat or flying mouse. But in the slang of gay life at Vienna, a "fledermaus" is a Don Juan or *petit creval*, who spends his life in breaking hearts and eating sumptuous suppers. At the time Strauss's play was written, this significance of the word was not generally understood, and the title of the piece was explained by a fiction of a masked ball, which was attended by one of the personages in the disguise of a bat. But the true inwardness of the epithet "fledermaus" is now known to every one. In Vienna, the most famous type of the class was a certain Count of Lansenburg, who was the idol of the beautiful Viennese. It was said that he made nineteen victims in one week. Whenever he took his walks abroad, ladies or their emissaries slipped *billets-doux* into his pockets. On one occasion, when he was in waiting on the empress, four tender missives were thrust into his pocket.

Such Lovelaces are the product of the country which has been called the Japan of Europe. A diplomat who arrived at Vienna from Berlin said: "I feel as if I had come out of a stable to enter a drawing-room." The beautiful city by the Danube is, indeed, a paradise of pleasure. The Viennese live for enjoyment, and they take their pleasures so openly, so good-naturedly, that the severest censor is disarmed. They are envious of no one, they speak ill of no one, they accept the ills of life with philosophy, they welcome friend and stranger alike with hearty sympathy, they seem to say: That would be a harsh system of morals that would condemn us for having adored music, and dancing, and love, and gaiety too ardently. The same traits of character pervade the highest classes and the lowest. A traveler thus sketched the Prater:

In the main avenue, princely equipages, with four and five horses, driven by coachmen in gorgeous livery, and led by chasseurs in cocked hats; in the side paths leading to the Danube, whole families strolling, the men in shirt-sleeves, all bent on the wild delights of a dinner on the grass, under the shadow of an oak. Behind every bush, a dealer in salami and cheese roars: Salami! Salamuzzi! The people eat, and drink, and sleep, and dance, then eat again, and saunter home singing and stopping at every brewery on the road. When the tenants of the splendid equipages return home, it is odds that they waltz the day out. And what a waltz! Careering, voluptuous, but not lascivious, exhaling perfumes of health, youth, and love. Some of the couples seem to whirl round in a confused dream; others, with more accentuated step, and more feverish circling, look like sylphs who revolve on a turf of liquid diamonds, and attune their dance to the harmonies of the morning breeze sweeping over the rushes.

It is only in Vienna that the real waltz is danced, and then it is to Strauss's music. The true Viennese girl, with the supple figure of the Slav and the black eyes of the Hungarian, writhes through a waltz with the undulations of a serpent. She looks like a Lorelei poised on the curl of a wave. She is not kith nor kin with the sturdy *mädchen* of Nord-Deutschland, with the roomy boots and the thick ankles. In her veins courses the hot blood of the Oriental, with the sensuous languor which, since the days of Horace, has made the Lydian and the Syrian queens of love. Hers is not the spiritual charm of the Northerner, nor the voluptuous somnolence of Dudu; her love is life, ever thrilling, intoxicating, electric, pulsating with insatiate nervous excitement.

For such a community the prosaic institution of marriage was too tame to give scope for the evolution of passion. "I never heard," said a Viennese, "of more than one happy marriage—that was the one between the Doge and the Adriatic Sea." The normal Viennese of rank seek their pleasures outside of the domestic circle—the men in the *coulisses* of the opera; the ladies with their *cicisbeos*, who, like Mona Card's wives, are taken on short leases. A man's money is his own, to be spent on his own joys; the lady must be content with her lawful settlement. "I am going to Paris," said a Viennese gentleman to a friend; "how much must I expect to spend?" "If you take your wife," replied the

friend, "fifty francs a day will suffice; if you go alone, you will want a hundred and fifty."

"Die Fledermaus" presents a picture of this Vienna life. Eisenstein, a man of the world, is easily persuaded by a friend to attend a gay fancy ball at which he is to meet the "rats" of the opera; Eisenstein's wife consents the more readily to his absence on business, because she desires to receive the visit of a lover, with a fine tenor voice; Eisenstein's wife's maid resolves to attend the same ball, in a costume stolen from her mistress. Some word of the ball reaches the lady's ears; she goes in disguise and masked; her husband makes love to her; and she so completely fascinates him that he gives her a lady's watch, which has been his mascot. All these people are a party of madcaps, who live to laugh and to make love. Eisenstein is not shocked at the discovery of his wife at a coquette-party, and the lady merely regards his acceptance of an invitation to that party as a move in the game which calls for a counter-move. Such is life in the beautiful city of the Blue Danube. It is all a coquette-party, and, so long as everybody is merry, nobody objects to anything. Once in a way it has its tragic side, as Prince Rudolph's sad story tells. And among the plebeian class, the working hours are very serious indeed. In the Grahnen, which is the bazaar of Vienna, the prettiest girls in the world will wheedle a stranger out of his last florin with fictions at which the Father of Lies would have stood aghast; and in the side-streets, where the students live, house-owners will charge three prices for rooms, swearing that nothing so cheap is to be got elsewhere. It is true that the prudent mamma will observe in an undertone that she has trained her daughters to carry the morning coffee to *hoch-geborene* boarders, and that the lovely "saleslady" of the Grahnen will not disdain an invitation to meet her customer at the Tanzschule.

The piece is so well played and staged at the Tivoli that it is no wonder the house is filled. It costs a quarter to see it, and it is better worth seeing than some shows for which two dollars are asked. Gracie Plaisted is vivacious and dashing in "Die Fledermaus." Arthur Messmer's agreeable tenor is as tuneful as ever; if there were only more of it, what a harvest of shekels he could reap! An actor who did uncommonly well in the part of the prison-director was Hartman; he evoked reminiscences of the younger Salvini.

A popular impression prevails that the theatres are doing badly in consequence of the dullness of business. But this theory can not be reconciled with the steady flow of dollars and quarters into the till of the Tivoli. There seems to be no hard times among its patrons. As a rule, its audiences are foreign—German, French, Italian, and Spanish. But there is a pretty large sprinkling of natives among them. The house holds a great many people, and it is rare to see empty seats. It is evident that the singular phenomenon of full houses at the Tivoli, and empty benches elsewhere, must be accounted for on some other theory than the dullness of business. What the true reason is, a wise theatrical manager will try to find out.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 24th: The Duff Company in light opera; Alexander Salvini in "Don Cesar de Bazan"; the Tivoli Company in "The Mascot"; Lederer's Company in "The Passing Regiment"; and "The Stowaway."

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

"The Scarlet Letter" is to be made the subject of an opera, for which George Parsons Lathrop is to write the libretto and Walter Damrosch the score.

We shall see young Salvini as a star on Monday night for the first time. He has been the acknowledged head of a company for several months now, and has prospered in the Eastern cities.

Marie Pixley, a San Francisco girl, is one of the three young women who astonish the spectators of "Tangled Up" with their "widows' dance" this week. She is a pretty girl, and dances with noticeable grace in spite of the extraordinarily *exigante* character of the dance.

The Duff Opera Company will make its bow here on Monday night in a double bill, "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Trial by Jury." They will be repeated on Wednesday and Friday evenings, and "A Trip to Africa" will be given on Tuesday and Saturday, and "The Gondoliers" on Thursday evening and Saturday afternoon.

The Duff Company is not particularly strong in its principal singers, but the repertoire is a good one and each of the operas will be handsomely mounted; the Duff chorus, too, is generally a notable feature. Lillian Russell, by the way, was the prima donna of the company when it was here four or five years ago and first presented "A Trip to Africa" in this city.

At the Tivoli they will revive "The Mascot" on Monday night, continuing it through the week. It is a tuneful opera which has always been popular with San Franciscans. An especially large audience will doubtless be present on Wednesday night, the twenty-sixth, for it is the occasion of the annual benefit of the popular treasurer of the house, Joseph Holz.

BERKHAM'S PILLS cures Sick-Headache.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### The Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-second Saturday Popular Concert was given in Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon, and attracted a large and fashionable audience. The executants were Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine, the vocalist was Mrs. Sunderland, and the accompanist was Miss Amy Gell. The following excellent program was presented:

Trio for piano, violin, cello, op. 26, G minor, (1) allegro moderato, (2) largo, (3) scherzo, presto, (4) finale—allegro non tanto, Anton Dvorak, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine; song, "My Love is Late," Coven, Mrs. Sunderland; cello solo, (a) cavatina, Hügel, (b) canzonetta, Mr. Louis Heine; songs, (a) "The Heart's Fancies," Goring Thomas, (b) "Allah," Chadwick, Mrs. Sunderland; sonata for piano and violin, op. 13, (1) allegro con fantasia, (2) intermezzo, (3) finale—allegro molto quasi presto, Paderewski, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Sigmund Beel.

The next concert of the season will take place next Saturday afternoon in Irving Hall. Mr. Frank Mitchell will be the vocalist, Miss Bessie Wall will be the pianist, and, instead of the Rubinstein trio announced, a trio by Benjamin Godard will be played.

##### The Martens Soiree Musicale.

Mr. Theodore Martens, the pianist, gave his first soiree musicale last Wednesday evening, with the assistance of Miss Anna Miller Wood and Mr. Hermann Brandt. Quite a large audience was present, and the following programme was given:

Duet, violin and piano, "Sonata, op. 24," Beethoven, Messrs. Brandt and Martens; song, "In May Time," R. Becker, Miss Anna Miller Wood; piano solo, "Grand Polonaise, op. 22," Chopin, Mr. Theodore Martens; violin solo, "Legende," Wieniawsky, Mr. Hermann Brandt; piano solo, "Valse Caprice," Strauss, Mr. Theodore Martens; piano solo, (a) fuge (Wolfftemperir Clavier), Bach, (b) Fantasie Impromptu, Chopin, (c) Berceuse, Scherif, Mr. Theodore Martens; songs, (a) "At Twilight," (b) "One Spring Morning," Ethelbert Nevin, Miss Anna Miller Wood; piano solo, "Rosa Sylvana," melody, T. Martens, Mr. Theodore Martens; piano solo, "Mignon," transcription of concert, Ambroise Thomas, Mr. Theodore Martens.

##### A Schumann Recital.

Mr. H. B. Pasmore gave an entertainment called "An Hour with a Great Composer," last Friday evening at his residence. He was assisted by Miss Ada E. Weigel, pianist, and Miss Esther Needham, vocalist. Schumann was the subject of the evening, and a number of his selections were delightfully given. The programme was as follows:

Short sketch of Schumann's life; "Novelette, in D major op. 21, (a) 'Widmung,' (b) 'Du bist wie eine Blume,' (c) 'In the Evening' (Des Ahends), (d) 'Soaring' (Aufschwung); (e) 'Mondlicht,' (f) 'Waldegespräch'; (g) prelude from the Carnival, op. 9, (b) coquette, (c) promenade"; short remarks explanatory of Fraenkelbe; "Woman's Love and Life" (Frauenliebe und Leben); "Vienna Carnival prank," allegro, op. 26.

The approaching charity concert, to be given by the Saturday Morning Orchestra for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage and the Hahnemann Hospital, is attracting much attention in both musical and society circles. The Grand Opera House will be the scene of the concert on Tuesday evening, November 1st, and there is now ample evidence that the house will be crowded. In reference to this unique orchestra it is proper to note that it was organized about two years ago by Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright and Miss Helen A. Bosqui, with a membership of seventeen young ladies. They met at the residence of Mrs. Selden S. Wright, and after forming a permanent organization, they selected Mr. J. H. Rosewald as their director, a position he has since filled with great satisfaction. Their expenses are about seventy-five dollars a month for instruction, rent of instruments, hall, etc., which they pay by monthly dues. Their first public concert was in last February, and the beneficiary, the Ladies' Protective and Relief Society, cleared nine hundred and fifty dollars through it. They played once again at the Polytechnic Concert, at Mrs. de Young's house, and were an important factor in making that affair so successful. The orchestra now numbers thirty-five members. They have their officers and board of directors and manage their affairs in an excellent manner. They have decided to play only for charity, but it is evident that, later in the season, they should give a concert for their own benefit, to enable them to purchase their own instruments and a proper supply of music. Should they do so, they will be assured of substantial support.

The members of the San Francisco Verein have made extensive preparations for their production of the new opera, "Christopher Columbus," on Saturday evening, October 20th, in the rooms of the Verein. The libretto is by Mr. Waldeck and the

music by Mr. Hinz, both of whom are members of the Verein, as also are all of the participants in the opera. The rehearsals have been frequent, with satisfactory results, and there is no doubt as to the success of the presentation. After the opera there will be an elaborate supper and dancing. Only members of the Verein will be present, and extra invitations will not be issued.

"Baroness Meta" is now in active rehearsal, and Mr. Rosewald is directing the participants in a manner that augurs well for their ultimate success. They are taking great interest in the tuneful melodies and bright libretto, and are even now letter perfect and far advanced musically. The opera will be produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, November 16th, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange.

The Philharmonic Society will give its first concert of the fourteenth season next Tuesday evening. The society will be assisted by Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson, vocalist, Miss Florence Fletcher, violinist, Mr. Theodore Martens, pianist, and Miss Constance Jordan, accompanist.

Mr. Otto Bendix will give a piano recital next Thursday evening in Irving Hall, and will present a very interesting programme.

The second Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert will be given on Thursday evening, October 27th, in Irving Hall.

Mr. Richard Ferrer is studying violin music in Berlin, and very encouraging reports are heard from him.

##### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

FOR INDIGESTION, Dyspepsia, and diseases incident thereto.

Owing to press of professional business, Rev. Jacob Voorsanger will be unable to commence his course of lectures on the "Poetry of the Old Testament" until Friday, October 21st, at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon.

— ATTENTION IS DRAWN TO THE ADVERTISEMENT, on another page, of the Columbus Buggy Company, whose Pacific Coast headquarters is at 29 Market Street.

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### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

He—"E-r, are you married?" She (from Chicago)  
—"Yes, most of the time."—*Truth.*

Bilkins—"Hello, Ryghter, what did you do with  
that ballad you wrote?" Ryghter—"I sold it for a  
song."—*Truth.*

Painter—"I hate that Mr. Gawkins! I wish I  
could do something to make him ridiculous." Friend  
—"Paint his portrait."—*Bazar.*

Mr. Meeter—"Kin yo' think ob a word to rhyme  
wif 'soapy,' niah love?" Mrs. Meeter—"I doan'  
know; how's 'nopey'?"—*Truth.*

Maud—"How many times have you been engaged  
this summer, Edith?" Edith—"Five." Maud—  
"To whom?" Edith—"Jack."—*Truth.*

Mrs. Slimdick—"What has made your throat so  
sore, Mr. Newboarder?" Newboarder—"I think it  
must have been the steak."—*New York Weekly.*

Johnny Bellows—"Papa, buy me a dog, won't  
you?" Papa—"Perhaps." Johnny—"Do, please,  
papa. I've got a can and a string."—*New York Sun.*

"How are you succeeding at keeping house in the  
country, Mr. Hill?" "First-rate at that. But the  
neighbors have borrowed almost everything else."—*Life.*

The rich and handsome youth—"Tell me how to  
get out of my engagement to Alice." The sweet  
girl—"Tell her that you are engaged to me."—*Truth.*

Miss Flyppent—"When is your birthday, Miss  
Elderkin?" Miss Elderkin—"I was born on June  
30th." Miss Flyppent—"Old style or new style?"  
—*Puck.*

Bingo—"My dear, what is the sign when one  
dreams of snakes?" Mrs. Bingo—"In your case it  
is a sign that you are awake."—*S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.*

Stayatt Holmes—"What's the difference in time  
between London and Paris?" Roune de Bout—  
"Depends on the kind of a time you're out for, m'  
boy!"—*Puck.*

He—"That was a very funny thing about Mrs.  
Parvenue." She—"What was that?" He—"Why,  
she went into a carriage-shop and wanted to buy a  
carte-de-visite."—*Ledger.*

Maud—"Now, when I am asked to sing, I never  
say, 'Oh, I can't!' but I always sit right down at the  
piano and—" Mamie—"And let the audience  
find it out for themselves? Yes?"—*Truth.*

Little Dot—"Oh, mamma, there's a sign 'Pup-  
pies For Sale.' Won't you buy me one?" Mamma  
—"Wait till you are a little older, dear." Little Dot  
—"But then they'll be dogs."—*Good News.*

Toots—"They are going to have the speeches be-  
fore the eating and drinking at the Scroggs dinner."  
Tanks—"What is that for?" Toots—"Old Soak  
has expressed a desire to hear them."—*Truth.*

"We'll start a prison paper," said one life convict  
to another. "We will, and our motto shall be:  
'The pen is mightier than the sword.'" "No; our  
motto shall be: 'We have come to stay.'"—*New York Sun.*

Parker—"Who was that tough I saw you with  
to-day, Hicks?" Hicks—"Be careful, Parker.  
That man was my twin brother." Parker—"By  
Jove! Forgive me, old man. I ought to have  
known."—*Bazar.*

Seedy Senex (the mendicant)—"Mister, when an  
old fellow like me gets into hard luck, it's mighty  
little courtesy he receives." McGuffy—"That's so;  
we can't even respect gray hairs when they get into  
the soup."—*Bazar.*

The old friend—"I hear you are engaged, Fanny.  
Can it be possible you are going to marry that young  
Fiddleback?" The heiress—"Oh, no. He asked  
me as a favor to become engaged to him for a few  
weeks, to help out his credit."—*Life.*

"Jennie," said he, "I shall go to your father and  
ask his consent at once." "Wait, George. Don't  
be impatient," said Jennie; "wait until after the  
first, when my dressmaker's bill comes in. He will  
be more willing to part with me then."—*Bazar.*

Justice (in surprise)—"What's the charge, officer."  
McGlathery (new member of the force)—  
"Fer resistin' an officer, yer anner. Oi troied t'  
flirt wid ber all th' way from Twenty-Sicond State  
down to Union Square, an' she resisted me ivery  
attintion."—*Puck.*

He (after the introduction)—"I don't suppose you  
remember me, but I think we used to be in the same  
Sunday-school class together." She—"I don't think  
so. When I was a little girl in Sunday-school, I was  
always in a girl's class." He—"But this was when  
you were a teacher."—*Truth.*

"Why were you so cross to your husband at  
breakfast?" "I just couldn't help it. I felt as if

Made with Boiling Water.  
EPPE'S COCOA.  
Made with Boiling Milk.

I must scold at somebody or burst. Just physical  
irritability, you know—and then everything went  
wrong. Breakfast was late, the steak burned, the  
coffee thin, and cakes heavy." "Then why didn't  
you scold the cook?" "Oh, I couldn't. She'd  
leave."—*Life.*

Mr. Roseberry—"Dis yere Chris'pher Kerlunimus  
must 'r been 'r pow'ful smart sort 'r chap." Mr.  
Devon (contemptuously)—"Smart! Ef he'd comed  
over yere an' discovered Philadelph' or even 'r place  
as big as Hoboken, yo' maght talk; but when it  
comes to findin' such 'r nionst'ous piece ob de yearh  
as dis yere country, why—er—huh!—why he couldn't  
hev helped findin' it ef he'd 'r tried."—*Puck.*

DCLXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday,  
October 16, 1892.

Onion Soup.  
Cantaloupe.  
Creamed Shrimps.  
Broiled Quail on Toast.  
Potato Croquettes. Green Peas.  
Beef à la Mode.  
Celery Salad.  
Delmonico Fudding. Strawberries.

DELMONICO PUDDING.—Boil one quart of milk over a  
slow fire, stirring often; stir in the yolks of four eggs,  
well beaten, four tablespoonfuls of corn starch wet with  
milk, five tablespoonfuls of sugar, and a pinch of salt;  
when the mixture thickens, pour it into a tin kettle, set in  
cold water on ice, to prevent curdling; beat the whites of  
the eggs to a froth; add four tablespoonfuls of sugar and  
one ounce of vanilla; put the pudding into a baking-dish,  
frost with the egg, and then brown in the oven.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST  
made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used  
by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

The friends of Archduke Joseph of Austria have  
had much fun over the results of his attempt to  
colonize his estates of Doboz and Koebel with  
gypsies. During the spring and early summer the  
tribes seemed perfectly happy in their new homes,  
and the archduke was jubilant. Harvest time and  
the days of selecting recruits for the army came,  
however. The gypsies, fearing work and service,  
packed up their belongings, a few weeks ago, and  
silently stole away. When his imperial highness  
went out to muster his gypsy colonists, he found  
none to greet him. He will not repeat the experi-  
ment.

### The Greatest Race on Record

Is the race for popularity won by Hostetter's Stomach  
Bitters. It took the lead at the start and distanced  
all competitors. It eradicates indigestion, malarial  
complaints, ailments of the kidneys, nervousness,  
neuralgia, rheumatism. Physicians commend, the  
public knows its value, the press indorses. Grand  
are its credentials, grander still its success.

An Abyssinian merchant brings news from the  
Mahdi's capital at Omdurman that the population is  
more dissatisfied than ever with the Mahdi's Govern-  
ment, and that it would receive with open arms any  
stranger who would try to free the people. He saw  
many prisoners there. All of the young and pretty  
women—European, Egyptian, and Turkish—are in-  
mates of the Mahdi's harem.

People of sedentary habits, who are subject to  
constipation, can regulate their bowels by the use  
of Ayer's Pills.

Sophie Holmes, the colored woman who has for  
more than thirty years received a salary of fifty dol-  
lars a month from the Treasury Department, had it  
bestowed upon her for her honesty in guarding all  
night a box she found while sweeping out the Treas-  
ury. It contained fifty thousand dollars, and she did  
not quit it until General Spinner came to take charge  
of it.

### Mrs. Jones's Friends.

Carrie—"How I pity poor Mrs. Jones, what a  
thoughtless husband she has?"  
Minnie—"Is that so? I always thought him the  
pink of perfection."

Carrie—"Away from home he is, but he never  
lightens his wife's cares any and seems to think she  
never tires; why, all last spring, when it was so  
muddy he wouldn't buy one of those Hartman Wire  
Mats, that had such a run at Clark's hardware-store,  
and whenever I called on Mrs. Jones it seemed as  
though she had a broom or a mop in her hand clean-  
ing up after her children or her husband."

Minnie—"It does make a big difference, no mis-  
take, about the house work; since Charlie bought a  
Hartman Mat for our front door, I haven't had to  
sweep half as much as before, and that fearful smell  
we used to endure when we had a cocoa mat is done  
away with."

Carrie—"One thing sure, the Hartman Flexible  
Steel Wire Mats are ahead of anything I ever saw;  
they wear forever, will not hold vermin or breed  
disease, and are really a sanitary necessity."

MORAL: Be sure when you purchase, your mat has  
brass tag attached stamped "Hartman."

### False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles  
of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely  
infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is  
a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Con-  
densed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer  
and druggist keep it.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work,  
and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS A SUCCESS-  
ful remedy for over fifty years.

### REGULAR

## REPUBLICAN

### Municipal Ticket.

Mayor.....WENDELL EASTON  
Auditor.....T. J. L. SMILEY  
Sheriff.....WILLIAM J. BLATTNER  
Tax-Collector.....THOMAS O'BRIEN  
Treasurer.....J. H. WIDBER  
Recorder.....E. B. READ  
County Clerk.....GEORGE W. LEE  
District Attorney.....WILLIAM S. BARNES  
City and County Attorney.....MEYER JACOBS  
Coroner.....DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD  
Public Administrator.....WALTER B. BLAIR  
Surveyor.....CHARLES S. TILTON  
Superintendent of Streets.....CHARLES GREENE  
Superior Judge (long term).....CHARLES W. SLACK  
Superior Judge (long term).....JAMES M. TROUTT  
Superior Judge (long term).....GEORGE H. BARRS  
Superior Judge (long term).....JOHN LORD LOVE  
Superior Judge (for unexpired term ending Jan-  
uary, 1895).....WILLIAM G. BRITTAN  
Police Judge (long term).....H. L. JOACHIMSEN  
Police Judge (long term).....W. A. S. NICHOLSON  
Police Judge (long term).....JAMES A. CAMPBELL  
Police Judge (for unexpired term ending Janu-  
ary, 1893).....JAMES A. CAMPBELL  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....FRANK GRAY  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....GEO. P. GOFF  
Justice of the Peace (long term).....JOHN F. MULLEN  
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending  
January, 1893).....J. E. BARRY  
Supervisor First Ward (unexpired term).....  
.....EDWARD HOLLAND  
Supervisor First Ward.....EDWARD HOLLAND  
Supervisor Second Ward (unexpired term).....  
.....DR. R. C. MEYERS  
Supervisor Second Ward.....DR. R. C. MEYERS  
Supervisor Third Ward.....CARLOS G. YOUNG  
Supervisor Fourth Ward.....HENRY A. STEFFENS  
Supervisor Fifth Ward.....H. R. ROBBINS  
Supervisor Sixth Ward.....W. E. LANE  
Supervisor Seventh Ward.....VICTOR D. DUBOSE  
Supervisor Eighth Ward.....P. J. COFFEE  
Supervisor Ninth Ward.....ALBERT HEYER  
Supervisor Tenth Ward.....HENRY P. SONNTAG  
Supervisor Eleventh Ward.....THOMAS J. PARSONS  
Supervisor Twelfth Ward.....AUGUST HELBING  
School Director.....A. F. JOHNS  
School Director.....DR. C. W. DECKER  
School Director.....GEORGE W. PENNINGTON  
School Director.....JAMES A. PARISER  
School Director.....LUKE BATTLES  
School Director.....J. H. CULVER  
School Director.....J. J. DUNN  
School Director.....PAUL BARBIERI  
School Director.....WILLIAM H. EASTLAND  
School Director.....C. O. SWANBERG  
School Director.....HARVEY L. SANBORN  
School Director.....Z. T. WHITTEN  
School Director (for unexpired term ending Jan-  
uary, 1893).....A. F. JOHNS

### LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

#### FOR STATE SENATORS.

17th District.....JAMES CRAVEN  
19th District.....JOSEPH WINDROW  
21st District.....J. L. H. VAN SCHAIK  
23d District.....CHARLES H. FANCHER  
25th District.....JOHN F. MARTIN

#### FOR ASSEMBLYMEN.

28th District.....PETER JOSEPH KELLY  
29th District.....CHARLES E. COREY  
30th District.....JAMES J. FALLON  
31st District.....THOMAS F. GRAHAM  
32d District.....JOHN A. HOEY  
33d District.....FREDERICK WOODS  
34th District.....J. F. MCQUAID  
35th District.....JOHN S. ROBINSON  
36th District.....ALBERT B. MAHONEY  
37th District.....JOHN F. O'BRIEN  
38th District.....GEORGE S. MATHEWS  
39th District.....JULIUS KAHN  
40th District.....LOUIS A. PHILLIPS  
41st District.....HENRY C. DIBBLE  
42d District.....GRANT ISRAEL  
43d District.....JOHN P. RICE  
44th District.....JAMES MCGOWEN  
45th District.....JOHN



# You Want

Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, It is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,  
29 Post Street.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital ..... \$3,000,000 00  
Surplus ..... 1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits ..... 3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD, President  
THOMAS BROWN, Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR., Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON, Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy, and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## WELLS FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus, \$6,000,000

Directors:  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; W. F. GOAD, Vice-Pres.; Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, Dudley Evans, H. W. WORTH, Treasurer. HENRY S. KING, Manager.

Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

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Directors:  
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Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital, \$1,000,000  
Assets, 2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders, 1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.  
CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

## London Assurance Company Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

## Northern Assurance Company Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,  
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

## MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAPEL AND WAGON DUCK.

From 12 to 20 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 280-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

## MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

BAKED PORK  
AND BEANS  
UNEQUALLED.



LOC CABIN BAKERY!

Our Home-Made Bread  
Is now in the houses of thousands of families, who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheaper.

TRY IT!

Wedding Parties Supplied with all the Delicacies.  
We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.

Main Office—400 Hayes St., San Francisco,  
475 Eleventh St., Oakland.  
Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.



ANDREWS' UPRIGHT  
FOLDING BEDS  
Office and School  
FURNITURE,  
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.  
C. F. WEBER & CO.  
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

The Leading Coast Co.

# FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance

Company.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS, \$3,200,000.

AGENTS ESTABLISHED THROUGHOUT AMERICA.

D. J. STAPLES, President. WM. J. DUTTON, Vice-President. B. FAYNONVILLE, Secretary.  
J. E. LEVISON, Marine Sec'y. LOUIS WEINMANN, Asst. Sec'y. STEPHEN D. IVES, Gen. Agt.



## The Caligraph TYPE-WRITING SUPPLIES. WRITING MACHINE. No. 19 Montgomery St., Lick House Block. CHAS. E. NAYLOR, Agent.

BONESTELL & CO.

(Established 1854.)

DEALERS IN **PAPER** OF ALL KINDS. GEORGE MORROW & CO., DEALERS IN HAY AND GRAIN. PRIVATE TRADE SOLICITED.  
For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St. No. 39 Clay Street, San Francisco

## KNABE PIANOS



KIMBALL'S  
FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.  
16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	6.30
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.85
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	6.10
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.....	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and Modernist's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Argosy for One Year, by Mail.....	5.25
The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.60
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

## PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

— FOR —

WALL PAPER,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
and CORNICE POLES

— GO TO —

C. W. CLARK & CO.  
653 and 655 Market Street.

Don't advertise in a half-hearted, listless manner; word your advertisement and run it as though you were determined to reap good results.

Don't go into a medium doubting its efficiency; but make up your mind before using it that it is well-calculated to serve you, otherwise don't use it at all.

If anything in the world is worth doing well, advertising is that thing. Doubt and uncertainty as to results should never accompany an order for advertising.

A thorough knowledge of just what one is driving at in this line of business is indispensable; without that there can be no faith or hope in the outcome.—W. W. Hallock.

Ho! merchant; ho! manufacturer; ho! man, in whatever calling. Enthusiasm is everything. It is a vital force. Without it business drags or dies. One of the accidents of an advertising effort is that it enlists this force. All advertising is action, action of the briskest kind. It wakes up every energy, and by its very activity enables the efforts made. If you are afraid of action—if you can not trust yourself, your goods, or your working force in the swift current which sweeps toward success, do not attempt to advertise; it is fatal to sluggish or timid men.—Artemus Ward.

In the death of P. T. Barnum the advertising world lost a staunch friend and advocate. The great showman never lost an opportunity to preach the possibilities of printers' ink. Although not a typical advertiser—his field lying outside of ordinary paths—he was an enterprising and energetic one, and he has always been quoted as he deserved to be—as one of the shining examples of success attained through judicious advertising.—Printers' Ink.

## ASK FOR

The Select White Wines from the California Sauterne District.

## CHATEAU BELLEVUE

Case of quart bottles.  
Cream of Sauterne ..... \$7.50  
Grand vin Sauterne ..... 5.00  
Hock ..... 6.00  
Riesling ..... 4.50  
Sillery Rose, "Champagne Grapes" ..... 5.00

They will be found at the leading restaurants in the city.

Ask for Chateau Bellevue Clarets  
1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 vintages.

CABERNET, BURGUNDY,  
ROUSSILLON, ZINFANDEL

PRICES ACCORDING TO QUALITY AND VINTAGE

Orders large or small, directed to the winery, will be carefully attended to, and delivered at residence in San Francisco and Oakland.

A. DUVAL, Livermore, Cal.

GERMEA  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 17.

SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 24, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$4.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by Carriers at \$4.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: "Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: "The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal." Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at 27 King William Street, West Strand. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 124 Fifth Avenue. In Chicago, at 206 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

It is not too much to say that the decision of the supreme court on the question of the heading of the electoral ballots is the most important judgment which has been rendered by that tribunal in years.

The court decides that no ballot shall carry a general party heading, and that no vote shall be counted for any candidate unless the voter, with his own hand, affixes a stamp opposite the name of such candidate. Thus no voter can vote the

straight ticket of his party in its entirety, unless he separately stamps a cross against every name thereon. Every name which he passes over he must be held to have scratched.

The effect of this new rule will be to put a stop to voting straight party tickets. At the last election in San Francisco, fourteen thousand votes, about equally divided between the two parties, were straight—that is to say, the voter received from the agent of his party a party ticket which he proceeded to vote as a whole, without looking at it. In so doing he voted for, perhaps, thirty or forty candidates of whose qualifications for the offices they sought he could form no opinion. He voted for them because they were the choice of his party boss, and for party's sake he swallowed them whole. It need hardly be pointed out that this practice tended to defeat the object of the ballot, and was irreconcilable with any theory of representative government. In effect, it delegated to the party bosses a sovereignty which every citizen ought to keep under his own hat. It made the boss supreme and the citizen a mere instrument for carrying out his will.

The new rule changes all this. A voter may still vote a straight party ticket; but to do so he must go over every name thereon and stamp a cross against each. This will compel the voter to scrutinize the names on his ticket, and to vote knowingly on each. He can not shirk his duty and let the party boss choose for him. He must choose for himself. And as the operation of stamping a long ticket will be tedious, it is odds that when he comes to names which he never heard before, or to the names of men whom he does not heartily approve, he will pass them over, in order to have more time to stamp the candidates who are really the men of his choice. Thus the probable effect of the ruling of the supreme court will be to reduce the number of votes cast for candidates who are unknown and for candidates who are not personally respected, but who found places on the ticket through the favor of a boss. People who would have voted for these under the old fashion of voting straight tickets, will simply ignore them by failing to affix the stamp opposite their names, and they will probably be defeated in consequence. This will be a great gain for purity at elections.

But the effect will not stop here. It is the straight tickets—amounting on the average to one-third or one-fourth of the whole vote cast—which give conventions and bosses their power. Under the present system, a boss can promise a candidate from one-fourth to one-third of the party vote sure, from straight tickets, and probably another fourth or third from voters who scratch their tickets on certain names for personal reasons; for the remainder of the party vote, the candidate must rely on his own merits and his own efforts. But the vote which the boss can promise him gives him such a start in the race that it is wiser for him to deal with the boss and pay his assessment to the party campaign fund than to put his fortune to the test on an independent ticket. Under the new system the boss has no goods to sell. He can not promise the straight vote, for there will be none. Nor can he give any assurance that a candidate who is destitute of personal strength will poll any given proportion of the votes of those who scratch, for he can not tell any better than the candidate himself how many names the voter will choose to take the trouble to stamp. It would seem that the vocation of the boss will be gone, and when he tries to dispose of a nomination he will be told that he has no goods to sell.

There will always be party conventions and party slates. But their functions, instead of being mandatory, will simply be advisory. At present, a member in good standing of a political party is expected to vote his party ticket, and it is pretty well known after election whether or no he has done so. If he bolts, he rules himself out of the party, so far as future favors are concerned. Under the new plan, no one will be able to ascertain how a man has voted. And while a voter may have voted faithfully for the President, or the governor, or the mayor of his party, so that he can honestly say he has fulfilled his party obligations, no one will know whether he took the trouble to vote for all the candidates for minor offices—who are, after all, the fellows who do the mischief. Thus a convention, after adopting a slate, will be un-

able to give its candidates any assurance that they will poll the party vote, and it will be so little advantage to obtain the indorsement of a convention that many candidates may conclude to dispense with it and save their money. Thus the convention, as a venal instrument of office-filling, bids fair to follow the boss into retirement; and with it, of course, the ballot-box stuffer, the shoulder-hitter, and the piece-clubs will pass into innocuous desuetude.

It does not often happen that a long-established political practice is upset by an unexpected decision of court on what appeared to be a trifling side issue. But that seems destined to be the fruit of the ruling of the California supreme court. Whether expectedly or unexpectedly, it strikes at the root of the fundamental evil of our system. Universal suffrage, as a political doctrine, bade fair to go to pieces on the rock of the solidarity of party tickets. A voter has always been free to scratch his ticket. But in practice, the remedy has been used only in exceptional cases. Nearly all illiterate voters, and a great many voters of fair education who place party fealty above civic duty, have been in the habit of voting the straight ticket. Here and there a personal enemy of the voter has been scratched. Now and then, to oblige a friend, a voter has cast his ballot for a member of the opposite party. But the great bulk of American voters, from one reason or another, vote their ticket from top to bottom, with only two or three scratches.

The result of the practice is before us. When the San Franciscan sees a solid eight or a solid nine among the supervisors voting away valuable franchises for coin, or being bribed to pass ordinances for street improvements which are not wanted, he asks his neighbor how did those thieves A., B., C., D., and E. get on the board? He forgets that, in his eagerness to secure the election of Mr. Cleveland or Mr. Blaine, he voted his party ticket straight, and so cast his ballot for these very knaves of whose rascality he now complains.

When a citizen of San Francisco goes to Sacramento during the meeting of the legislature, he is overwhelmed with shame as he observes how the city delegation is shunned and despised by the country members. It is notorious that their votes are for sale to any bidder, and that a vote-broker hawks them round among those who want bills passed or bills killed, from the very beginning to the end of the session. This is the case, whichever party is in power; the only difference being that the late lamented Buckley transacted business in person, while Higgins and Gannon sometimes let an outside broker make a trade. The honest San Franciscan, contemplating this scene of turpitude, asks himself how such rascals came to be sent to the legislature from San Francisco. He forgets that, in his ardent devotion to the national ticket of his party, he voted it entire, including in his ballot one of the very scoundrels whose presence at Sacramento shocks him.

Let us hope that the abolition of straight tickets by the supreme court will prove the first step to a general purification of our electoral methods.

The Argonaut had intended that in these columns the name of Columbus should not appear. It was our belief that the tired citizen, his brain reeling with Columbus articles, might turn from his daily paper to this journal and find in its pages a blessed surcease from 1492. But it is not to be.

If it be given to our ancient and enterprising friend, Christopher Columbus, to know what is happening up here on the earth, he must be in an uncomfortable stew about his reputation—a thing that was very dear to him when he dwelt in the flesh, almost as dear, indeed, as coin and titles. This Columbian World's Fair of ours, together with the various celebrations of the anniversaries of notable dates in his career, is certain to take the old navigator from the pedestal whereon mendacity, ignorance, and romance have held him these four hundred years, and reduce him from the society of historical statues to the rank of the real man that he was. This is inevitable, human nature being what it is, and the raucous parrots of conventionality—particularly the parrots of journalism—will be largely responsible for the arrest of Columbus and his trial and execution.



at the bar of truth. The world simply will not stand the outpour of gush over the discoverer of America with which the newspapers are drenching the continent, and so causing its inhabitants madly to wish that its discoverer had never been born, and that itself had remained hidden from European ken in the Western seas. That spouting geyser of heroic drool, "Gath," the correspondent, has alone done Columbus a fatal injury by the pages on pages of mush wherewith he deluged the papers of the United States on the occasion of the recent Columbian parade in New York. Who waded through that ocean of drivel? We ask every reader of the *Argonaut* to place his hand solemnly on his heart and honestly confess if he did. We also ask any sane man, who tried to do it, if he is not glad that Columbus is dead and sorry that "Gath" is alive? And this king of writers of the unreadable sets the journalistic pace. It is "the thing" now for the "special writers" of the press—boreome and encyclopedic delvers into the familiar that they are—to make a hash of Columbus and the language and spread the odious mixture on the newspaper table. The revolt, thus provoked, is already making noticeable headway, and ere Chicago has bereft the last visitor to the World's Fair of his ultimate dollar, it is quite likely that universal regret will be felt that Columbus was not hanged for his crimes instead of being permitted to end his days in obscurity and peace.

In the end, facts can be depended upon to hold their own against sentimental fiction, and the more that is known of Columbus the less admirable does he appear, either as a man or a discoverer. Busy men, gifted with vengeful tempers and good brains, are exhuming brickbats of truth from the dust-heap of history and heaving them with a hearty good will at the statue of the Genoese—a statue that has been foisted as a portrait upon the school-children of four centuries, and which is still revered in the editorial and "special" columns of the daily newspapers. Columbus, who, in the legend, stood an egg on end, was himself a bad one, according to the newest and most trustworthy investigators. But even Washington Irving, in the sustained panegyric which he called the "Life of Columbus," was obliged to acknowledge the hints of piracy in the early days of his hero, and all his literary skill is not able to hide the rapacity and cruelty with which the discoverer of the West Indies treated the awed and trusting natives. Columbus, as we all know, sent ship-loads of them home to Spain to be sold as slaves. Guacanagari, the Cacique of Hayti, who received him as a god, cared for him in sickness, and ever stood his friend, lived to see his own people reduced to bondage, bitter toil, and hardship, and finally fled, ruined and broken-hearted, to the fastnesses of the mountains, there to perish like a starved and hunted animal. Irving glosses what he can in the conduct of the dauntless adventurer, but the glowing pages unwillingly reveal that Columbus was greedy, ruthless when interest or revenge prompted, void of honor, jealous of rivals, superstitious beyond his age, and altogether a pretty hard citizen, even for a Spaniard of the fifteenth century. In storms at sea he was forever falling upon his knees and vowing candles and silver images to the Virgin, and when on shore marching bare-footed in his shirt to shrines in fulfillment of these obligations. Despite such evidences of piety, the Roman Catholic Church, which is not squeamish, and has admitted many a queer character to the calendar, has drawn the line at Christopher, and to this day he remains uncanceled.

This is the best that his admirers can do for him in painting his likeness. Less partial writers attack not only his personal qualities, but endeavor to show that he was not so great a navigator after all—that, in reality, he stumbled upon the outlying islands of the new world much as Marshall chanced upon the first Californian gold nugget at Sutter's Fort. And the facts, we rejoice to say (in view of the intolerable downpour of contemporaneous newspaper eulogy), support this contention, which is ably set forth in part by Professor Ruge, in one of the October magazines. In his paper, the professor hardly touches upon the highly important fact that long before Columbus went forth on his quest for India, he had voyaged to Iceland, where it was perfectly well known that a strange continent lay to the West. As early as 995, Bjarni, the Norwegian, sailed along the coasts of Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, and Labrador, but did not land. Lief Ericson, five years later, put out for the new world and established a camp at Mt. Hope Bay, Rhode Island, naming the country Vinland, and for twelve years the colony was maintained. The frightful cold of the winter and the ferocity of the aborigines were more than the Norsemen could stand. But Professor Ruge hits Columbus a staggering blow, by not only showing how prevalent in his time was the belief in Europe that India could be reached by westward voyaging, but by proving that in his original cruise he followed slavishly Toscanelli's map, based on Marco Polo's and Conti's travels. Says Dr. Ruge:

"The coast line of Europe, from Scotland southwards, and the

western coast of Africa as far as Guinea, had been correctly depicted by the skilled cartographers of Italy and Spain. Now it was necessary, from the information given by Polo in writing and by Conti in conversation, to construct a picture of the position and size of the countries of Asia—a picture which might claim to give a true, or, at all events, a probable, presentation of the facts. A sketch made it quite clear to the Italian cosmographer that the western ocean was very small. The conviction gradually grew stronger, and he came to think that a man in the neighborhood of Mexico, for example—if I may borrow the geographical language of our own time—would be on the east coast of Japan. He knew how the Portuguese were exerting themselves to find a way to India round Africa. . . . The plan of the voyage to the west was sketched out in his famous letter [to the king's confessor, Canon Hernan Martin, dated June 25, 1474] with such assurance, such certainty of success, that any sailor could steer his course thereby. Toscanelli had added an accurate map, on which the coasts of well-known countries were to be seen depicted with great exactness; he had introduced the Islands Antilia and Zipangu [Japan], and China, according to calculations made from Polo's travels, and had described the route in such definite terms that a man might steer blindly by it. Columbus had this plan on board on his first voyage, and guided himself thereby."

That is to say, Columbus had no notion of the vastness of the ocean upon which he entered, thinking that a mere narrow sea lay before him, and when he encountered the islands of the West Indies, believed he had found the lands down in Toscanelli's map. He died in that belief. In short, the Columbus whose name is becoming to the people of this unhappy republic a brain-blighting affliction, was little better than a lucky blunderer, who happened to get to sea ahead of others; for there is no doubt that if he had never breathed the discovery which has made his name immortal it would soon have been achieved by somebody.

It is not possible, of course, now that the opening of the fair is so near, to stem the tide of grewsome gush. The Chicago show must have a tutelary deity, and Columbus has been elected. But it is not unsolacing to note that Professor Ruge smashes one of the clay feet of the idol by recalling the manner in which Saint Christopher did a poor sailor out of a few dollars.

"The queen had promised a reward of ten thousand maravedis (one hundred and fifty francs, or thirty dollars) to the man who should first set eyes on the long-sought land. At last, on October 12th, at two o'clock in the morning, a sailor named Rodrigo, of Triana, saw from the *Pinta*, which was in advance, the low shores of an island shining in the morning light. A not very fine trait in the character of Columbus is revealed by his assertion at a later time that he had seen a light moving along the shore at ten o'clock on the previous evening, and therefore had the first claim to the reward. And he actually had the money paid to him. If we consider the probable distance of the ship from land at ten o'clock in the evening, and if we remember that the island was a flat coral island, it will be obvious that, owing to the roundness of the earth, it would have been impossible to see even the tree-tops on the island. A light on the shore would certainly have been invisible. At the best, Columbus made a mistake."

He certainly did—precisely the same sort of mistake that journalists with free pens and orators with rhetorical tongues are making at present, in consciously saying the things that are not so about this Genoese adventurer, who never let a maravedi slip by him if he could help it. We can forgive his greed, pardon his piracy, wink at his slave-dealing, and blink at his rapacity and cruelty; but one thing this nation and century will not stand: Out of respect to the truth of history, and in necessary, desperate self-defense, the intelligent of all lands will protest against having Christopher Columbus imposed upon them as an aquatic George Washington.

One of the questions which have been asked by Democrats ever since the present campaign opened is: Is Grover Cleveland a Democrat? There were Democrats of rank and standing in the party, and some of them were here in California, who were bold enough before the Chicago convention to shout at the top of their voices that Cleveland was not a Democrat; but most of them have eaten their crow with as good a grace as possible, and are now perfectly silent on the subject.

The New York *Sun*, however, is not afraid or ashamed to express its opinion as to the quality of Mr. Cleveland's Democracy. In reply to a letter to Mr. Dana, asking why he opposed the candidacy of Grover Cleveland, the sage of the *Sun* made the following direct reply:

1. Because Grover Cleveland is not a Jeffersonian Democrat.
2. Because he is not a Democrat at all, but first, last, and exclusively a promoter of Grover Cleveland.
3. Because, though elected President of the United States as a Democrat, his administration was not conducted for the establishment of Democratic ideas or for the benefit of the Democracy, but for the personal aggrandizement of Grover Cleveland and the exaltation of his own preposterous self-conceit.
4. Because, in pursuit of his own cranky and whimsical notions, he adopted the anti-Democratic Chinese system of literary examinations as the test of admission into the civil service of the government.
5. Because he wrecked the government in 1888 by interjecting into the platform the doctrine of free trade, to be realized through a free-trade reform of the tariff, to the exclusion of every other reform thereof.
6. Because he is now professing to be devoted to the anti-Democratic Australian scheme for the abolition of the well-established Democratic policy of universal suffrage.
7. Because, in the language of Mr. Tilden, "he is the most selfish politician I have ever known."
8. Because, under his lead, if he could lead anything but the schemes

of his own ignorant, narrow, and fruitless mind, the Democracy would be led to fatal defeat.

There is no ambiguity or uncertainty in such language as this. Dana declares not only that Grover Cleveland is not a Jeffersonian Democrat, but that he is not a Democrat at all. This letter was written before Cleveland made public his letter of acceptance of the Democratic nomination. Had it been written afterward, Mr. Dana might have added to it the statement that a candidate who tries to dodge and evade the main issue presented by the platform of his party, in order to escape the imputation of being what the National Democratic Convention declares the party to be—free-traders—is not a Democrat at all, but merely an expediency candidate, whose only platform is the election of Grover Cleveland.

It is all very well for Cleveland to deny that the Watterson plank of the Chicago platform was a free-trade plank; but Henry Watterson said so, and declared with glee that it was a direct blow at protection in every form, incidental or otherwise. The London *Times*, of September 28th, thus construes the platform:

"The declaration of the Democratic Convention at Chicago in favor of a tariff for revenue only was as unqualified as it was unexpected. It contested not only the economical expediency of protective duties, but the constitutional competence of the legislature to impose any duties whatever for any other purpose or to any greater extent than might be required to meet the ordinary charges of government. This policy, if fairly and logically carried out, is NOT TO BE DISTINGUISHED FROM FREE TRADE IN THE PRACTICAL FORM IN WHICH WE ARE FAMILIAR WITH IT."

That eminent organ of the Mugwumps, the Providence *Journal*, says of the tariff paragraphs of Cleveland's letter of acceptance that they are "thoroughly confusing as to what sort of tariff Mr. Cleveland really believes in." Even the New York *Times*, a devoted Cleveland organ, characterizes the letter as disappointing, and there is not a single independent newspaper of standing which regards it as creditable either to Mr. Cleveland's judgment or his moral courage. It is a desperate attempt to make the protectionist Democrats of New York believe he is with them, while at the genuine free-traders, of whom Watterson is a fair representative, he "winks the other eye."

There is no indication of any accession of strength on Cleveland's part, and even the men of standing, who are accused of having gone over to him, hasten to deny it. The Democrats have been rejoicing over the desertion of Judge Gresham, Judge Cooley, and Wayne McVeagh from Harrison to Cleveland; but Gresham and Cooley have denied the story flatly, and as McVeagh was a Mugwump any way, he is no loss to the Republican party. Judging from the present outlook, after the eighth day of November it will not make much difference whether Cleveland is a Democrat or not.

There are reasons why Americans, especially Americans who write, should rejoice that they do not live in Germany. In that country a great deal of good beer is to be had, it is true, and also considerable liberality of thought exists; but the latter is not so evenly distributed as the beer, and discomfort occasionally ensues in consequence. If the *Argonaut*, for illustration, had the misfortune to be published in Germany, it would appear only at extremely irregular intervals, and its editors would spend most of their time in jail, enriching their minds by the perusal of philosophical works, which are as plentiful in the Kaiser's realm as free fights in Ireland. But philosophy is a poor substitute for freedom, a fact which Herr Reicher, of Treves, is at this moment having borne in upon him through the bars of his cell in the prison of that ancient city. The offense for which this gentleman has been sentenced to six weeks' confinement was his temerity in ridiculing the "Holy Coat," alleged to have been worn by the Saviour, and for attacking the Roman Catholic clergy, because they encouraged the multitudes of people who came to kneel and view the sacred garment to believe that it possessed miraculous healing powers. Herr Sonnenburg, who published Herr Reicher's observations, has been given three weeks under lock and key to remind him that, though this is the nineteenth century, the claws of Rome are still sharp enough to scratch. The charge on which this pair of moderns were convicted was blasphemy. The *Argonaut* had a good deal to say about the "Holy Coat" when that preposterously fraudulent rag was hung before the altar in Treves to attract pilgrims and pennies—enough, indeed, to warrant life imprisonment for its editors, if our enlightened but hampered friend, Archbishop Riordan, enjoyed here the same degree of secular power that his brother prelates of Germany exercise. There is the "Wrist of the Grandmother of God," too, which was exposed for veneration in New York not long ago. It worked many miracles, and that broad-minded American, Archbishop Corrigan, went down on his knees before the holy relic and kissed it, and mumbled his beads, and indorsed all the supernatural removal of cancers, short legs, delirium tremens, and



other chastisements of the faithful in the vast Hibernian colony on Manhattan Island. It must be owned that the *Argonaut* spoke disrespectfully of the Wrist—which nettled the church about twenty-five thousand dollars, so brisk was the sale of admission tickets—so disrespectfully, indeed, that there is no doubt Brother Corrigan would make it a hanging matter if he could. On the whole, residence in Germany must be regarded as unpleasant for such as do not, like Mayor Grant, of New York, suffer an irresistible inclination to drop on their marrow-bones and kiss Mr. Corrigan's hand when he deigns to appear, and who are not of that reverent cast of intellect which sees nothing unreasonable or incongruous in the belief that the Creator of the universe manifests his omnipotent benevolence through old clothes and fragments of dead bodies. It is far more agreeable, and safer, to breathe an atmosphere to which the ozone of common sense is imparted by the education of the populace in the public schools.

An attempt by certain retail dealers in San Francisco to adopt the practice in usage in New York and London, of requiring shop-girls, or, to use their own term, "salesladies," to dress uniformly in black, has led to strong protests from the ladies in question. They take the ground that the rule about dress is an invasion of their personal liberty, and that so long as they do their duty faithfully in selling goods, the store-keeper has no call to interfere with their costume. In theory, they are unquestionably right. But in practice a store-keeper has also the right to say that, in selecting his female clerks, he will give the preference to those who dress in modest black rather than to those who sport all the colors of the rainbow.

It is a mere question of taste. Comely shop-girls are one of the attractions of a well-ordered retail store. They dress it as mirrors, or bandsome carpets, or curtains, or frescoed ceilings and walls do. In what attire—black or colors—will they be the most attractive? The New York dry-goods man or candy-dealer answers—in black. He goes further. Finding that tall girls in tight-fitting black gowns, with long, bell-shaped skirts, are more pleasing to the eye than short girls, he tries to engage none but girls five feet ten inches in height with shapely figures. He breaks no moral or social law in so doing. His rule is hard on the *mignonnes*; but, when they were growing, why did they not grow a little taller? If a shop-keeper prefers to employ tall, slender brunettes instead of short, fat, red-beaded girls, there is no statute to say him nay.

It would seem that the San Francisco dealers will carry their point, if they stick to it, and that the girls who secede on the ground that they will not be forced to wear black, will simply throw themselves out of a job, and be laughed at into the bargain.

The *Call*, which takes up the cause of the shop-girls, speaks of the black gowns as a livery. Uniform would be a more exact word. A livery is a badge of servitude, and as such it is hated by those who object to parade the fact that they are not their own masters. As a matter of fact, there is no humiliation in wearing livery any more than there is disgrace in waiting on table or in driving a carriage. In this country, a man who puts his servants in conspicuous livery is presumably a snob, who advertises simultaneously the length of his purse and the narrowness of his soul. An American who does so, copies the manners of Europeans whom he has seen abroad; he imagines that he will make himself as good as a lord by imitating the lord's foibles. But the snobbery begins and ends with the master, and does not extend to the man. If honest John waits well at table and drives his horses skillfully, he is none the worse for wearing purple or canary plush.

But the modest sable which the shop-girls are asked to don is not in any degree a badge of servitude. It is a deference to the cult of beauty and fitness. It is a uniform, like the uniform of the army and the navy. Soldiers and sailors on national ships wear uniforms, in order that they shall be recognized by comrades in battle, and that they shall not be taken for spies, if they are made prisoners. Their gay costumes of blue, and green, and yellow, and red, with ornamental facings, have never been deemed displeasing to the female eye. On the contrary, the wearer of a military or naval uniform has generally been a greater favorite with young ladies than the poor civilian who is doomed to wear raiment of sober hue. These very shop-girls who are protesting against the new regulation would rather dance at a picnic or ball with the wearer of a uniform than with a better man in mufti. It is hard to reconcile their principles with their practice.

All these petty matters of dress and equipment are governed by the rules of convenience and fitness. We put policemen in uniform because the garb enables a citizen who needs them to distinguish them at sight, and because it imposes certain restrictions on their behavior. We give to ladies the widest liberty of choice in regard to the shape and the color of their attire; because in a ball-room, or at a the-

atre, or other public assemblage, contrasts of costume are pleasing to the eye. If every lady dressed alike, such gatherings would be as unsightly as Quaker meetings. Men also are free to dress as they please, but taste regulates their choice; except at a picnic, or a flower-show, or a *fête champêtre*, nine men out of ten wear black coats, simply because most men look better in black coats than in the few colors which are admissible. The case of those whose appearance is part of the spectacle in which they figure is very different. In a ballet or in a spectacular scene on the stage, every costume is designated by the stage-director; it would spoil everything if each were allowed to dress according to the dictates of his or her own fancy. And no one ever called a stage-costume a livery.

These young ladies should not object to dressing uniformly when on duty in the stores. They are part of the setting of the scene, and they should try to make themselves as attractive as they can. As a rule, their taste is not cultivated. When they choose their own clothes, they often make guys of themselves. They have rarely any conception of the harmony of colors or of the philosophy of shape. One constantly sees a really pretty shop-girl converted into a caricature by an ill-chosen combination of colors. It is rendering her a service to rescue her from such self-sacrifice. A well-made girl, clothed in a well-made, tight-fitting black frock, is almost always a pleasing object of contemplation, while the same girl in the make-up she would choose for herself is often a horror to gods and men.

The week that glides into the past with its history unsoiled by some discreditable deed of the New York *World*, is, we should judge, deemed a week lost by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. The ingenuity displayed by that dealer in news, real and counterfeit, in violating the rules of conduct which govern honest journals and gentlemen, suggests to the charitable that the man is under a mania which prompts him irresistibly to the commission of newspaper crime. But a month has elapsed since the *World's* attempt to rob the *Sun* of one thousand dollars by means of forged dispatches was exposed; less than that period has expired since New York was outraged and exasperated by the efforts of Pulitzer's city editor and reporters to bring in cholera germs from the quarantined fleet—efforts so determined that the officers of the law were compelled to draw revolvers in order to prevent their success. Now the *World* has shamed the journalistic profession again—so far as a Pulitzer is capable of doing that—by a mean burglary and a knavish breach of faith. Miss Harriet Monroe, selected to compose the ode to be read at the formal opening of the World's Fair, sends to the *Argonaut* a copy of a communication from her which appeared in the *Critic* of the first instant, under the heading of "Disgraceful Journalism." This communication sets forth that a few copies of the poem were type-written and deposited in the office of the ceremonies committee. An agent of the *World* stole one, and wired it to his paper. Miss Monroe learned that some New York paper had her poem, and, at her request, the Associated Press and the United Press, on September 24th, sent a dispatch to all their correspondents stating that the ode had been copyrighted, that correct copies would be furnished to all newspapers in time for publication on October 22d, and that it was the wish of the author that no paper should print it before that date. Honor has no place in Uncle Pulitzer's mock-auction rooms, but he has some fear of the law. His Chicago correspondent was instructed by him to find out about the copyright. The correspondent replied that he could find out nothing. Thus reassured, Uncle Pulitzer, happy at the prospects of once more getting ahead of his contemporaries without expense, forwarded a telegram to his Chicago reporter which is as clear a revelation of his mind as is the sign of three balls of the pawnbroker's trade. Here it is: "We will take our chances on it. Interview Miss Monroe to-morrow and get a good talk with her about ode and literature generally. Explain to her that the *World* could not miss an opportunity to give the public such a grand poem, and tell her how much better to have the *World* treat it as it will to-morrow, making it the great feature of the day, than to have it peddled around among the little papers."

"THE WORLD."

Miss Monroe declined the high honor of an interview with the thief, but the poem appeared in the *World*, so mangled, she says, as to be scarcely recognizable. It was a dirty trick, but it came well under the head of what Uncle Pulitzer and his kind call "business." For Pulitzer is not alone in this species of "enterprise." Dirty tricks are catching. The press committee of the Columbian celebration in New York supplied to each of the newspapers, some days in advance of the parade, drawings of the principal floats. The representative of each paper signed an agreement not to publish the cuts until October 2d, the day after the procession. But the *Press* broke forth and printed them before the celebration came off. The thing in itself is not of great importance, but the hardy disregard of a pledge is indicative of the black-guard depravity which is characteristic of sensational journal-

ism through and through. The performances of such papers as the *World* and the *Press* are working out one good result, however. The tide of disgust with newspapers of their kind is rising very fast, and the outcome must be a demand for a cleaner journalism that will affect the daily press as a whole.

A large proportion of the men who came from the older States of the republic to California in the early days of the gold excitement had had more or less practical experience in relation to State banks and the paper bills issued from them which were current as money. They had been accustomed to discounts on the bills of so-called solvent banks in every locality. They had suffered losses consequent upon bolding the bills of broken banks and loss by counterfeit bills. They were aware of the precariousness and uncertainty of the paper issue of the State banks, of even the better banks, and were resolved upon substantial currency—gold and silver. In California, the coined precious metals have been the common medium. But in the States, gold was rarely used in ordinary circulation and silver coins were the convenient subsidiary money, while bank-bills, of from one dollar upwards, furnished the customary individual and community purposes. The banks, in the event of failure, paid the depositors agreeably to the financial backing; but the holders of the bank-bills were in no respect assured, unless in case of assets in proportion to liabilities, and these usually amounted to nothing. They were called State banks, but the State was not in any measure responsible or involved in them. Their solvency and condition rested entirely upon the worth and credit of the incorporators as individuals, and the stated amount of each in the articles of incorporation was the sum of his personal liability. An incorporator might be worth a million, but in case of failure of the bank he was responsible only for the sum to which he had stipulated in the charter of the bank. Thus the institution rested solely upon stipulated personal security.

Against this kind of banks the first State constitution of California amply provided. Banks of circulation were expressly prohibited. The framers of the constitution of 1879 adhered to the rule of the constitution of 1849 in relation to banks. Gold and silver was the legal-tender money of California, and so remains. Only the guaranteed paper money of the United States is legal tender in California. The bills of national banks, secured for their full face value to the holders, are legal tender and current as money. The people of California will not tolerate State banks or private banks of issue. But the Democratic National Convention, at Chicago, last June, adopted the platform in which is contained the plank for the repeal of the prohibitory ten per cent. tax on State-bank issues by the government, which is equivalent virtually to the rehabilitation and reestablishment of State banks in every State. This project of swamping the State banks is advocated by the Cleveland Democratic organs. But California is a poor State in which to preach the gospel of rotten banks.

Among the acts of the California legislature, approved March 17, 1891, to be voted upon at the coming election in November, is that to determine the sentiment of the people on the adoption of an educational qualification of voters, with the view to an amendment of the State constitution in accordance with the popular will. The act provides:

"Thirty days prior to the next general State election, the governor shall issue his proclamation calling upon the electors to signify at said election their will as to whether an educational qualification should be required of voters in this State, by placing upon the ballots the words, 'For an educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language,' or the words 'Against an educational qualification,' etc."

The votes so cast are to be transmitted, in abstract, to the secretary of State, the same as the abstract of votes for State officers. Voters who favor such amendment, to insure the purity of the ballot and guard against ignorant, illiterate, and debauched voters perverting the ballot-box, must not fail to cast their vote accordingly.

The "Argonaut Municipal Ticket" will be found on the sixth page of this issue. We commend it to our readers. It is a good ticket. It is an honest ticket. It is made up solely with a view to selecting the best men. We hope our readers will vote it, and we think most of them will. But if there are any among them who should differ with us, we hope at least that they will vote our ticket for school directors. The *Argonaut* is deeply interested in the preservation of our free, non-sectarian, American public schools. We are informed that on the ticket of the Rev. Jeremiah F. Sullivan there are the names of several candidates for school directors who send their children to the parochial schools. This will give an idea of the dangers to which our schools are exposed at hostile hands. Vote the *Argonaut* ticket. Vote it all. But if you do not desire to vote it all, vote at least for our nominees for school directors.



## JENNIE.

A Story of Coahuila.

The boys used to say that Jennie was "the hardest white woman that ever came to San Felipe"; and that was to accord her large distinction in that particular direction, for the months that immediately followed the running through of the line saw an assorted lot of Americans located in that quaint old city. Hardly one of them but had had adventures enough to supply stock in trade for a life-time to a novelist.

For instance, there was the wife of George Penthony. George was the nephew of an editor of national fame and the son of an ex-governor who had acquitted himself with credit. But George was a sheep dyed of that exceedingly unbecoming shade that disfigures the man who gives himself over body and soul to the will of an evil woman. George's first wife was one of the sweetest, truest little mortals the sun ever shone on. It was her generosity toward other women that made her, as soon as she was fairly settled in her pretty cottage in St. Louis, invite her school-days friend, Nellie Marcus, to make her a visit. Nellie was an uncommonly pretty blonde girl, with limited opportunities and liberal principles. So little sense of decency had she, that she went straight out of her friend's bouse into one of the most richly appointed and most infamous dens in St. Louis. And there George found her, something over a year later, when he brought his wife and baby daughter back on their first visit since his father had secured for him the managership of a big American business in San Felipe. Six months later, George's wife was a divorced and broken-hearted woman, and Mme. Nell was Mrs. George Penthony. She it was who broke up the Casino balls in San Felipe. The Mexican ladies used to file out of the ball-room when she came in. Mexican women are ultra-modest in their demeanor, and the Penthony's license of dress, of language, of posture, were worthy of her late experiences. George was deaf to all suggestions as to his resigning, and, as he had been a charter member of the Casino, there was no resource. So the Mexican ladies simply gave up attending.

This was only one instance of the brazen conduct which, being taken as representative of American women, bring them into general disrepute in Mexico. Of course there were some American women of refinement in San Felipe; but the Penthony and her pretentious congeners would never lead you to think so, any more than Jennie. Indeed, Jennie was the more encouraging to contemplate, for her behavior was irreproachable, when under the eyes of people who might be offended by misconduct.

She was a pretty woman. Not one of the thoroughbred, clear-cut kind. She had irregular features, beautiful dead-white skin, sad brown eyes—one of them had a sort of cast that made it doubly fetching—and a whole lot of dense soft hair. There was an ugly scar—looked like a jagged knife-cut—ran across the lower part of one cheek; that side was not so good to look at. Jennie had splendid taste in dress, and she was good to herself in that direction. She was quiet and dignified when in public, and the Mexican ladies took no notice if she happened to come into a shop or a car where they were; whereas they fled as from leprosy at casual contact with the Penthony.

But among her own familiars! One night, at a carnival ball in the Teatro Betancurt, one of the native fops made some impudent speech to her; it was not the grossness that she resented; Jennie was like unto "three-salted" African cattle on that score; but the young beast tackled "Americana" to the insult, and Jennie was patriotic. The next moment, young Alfaro was flat on the floor, with an accurate impression of a beer-bottle on his scalp. Then four or five of his mates—the coward curs!—threw themselves upon the woman, and she was being mauled like potter's clay, when young Dexter saw the scrimmage, and yelled to Uncle George McMaster, who happened to be the only other American near at the moment. Uncle George had seen something of woman-beating—his own half-Mexican nephew had a playful habit of trouncing his wife—but the old gentleman did not approve of the practice. So the old man and the young fellow put in some good knocks, and then the Licentiate Francisco Flores joined them—he was a manly fellow—until a *gendarme* came up and took Jennie. The licentiate saw to it that more officers were called to take her cowardly assailants as well, and Jennie went away like a lamb, being grateful to the gentlemen who had rescued her. When she reached the narrow *callejon*, or by-street, leading to the thoroughfare where the jail is, she entered a physical remonstrance. The *gendarme* held to her for dear salary, and sprang his whistle like the grandfather of all the fifiers; but he was as limp as a rag when his mates came running. All in all, it took just seven policemen to get her along the three blocks from there to the *cárcel*. And when she was once inside the jail, she almost wore out the guard. Then she sent up to the house for fifty dollars to pay her fine and a rich robe to put on instead of the handsome page's dress that had been torn to pieces in the struggle, and so she went back to the *baile*.

Over in the north-east quarter of the town there is a little *plazuela* that looks all a rich brown color, instead of the glaring whites and grays that you see in the rest of the town. The big, solid-wheeled ox-carts trundle in to this little square, loaded with sugar-cane, which is then stacked up for sale like cord-wood. On the day after a train comes in, the streets out that way look like a fodder-patch ravaged by cattle, and every person who passes is clamping a joint of *caña*. Here, too, are heaped great piles of pumpkins in their season; no one seems to know why these two products are sold at this place, instead of in the market. This little brown square—the brown adobe houses around it are not stuccoed—is called *Puerto de los Cochinos*—the Hogs' Port; and it gives the police more trouble than all the rest of the town together. What are called *branco* balls are held there, and this is the only place in town to see the lawless element—smugglers,

deserters, escaped murderers, outlaws in general, "men with the knife on the hip," the people call them; and more deviltry goes on thereabout than novices would believe. Most Americans, and not a few Mexicans, are afraid to go to the Hogs' Port, even by day. Miss Dexter always went whenever she heard there was *caña*; of course she could have sent a *mozo* for the cane; that was but a pretext, she admitted; the real lure was "the types" she said she found there. Well, it was less dangerous for her than for most people—she knew so thoroughly well the language and the ways of the people. Whenever a *pelado* was rude to her—it was not often—she would look at him and say: "Ah! you are not a Mexican! *Mexicans* are polite!" and he would fairly shrivel under the lash of her flexible voice, her disdainful lip, and her knowledge of his nature. I believe in my soul that Miss Dexter would have dared to go to a *baile bronco* with her brother; she doted on "seeing new phases." Jack Dexter went to nearly all the *bailes broncos* at the Hogs' Port. He loved the inevitable spice of danger from unforeseen, untoward happening. I got a policeman to take me out once, and I took observations of the dance, through a powerful glass, from across the square. There was Jack, the Mexicanest of the crowd. He had exchanged his foppish clothes for a leather *charro* suit all over buttons, with a wide *petate* (palm) hat, spurs on his heels, and a cigarette never out of his fingers. His blue eyes were as steady as his sister's brown ones, and he had the same little half-smile. Neither of them parted the lips when they smiled it. Jack took glass for glass of fiery *tequila* at every round, as long as I watched, and that endeared him to the people. Then he was taking all his partners from among the older, uglier women that the native gentry did not care for, and that captured the allegiance both of men and women. That night's observation showed me something of why the Dexters knew so many curious things about these people, whom most of us found as blank and unmeaning as an adobe wall.

Jennie understood the secret of their success, too. "That Jack Dexter and his sister," she said, "are always bound to get there. They're always so kind of nice and polite to everybody, no matter who; and they don't try to make other people do their ways, and they don't let on to know too much about things that don't concern 'em. Now me an' Mag was in the 'bus, the other night, to go down and see the train get in, and Miss Dexter she was goin' up to El Paso. We was right close to the door, and she had to brush past us. Course she knew who we was, just as well as you do; but she bowed and smiled a little, just as pleasant, and she says, 'Please excuse me,' just 'sit we'd been sent Marys! Hump! I'd do anything 'tall for that young lady!'"

I suppose it was emulation of Jack that made Clarence Morsfell want to take in a *baile bronco*. He went alone, and Jack happened not to be there that night. Morsfell must needs sport his revolver, and, although his bead was not registered for high proof, he took *tequila* when the rest did. The *copitas* hold only about two tablespoonfuls, but that is equal to a tumblerful of whisky. Then the young fool picked out the prettiest girl in the room for a partner, and she was the property of Juan de las Calaveras (Juan of the Skulls), and a coquette born, so that the new combination soon had that outlaw raving. Jennie came in about eleven o'clock—she swore by these *bailes broncos*, but the exigencies of her own amiable household had detained her—just in time to learn that Morsfell had tried to shoot in the back the man who was his rival—and also his host, had he but known it—and the Mexicans were all ready to put the intruder to a death that was virtually slow torture as fiendish as ever an Apache practiced. Jennie got the American away and out of the house. Just how, none of us ever knew—I don't believe she herself knew.

"The closest call I ever heard of in San Felipe," said Jack Dexter; "I don't see how she did it. I could not have done it." But that was an excess of modesty. Every one was convinced that the Dexters could twist the people of the country around their fingers.

But we asked Jennie how she had managed it, the next night, when she came in to get a cocktail, where all the boys were, at "La Mascota" saloon, next door to the Jefatura, that is, the prefecture.

"Oh, that was all right," said Jennie; "the 'wasn't no stamps in that road. Now, Hwawn! me 's *compadres*—Hwawn'd let anybody off for me, most. The trouble wasn't gettin' him off; the trouble was gettin' him home to his room. Why, that chump—he's a blanked, *blanked*, BLANKED fool, anyway!—he's a lot o' piles o' soft mortar up that street—what's that's its bloomin' name, now?—on the other side o' the plazaz, up from Lihbertad" (Lihbertad) "Street, and that galoot was so drunk he just waded right through all o' 'em, and pulled me with him! Blank blank him! spoiled me a twenty-dollar pair o' gilt-ed boots I just got from City o' Mexico. It really would not surprise me," she went on, with an entire change of manner and language, "if Miss Dominguez should hear of this and dismiss Master Clarence." And so it was, except that it was old General Dominguez did the dismissing.

Jack Dexter was married to a Mexican lady of San Felipe, and Miss Dexter was visiting them. The morning of the big flood, Jack told his sister to make ready, and he would take her down to see the swollen river and the wreck of the railroad bridge.

"No, Angela," he said, "you can not come—you are not quick and active like *la gabilana*" (the chicken-hawk) "here, and you would be a nuisance. I take my sister, because she is never in the way."

Angelita thought this was hard, and whimpered. Jack made a cigarette and calmly smoked it. Miss Dexter thought her brother's indifference was brutal, but she was too wise to say so till they were out of Angela's hearing. Then she said so.

"Well, yes," said Jack; "I suppose that I do snub Angela, and maybe bully her. But they are used to it—that's the treatment that makes them such submissive wives. How long do you suppose an American would stand it?—you, for instance? I'm afraid, though, my leniency will

spoil Angela for her next husband, especially if he should be a Mexican. Now, if I could bring myself to thrash her, as Frank and Juan do—" then Miss Dexter insisted on repaying the car-fare which a smiling acquaintance had just handed the driver for them, and, by this deliberate breach of the etiquette of the country, she punished the heretical speech of her brother.

No disinterested person would have believed that the river that to-day rampaged past San Felipe was the accustomed tame Chubiscar. It was usually a mere string of water, not six feet wide, and so shallow that the boys said, "You will have to lie down full length before you touch enough water to feel damp." To-day it gnawed at the high banks, a yellow, surging torrent, with angry waves tumbling and leaping over a wide channel of wicked current, and even the stillest of it moving with a swift, treacherous smoothness. The piles or piers of the immense railway bridge were thrown down hoily, and the bridge had sagged and broken of its own weight. The farther end was gone—out of sight; on this side it still hung to its anchorage, but swung downstream, the huge timbers snapped and splintered, the rails warped and twisted like ribbons. A hundred or two people were gathered on the higher high bank. Below, where the bridge-builders had made a narrow terrace, stood a big man whose broad shoulders stretched a white Norfolk jacket, and a little man, with a claret-colored Mexican hat. The big man was Joe Carson, the station-agent; the little one, another railroad minion.

Jack slid down a little steep gully, dug in his heels, one higher, one lower, and reached up to his sister. She sprang down, set her foot on his, thrust his stick into the bank, and hanced; he pivoted around her, and a repetition of the manoeuvre brought them alongside Joe Carson.

"Hello, Joe!" cried Jack; "what's up—besides the river?"

"My dander," grumbled Joe; "wish I could say as much for the wires. I suppose every bridge is gone between Norte and Jimenez, and how the devil we're going to find out with the wires down—oh! you here, Miss Dexter? Excuse me."

Then he went on coiling a cord, hank-fashion, to pay out as he slung a weight on its end out across the water toward a lithe giant, in a hottle-green suit, who had waded breast-deep across the first shallow water to a bar, where he clung with one hand to a half-submerged willow. In his turn, he was trying to sling a weight on a light rope. He and Carson shouted and yelled at each other, but their words were lost in the grating roar of the river. Then Jack took a hand, with a heaving cast he had learned from the Tarahumar Indians, and by signs he made the green coat understand that he should make his missile rotate, that the cords might intertwist in midstream, since neither could throw farther. But for some reason the big fellow could make his bob spin in only one direction, and that the wrong one.

By this time the people above had managed to scramble down to the little platform. There were a score or so of Mexican ladies and one other American—the wife of the resident American physician—besides Jennie. The Mexican ladies edged up near Miss Dexter, but Mrs. Holton beld her ground, regarding Jennie, near by, with a scornful air of challenge. Departing from her usual strict propriety, Jennie bridled, and simpered, and coquetted with young Campos, even going so far as to tweak out his scarf-pin and set it among her own laces. But this levity was for pure malice; Jennie did not love Mrs. Holton, she especially resented that arrogant matron's present stare, and she knew Mrs. Holton's weakness for young Campos.

"Mr. Carson," said Miss Dexter, "why don't you fasten a light cord to a rocket and shoot it over?"

"I don't know any reason, except that I hadn't the brains to think of it. Miss Dexter, you're a mighty smart young lady." And even Jack deigned to compliment his sister's practicality. But the man that Carson sent for rockets brought back only the warpish little native *cohetes*, that fizzed and fumed, and shot wriggling upwards, and fell within a rod of whence they started.

But the people "on the other side," as the phrase was were ready to show that they could take a hint when it was offered. Two or three of the men from the group on the upper bank raced away to the houses around the railroad eating-house—which was an empty passenger-car on a side track—and ran back with a sheaf of rockets, part of a lot of American fireworks that Engineer Sam Gardner had "brought down" [*i. e.*, smuggled in] for "a little celebrate" of his own on the Fourth of July, now near at hand. Sam was the most successful smuggler among the railroad people—and none of them were "slouches at the business." No one suspected that Sam had a big tin cylinder, which he soldered and unsoldered at need, in which he carried dutiable goods, snugly stowed away in the water-box of his engine. That was the way those rockets had immigrated.

The first shot was aimed wide and high, and it fell into the river. The second went fairly over the bluff above, and Jack Dexter and Carson both caught the cord that trailed across them, and pulled over a stronger line, and a stronger, until the thickest rope from the shops was dipping and lapping from shore to shore in the water. Then Jack and Carson were devising some sort-of traveler to send across on the rope, when Miss Dexter touched her brother's shoulder: "The men on the other side are expeditious. Jack, isn't it Rodney coming? He ought not be the first to risk his life, with a young wife here, alone among strangers, and she not well, either—oh! Jack! what if—"

It was Rodney. He was well into the stream by this time. They had put a rope under his arms, knotted across his chest, and looped over the swaying cable. He fought his way, hand over hand, sometimes almost astride the cable, sometimes all out of sight under water, as the force of the current tore his hands from their hold, and washed him to the limit of the loop's slack. He was more dead than alive when they pulled him up to the little level, and it was full a quarter of an hour before he could speak. Meanwhile, he had been rubbed with fiery liquor, and a liberal supply had



been introduced into his system. They had started to carry him to the station, but he had resisted with all the little force left in him. Dr. Holton bustled up, full of importance. Rodney looked up at him and smiled gratefully.

"That's—right—it's—you—I come—for—doctor," he said; he was still so weak that the words choked in his throat till he hardly heard them. "I'll—he all right—as a daisy, in a minute—and we'll go right back over."

"Oh, yes! all right!" said Holton, pulling his long side-whiskers: "the water will be down by to-night or to-morrow. Let me see—you get a hundred and fifty a month, don't you? Yes, I'll go over to-morrow."

Rodney struggled up on one elbow.

"To-morrow! why—it's—on hand right away—it may be this very minute! and—it's the poor girl's first baby. That makes it all the worse, you see."

Mrs. Holton flounced over, imposing as a ship under full sail, and caught her husband's arm, and laid down the law; it was risking his precious life; he couldn't go—he wouldn't, he shouldn't go over the river.

"Oh, no! I can't go while the river's up," said Holton; "the woman'll get along all right—some of the Mexican women'll see to her."

"There's not a woman on the other side!" cried Rodney. "All the boys who have American wives have taken them to El Paso to spend the Fourth; even Mrs. Browne is gone from the eating-house—it is run now by Chinamen. As for the Mexicans—there are no women over there but *peones*, and they've all gone off to a *funcion*. My poor girl is all alone—the storm frightened her—her trouble has come too soon—and no doctor—and not a woman near her—" he broke down and sobbed.

By this time the Mexican ladies standing near had an inkling of the situation; they are a tender-hearted race, and full of sympathy for their sister-women. Some began to cry with Rodney, and some began to pray for his poor wife. Most of them looked reproachfully at Holton, and, for a fact, the loss of patronage of several families of his best-paying patients dates from that time. The men, too, began to mutter.

"Oh, by God!" said Holton, "I don't see what right you've got to expect me to risk my life for a stranger! The woman will get along all right—she—the force of nature—" here his wife pulled him away, for Rodney's face looked dangerous.

"Oh, Jack!" cried Miss Dexter, "this is awful. If only I had not been brought up so mistakenly ignorant of such matters! I'm not afraid to cross, but I would be of *no use*—you remember I fainted like a fool when Angelita—Mr. Rodney, I'll go over with you! It may be a comfort just to have a woman near her."

"Excuse me, Miss Dexter," said Jennie, coming up, and speaking her very best Spanish, that no one might misunderstand her relations with the lady, "I know that I take a great liberty in speaking to you, but I want you not to worry. I am glad to hear such brave words from a real high-toned American lady—it makes me proud to be even a *bad* American. I am going over yonder. I can take care of your wife, Rodney. No, I'll go first—the quicker the better. I guess it's me she needs the most, just now. No, Joe! can't wait till you lift the rope and rig a basket. You fix it so's Rod can come across, as soon as he is able." While she talked, she had changed the loop to her own body, and now she slid into the water. Her rich plush dress was about the same color as the current. The sun was breaking through the clouds by this time, and its rays struck flashes of colored fire from the splendid rings that loaded Jennie's fingers. She had pretty hands, too, as white as lilies; but they were just as strong to haul her along that three hundred feet of rope as they were to break the head of a *gendarme*.

The boys across "caught on," and two of them waded out to the willow-tops and carried her ashore. We could see that they put a bottle to her lips, and then they made a "queen's chair" with their interlocked hands, and set her on it, and charged off up to Rodney's house as fast as they could trot. Jennie had refused to rest even a minute before she went on to her patient.

Rodney had plenty of time to recuperate. Every man on the other side made off and deserted the brink for an hour or more. When they did come back, they had routed out a big horn, like a trumpet, and they tooted through it across the water: "Rod! it's the purtiest little daughter you ever did see!"

And no one thought it strange, when Rod and his wife were able to come over to the *Parroquia* for the *cura* to baptize the baby, that they told him to christen it "Jennie." P. L. H.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1892.

Cardinal Howard's death reduces the number of cardinals now living to fifty-one, all save ten of whom were appointed by the present Pope. Since Leo's succession to the Papacy, no less than eighty-six wearers of the scarlet have died. Twenty-four of the surviving cardinals live in Rome, although three of them are Germans and three are French; and of the remaining twenty-seven, nine are Italians, six Frenchmen, three Austrians, three Spaniards, two Portuguese, with one from each of these four countries: the United States, Canada, Belgium, and Australia.

If civilized Europe does not keep clean through the coming winter and spring, it will not be the fault of the London *Times*, whose prediction of widespread ravages by cholera as soon as warm weather comes again has caused people to look with suspicion upon everything that has not been fumigated, disinfected, or scrubbed.

A patriotic Kansas girl appeared on the streets of West-phalia, Kan., one day last week, with "Stand up for Kansas," embroidered on her suspenders. It was intended as a telling rebuke to the Alliance calamity wailers.

## ARTISTS AND ACTRESSES.

"Parisina" writes of the Bohemian Colony at Barbizon.

I had been wondering to myself how Réjane would please me in the part of the "Dame aux Camélias," when who should I stumble upon but the original Marguerite Gautier herself—the once far-famed Marie Doche. She was coming toward me, with her back to the setting sun and her face was in shadow. She wore a pretty hat, coquettishly draped with some gauzy white material, and the most becoming of Watteau *sacs*, daintily caught up on one side and exhibiting a bit of turquoise-blue petticoat, harmonizing pleasantly with the general pigeon-breast tone of the gown, and she carried in her hand a long cane. As she balanced herself jauntily from one rough stone of the street to another, I asked myself whether it was really possible that I had before me a woman who had been the toast of the town early in the fifties. It is not good manners to talk of a lady's age; but when she has got beyond three-score-and-ten, it is permissible.

The Ninons de l'Enclos and the Dianas de Poitiers are rare birds; it is not often that a woman retains even a semblance of freshness after sixty, and therefore Mme. Doche may well be proud of the relative youthfulness of her looks; and even if she hints at the usual course of nature being arrested in her favor, we can forgive her the pretension of having been singled out by Providence as the object of such a miracle. She is fond of explaining to her hearers why she left the stage so early as she did under these exceptional circumstances. The fact is, she will say, I was created to play the leading parts—the youthful heroines of drama; and when the first bloom of youth disappeared, I disappeared, too, to save the public a disillusion. The fact is, she went on personating Marguerite Gautier—and to everyone's satisfaction—until she was past forty.

It was far away from the turmoil of the boulevards that I met Mme. Doche; it was in the single, ill-paved street of Barbizon that she came tripping toward me, with the sun at her back. I had made up my mind to rusticate in that charming retreat this fair month of September, and the superannuated actress was one of the first persons I lighted upon. I have always wondered somewhat why the town-bred, somewhat artificial, though thoroughly kindly, woman ever elected to take up her abode even for a few weeks in the shadow of the forest. Doubtless she is actuated by the same spirit that made Marie Antoinette take to butter-making at Trianon and caused Empress Eugénie to slip out of the Tuileries to wander, with a single attendant, in the streets of Paris. The queens of the stage and the queens of real life have that in common—that they like to escape for a time from the ordinary round of social duties. This year, moreover, she elected to patronize the most rustic of the three principal hostleries—Siron's—and to lodge in the village hard by the general shop where the black-eyed Burgundian Thonets deal in soap, and candles, and other sweetmeats, as some funny man once said. A pungent odor of *poudre à la Marchéale* is wafted from the doors of Mme. Doche's temporary dwelling, wherein the old-fashioned furniture does not harmonize ill with the occupant's dainty *sacs* and *déshabillés*—far better than the alleys of the forest, where the perfume of musk and patchouli produces a sad discord.

Sauntering into Siron's after dinner, I found that Marguerite had quite a little court about her. She has a pleasant way with young men, who are quite ready to serve the elderly beauty with a little courtly devotion in return for the pleasure her sparkling conversation affords them. There was Radzimski, a stalwart young Tzeck, who has lately abandoned Mars to cultivate the Muses; later on we shall certainly have to say something of the ex-dragon's pictures at the Salon. In the meanwhile, he is busy learning French slang at Siron's artistic *table d'hôte*, fondly cherishing the conviction that it is the best of pure French, and some other hits of Bohemian knowledge that do not enter into the programme of the military school of Prague. Another member of the clique I soon discovered to be a famous character in Barbizon. St. George is pointed out to each new-comer and excites a fresh burst of wonder every time. Zola would dub him a "fine male," but it suits his fancy to conceal his virility beneath an affectation of femininity, so he shaves his beard close, wears low-necked collars, lace frills and ruffles to unstarched shirts, rubs his face with *blanc de perle*, and curls his hair. I am told by the boarders that he often comes down to breakfast in curl-papers. This hybrid monstrosity calls itself an American artist!

Marie Doche is not the only retired actress here. Mme. Fargeuil was located last week at the Hôtel de la Forêt. But, alas! what a ruin! Is it credible that that bent, aged woman, attired in unfashionable black, was once the brilliant Fargeuil? She looks years older than Doche, although she was playing the Parisian in "Uncle Sam" long after Marguerite Gautier had taken her leave of the stage. The huxom, florid young woman by whom she is accompanied is her daughter. Artists are in a minority this season at Barbizon. Besides the residents—Camille Paris, whose charming house is the last you pass before plunging into the forest; Chaigneau, who owns the villa by the plain, where his sheep graze; François Millet, the son of the great artist; and some amateurs and students of both sexes, including St. George, of the curl-papers—there is only Rochegrosse, he who painted the "Last Day of Babylon." How often we find people in whose physiognomy something of their character and pursuits peeps out! Rochegrosse's dark visage reminds me of some of the Assyrians he has so often painted, especially when surmounted by the reed hat, something the shape of an ancient helmet, which he has adopted as a summer headgear. The house he has taken for the season is a *maisonette*, covered with clustering creepers—quite an Arcadian abode. Who is the stately woman in the embroidered wrapper, who glides in and out of the clematis-draped porch? Barbizonians call her Mme. Rochegrosse, yet else-

where he passes for a bachelor. The Philistines have invaded the forest village: nursery-maids and their charges crowd the broad avenue, maids and youths play at tennis there, *paterfamilias* reads his paper on the stone bench at his door in the village, and virtuous housewives crowd round Mère Cogniet's cart to bargain for fruit and vegetables, but the leaven of Bohemianism still remains in it. When a certain trio issues from the cottage which was built years since by the English artist Charles Lucy and has since been inhabited by the much regretted Heilbuth, mamma gathers her flock about her, and, prunes and prism, looks another way. "Beauté, Bonté, and Saleté" (Barbizon is not always refined in its expressions) are hospitable young women who are particularly partial to the officers of the cavalry regiments at Melun and Fontainebleau, who are always welcome at "Mon Repos," dividing their spare time among the "unattached" males of the village community. "Beauty" will sometimes fit her in all points like a man, and promenade her feminine lousiness in white flannels that might sit easier upon her, to the general scandal of the place and not always to her own advantage, for I have seen young men even smile contemptuously as she struts past. "If she only knew what a sight she looks from behind!" roars a school-boy. Every one, from the babes in the perambulators (nursery-maids will jabber so), knows "Beauty."

Barbizon has figured before now in prose and verse. The Goncourts were the first to bring it into notice, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward takes some of her characters there in "David Grieve"; one of the scenes of "La Cigale" represents the interior of Siron's dining-room. But I am much mistaken if we shall not have, before long, a humorous and life-like description of life in the shadow of the forest from the pen of Mrs. Alexander, for the author of the "Wooing O't" has been staying here lately with her heavy of charming daughters, and going about with her comprehensive eyes wide open and a whimsical smile on her pleasant mouth. She will, doubtless, gather what is amusing, leaving the tragedies for those who revel in more sombre romance.

What records of fun and laughter, rare festivity, frivolous dissipation, crime, and sin our village affords; what a curious, heterogeneous colony it is! Look at the inhabitants themselves, was ever a more mixed race? The bachelors of the place have always manifested a distinct partiality for the maids who are brought down in the suite of summer visitors. Here is a shaggy Alsatian peasant, the mother of a gardener's brood; a freckled Fleming has mated with a Burgundian; a stain of glycol blood is evident in a family which owns a picturesque row of tumble-down hovels on the outskirts: young Mme. Siron, the able manager of the hostelry, is an Englishwoman, who was nurse-maid to Douglas Jerrold's great-grandchildren; while the handsome lady who presides over the Degesse establishment is an American by birth. Village piety, in the person of two old ladies, has endowed Barbizon with a chapel; they purchased the granary adjoining the house, where Theodore Rousseau lived the last years of his life, and got the bishop of the diocese to provide a priest who would say a weekly mass therein. Kindly moss has grown over the helmy and given it quite an antiquated appearance, transforming it as completely as time has transformed the two old ladies from a pair of actresses, who once sang to crowded houses at the Opéra Comique, into devotees given to scandal and all manner of uncharitableness.

The chapel is open for Sunday service, and the bell in the belfry tinkles out the Angelus. In Millet's time it was Chailly Church which called the inhabitants of the neighboring hamlets to evening prayer. Its clear note is still wafted over God's Acre, where the immortal author of the "Angelus" sleeps his last sleep, and it continues to have the monopoly of christenings, marriages, and funerals. Little processions, gay or grave, may often be seen winding along the white ribbon of road which divides the village of the forest from sleepy Chailly. Each have their separate fête, when youths and maidens come from far and near to dance and make merry. Sometimes the merriment becomes rather uproarious, as when, the other day, a party of choice spirits from Fontainebleau scaled the walls of a lady's bower, and were evicted by main force, and only escaped corporeal punishment at the hands of the irate gentlemen of the family because they were too visibly drunk to be considered responsible for their actions. At Chailly, things took a more tragic turn. One of the peasants, who lent the proprietor of the Cheval Blanc his aid in trying to capture a pair of runaway customers, was stabbed to the heart by the fellow he was pursuing, who is now lodged in Melun Jail, awaiting his trial.

This reminds me that my first experience in a witness box was made at Melun last week. I, in common with some others, was subpoenaed as a witness in a case brought against two gentlemen who had killed a neighbor's cat and committed other depredations, such as dropping shot on to a tea-table spread in their neighbor's garden. It was a scene worthy of Molière. The deaf judge, who mistook every word that was said; the commissary, in an old gray jacket belted with faded tricolor, who supported the accusation, and was turned inside out by the portly Parisian hamster who appeared for the defense; the slipshod owner of the departed tabby, who described in thrilling accents the tragic death of his favorite; and the glib lodging-house proprietor, who came, like Nemesis, armed with an arrow, which she laid with a flourish before the magistrate, demanding vengeance on the miscreants. The court did not take a very serious view of the matter, and I was agreeably surprised to find that the fact that the offenders were foreigners (some declared Germans) was accepted as an extenuating circumstance. "These gentlemen doubtless came from a land where promiscuous shooting is not punishable," the commissary admitted, with hospitable *bonhomie*, and so they were condemned to a fine of two francs, with costs. Life in the shadow of the forest, as you see, provides material for meditation, and is not all "beer and hocky," as some who have passed meteor-like through Barbizon will tell you.

PARISINA

BARBIZON, September 23, 1892.



## TWO NOBLE DUKES.

"Piccadilly" writes of Sutherland and "Cockaigne" of Devonshire.

"A splendid type this, the cream of the peerage, one who does not mix with the vulgar, and only dabbles in politics with the tip of his walking-stick, so to say, like a loungeur stirring a puddle! . . . A king, forsooth! Why, monarchs envy his grace, who holds in one of his hands as much power as they do in both, without being troubled with any of the responsibilities or dull cares of royalty." Such was the epitome of public opinion concerning the late Duke of Sutherland some dozen years ago, yet the latter days of this wealthy and powerful nobleman's life have been one long homily on the text that not even a millionaire peer can defy with impunity either the unwritten laws of society or the rules which govern the condition of family life. It is a pathetic fact that the last time his name appeared prominently before the public was in connection with an action at law, instituted by his son, the Marquis of Stafford.

The two spheres of work, in which more especially he made himself a reputation and which saved his character from total eclipse, were the reclamation of waste-land and the extension of the railway in the Highlands. In the latter he sunk capital to the amount of nearly half a million pounds, while one part of the line from Golspie to Helmsdale was built entirely at his expense, and is known as "The Duke's Railway." For the benefit of the farmers and crofters on his vast estates, and to aid them in the development of the land, the duke introduced agricultural machinery, besides otherwise doing much to improve their condition.

In his younger days the late duke was so remarkably handsome a man that the charming lady who afterward became Mme. de Morny is credited with having said that the only "beau garçon anglais—c'est le jeune Stafford"; while a tremendous sensation was caused at the fêtes at Moscow on the coronation of the Czar, in 1856, by his appearance with the late duchess—"the most beautiful couple in Europe," as Prince Esterhazy called them. His first wife, indeed—a Miss Hay Mackenzie—was one of the best-looking women of her day, and, in addition, a prime favorite at court. He, too, at that time was on terms of great intimacy with the royal family, for, when the duke and his brother, Lord Ronald Leveson-Gower, were boys, they used to romp about with the little princes and princesses in the corridors of Buckingham Palace. But the duke gradually dropped out of the Marlborough House set.

Before then, however, shortly after his accession to the title, the duke began to cut a great figure in society, and his parties at Trentham Park and his receptions at Stafford House became famous. The queen and Prince Albert were constant visitors; and so struck was her majesty with the magnificent display, on one occasion, that she said to the then duchess: "I am leaving your palace to return to my house." It was here, too, that Garibaldi stayed as a guest, in 1864, when he visited this country, and that all the best people in London flocked to meet the Liberator of Italy, in the red flannel shirt which he made as historic as the white plume of Henry of Navarre.

With few sympathies in common, the duke and his first wife at last separated; and, while she took to philanthropic and temperance work at Sutherland Towers—a mansion on the Lincombes, near Torquay—he led a roving life, traveled, shot big game, and indulged in his craze for engineering. He was quite at home either dashing through the London streets on a fire-engine or running a locomotive on the rails. It was about this time that the duke first met the lady who is now his widow. She was the tall, dark-eyed daughter of Dr. Mitchell, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, public orator. She was then married to a Captain Blair, who, having retired from the Highland Light Infantry, held a post in the Indian Civil Service. This gentleman, shortly after making the duke's acquaintance, met his death by an unfortunate accident while out shooting; and from that time the duke was, to say the least, on most intimate terms with the widow. They traveled about together, and most ports are familiar with his yacht, the *Sans Peur*; but both their reputations suffered severely, and, in America, they were tabooed. Three months after the death of his first wife—which occurred four years ago—Mrs. Blair and the duke were married after a fashion at Tarpon Springs in Florida, where they had been staying, and this action on his part seems to have alienated many more of his old friends, and even some of his nearest relatives.

A short time after this marriage, the duke came back to England and Scotland for good, and began disentailing his land, much to the disgust of his eldest son, and the Duke of Westminster and Mr. Chaplin, the trustees under the Settled Estates Act. Since his return, too, he has not often been seen on his English estates, but has preferred to remain at his Highland residence, Dunrobin Castle, among the people and in the country for which he has done so much. It was in this favorite mountain home of his that the late duke died after an illness, which, in its acute stage, lasted barely forty-eight hours. Although the family burial-place of the Sutherlands is Dornoch Cathedral, a few miles from Dunrobin, the duke had latterly evinced a strong repugnance to being interred there, and accordingly he was buried in the mausoleum on his English estate at Trentham Park, in Staffordshire.

As the largest land-owner in the United Kingdom, the duke has a claim to some distinction. He owned fully one-fifth of all Scotland, and his possessions there, embracing almost the entire County of Sutherland and stretching far into Ross, covered an area of not less than 1,350,000 acres. In England, he held 15,000 acres in Shropshire, Staffordshire, and the North Riding, while the rent-roll of the whole was returned at some \$750,000. In addition to Stafford House, Dunrobin, and Trentham, the seats owned by the duke were Loch Inver House, House of Tongue, Tarbet House, and Castle Leod, all in Scotland, with Lilleshall, in Staffordshire, and a mansion in Bucks. Large, however, as are the Sutherland estates in land, as regards acre-

age, in value they are exceeded by several of our great landlords. The Duke of Buccleuch, for instance, the first in point of income from landed estate, has a revenue of nearly \$1,100,000, the Duke of Devonshire, \$900,000, the Duke of Northumberland, \$800,000, and the Marquis of Bute, about the same.

The late duke is succeeded by his eldest surviving son, the Marquis of Stafford, in the title and in the estates, with the exception of some 150,000 acres in Ross, which passes to the second son, the Earl of Cromartie, who, by special remainder, succeeded his mother, the Countess of Cromartie, in her own right. The new duke is a little over forty, and, like his father, is a man of simple manners and of a kind, sympathetic disposition. Eight years ago he married Lady Millicent St. Claire-Erskine, the daughter of the poet Earl Rosslyn, when she was only seventeen years old, and has two sons and one daughter. The story of how the marquis met his bride has a very pleasant touch of romance about it. He was dining with Blanche, Lady Rosslyn, one evening, and to avoid the fatal number thirteen, although still in the school-room, Lady Millicent was allowed to come in to dinner. The marquis was quite fascinated by her, and straightway fell in love, with the result that she was engaged to be married before her presentation at court. The duchess comes of a very good-looking family, one of her sisters being Lady Brooke, the future Countess of Warwick, and another the Countess of Westmoreland, while, with Her Grace of Northumberland, she shares the distinction of being the youngest duchess in England.

LONDON, September 25, 1892.

The love-episode in the life of the Duke of Devonshire—better known for the last thirty-odd years as the Marquis of Hartington—is, doubtless, as familiar to newspaper-reading Americans as it is to Englishmen. His notorious penchant for the Duchess of Manchester has been one of the scandals of high life ever since the then marquis began to attract attention as a public man, apart from the exalted position which his title, rank, and great wealth conferred upon him. At best, it was a mild sort of thing. There was never anything more than a suspicion, however well-grounded some people may have thought it; and while its chief legs to stand upon came from the generally asserted fact that Lord Hartington did not care to become a guest at any person's house to which the Duchess of Manchester was not invited to meet him, the most cogent reasons for the existence of any unusual understanding between the pair came from the continued and otherwise unaccountable bachelorhood of the marquis.

If any man could have married, and ought to have married long ago, it was Lord Hartington. Without question he has been for the last thirty years the greatest match, matrimonial, in England—in the world, I might say. One of the leading statesmen of the day, a man of undoubted and exceptional ability, and the heir to a dukedom whose wealth was only second to that of Westminster, he might have had his pick of all the girls in the kingdom, from royalty down. Few people out of England can have any conception of the grand position which belongs to the Duchess of Devonshire. Beside her, the Duchesses of Marlborough and Portland sink into insignificance. Just think of such grand country-houses and "estates" as Chatsworth, and Hardwicke, and Haddon! Imagine what it must be for any woman to step into immediate possession as mistress of three such houses! They are places which sight-seers go to view as they do the Tower of London. Then there is Devonshire House, the grand town residence. Imagine, too, what it must be to be the undisputed mistress of the house which gives its name to Sir Arthur Sullivan's latest opera, Haddon Hall!

Reverting to the Marquis of Hartington, or rather the Duke of Devonshire, it is surprising how pitifully flat his marriage with the ancient Duchess of Manchester has fallen. People were, in a certain sense, not unprepared for it. When the Duke of Manchester died and was succeeded by the dissolute Viscount Mandeville, there was virtually nothing to hinder the alliance save a decent observance of a period of widowhood on the part of the fascinating though ancient duchess, whose charms age could not wither. However, the old Duke of Devonshire was alive then, and it is pretty well known that he was dead against his son's marrying the lady.

To a great extent, the marquis's submission to parental authority was affected by monetary considerations. It is true that the landed estates were entailed and could not be kept from the eldest son, whatever he did. But the duke's personal estate was enormous, and to go contrary to his will was to jeopardize the chance of getting that. As it turned out, it would seem that the old duke had not a very steadfast faith in his son's professions of obedience, for although he did not leave all his money away from his legitimate heir, he gave him only a half-share, the other moiety going to his grandson, Victor Cavendish, who was married the other day to a daughter of Lord and Lady Lansdowne, a girl who from her mother inherits the beauty and grace of the "Handsome Hamiltons." The Marchioness of Lansdowne is a sister of the Marchioness of Blandford, both being daughters of the Duke of Abercorn, the head of the Hamilton family. Both were married on the same day over twenty years ago—it may be evil—and the fact was productive of a prediction of evil to one or other of the brides, the marriage of sisters at one ceremony being supposed to be unlucky. The event certainly did turn out filled with misfortune for Lady Blandford. Her husband, the Marquis of Blandford then, is now the famous (or infamous, whichever you like) Duke of Marlborough, and I think the world is fairly cognizant of the shameful treatment his then wife received at his hands. She is divorced from him, and he has since become the Duke of Marlborough and is married again, as the world knows, to an American lady who was once known as Mrs. Hammersly, of New York. She is the Duchess of Marlborough now, while the poor, ill-treated wife—no longer a wife in law—stays Marchioness of Bland-

ford. But while the first wife can not share the title acquired by the husband after divorce, her son can succeed to the dukedom, and is now the Marquis of Blandford as heir to his father. I do not think the American duchess has any children by the duke; but if she had a son he would be robbed of his heirship by a boy whose mother can no longer claim any dignity from his father, save and except what she possessed before the decree of divorce was signed.

No question of this sort can arise in the case of the succession to the dukedom. The present Duke of Devonshire has no son, nor is his three-score-and-ten duchess likely to present him with one. As a matter of fact, the ducal coronet and estates will descend to his nephew, Victor Cavendish, to whom the last duke left half of his personal estate—the whole being something like a million and a quarter of pounds, if I remember correctly. "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good." So must think plain Mr. Victor Cavendish, who otherwise might remain plain Mr. Victor Cavendish to the end of his days. Had he not been the heir-presumptive, his grandfather would not have left him half a million of money, and he would not have got a daughter of the Marquis of Lansdowne for his wife. At least it is not likely. Such is luck. He must love the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester.

COCKAIGNE.

LONDON, September 23, 1892.

## "ARGONAUT" MUNICIPAL TICKET.

Mayor	WENDELL EASTON
Sheriff	HENRY H. SCOTT
Auditor	T. J. L. SMILEY
Recorder	E. B. READ
County Clerk	J. J. MORAN
Tax Collector	THOMAS O'BRIEN
Treasurer	J. H. WIDBER
District Attorney	WILLIAM S. BARNES
City and County Attorney	H. T. CRESWELL
Surveyor	CHARLES S. TILTON
Superintendent of Streets	THOMAS ASHWORTH
Coroner	DR. W. T. GARWOOD
Public Administrator	A. C. FREESE
Superior Judge (long term)	WILLIAM T. WALLACE
Superior Judge (long term)	F. W. VAN REYNENON
Superior Judge (long term)	CHARLES W. SLACK
Superior Judge (long term)	DUNCAN HAYNE
Superior Judge (unexpired term)	JOHN A. WRIGHT
Police Judge	CHARLES A. LOW
Police Judge	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
Police Judge	H. D. TALCOTT
Justice of the Peace	J. E. BARRY
Justice of the Peace	W. M. WILLETT
Justice of the Peace	FRANK GRAY
Justice of the Peace	GEORGE P. GOFF
Justice of the Peace	FRANK H. DUNNE
Supervisor First Ward	EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor Second Ward	DANIEL ROGERS
Supervisor Third Ward	JOHN B. GARTLAND
Supervisor Fourth Ward	P. J. KENNEDY
Supervisor Fifth Ward	SANDS W. FORMAN
Supervisor Sixth Ward	B. P. FLINT
Supervisor Seventh Ward	LOUIS A. GARNETT
Supervisor Eighth Ward	WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN
Supervisor Ninth Ward	ALBERT HEYER
Supervisor Tenth Ward	HENRY P. SONNTAG
Supervisor Eleventh Ward	THOMAS J. PARSONS
Supervisor Twelfth Ward	JAMES DENMAN
School Director	F. J. FRENCH
School Director	F. A. HYDE
School Director	F. W. EATON
School Director	PELHAM W. ANES
School Director	C. W. DECKER
School Director	S. E. DUTTON
School Director	J. H. ROSEWALD
School Director	J. H. CULVER
School Director	C. A. CLINTON
School Director	Z. T. WHITTEN
School Director	ARTHUR F. CARMODY
School Director	JOHN J. DUNN

## LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

For State Senator, 17th District	WILLIAM J. DUNN
For State Senator, 19th District	JAMES D. HORAN
For State Senator, 21st District	MONROE GREENWOOD
For State Senator, 23d District	CHARLES S. ARMS
For State Senator, 25th District	JOHN FAY
For Assemblyman, 28th District	THOMAS P. CUSICK
For Assemblyman, 29th District	WILLIAM T. BOYCE
For Assemblyman, 30th District	I. S. COHEN
For Assemblyman, 31st District	J. J. KENNEDY
For Assemblyman, 32d District	JOHN E. BUCKLEY
For Assemblyman, 33d District	W. D. BERRY
For Assemblyman, 34th District	GEORGE C. SARGENT
For Assemblyman, 35th District	J. M. HIGGINS
For Assemblyman, 36th District	EDWARD SHORT
For Assemblyman, 37th District	THOMAS W. BURKE
For Assemblyman, 38th District	H. FORBES
For Assemblyman, 39th District	W. T. KIBBLER
For Assemblyman, 40th District	L. R. THOMAS
For Assemblyman, 41st District	O. D. BALDWIN
For Assemblyman, 42d District	SAMUEL SHAEEN
For Assemblyman, 43d District	SETH MARTIN
For Assemblyman, 44th District	A. DECOURTIEUX, JR.
For Assemblyman, 45th District	WILLIAM H. GATELY

The novelist in quest of realism undertakes some curious experiments in search of material. Here is Mr. Morley Roberts, the British story-writer, working as a laborer at the London docks to get his "local color."



## INGERSOLL ON VOLTAIRE.

He discusses his Predecessor's War with Mother Church.

Robert G. Ingersoll appeared before six thousand people at the Chicago Auditorium, a few nights ago, under the auspices of the Press Club of Chicago, and delivered one of his most brilliant lectures. His subject was "Voltaire," and an idea of his manner of treatment may be gained from a perusal of the following extracts :

"When Voltaire came to this 'great stage of fools,' his country had been Christianized—not civilized—for about fourteen hundred years. For a thousand years the religion of peace and good will had been supreme. The laws had been given by Christian kings, and sanctioned by 'wise and holy men.' Under the benign reign of universal love, every court had its chamber of torture, and every priest relied on the thumb-screw and rack. Such had been the success of the blessed gospel, that every science was an outcast. To speak your honest thoughts, to teach your fellow-men, to investigate for yourself, to seek the truth, these were all crimes, and the 'Holy Mother Church' pursued the criminals with sword and flame. The believers in a God of love—an Infinite Father—punished hundreds of offenses with torture and death. Suspected persons were tortured to make them confess. Convicted persons were tortured to make them give the names of their accomplices. Under the leadership of the church, cruelty had become the only reforming power. In this blessed year 1694, all authors were at the mercy of king and priest. The most of them were cast into prisons, impoverished by fines and costs, exiled, or executed. The little time that hangmen could snatch from professional duties was occupied in burning books. The courts of justice were traps in which the innocent were caught. The judges were almost as malicious and cruel as though they had been bishops or saints. There was no trial by jury, and the rules of evidence allowed the conviction of the supposed criminal by the proof of suspicion or hearsay. The witnesses, being liable to be tortured, generally told what the judges wished to hear.

"When Voltaire was born, the Roman Church ruled and owned France. It was a period of almost universal corruption. The priests were mostly libertines, the judges cruel and venal. The royal palace was a house of prostitution. The nobles were heartless, proud, arrogant, and cruel to the last degree. The common people were treated as beasts. It took the church a thousand years to bring about this happy condition of things. The seeds of the revolution unconsciously were being scattered by every noble and by every priest. They were germinating slowly in the hearts of the wretched; they were being watered by the tears of agony; blows began to bear interest. There was a faint longing for blood. Workmen, blackened by the sun, bowed by labor, deformed by want, looked at the white throats of scornful ladies and thought about cutting them. In those days, witnesses were cross-examined with instruments of torture; the church was the arsenal of superstition; miracles, relics, angels, and devils were as common as lies.

"At the age of ten, Voltaire entered the college of Louis le Grand. This was a Jesuit school, and here he remained for seven years, leaving at seventeen, and never attending any other school. According to Voltaire, he learned nothing at this school but a little Greek, a good deal of Latin, and a vast amount of nonsense. In this college of Louis le Grand they did not teach geography, history, mathematics, or any science. This was a Catholic institution, controlled by the Jesuits. In that day the religion was defended, was protected, or supported by the state. Behind the entire creed were the bayonet, the axe, the wheel, the fagot, and the torture chamber. While Voltaire was attending the college of Louis le Grand, the soldiers of the king were hunting Protestants in the mountains of Cevennes for magistrates to hang on gibbets, to put to torture, to break on the wheel, or to burn at the stake.

"In France the people were the sport of a king's caprice. Every where was the shadow of the Bastille. It fell upon the sunniest field, upon the happiest home. With the king walked the headsman; back of the throne was the chamber of torture. The church appealed to the rack, and faith relied on the fagot. Science was an outcast, and philosophy, so-called, was the pander of superstition. Nobles and priests were sacred. Peasants were vermin. Idleness sat at the banquet and industry gathered the crumbs and crusts."

The history of the Roman Catholic Church, as Voltaire found it revealed in history, is thus summarized by Colonel Ingersoll :

"Voltaire studied the history of the Roman Church. He found that the religion of his time rested on the infallibility of the church, the dreams of insane hermits, the absurdities of the fathers, the mistakes and falsehoods of saints, the hysteria of nuns, the cunning of priests, and the stupidity of the people. He found that the Emperor Constantine, who lifted Christianity into power, murdered his wife Fausta and his eldest son Crispus the same year that he convened the Council of Nice, to decide whether Christ was a man or the Son of God."

Voltaire's attitude at that time toward the Deity is thus described :

"Voltaire, in spite of his surroundings, in spite of almost universal tyranny and oppression, was a believer in God, and in what he was pleased to call the religion of nature. He attacked the creed of his time, because it was dishonorable to his God. He thought of the Deity as a father, as the fountain of justice, intelligence, and mercy, and the creed of the Roman Catholic Church made him a monster of cruelty and stupidity."

The Protestant's lot was not a bappy one in France in Voltaire's time. The terrible persecution of Jean Calas and his family would not be believed in our day if it were not matter of history. Here it is, as the lecturer told it :

"Toulouse was a favored town. It was rich in relics. The people were as ignorant as wooden images, but they had in their possession the dried bodies of seven apostles, the bones of many of the infants slain by Herod, part of a dress of the Virgin Mary, and lots of skulls and skeletons of the infallible idiots known as saints.

"In this city the people celebrated every year, with great joy, two holy events : the expulsion of the Huguenots and the blessed massacre of St. Bartholomew. The citizens of Toulouse had been educated and civilized by the church. A few Protestants, mild because in the minority, lived among these jackals and tigers. One of these Protestants was Jean Calas, a small dealer in dry goods. For forty years he had been in this business, and his character was without a stain. He was honest, kind, and agreeable. He had a wife and six children—four sons and two daughters. One of the sons became a Roman Catholic. The eldest son, Marc Antoine, disliked his father's business and studied law. He could not be allowed to practice unless he became a Roman Catholic. He tried to get his license by concealing that he was a Protestant. He was discovered—grew morose. Finally he became discouraged and committed suicide by hanging himself one evening in his father's store. The bigots of Toulouse started the story that his parents had killed him to prevent his becoming a Roman Catholic. On this frightful charge the father, mother, one son, a servant, and one guest at their house were arrested. The dead son was considered a martyr, the church taking possession of the body. This happened in 1763. There was what was called a trial. There was no evidence, not the slightest, except hearsay. All the facts were in favor of the accused. The united strength of the defendants could not have done the deed.

"Jean Calas was doomed to torture and to death upon the wheel. This was on the ninth of March, 1762, and the sentence was to be carried out the next day. On the morning of the tenth, the father was taken to the torture-room. The executioner and his assistants were sworn on the cross to administer the torture according to the judgment of the court. They bound him by the wrists to an iron ring in the stone wall, four feet from the ground, and his feet to another ring in the floor. Then they shortened the ropes and chains until every joint in his arms and legs was dislocated. Then he was questioned. He declared that he was innocent. Then the ropes were again shortened until life fluttered in the torn body; but he remained firm. This was called the *question ordinaire*. Again the magistrates exhorted the

victim to confess, and again he refused, saying that there was nothing to confess. Then came the *question extraordinaire*. Into the mouth of the victim was placed a horn holding three pints of water. In this way thirty pints of water were forced into the body of the sufferer. The pain was beyond description, and yet Jean Calas remained firm. He was then carried to the scaffold in a tumbrel. He was bound to a wooden cross that lay on the scaffold. The executioner then took a bar of iron, broke each leg and arm in two places, striking eleven blows in all. He was then left to die, if he could. He lived for two hours, declaring his innocence to the last. He was slow to die, and so the executioner strangled him. Then his poor lacerated, bleeding, and broken body was chained to a stake and burned. All this was a spectacle—a festival for the savages of Toulouse. What would they have done if their hearts had not been softened by the glad tidings of great joy, peace on earth, and good will to men?

"But this was not all. The property of the family was confiscated; the son was released on condition that he become a Roman Catholic; the servant if she would enter a convent. The two daughters were consigned to a convent, and the heart-broken widow was allowed to wander where she would.

"Voltaire heard of this case. In a moment his soul was on fire. He took one of the sons under his roof. He wrote a history of the case. He corresponded with kings and queens, with chancellors and lawyers. If money was needed, he advanced it. For years he filled Europe with the echoes of the groans of Jean Calas. He succeeded. The horrible judgment was annulled—the poor victim declared innocent and thousands of dollars raised to support the mother and family. This was the work of Voltaire."

Even more horrible are other instances of almost incredible cruelty practiced by the Roman Catholic authorities. Some of these Ingersoll alluded to as follows :

"Espenasse was a Protestant of good estate. In 1740 he received into his house a Protestant clergyman, to whom he gave supper and lodging. In a country where priests repeated the parable of the 'Good Samaritan,' this was a crime. For this crime Espenasse was tried, convicted, and sentenced to the galleys for life. When he had been imprisoned for twenty-three years, his case came to the knowledge of Voltaire, and he was, through the efforts of Voltaire, released and restored to his family.

"This was the work of Voltaire. There is not time to tell of the case of General Lally, of the English General Byng, of the niece of Cornielle, of the Jesuit Adam, of the writers, dramatists, actors, widows, and orphans for whose benefit he gave his influence, his money, and his time.

"But I will tell another case : In 1765, at the town of Abbeville, an old wooden cross on a bridge had been mutilated—whittled with a knife—a terrible crime. Sticks, when crossing each other, were far more sacred than flesh and blood. Two young men were suspected—the Chevalier de la Barre and D'Etallonde. D'Etallonde fled to Prussia and enlisted as a common soldier.

"La Barre remained and stood his trial. He was convicted without the slightest evidence, and he and D'Etallonde were both sentenced : First, to endure the torture, ordinary and extraordinary; second, to have their tongues torn out by the roots with pincers of iron; third, to have their right hands cut off at the door of the church; and fourth, to be bound to stakes by chains of iron and burned to death by a slow fire. 'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.' Remembering this, the judges mitigated the sentence by providing that their heads should be cut off before their bodies were given to the flames. The case was appealed to Paris; heard by a court composed of twenty-five judges learned in law, and the judgment was confirmed. The sentence was carried out on the first day of July, 1765."

The Christian of the last century is fiercely arraigned in the following paragraph :

"Had Voltaire believed all the fables of antiquity; had he mumbled Latin prayers, counted beads, crossed himself, devoured now and then the flesh of God, and carried fagots to the feet of philosophy in the name of Christ, he might have been in heaven this moment, enjoying a sight of the damned. If he had only adopted the creed of his time—if he had asserted that a God of infinite power and mercy had created millions and billions of human beings to suffer eternal pain, and all for the sake of his glorious justice; that He had given His power of attorney to a cunning and cruel Italian Pope, authorizing him to save the soul of his mistress and send honest wives to hell; if he had given to the nostrils of this God the odor of burning flesh, the incense of the fagot; if he had filled his ears with the shrieks of the tortured, the music of the rack, he would now be known as St. Voltaire."

The strange facts attending the death and burial of Voltaire are thus set forth :

"In those days, the philosophers—that is to say, the thinkers—were not buried in holy ground. It was feared that their principles might contaminate the ashes of the just. And they also feared that on the morning of the resurrection they might, in a moment of confusion, slip into heaven. Some were burned and their ashes scattered; and the bodies of some were thrown naked to beasts, and others buried in unholy earth. Voltaire knew the history of Adrienne Lecouvreur, a beautiful actress denied burial. After all, we do feel an interest in what is to become of our bodies. There is a modesty that belongs to death. Upon this subject Voltaire was infinitely sensitive. It was that he might be buried that he went through the farce of confession, of absolution, and of the last sacrament. The priests knew that he was not in earnest, and Voltaire knew that they would not allow him to be buried in any of the cemeteries of Paris. His death was kept a secret. The Abbé Mignot made arrangements for the burial at Romilly-on-the-Seine, more than one hundred miles from Paris. Sunday evening, on the last day of May, 1778, the body of Voltaire, clad in a dressing-gown, clothed to resemble an invalid, posed to simulate life, was placed in a carriage; at its side a servant, whose business it was to keep it in position. To this carriage were attached six horses, so that people might think a great lord was going to his estates. Another carriage followed, in which were a grand-nephew and two cousins of Voltaire. All night they traveled, and on the following day arrived at the court-yard of the abbey. The necessary papers were shown, the mass was performed in the presence of the body, and Voltaire found burial. A few moments afterward the prior, who "for charity had given a little earth," received from his bishop a menacing letter forbidding the burial of Voltaire. It was too late. He could not then be removed, and he was allowed to remain in place until 1791."

The removal of the ashes of Voltaire to the Pantheon in Paris evokes one of Colonel Ingersoll's most eloquent passages. Of it he says :

"In 1791, permission was given to place in the Pantheon the ashes of Voltaire. He had been buried one hundred and ten miles from Paris. Buried by stealth, he was to be removed by a nation. A funeral procession of a hundred miles; every village with its flags and arches in his honor; all the people anxious to honor the philosopher of France—the saviour of Calas—the destroyer of superstition! On reaching Paris, the great procession moved along the Rue St. Antoine. Here it paused, and for one night on the ruins of the Bastille rested the body of Voltaire—rested in triumph, in glory—rested on fallen wall and broken arch, on crumbling stone still damp with tears, on rusting chain, and har, and useless bolt—above the dungeons dark and deep, where light had faded from the lives of men and hope had died in breaking hearts. The conqueror resting upon the conquered. Throned upon the Bastille, the fallen fortress of night, the body of Voltaire, from whose brain had issued the dawn."

"For a moment his ashes must have felt the Promethean fire, and the old smile must have illumined once more the face of the dead."

"While the vast multitude were trembling with love and awe, a priest was heard to cry : 'God shall be avenged!'"

Physical Director Stagg—that is what they call him—has decided that the students in the Chicago University shall kick foot-ball three times a week for exercise—at least, the young men. The young ladies walk an hour and take fifteen minutes' exercise in the gymnasium.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Corporal Tanner was tumbled out of the Pension Office into a good thing. He drives to his office now behind a colored coachman and a pair of bays in a stylish victoria.

The Pope is reported to be alarmed as to his personal safety if war should break out, and wishes the Emperor of Austria and the German Emperor to make things sure for him.

Gladstone is reported as saying in a recent address : "I am a Scotchman by blood and a Lancashire man by birth. I have lived most of my life in London, and, in one way or another, I belong to most parts of the country."

Tennyson was fond of his pipe, but fonder of pretty women. It is said that Mr. Daly could never have persuaded Tennyson to write his Robin Hood drama, "The Foresters," if he had not taken Miss Ada Rehan with him to lay siege to the poet's heart.

The late Archbishop Isidor, Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, Novgorod, and Finland, who died on September 19th, in the Alexander Nevsky Monastery, was ninety-three years old, and had held that high ecclesiastical position more than thirty years. He officiated, in 1883, at the coronation of the Czar Alexander Third.

Two sisters of the two poets Longfellow still live—their brother, Alexander, of Portland, Me., died not long ago—Mrs. Mary Greenleaf, of Cambridge, Mass., and Mrs. Ann Longfellow Pierce, of Portland. The last-named member of the family lives in the old mansion which was long the home of her parents, and brothers, and sisters.

Gordon MacKay, of Boston, not only gives his divorced wife twenty-five thousand dollars a year, but has withdrawn the proviso that she shall receive it only so long as she remains unmarried. The same authority mentions a rumor that the lady will soon become the wife of a prominent Washington lawyer. Mr. MacKay's income is said to be about three hundred thousand dollars a year.

Lord Tennyson married at the age of forty-one, which is one reason, perhaps, why it is thought that he was disappointed in love while young. His wife was a niece of Sir John Franklin. Her father, Mr. Sellwood, a lawyer by profession, is reported to have been somewhat unfavorably impressed with the alliance at first; but afterward he was entirely reconciled to it. Before the marriage, Tennyson had, of course, achieved fame.

The Prince of Thurn and Taxis, who was restored recently to the privileges of his rank, forfeited because of his marriage to a plebeian girl, belongs to one of the wealthiest families in Central Europe. The Thurns were once the postmasters of Austria, as the members of the family enjoyed the exclusive privilege of carrying letters for the empire. This privilege, received several centuries ago, formed the foundation of their wealth, as it was sold to the government for a large sum of money.

John L. Sullivan is now said to be a paralytic. By the long continued alcoholic soaking to which his tissues have been subjected, the connective tissue elements have become hypertrophied, the increased growth causing atrophy of the muscular fibrillæ. The magnificent development of muscle that won him so many victories has thus given place to a spurious hypertrophy; the bulk remaining, the consistency even increased, but the force has imperceptibly diminished, until he again exemplifies the aged simile of the oak of fair appearance, but rotten at the heart.

Sir Blundell Maple, upon whom the dignity of knighthood has recently been conferred, is the head of the biggest furniture and upholstery establishment in the Tottenham Court Road, a locality, by the way, that is by no means swell or fashionable. Upon asking a cabinet minister what the tradesman had done to be so distinguished, he replied : "Oh, he has made an enormous fortune, has helped the Prince of Wales on two or three occasions, and paid fifteen thousand pounds for the great horse Common, the winner of the Derby in 1891. If he doesn't deserve knighthood, who in the world does?"

Henry W. Jaehne, ex-alderman, of boodle fame, was released from Sing Sing Prison last Saturday. He was sentenced to nine years and six months imprisonment on May 21, 1886, and served six years, four months, and twenty-five days. He has fattened up, and his general health has improved under the prison discipline. His side-partner as a dishwasher has been ex-Sergeant Crowley, formerly of the police force, whose assault on Maggie Morris got him nineteen years in Sing Sing. It is said that Jaehne is penniless. When he was released he received a prison-made suit of clothes, a railroad ticket to New York, and \$23, which he earned during his stay in prison. He also received \$92.21, which he had in his pockets when he entered Sing Sing.

Edward Parker Deacon, whose case against his wife for criminal adultery with M. Abeille is being tried in France, told a *Sun* correspondent that he feared he would lose his case, in consequence of the persistent efforts of the Abeille family to turn public opinion against him. The Abeilles, he says, have already spent three hundred thousand francs in opposing him. On the press alone they spent one hundred and twenty thousand francs. In expectation of prejudice, Mr. Deacon brought with him a dozen witnesses from Switzerland, the Rivera, and other localities where Mrs. Deacon and M. Abeille were together. He also brought a stenographer, who will take down for him the testimony of these witnesses as to the criminal intimacy of the couple. If beaten at the trial in France, he will take the stenographer's reports to the United States with him and use them as evidence in a suit for divorce. Deacon says that the Abeille family are seeking to pack the court-room with their friends, and to prevent the admission of press representatives, lest the truth about the girl Abeille should be laid before the public.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A strange and apparently apocryphal story is told on the authority of Major Handy, of the World's Fair Bureau of Publicity, about the egotism of Sir Edwin Arnold. Major Handy says he met the poet at a dinner in London. The conversation turned on the question of Tennyson's successor in the laureateship, and Sir Edwin said:

"I know that there are those who think that Mr. Swinburne will be the next laureate, while others think that Alfred Austin will. Again, some are confident that Austin Dobson will fall heir to the wreath, and there are a goodly number who would fain see the priceless honor accorded to William Morris. So the opinions differ; but if you wish to know—all speculation aside—who will be the next poet-laureate, I will tell you. His name is Edwin Arnold."

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately "The Story of Columbus," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, edited by Dr. Edward Eggleston, with nearly a hundred illustrations by Allegra Eggleston. This book is the result of most extensive investigations, which have been carefully verified by Dr. Eggleston.

A clergyman, the Rev. Charles A. Adams, has written a book on the future life of animals. It is to be called "Where is My Dog?"

Mr. Walter Besant has been settling as clearly as possible a much vexed question—that of the proper pronunciation of his name—by stating that he prefers to have it uttered with the stress on the last syllable.

The new edition in English of Victor Hugo's works, which a Boston publishing house is bringing out, will be complete in thirty volumes. Andrew Lang and Sir Edwin Arnold are among the translators engaged; and some of the leading artists of France have contributed the two hundred illustrations. The edition will include Hugo's novels, his travels, his principal poems and dramas, some miscellanies, and a critical biography.

A Philadelphia house which has in press "Barbara Dering," a new story by Amélie Rives, states that the advance orders received have been very numerous.

Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson's next novel is to be entitled "The Pearl-Fisher."

D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately "Along the Florida Reef," by C. F. Holder, a story of camping and fishing adventures in company with a naturalist in Florida.

The publication of F. Marion Crawford's new novel, "The Children of the King," is postponed until next year; but his publishers are to issue almost immediately "Don Orsino," completing the trilogy descriptive of modern Italian society, of which "Saracinesca" and "Sant' Ilario" are the earlier volumes.

It is stated that Tennyson's forthcoming volume, "Akbar's Dream," will contain a very large number of short poems. "The Foresters" continues to sell steadily.

Mr. Pickard, who is to act as Whittier's literary executor, is the poet's nephew by marriage, and, with his wife, has inherited most of Whittier's possessions. He is the literary editor of the Portland Transcript.

Mr. Rider Haggard's new novel has been accepted by the proprietors of a London weekly for publication next year. The novel is founded on certain incidents in the history of the old Mexican Empire, and will have the title of "Montezuma's Daughter." For the purpose of writing this novel Mr. Rider Haggard spent some time in Mexico.

Mr. Harold Frederic's new novel is a story of our Civil War and of Ireland. It is to be called the "Return of O'Mahoney."

The late French novelist, Leon Cladel, spent his last years in the country surrounded by his children, and goats, and dogs, and fowls, all of whom lived together in comfortable equality. Of the dogs, it is said that they were better brushed and combed than their owner was.

The great popularity of "An Attic Philosopher in Paris," by Emile Souvestre, has led D. Appleton & Co. to prepare a fine illustrated edition of their translation, uniform with the illustrated edition of "Colette." For this volume a large number of full-page and vignette illustrations have been made by the French artist Jean Claude, the illustrator of "Colette." A rich binding has been specially designed for this volume.

"The Dictator" is the title of Mr. Justin McCarthy's new novel. The scene is laid partly in "Gloria," an imaginary South American republic, and partly in London.

George Meredith's volume of verse now in press is entitled "The Empty Purse, and Other Poems."

Mr. Howells's new novel is to be called "The Coast of Bohemia." He is said to think well of its quality. It will be published serially in a Philadelphia periodical.

Sarah Jeannette Duncan contributes the opening article in the Popular Science Monthly for November. It is a study of the mixed race of India, which

she calls "Eurasia," in the author's most delightful vein, and affords a vivid picture of life in the great East Indian cities.

The highest price ever paid in France for the serial rights of a novel has just been given to M. Zola for those rights in his new story, "Docteur Pascal." The sum amounts to seven thousand dollars, or about thirty-one cents a line.

In course of a conversation relative to the death of Lord Tennyson, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"There were four great men in the lives of whom I felt I had a certain relationship. They were Darwin, Gladstone, Tennyson, and Lincoln—men who made the year 1869 conspicuous, and I was so unblinking as to creep into that year, too. Gladstone only remains. He is just my age. Tennyson was also nearly the same age. He was born on the fourth of August, and I on the twenty-ninth of the same month. We are so nearly contemporaneous that I do not want to speak of him. I do not feel that I can say anything."

The series of nine stories which "Ouida" wrote for the little Prince of Naples, giving them the title of "Bimbi," will be brought out by a Philadelphia house in quarto form, with illustrations by Edmund H. Garrett.

Thomas Nast, the caricaturist, has started a new paper, which he calls *Thomas Nast's Weekly*, in New York.

Two bureaus of press-clippings have sent to the care of a Boston publishing-house notices of its new edition of Miss Austen's novels addressed to Miss Jane Austen.

The story is being told of Julien Gordon, who was asked if he did not think it almost too realistic of the heroine in Amélie Rives's "Quick or the Dead?" to kiss so frantically the cigar stump left by her lover. "Kiss it, indeed! She should have eaten every particle of it!" was Julien Gordon's criticism.

Mr. Crawford's next story, "Laura Arden," will appear as a serial in the *Lady's Pictorial*. The scene of the story lies in Rome.

Mr. J. H. Sborhouse, of "John Inglesant" fame, says: "I do not call myself a novelist, and I do not think that any of my books can be described as novels."

M. Jean Richepin is now called not only the French Swinburne, but the literary heir of Hugo, Beaudelaire, and Gautier. He is a member of a respectable Havre family, and in his boyhood was destined for the law. This profession, however, he declined, and going out into the world in search of fortune, he became, in turn, dock-laborer, carter, and sailor. At last he began to write, made an almost immediate success, and is now a prosperous householder and father of a family.

"The Beach of Falesa" and "The Bottle Imp," by R. L. Stevenson, will be issued soon by a New York house.

Over fifty thousand copies of Barrie's novel, "The Little Minister," are said to have been sold in this country. An *édition de luxe* of the book is announced.

## New Publications.

"Kate Walsingham," by Ellen Pickering, has been issued in paper covers by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Philip Meyer's Scheme," a story of trades-unionism, by Luke A. Hedd, has been issued in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Tom Clifton," by Warren Lee Goss, is a lively tale of a boy's adventures in Grant and Sherman's army in the Mississippi. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"Sir Godfrey's Granddaughters," a new novel by Rosa Nouchette Carey, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Standard Arithmetic," by William J. Milne, Ph. D., is a school text-book in which the abbreviated methods of computation employed by business men are taught. Published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 65 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

A healthily exciting story for boys is "Englishman's Flaven," by W. J. Gordon. The scene is laid in Nova Scotia, a century and a half ago, when British, French, and Indians made that country a land of war, ravage, and intrigue. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Children's Rights: A Book of Nursery Logic" is the title of a little book in which Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin has printed eight essays on the treatment, care, and education of young children, together with two kindred papers by her sister, Miss Nora Smith. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"With Columbus in America," the first of a series of three historical novels by C. Falkenhörst, translated from the German by Elise L. Lathrop; and a

new translation of Zola's "La Débâcle," made by Benjamin R. Tucker and entitled "Money," have been published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 and 50 cents respectively; for sale by the booksellers.

A new "Life of General Jackson" has recently been written by Oliver Dyer which deserves wide popularity. It is a condensed and at the same time spirited narrative, and the importance of the career of "Old Hickory" in American history, as the hero of New Orleans and the seventh President of the United States, should find it many readers. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

The latest addition to Columbian literature is "The Writings of Columbus," which includes several letters to Ferdinand and Isabella and to others, descriptive of the discovery and occupation of the New World, and a deed of entail and his will. These are translated and provided with an introduction and notes by Paul Leicester Ford. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Our Birthdays" is the title of a volume in which Rev. A. C. Thompson—who has recently passed the eightieth anniversary of his birth and the fiftieth of his ordination—has collected birthday epistles addressed to friends who have lived beyond their allotted three-score years and ten. They are delightfully written, and are salted with appropriate anecdotes and bits of poetry. Published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

The heroine of "The Snare of the Fowler," by Mrs. Alexander, is Myra Dallas, an orphan, whose wicked aunt not only casts dark suspicions on the child's parentage, but subjects her to all manner of persecutions, in order to get hold of Myra's inheritance. There are many characters and many complications in the tale, but they fail to make it particularly interesting. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Professor Joseph Le Conte's pamphlet on "The Race Problem in the South" has just been issued in the Evolution Series of the Brooklyn Ethical Association; and other recent issues are: "Education as Related to Citizenship," by Rev. John W. Chadwick; "The Democratic Party," by Edward M. Shepard; and "The Republican Party," by Hon. Roswell G. Horr, of Michigan. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 10 cents each; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Passing the Love of Women," by Mrs. J. H. Needell, is a long story of modern English life, in which the interest is well sustained to the end. The hero is a young violinist, who possesses a strong charm for women; but that does not prevent his having a very unhappy time with his Dissenting aunt, on whom he is dependent. His troubles are woven into an entertaining story, and, in the end, he comes into a title and marries the girl of his heart. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In "Alaska: The Legends of Alaska," Professor Bushrod W. James, a scientist, has set down in verse his impressions of our Territory of the Far North and the legends he has gathered from its peoples. The metre is that of "Hiawatha," which lends itself well to rhythmical accounts of scenery, ethnology, fauna, flora, etc.; but it is not high praise to say that Professor James has done as well as could be expected with his hybrid mingling of science and art. The book is illustrated with many admirable photogravures, and it is handsomely printed. Published by Porter & Coates, Philadelphia; for sale by the booksellers.

A sixth edition has just been issued of Professor Tyndall's "Fragments of Science," which now contains all the detached essays, addresses, and reviews that the eminent philosopher has deemed worthy of preservation, except those contained in his "New Fragments." It has grown to the limits of two bulky volumes, and now represents the author's latest revisions and changes. The essays cover a wide range of topics, some of the most recent being on "Prayer and Natural Law," "Scientific Materialism," "Fermentation and Surgery," "Spontaneous Generation," "Professor Virchow and Evolution," and "The Electric Light." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 for the two volumes; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

## TREATMENT OF CHOLERA.

## Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. CHAS. GATCHELL, of Chicago, in his "Treatment of Cholera," says: "As it is known that the cholera microbe does not flourish in acid solutions, it would be well to slightly acidulate the drinking water. This may be done by adding to each glass of water half a teaspoonful of Horsford's Acid Phosphate. This will not only render the water of an acid reaction, but also render boiled water more agreeable to the taste. It may be sweetened if desired. The Acid Phosphate, taken as recommended, will also tend to invigorate the system and correct debility, thus giving increased power of resistance to disease. It is the acid of the system, a product of the gastric functions, and hence will not create that disturbance liable to follow the use of mineral acids."

D. APPLETON & CO.'S  
NEW BOOKS.

## The Story of Columbus.

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## VANITY FAIR.

This (according to a writer in the *Evening Sun*) is the experience of every American who has spent any time in one of those international caravansaries on the Continent: If the air is frigid, he is an icicle; if bullying is the question, he out-bulies bully. This deterioration of his manners, he regrets to find, is the only way to preserve his self-respect. He starts out on apparent terms of friendliness, and presently is astonished by some such remark as "How very peculiarly you Americans pronounce. Really it sounds very queer." Or, perhaps, it happens as to a well-known woman in town who was stopping at a quiet London hotel. While eating breakfast, she suddenly heard herself addressed: "You Americans think you speak English better than we do." The voice came from a woman at another table, whose back was turned toward her, whom she had never seen before. She could only answer in her astonishment: "Really, I have never thought of the matter." But in time the American is on guard. Every attack on language, country, manners, is met on the spot. Some one interjects into a friendly conversation: "Really your American accent is extremely diverting," and the American promptly replies: "Why, we don't think it nearly so amusing as your accent." "What do you mean? We have no accent," is the reply. "Yes you have. I could tell you by your accent if you were in Jericho. Your French, even, is full of it." These are not graceful passages in conversation, but they are necessary for the sake of peace. They may even promote subsequent friendliness. "After we had wiped the floor up with that rector and his wife, we became great friends, and when we went to the station they carried our bags," were the descriptive phrases in which an American woman related the terms of a pleasant friendship at Cannes.

Americans affiliate more harmoniously with French and Italians than with the English (the same writer continues). But that insolence which constantly interrupts good feeling between the two peoples is even more prominently displayed to the English by the English. A social system that gives one class a privileged right to do the snubbing can scarcely be understood in this country, where everybody assumes the right and nobody submits. The only scene more painful, for example, than witnessing an elderly gentlewoman, courteous, gracious, insolently addressed and publicly snubbed by a young woman whose title gave her precedence at dinner, in every other sense the older woman being her superior, is the older woman's patient acceptance of the insolence and the snub. It is a satisfaction that, for the most part, American girls who have married foreigners have married into these heights that they can command civility. The American girl who does less than this, it is fair to think, does not realize what she is doing. If she has any social pretensions, she soon learns. The chances are that she has social pretensions. Brought up to think there is nothing to which she may not aspire she can not accept, as those who are born to it, the buffetings that one class is privileged to bestow on another. It is impossible for an American girl to understand, until she has experienced it, the relative importance of the divisions of English society. She thinks she has done a fine thing to marry the son of a general, an army man, a banker's son. To see her hero lower his crest is another thing; to see him reconciled to taking off his top-knot is only less bitter than readjusting her own feathers. It is not expedient to particularize, but there are women who have married gayly and set sail from their own country, but who have worn their hearts out in ceaseless revolt against a system where no effort of theirs nor sense of worthiness on their parts could gain anything but rebuffs and sneers.

In London, a century ago, it was no uncommon practice on the part of the "fast men" to drink bumpers to the health of a lady out of her shoe. The Earl of Cork, in an amusing paper in the *Connoisseur*, relates an incident of this kind, and, to carry the compliment still further, he states that the shoe was ordered to be dressed and served up for supper. "The cook set himself seriously to work upon it; he pulled the upper part (which was of fine damask) into fine shreds, and tossed it up into a ragout, minced the sole, cut the wooden heel into thin slices, fried them in butter, and placed them round the dish for garnish. The company testified their affection for the lady by eating heartily of this exquisite impromptu." Within the last score of

years, at a dinner of Irish squires, the health of a beautiful girl, whose feet were as pretty as her face, was drunk on champagne from one of her satin shoes, which an admirer of the lady had contrived to obtain possession of. And not half a dozen years ago several Baltimore blades are said to have made the same use of the slipper of Mrs. Bettina Padel-ford, who was subsequently divorced and is now on the stage as Bettina Girard.

One of Cumberland's most busy thoroughfares came near being the scene of a tragedy, recently, of a most sensational and distressing character. A young lady, radiant in all the loveliness that usually attends sweet seventeen, traveled three entire blocks literally on fire, and yet gave no sign, nor did she betray her distress to any one, although passers-by, who happened to be possessed of keen olfactory organs, may have detected the odor of burning woollens and flannels. The young lady was engaged in the mysteries of her toilet, preparatory to a street promenade. A corset-string refused to be cut, and was subjected to the discipline of a lighted lamp in order to shorten it. Burning the string in two pieces was a success, for the time, and the young lady completed her make-up and hastily started down-town. She was more than a quarter of a mile from home, when the horrible fact was discovered that her under-clothing was on fire in an inaccessible region. The material, however, was all wool, and there was a great deal more smoke and offensive odor than fire. Still, no young lady approves of being on fire in the street or anywhere else, and so she hastened as rapidly as possible to the shelter of the house of a friend, and reached a harbor of safety just before the flames broke out; but it is said she was smoking like a limekiln when the friendly door closed behind her. Strange to say, her person was not even scorched, although she is now the owner of a very dilapidated outfit of woolen underwear.

The American girl is attacked in the following terms in a cablegram from London to the *New York Recorder*: "The American traveling female wears most unbecoming gowns and weird hats. I am not writing of the chosen Four Hundred, but of the many thousands who have money (and great taste when they are at home), and who come over this side sight-seeing. Perhaps one of the reasons that most of their dresses look shabby is, that they are frequently made of black material, the very worst color for traveling, as it soon gets brown and rusty, showing travel stain much more than the Scotch homespun or tweeds worn by English tourists. The worst stage of American traveling costumes is to be seen on board the ocean steamers. Of course no woman suffering from *mal de mer* can look smart; but they really do look like bundles of shabby shawls; and even those who are fortunate enough not to suffer any inconvenience from the actual sea voyage, do not pay attention to their traveling gear as Englishwomen do. On board it was only American women who went to dinner still disguised as buidles, hats or caps on, and swathed in interminable veils. The English girls changed their frocks, and were always well got-up."

"The papers teem with advice to stout women on how to rid themselves of superfluous flesh," said a woman who is not stout, the other day; "but I seldom find a paragraph on the opposite side of the question. I should be very glad to take on a few pounds of avoirdupois, and, in a recent visit to my physician, I asked him how I could accomplish it. 'To begin with,' he said, 'don't worry, to end with, don't worry, and between times don't worry. I never saw a thin woman yet,' he went on, 'who was not a nervous one, and worry is a large part of nerves. Stout women are often nervous as well; but thin women are sure to be so. When you have become thoroughly imbued with the desirability of calmoess in all emergencies, some other aids to flesh are plenty of sleep—eight hours out of every twenty-four, at least, and more if you can get it; moderate, regular exercise, and fattening foods, such as soups, butter, cream, farinaceous foods; fat, juicy meats, and plenty of olive-oil. Eat often rather than much at a time, take warm baths at night, and don't worry.'"

According to published *on dits*, unfavorable comments were caused by the fact that the Marquise de Talleyrand Perigord accepted a *dot* for her daughter and his from her former husband, Duc de Dino. This was because the money must of necessity have come from his present wife, formerly Mrs.

Frederick Stevens, of New York city. Others of a more practical turn of mind incline to the opinion that the Marquise de Talleyrand Perigord did well to secure a comfortable competence for the Prince and Princess Ruspoli—ooo her oepbew and the other her daughter—when she could. The code of etiquette in divorce matters is not yet arranged, and it not infrequently occurs now that when a divorce has been secured in a State where it is allowable, for non-support, the former wife turns around and settles a yearly income on her ex-partner. Mrs. Browne, of Philadelphia, later Mrs. Charles Thorne, set the fashion of making such an annual allowance, and this has been followed by a number of other rich and liberal women, including, it is said, Mrs. Eliza Dyer, Jr., and the Duchess de Dino.

There are a great many women who do not understand the proper use of color in their dress. They err either in one extreme or the other, and choose loud, pronounced tints, or a too monotonous dress in Quaker drab or gray. As a matter of fact, these Quaker drabs or grays are the most trying colors to the world, especially for women in middle age, who are most likely to select them. A warm, dark shade is no more conspicuous and is far more becoming to a complexion that has been somewhat faded by years. Rich, dark shades of red and warm browns are far more likely to be becoming than any cold colors. Dark velvet is always becoming to a complexion that has lost the first soft bloom of youth. There are some shades of olive-green which are also very desirable. Black silk, which is so often chosen by elderly women, is not likely to be becoming; but black velvet generally harmonizes well with the complexion of middle age. Black satin, which is so becoming to the young and fair, throws a deadly pallor over a complexion which already wants color, though this is modified sometimes by the color of the hair. Young and pretty women can easily choose themselves becoming gowns; but they usually make a mistake when they use too brilliant colors. The girl with rosy complexion and light hair can well afford to wear a Quaker gray. But the majority of our American girls need a little color even in their youth.

Newport dinners are better cooked, and made up of better material, and are better served than they were in by-gone days; but, sad to relate, they have deteriorated in respect to the wines. In fact, dinner-givers are now utterly indifferent to the quality of the wine they serve; a sweet champagne, poor sherry, a wretched claret, you find everywhere at nearly all the dinners. There are but a few exceptions to this rule—a very few. You can count on your fingers, both in Newport and New York, the men who give you wine as unexceptionally good as their dinner. As a rule, the dinner-giver knows nothing of wine, and does not care to learn. We have from the English acquired the stupid habit of drinking nothing but champagne at dinner; but, like all imitations, we imitate only partially, for in England the champagne they serve at such fine dinners as are given in Newport has always a flavor and excellence unknown to us.

A French viscount, who is not so richly endowed with this world's goods as he would like to be, has invented a novel means of feathering his nest (says the *Illustrated American*). He advertises in the French papers a lottery in which the *grand lot* will be himself and his title. Five thousand tickets are to be issued at twenty francs each. These will bring him about twenty thousand dollars. The lady who draws the lucky number will have the choice of two alternatives. She may marry the viscount with his fortune of twenty thousand dollars, or she may share this capital sum, but must first forego all right to his person. Here is a chance for some of our young women who sigh for a coronet and can not buy one. A viscount, with twenty thousand dollars, going for twenty francs, is ridiculously cheap. Although he is a Frenchman, he has graciously condescended to throw himself open to general competition.

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## REFERENCES:

The Duke de Mandas, Spanish Ambassador to France, 34 Avenue de Courcelles, Paris.

S. E. Mme. la Duchesse de Valence, 14 Rue de Clichy, Paris.

The Lady Tollmache of Helmingham, 40 Cadogan Gardens, S. W., London.

The Hon. John Bigelow, Ex-Minister of the United States to France, 21 Gramercy Place, New York.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Brown-Tompkins Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place in San Anselmo, Marin County, last Saturday, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Minthorne Tompkins. The contracting parties were their daughter, Miss Susan Titus Tompkins and Mr. Stewart Brown, of New York city. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were assembled in the handsomely decorated parlors when, at noon, the ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Charles L. Miel. Mr. Samuel Boardman acted as best man. The bride looked charming in a robe of white corded silk, trimmed with Duchesse lace and made with a flowing court train. After the ceremony a *déjeuner* was served and the afternoon was delightfully passed. Mr. and Mrs. Brown will remain here until October 30th, and then will go to New York city to reside permanently.

## The Donnels-Crane Wedding.

Miss Daisy L. Crane and Mr. Horace C. Donnels were united in marriage last Monday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel P. Crane, 1224 Page Street. It was a quiet but very enjoyable affair. The residence was neatly decorated with potted palms, ferns, roses, chrysanthemums, and streamers of similar in harmonious groupings. At half-past eight o'clock, the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin" was played, and the bridal party entered the parlors. First came the two little bridesmaids, Miss Dora Bradley and Miss Lita Rose Crane, nieces of the bride and groom, who wore pretty gowns and carried clusters of white chrysanthemums. Following them was the maid of honor, Miss Lilabel Crane, and the best man, Mr. Douglas B. Crane, and then the bride and groom. The toilets of the bride and her sister are described as follows:

The bride appeared in a becoming robe of white faille Française, trimmed with point d'Alençon lace, and made with a long court train. The bodice was high, and the sleeves long, ending with a fall of lace over the ungloved hands. Her veil was of rare old lace, a family heirloom, and she carried white sweet peas.

Miss Lilabel Crane appeared in a handsome gown of white crepe de Chine, en demi-train. The round corsage and long sleeves were trimmed with white chiffon. She carried a bouquet of La France roses.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. Q. Adams, of the Westminster Presbyterian Church. After the congratulations and bridal lancers, a sumptuous supper was served. Many beautiful presents were sent to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Donnels left on Tuesday, to pass several weeks in Los Angeles. They will receive on Tuesdays after November 15th, at their new residence, 101 Scott Street.

## The Maynard-Story Wedding.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Story, 30 McAllister Street, a quiet wedding took place last Saturday evening, when their daughter, Miss Lizzie Redington Story, was united in marriage to Mr. John Blanchard Maynard. The parlors were beautifully decorated with fragrant flowers and the bay-window was embowered with the rich green foliage of the magnolia-tree. Only relatives witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. F. H. Church. The congratulations were followed by a delicious supper, and the evening was passed in a very pleasant manner.

## The McMahan-McAlester Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Ada M. McAlester, daughter of Mr. W. F. McAlester, and Mr. Mabry McMahan took place in Trinity Church on Thursday evening, October 14th, in the presence of quite an assemblage of their friends. Miss Nellie McAlester was the maid of honor, and Mr. Albert F. McAlester acted as best man. The ceremony was performed at half-past eight o'clock by Rev. Hobart Chetwood, and at its conclusion the bridal party and a few friends enjoyed a delicious supper at a downtown hotel. Mr. and Mrs. McMahan left the following day for a two weeks' visit at Lake Tahoe, and when they return will reside at the northwest corner of Sutter and Jones Streets.

## The Herbert-Reynolds Wedding.

The wedding of Miss Belle Reynolds, daughter of Mr. Charles F. Reynolds, of this city, and Mr. Robert Herbert, of Alameda, son of Mr. R. H. Herbert, of the law department of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, took place last Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's father, 1923 Green Street. A number of intimate friends of the young couple were invited to the wedding, and they assembled in the beautifully decorated parlors at eight o'clock. There were no attendants at the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Dr. Minard according to the Episcopal ritual. The father of the bride gave her into the keeping of the groom. Afterward there was a reception and an elaborate supper was served under the direction of Ludwig. Mr. and Mrs. Herbert are passing their honeymoon at Monterey. They will reside with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stratton at their home on San José Avenue, in Alameda, while awaiting the completion of their new residence.

—MR. S. STROZYSKI, CORNER OF ELLIS AND LEAVENWORTH STREETS, the leading ladies' hair-dresser, has returned from abroad and is again superintending all work personally. He has also reduced all his prices.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS all of the beautiful autumnal shades in neck-wear.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its first concert of the fourteenth season last Tuesday evening, and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The society was assisted by Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson, vocalist, Miss Florence Fletcher, violinist, Miss Constance Jordan, accompanist, and Mr. Theodore Martens, pianist. The following excellent programme was presented, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt:

Overture, "Die Weihe des Hauses," Beethoven; "Eisa's Dream," "Lohengrin," Wagner, Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson; concerto for violin, andante and allegro, Mendelssohn, Miss Florence Fletcher; romance, "King Manfred," Reinecke; Scotch rhapsody, Mackenzie, paraphrase of "Rigoletto," Liszt, Mr. Theodore Martens; (a) "Se," Denza, (b) "Arabian Love Song," De Koven; Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson; "Artists' Life Waltz," Strauss.

## The Bendix Recital.

Mr. Otto Bendix gave an interesting piano recital last Thursday evening in Irving Hall, which was enjoyed by an appreciative audience. The following excellent programme was presented:

Organ prelude and fugue in G minor, Bach-Liszt; sonata in C sharp minor, Beethoven; capriccio and rhapsodie Brahms; two studies, nocturne and fantasia, Chopin; barcarole, Moszkowski; capriccio on Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave," Heller; "Invitation to Dance," Weber-Tausig; "Magic Fire," Wagner-Brassin; "La Campanella," Liszt; overture to "William Tell," Rossini-Liszt.

Everything is progressing well to make the second concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra a splendid success, and it is evident that the Maria Kip Orphanage and the Hahnemann Hospital will net a handsome sum from the proceeds. The concert will be given on Tuesday evening, November 1st, at the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald. Mrs. Edward Everett Wise and Miss Julia Newman will be the vocalists. Reserved seats may be obtained at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on October 29th and 31st and November 1st. The members of the orchestra are as follows:

Violins—Miss Helen A. Bosqui, Miss Adele Dannenbaum, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Annie M. Herrick, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen, Mrs. Julia Epstein, Miss Emily McClatchy, Mrs. Etta McNear, Miss Nannie Van Wyck, Miss Minnie Heath, Miss Daisy Polk, Miss Carolyn Knox, Miss Lulu Stanford, Miss Mamie Conlin, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Alice McCutcheon, Miss Belle Joy, Miss Ida Fox. Viola—Miss Marie Hayn, Miss Marie Ponton d'Arce, Miss Annie Gibson, Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Jean Hush. Violoncello—Miss Jean Wellman, Miss Hermione Rey, Miss Ethel J. Jory. Contra basso—Mrs. Belle Van Buskirk, Miss Mary A. Harris. Flutes—Miss Kate Clement, Miss Annie Lyle. Clarinet—Mrs. Laura Ray. Oboe—Mrs. Linda Eager. Cornets—Miss Pearl Noble, Miss Preciosa Pracht, Mrs. Emily Shephard. Trombone—Miss Maude Noble. Drums—Miss Augusta R. Knell. Harp—Miss Marie Dillon. Organ—Miss Lucy B. Jerome. Musical director—Mr. J. H. Rosewald. President—Mrs. S. S. Wright. Accompanist—Miss Ada E. Weigel.

At the Church Notre Dame des Victoires, at half-past ten o'clock on Sunday morning, October 23d, the feast of its patron saint will be celebrated with unusual impressiveness. The officers and men of the French corvette *Dubouardien* will attend the mass, accompanied by their band of twenty-five pieces, which during the offertory and benediction will give instrumental selections. The choir, consisting of the regular quartet—Mrs. B. M. Hardisty, Mrs. B. Knell, Mr. E. A. Torpi, and Mr. G. Harris—will render Eduarde Marzo's Messe Solemelle, accompanied by the organ and stringed instruments under the direction of the organist, John Knell.

"Baroness Meta," the new opera by J. H. Rosewald, is now in almost constant rehearsal, and the participants are quite enthusiastic about it. The scenery is being painted and the costumes made under the direction of Mr. Solly Walter, and Mr. Fred. Urban is attending to the stage management. The opera will be produced at the Grand Opera House on Wednesday evening, November 16th, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange.

The second Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert will be given in Irving Hall next Thursday evening. Miss Katherine W. Kimball will be the vocalist and Mr. Otto Bendix the solo pianist. The quartet will play Grieg's string quartet, in G minor, op. 27, and Dvorak's quartet, op. 87, for piano and strings.

The twenty-third Saturday Popular Concert will be held this (Saturday) afternoon in Irving Hall. Mr. Frank Mitchell will be the vocalist, and Miss Bessie Wall will play two piano solos. The "Pop. Trio" will play one of Benjamin Godard's trios, and a sonata by Mendelssohn.

The new opera "Christopher Columbus" will be produced next Saturday evening at the San Francisco Verein. The preparations for it are very elaborate, and it will doubtless be a very enjoyable affair. It will be followed by a ball and a sumptuous supper.

A musical and literary entertainment, for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children, will be given next Saturday evening in the banquet-hall at the California.

## The Gump's New Art Store.

The well-known firm of art-dealers, S. & G. Gump, have just moved into their new building at 113 Geary Street. It is a five-story structure in red brick and terra cotta, and is one of the handsomest edifices in the city. The old store on Market Street is closed, and they are doing business in their new quarters. But they will not have everything in place for several days yet. A full description of the new store will be printed next week.

## ABOUT THE WOMEN.

The queen has granted a pension of two hundred dollars per annum to Mrs. Cashel Hoey, as a recognition of her merits as an author.

Since the death of her son, Crown Prince Rudolph, the Empress of Austria has been a mental wreck, and is subject to distressing delusions about him. She preserves much of her beauty in spite of her many trials.

As the result of an illness she had last winter, Marie Roze has been obliged to retire temporarily from the stage; but she will teach singing to American and Parisian students in Paris, where she will pass the winter.

Miss Homans, the director of the Boston Normal School of Gymnastics, says encouragingly of the progress of dress reform in effect in Boston:

"Two years ago, out of a class of thirty-seven, there were but two of the young women at the end of the school year who continued to wear corsets, and no one continued to wear French heels. Last year, out of a class of seventy-one, seven-eighths gave up wearing corsets."

The only Turkish poetess living is believed to be Osman Pasha's daughter. She is a young matron of twenty-eight, and lives in a white marble palace overlooking the blue Bosphorus, where she dines from a service of gold, in a wonderful conservatory.

Apologies of the engagement of Miss North, the Nitrate King's daughter, the *Evening Sun* says:

"Miss North has been regarded so widely to be the bride ultimately of a duke, that the announcement of her engagement to Mr. George Lockett, who is not only without title but is a Liverpool business man, has been a nine days' wonder. It appears that Miss North, for four years, has desired to marry Mr. Lockett; but her father, Colonel North, refused his consent."

Lieutenant Peary's wife, who has just returned from the arctic regions with the rest of her husband's party, was the first woman who ever braved the rigors of Greenland. She showed no ill effects from her winter near the pole, and is reported to have battled through it with as much energy as any of the men of the party. To her the men owed many of the comforts that made the dreary winter-time endurable.

Patti is writing her autobiography, to be published simultaneously in all the great capitals. Apropos of this, a gossip tells this story, which will very likely appear in the book:

"The old German Emperor was her greatest favorite. When a naïve girl, singing at Homburg, she then king sent her a message requesting her to walk with him in the morning while he drank the waters. 'Certainly not,' was her reply to the bearer; 'I get up early for no king in Europe.'"

Marie Bashkirtseff's tomb in the cemetery at Passy is still a place of pilgrimage. On the tomb are inscribed the titles of Marie's works of painting and sculpture, and within is a roomy apartment handsomely furnished. Carpets, chairs, footstools, cushions, brie-a-brac, and draperies once used by her are there, as well as her portrait in stained glass and her bust surrounded by palms and surmounted by a wreath.

A London correspondent writes to the New York Times:

"A woman whom America saw a good deal more of than was needed is Mrs. Blair, and who is now described as the Dowager-Duchess of Sutherland, has taken a provincial journal into her confidence on the subject of her quarrel with her step-son, the present duke, who has never spoken to her, even at the recent funeral, and who, in her absence, has seized upon one of the family's Staffordshire houses, from which she evicted him a fortnight ago, and refuses to give it up. She claims this house as hers under the will, and intends to sue for its recovery. Even without this litigation was unavoidable, and a good deal of very deeply soiled family linen will be necessarily exposed to public view."

Miss Harriet F. Monroe, the author of the ode dedicatory to the World's Fair, lives in Chicago, near the lake, and is about twenty-four years old. She is related to the late John W. Root, the architect, who designed the plan of the World's Fair. Miss Monroe's literary work hitherto has been confined to private circulation. She received one thousand dollars for the ode, and lyrical parts of it will be sung at the opening exercises in Chicago by a chorus of five thousand voices, accompanied by an orchestra under the direction of Theodore Thomas.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Scott Dinner-Party.

A delightful dinner-party was given last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, at their residence on Laguna Street, in honor of Admiral Parry and Commander Besson, of the French man-of-war *Dubourdieu*. The dining-table was embellished with fair blossoms set among the rich service, and the menu was perfect in its appointments. After dinner musical selections were enjoyed in the parlors, the singing of Mrs. McGavin being especially appreciated. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Perry P. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Miss Hager, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Cunningham, Admiral Parry, Commander Besson, and Mr. C. F. Crocker.

## The Gallatin Dinner-Party.

An elegant dinner-party was given last Thursday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin at their residence on the corner of Scott and Jackson Streets. Chrysanthemums of varied hues graced the table in pretty array, and a most elaborate repast was enjoyed. Afterward there was music in the drawing-rooms, prominent among the selections being the songs of Mrs. Robert Hawley, who was in excellent voice. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Judge and Mrs. John Hunt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Preston, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Louis F. Montague, Mrs. Robert Hawley, and Mr. Bert Gallatin.

## The Huntington Dinner-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington entertained a number of friends last Wednesday evening at their residence, on California street, by giving an elaborate dinner-party. The time passed at the festal board was made exceedingly pleasant, and it was followed by a couple of hours of music and conversation in the parlors and music-room. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Gallatin, Miss Clara Huntington, Miss Carrie Campbell, Miss Masten, Mr. N. K. Masten, and others.

## The Pillsbury Dinner-Party.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury gave a most enjoyable dinner-party last Wednesday evening at the Palace Hotel, and had as his guests General and Mrs. Anson D. McCook, U. S. A., Miss McCook, Miss Pillsbury, and Miss Lindsay, of Kentucky. The table decoration was in exceeding taste, and the menu a bounteous one.

## The Spalding Dinner-Party.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a charming dinner-party last Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco. Covers were laid for eight, at a prettily decorated table, and a couple of hours were passed in the enjoyment of the menu. During the evening Mrs. Edgerton delivered some recitations that were very well received. Those present were:

Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mr. and Mrs. George Bates, Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Colonel H. I. Brady, Mr. Fred M. Somers, and Mr. L. O. Peck.

## The McLean Musicales.

An affair that possessed every element of success was the musicale that Dr. and Mrs. Robert McLean gave last Thursday evening at their residence on the corner of Pacific Avenue and Devisadero Street. They invited about eighty friends to participate in its pleasures, and their beautiful home was the scene of a brilliant gathering. The musical talent present, whose efforts made the affair such a success, were: Mrs. James S. Pierce, soprano; Mrs. George H. Powers, soprano and violinist; Miss Anna Miller Wood, contralto; Miss H. J. Whittemore, contralto; Miss Carmelita Ferrer, mandolin and guitar; Miss Emily Ferrer, guitar; Mr. George H. Powers, tenor and pianist; Señor M. Y. Ferrer, guitar; Mr. W. A. Murison, basso; and Mr. A. T. Schaffner, basso and violinist. The programme presented was an admirable one, and comprised the following selections:

Part song, "I Sat Beneath the Abeles Old," Piusini; petite suite, "L'ancien Régime," Saint George; (1) maestoso, (2) allegro moderato, (3) sarabande, (4) menuetto, (5) bourrée, (6) giga; romanza, "Once," Hervey; string

trio, "El Vito Sevillano" (mandolin and guitar), Alvizo; two part songs, (a) "Home Far Away," (b) from "Ruy Blas," Mendelssohn; glee, "Just Like Love," arranged by Norello; guitar trio, "Alexandria," Ferrer; lied, "Spring Tide," Weil; string trio, serenade from "Don Pasquale"; sacred song, "The Light of Heaven" (accompaniment of organ, violin, and piano); Gounod; quartet, canon, "Ecco quid fieri istante," Costa; song, "My Lover Will Come To-day," De Koven; guitar trio, "Jules de Xeres," Huaraz; Tyrolean part song, "The Young Lover," Koschat; Scotch ballad; serenade, "Good-Night, Beloved," Pinsuti.

Every number received the warm applause it deserved, and delighted the interested auditors. A sumptuous supper was served afterward under the direction of Ludwig, and a few dances terminated the pleasant affair.

## A Talk on Conversation.

At the invitation of Mrs. Volney Spalding, about eighty of her friends gathered in her parlors last Wednesday afternoon to hear Miss Catherine W. Chaffee discourse on "The Art of Conversation." An hour or so was passed in listening to the speaker, who was quite interesting. Miss Carr also favored the guests with some pleasing songs. Afterward Mrs. Spalding gave a tea, which formed a pleasing finale to the affair.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Henry Williams and Mrs. H. Alston Williams have issued cards for the first meeting of the new club, called "The School for Scandal," which will be held at the residence of Mrs. Williams, Sr., 1925 Octavia Street, next Thursday evening. The amusing comedy entitled "A Box of Monkeys," by Grace Livingston Furness, will be presented and the cast will be taken by Miss Juliet Conner, Miss Blanche Castle, Miss Mollie Hutchinson, Mr. Frank L. Mathieu, and Mr. Milton S. Latham. There will be dancing after the theatricals.

Mrs. Harry E. Wise will give a matinée tea today at her residence in San Rafael.

Admiral Parry and the officers of the *Dubourdieu* have issued invitations for a reception which they will give this (Saturday) afternoon from two until five o'clock on the vessel. There will be dancing.

Mrs. W. B. Wilshire gave an informal musicale recently at her residence, 2616 Buchanan Street, and charmingly entertained a few of her friends. Mrs. Louis Brechemin, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, and others contributed vocal numbers of much excellence, and a delicious supper was enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. William Mooser and their daughter, Miss Alice Mooser, gave an enjoyable reception recently at their residence, 2700 Pierce Street, in honor of the officers of the *Dubourdieu*. Dancing was varied by musical selections given by Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss Daisy Topping, and Miss Mooser, and a delicious supper was enjoyed.

The members of the Concordia Club gave a brilliant ball last Saturday evening in the spacious clubhouse on Van Ness Avenue. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ackerman led the grand march, followed by about one hundred and fifty couples. Dancing was prolonged until early morning, and a supper was served at midnight. It was the club's opening ball of this season, and every feature of it was successful.

The Mission Unitarian Church will receive a benefit on Thursday evening, November 17th, at the Grand Opera House, in the form of a most attractive entertainment. The principal feature of the affair will be the novelty entitled "Living Whist," which will be presented by over fifty young people. The patrons, patronesses, leaders, and principal players are as follows:

Patrons and patronesses: Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Newkirk, Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, Miss Mabel Emmons, and Miss Slater; leaders, Mr. George S. Means, Lieutenant J. Callin, U. S. N., and Dr. Thomas L. Hill; kings, Mr. B. D. Dean, Mr. Hunter Harrison, Mr. J. Kierulff, and Mr. Kelton; queens, Miss Mabel Love, Miss Kate Paddock, Miss Cohen, and Mrs. Cook.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Spreckels have returned from Europe and are in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, who are now in Paris, will leave there on November 8th to return home. Mr. Dodge has not received any particular benefit from taking the cure at Carlsbad.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair left last Wednesday for Paris to join her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair. They will remain away until next summer, and will travel extensively.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, née Taylor, will soon visit Egypt and the Holy Land.

Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies are in Paris. They will remain there a month more at least and are contemplating a trip to Egypt.

Miss Laura McKinstry has returned from Europe, and is in New York city. She is expected here next month.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Gillig and Mr. Frank L. Unger are in Paris.

Miss Roberta Nuttall left New York last Saturday on the *Fulda*, for Genoa, Italy.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford, accompanied by Miss Jennie Catherwood, returned to the city last Thursday after a prolonged absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles R. Peters have returned to Paris after a trip to Germany.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Van Ness are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker have returned to the city after passing the season at the Barroillet place in San Mateo.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Delmas and the Misses Delmas are occupying their residence in Taylor Street after passing the summer at Santa Cruz and their villa in Mountain View.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will leave England to-day en route to this city, where they will pass the winter.

Mrs. Charles M. Palmer will receive on Fridays at her new residence, 2511 Pacific Avenue.

Colonel and Mrs. W. R. Smedberg and Miss Smedberg have returned from their Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs have returned from their Newport villa, and are occupying their residence on Fifth Avenue, in New York city.

Judge and Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, who are occupying their new home, 2721 Pacific Avenue, are expecting a visit

from Mrs. Stedman, of South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Stedman is a niece of the late Mrs. Charles Crocker, and will be remembered as having spent a couple of winters here, with her aunt, when she was Miss Birdie Deming. She will also visit her cousin, Mr. George Crocker.

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor is visiting New York city, after placing his son, Mr. William O'Connor, in Harvard College. Captain and Mrs. William Kohl have been in Chicago during the past week.

Hon. and Mrs. A. P. Williams have returned from a prolonged visit to Europe, and are at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. John W. Coleman, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Josie Pierce, and Mr. Harry L. Coleman have returned from an enjoyable visit to Shasta County.

Mrs. Susan Crooks has returned from a prolonged visit to Europe, and is now at her country villa in Sonoma County. Mr. and Mrs. S. Hart and Miss Rose Hart have arrived in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Maldonado, née Acosta, have returned to the city, after passing a fortnight at Castle Crag and Monterey.

Mr. Robert Sherwood is expected here in a few days, after making a three months' visit to Europe.

Mr. Alexander Badlam and his daughter, Miss Maude Badlam, returned to the city last Monday, after passing a week at Arcadia, near Calistoga.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Townsend, formerly of this city, are now permanently settled in New York city, where Mr. Townsend has taken a position on the staff of the New York Sun.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow will return from San Rafael in about two weeks, after occupying the Hyde villa during the summer.

Mr. A. C. Morse and the Misses Jessie and Sara Morse have returned from a visit to Tacoma and Castle Crag, and are staying at the Hotel Metropole in Oakland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise will vacate their cottage in San Rafael early in November, and occupy the Eaton residence, 308 Bush Street, during the winter.

Miss Helen Walker is visiting Miss Cora Wallace at her ranch near Tulare.

Mrs. J. H. Gilmore and Miss Daisy Gilmore are in Paris, where they will remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barton and Miss Grace Barton have ten guests at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Townsend, formerly of this city, are residing permanently in Chicago.

Miss Eleanor Wood, who went East with Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Yerrington, is still in New York city. She will probably go to Europe soon with Mrs. John P. Jones.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is passing a few weeks in San José, and is improving steadily in health.

Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Buckbee, née Durbrow, have been at Coronado Beach during the past week.

Judge W. C. Van Fleet's resignation from the Superior Bench of Sacramento County takes effect November 1st, after which he will reside here permanently.

Mrs. Robert Oxnard and Miss Nellie Jolliffe will leave for the East next Thursday, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Denicke are at the Hotel Belvedere, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. John I. Sabin are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. James B. Merritt visited Washington, D. C. last week.

Mr. Charles H. Simpkins is at the Brunswick House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mr. F. A. Haber has been visiting Philadelphia during the past week.

Mr. William Gerstle returned from Europe last Thursday.

Mrs. A. P. Hotelling will return from her European trip next week.

Mrs. Romualdo Pacheco will return to New York in November to engage upon writing a new play.

Mr. and Mrs. George C. Boardman have returned from their tour of Europe, and are occupying their residence on Franklin Street.

Miss Geraldine Bonner has returned to the city after an absence of several months in the East.

Mrs. William H. Mills has returned from her Eastern trip after placing her daughter in school.

Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle have returned from San Rafael after passing the summer there in their cottage.

Mr. A. J. Bowie is staying at the Brunswick House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mrs. Henry Janin, Miss Ella Goad, and Mr. Joseph D. Grant have been pleasantly entertained during the past week by Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis at their villa, near Bakersfield.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain W. C. Coulson, U. S. N., and Lieutenant J. C. Castwell, U. S. N., of the *Richard Rush*, have returned from Alaska.

Lieutenant L. A. Lovering, U. S. A., is now stationed at Fort Sherman, with his company, the Fourth Infantry.

Mrs. Richardson Clover and her little daughter are passing a month at Atlantic City.

The Fort Worth *Gazette* guesses that there will be 375,000 votes cast at the coming election in Texas, and that of these the Democrats will cast 189,000; the Republicans, 115,000; the People's Party, 65,000; and the Prohibitionists, 6,000. This is its guess as to the Presidential tickets.

A second musicale and recital will be given by F. D. Ford, violinist; E. Rosner, pianist; and Mrs. A. Ford, reader, in the parlors of the Young Women's Christian Society, 1221 O'Farrell Street, on Tuesday afternoon, October 25th, at three o'clock.

—THE HANDSOME AND DAINTY CHINAWARE that is the pride of every young—or old—housekeeper's heart is not so expensive as is imagined by those who do not know the astonishingly low prices charged at The Maze, the modern department store on Market and Taylor Streets. The Maze has just got in a new supply of beautiful imported English table china, ranging from dinner-sets of one hundred and sixty pieces down through game and fish-sets and salad or fruit-bowls to the simplest pieces; they are beautiful in design and exquisite in workmanship, and yet The Maze is selling them at wholesale prices. They are really beautiful ware, and the only thing about them that is cheap is the price.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, merchant tailor, displays the latest English worsteds.

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## THE PASSING OF TENNYSON.

Joaquin Miller:

We knew it, as God's prophets knew;  
We knew it, as mute red men know,  
When Mars leapt searching heaven through  
With flaming torch that he must go.  
Then Browning, he who knew the stars,  
Stood forth and faced the insatiate Mars.

Then up from Cambridge rose and turned  
Sweet Lowell from his Druid trees—  
Turned where the great star blazed and burned,  
As if his own soul might appease.  
Yet on and on through all the stars  
Still searched and searched insatiate Mars.

Then stanch Walt Whitman saw and knew;  
Forgetful of his "Leaves of Grass,"  
He heard his "Drum Taps," and God drew  
His great soul through the shining pass,  
Made light, made bright by burnished stars,  
Made scintillant from flaming Mars.

Then soft-voiced Whittier was heard  
To cease; 'twas heard to sing no more;  
As you have heard some sweetest bird  
No more because its song is o'er.  
Yet brighter up the street of stars  
Still blazed and burned and beckoned Mars.

And then the king came; king of thought,  
King David with his harp and crown. . . .  
How wisely well the gods had wrought  
That these had gone and sat them down  
To wait and welcome 'mid the stars  
All silent in the sight of Mars.

All silent. . . . So, he lies in state. . . .  
Our redwoods drip and drip with rain. . . .  
Against our rock-locked Golden Gate  
We hear the great sad sobbing main.  
But silent all. . . . He walked the stars  
That year the whole world turned to Mars.

—The Examiner.

Lewis Morris:

Dear friend and honored master, art thou dead?  
And shall I see no more thy revered face  
Recall our older England's manlier grace;  
Nor any more admire that noble head,  
That brow as broad as Shakespeare's, that grave eye,  
Now soft with mirth, now fired with fantasy;  
Nor hear again thy rugged, kindly speech  
Lighten the darkling ways of thought and teach  
The right thou lovest; nor breathe the eager air  
Of thy lone eyrie with thee; nor behold  
Thy bent, cloaked figure dark against the gold  
And purple of thy dear secluded bill,  
Pace with uncertain footsteps day by day  
The much-loved round; nor in the falling light  
Upon thy smooth lawns watch the summer night  
Steal o'er the ghostly plains; nor mark the strain  
Of thy blithe thrushes with thee; nor again  
The enamored lonely nightingale complain?  
Thy years were come to harvest; home spent years  
Of reverence from without, of love within.  
A perfect life: health, riches, honor, fame,  
All these were thine. No prize was left to win.  
Scant sorrow, save that fine despondency  
Which fanned the smoldering genius into flame;  
Only two brief experiences of tears—  
The dear friend lost in youth, the son in age—  
Bracing thy soul to bear what'er or should be.  
Such lives fate grants not often nor for long,  
And rarest to the suffering ranks of song.  
Why should we mourn save pain,  
And friendship which shall never come again?  
Our race can never lose thee, whose fair page  
Rich with the harvest of a soul inspired,  
So many a weakling life and heart has fired.  
Thou art not wholly gone, but livest yet  
Till our England's sons their tongue forget.  
Thy place is with the immortals who shall gauge  
Thy rank among thy peers of world-wide song.  
Others, it may be, touched a note more strong,  
Scaled loftier heights or glowed with fiercer rage;  
But who, like thee, could slay our modern doubt,  
Or soothe the sufferers with a tender heart,  
Or dress gray legions with such perfect grace,  
Or nerve life's world-worn pilgrims for their part?  
Who since our English tongue first grew so stirred  
More souls to noble effort by his word?  
More reverent who of man, of God, of truth,  
More piteous of the sore-trying strength of youth?  
Thy chaste white muse, loathing the pagan rout,  
Would drive with stripes the goatish satyr out,  
Thy love of righteousness preserved thee sure,  
Thy lucid genius scorned to lurk obscure,  
And all thy jeweled art and native grace  
Were consecrate to God and to the race.  
This day extinguishes a star as bright  
As shone upon our dying century.  
Here, as in that great England over sea,  
Light after light goes out; yet 'tis not night.  
The peaceful moonbeams kissed him as he lay  
At midnight dying in the arms of love,  
Thou couldst not wait the dawn of earthly day.  
Farewell, best soul, farewell, and if indeed  
Some care for things of earth may mount above,  
As is our hope, enfranchised spirit plead  
For this our England, which thou lovest so long,  
And crowdst with thy diadem of song.

Alfred Austin:

I am Merlin,  
And I am dying.  
I am Merlin who followed the gleam;  
Tennyson's Merlin and the gleam.

Merlin has gone, has gone; and through the land  
The melancholy message wings its way  
To careless ordered garden by the bay,  
Back o'er the narrow strait to bland strand,  
Where Camelot looks down on wild Broceland.

Merlin has gone, Merlin the wizard, who found  
In the past's glimmering tide and hailed him King,

Arthur, great Uther's son, and so did sing  
The mystic glories of the Table Round  
That ever its name will live so long as song shall sound.

Merlin has gone, Merlin who followed the gleam  
And made us follow it, the flying tale  
Of the last tournament, the Holy Grail,  
And Arthur's passing, till the enchantress' dream  
Dwells with us still awake, no visionary theme.

To-day is dole in Astolat, and dole  
In Celidon, the forest dole and tears.  
In Joyous Gard blackhooded lean the spears,  
The nuns of Almesbury sound a mournful toll,  
And Guinevere kneeling weeps and prays for Merlin's soul.

A wailing cometh from the shores that veil  
Avilion's Island valley. On the mere  
Looms through the mist and winds weeping bleak  
A dusky barge, which, without oar or sail,  
Fades to the far-off fields where falls nor snow nor hail.

Of all his wounds he will be healed now;  
Wounds of harsh time and vulnerable life,  
Fatigue of rest and weariness of strife,  
Doubt and the long deep questionings that plow  
The forehead of age, but bring no harvest to the brow.

And there he will be comforted; but we  
Must watch, like Percival, the dwindling light  
That slowly shrouds him darkling from our sight.  
From the great deep to the great deep hath he passed,  
And if now he knows is mute eternally.

From Somersby's ivied tower there sinks and swells  
A low, slow peal that mournfully is rolled  
Over the long gray fields and glimmering wold,  
To where 'twixt sandy tracts and moorland fells,  
Remembers Locksley Hall his musical farewells.

And many a sinewy youth on Cam to-day  
Suspends the dripping oar and lets his boat  
Like dreaming water-lily drift and float  
While murmuring to himself the undying lay  
That haunts the babbling Wye and Severn's durgel bay.

The bole of the broad oak whose knotted knees  
Lie hidden in the fern of Cunner Chase  
Feels stirred afresh as when Olivia's face  
Lay warm against its rind, though now it sees  
Not love, but death approach, and shivers in the breeze.

In many a vicarage garden dense with age,  
The haunt of pairing thrushes; many a grange  
Moated against the assault and siege of chance,  
Fair eyes consult anew the cherished sage,  
And now and then a tear falls, blistering the page.

April will blossom again, again will ring  
With cuckoo's call and yaffle's flying scream,  
And in veiled sleep the nightingale will dream,  
Warbling as if awake, but what will bring  
His sweet note back? He mute, it scarcely will be spring.

The seasons sorrow for him and the hours  
Droop like to bees belated in the rain.  
The unmoving shadow of a pensive pain  
Lies on the lawn and lingers on the flowers,  
And sweet and sad seem one, in woodbine-woven bowers.

In English gardens fringed with English foam  
Or girt with English woods he loved to dwell,  
Singing of English lives in thorp or dell,  
Orchard or croft, so that when now we roam  
Through them and find him not, it scarcely feels like home.

And England's glories stirred him, as the swell  
Of bluff winds blowing from Atlantic brine  
Stirs mightier music in the murmuring pine.  
Then sweet notes waxed to strong within his shell,  
And bristling rose the lines, and billowy rose and fell.

So England mourns for Merlin, though its tears  
Flow not from bitter source that wells in vain,  
But kindred, rather, to the rippling rain  
That brings the daffodil sheaths and jonquil spears  
When winter weeps away and April reappears.

For never hath England lacked a voice to sing  
Her fairness and her fame, nor will she now.  
Silence a while may brood upon the bough,  
But, shortly, once again the isle will ring  
With wakening winds of March and rhapsodies of spring.

From Arthur unto Alfred, Alfred crowned  
Monarch and minstrel both, to Edward's day;  
From Edward's to Elizabeth the lay  
Of valor and love hath never ceased to sound;  
But song and sword are twin, indissolubly bound.

Nor shall in Britain Taliesin tire  
Transmitting through his stock the sacred strain.  
When first renown prolongs Victoria's reign  
Some patriot hand will sweep the living lyre  
And prove with native notes that Merlin was his sire.

Edwin Arnold:

No moaning of the bar: sail forth, strong ship,  
Into that gloom which has God's face for a far light,  
Not a dirge, but a proud farewell from each fond lip,  
And praise, abounding praise, and fame's faint starlight.

Lamping thy tuneless soul to that large noon  
Where thou shalt quire with angels. Words of woe  
Are for the unfulfilled, not thee, whose moon  
Of genius sinks full orb'd, glorious, aglow.

No moaning of the bar, musical drifting  
Of Time's waves, turning to the eternal sea;  
Death's soft wind all thy gallant canvas lifting,  
And Christ thy pilot to the peace to be.

Fine rubies are much more valuable than diamonds.  
A fine ruby of real pigeon-blood color and eight carats is worth from forty-five thousand to fifty thousand dollars.

For Tired Brain

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. O. C. STOUT, Syracuse, N. Y., says: "I gave it to one patient who was unable to transact the most ordinary business, because his brain was 'tired and confused' upon the least mental exertion. Immediate benefit, and ultimate recovery followed."

## A FEW LETTERS.

They had been separated some time, although they told their friends that they loved each other dearly.

She was in Kalamazoo.

He was in Walla Walla.

She learned through a friend that he was reported as smitten with a girl in San Francisco, and as she fortunately had found one whom she hoped to learn to love (and who was rich and infirm), she wrote him as follows:

DEAR CHARLIE: You have broken my heart. I know all. Consider our engagement broken, but remember I shall always hope to be your friend. MAUD.

He replied to this:

DEAR MAUD: I am glad that I have learned that you are not to be trusted before we made the awful mistake of marriage. CHARLIE.

After this, she was afraid that he might interfere with her arrangements concerning the one she hoped to learn to love, so she wrote him:

DEAR CHARLIE: Please send back my letters. I will send you yours. MAUD.

He answered:

DEAR MAUD: I have already learned not to trust you. Send my letters back first. CHARLIE.

She did so, inclosing them in the following:

MR. TOLLIVER: You are very unkind. MAUD HAZLETOP.

Then she waited a reply. She waited three months. The reply did not come. Neither did her letters, so she wrote the following:

MR. TOLLIVER: Inasmuch as I have not received my letters back, and as there has been plenty of time, I am forced to the painful conclusion that you are too poor to buy the necessary postage stamps to send them. I therefore inclose sufficient stamps, and shall expect my letters by return mail, unless you are lost to all sense of honor. MAUD HAZLETOP.

It was:

DEAR MAUD: I always knew you were conceited, but I did not know you were conceited enough to suppose that I would keep your letters. They were all thrown away immediately. Thanks for the stamps. CHARLIE.

They do not correspond now.—Ex.

## A WALL STREET PASTEL.

SCENE.—*Delmonico's Broad Street café. Enter JACOB EINSTEIN, of Hochheimer & Einstein, bankers, Mills Building.*

MR. EINSTEIN [*looks warily about him, then whispers to bartender*]:—Glass of champagne—don't put ter pottle on ter bar. Dot's right. [*Hands bartender half a dollar, and puts a large right hand around the glass.*]

MR. SPACERAYT [*entering*]:—Hulloa, Einstein; I hear you were looking for me.

MR. EINSTEIN [*eagerly*]:—Yes; I want to tell you something. Haf a trink mit me?

MR. SPACERAYT—Well, I don't know. What are you drinking?

MR. EINSTEIN—Rhine vine und seltzer.

MR. SPACERAYT—I'll take the same.

MR. EINSTEIN—One Rhine vine und seltzer. Now, Meester Spacerayt, I want to get you to do something for me. Just put a leetle notice in your paper—

MR. SPACERAYT [*suddenly*]:—My goodness! Is the Mills Building afloat?

MR. EINSTEIN—Mein Gott! [*Rushes to window, SPACERAYT quickly changes the two glasses and awaits his return.*] You newspaper feller is always fooling nit jokes und nonsense. Vell, bere she goes [*takes glass and drains it*].

MR. SPACERAYT [*lifting glass and looking the other full in the eye*]:—Here's to you, old man.

MR. EINSTEIN [*replacing glass on bar and scrutinizing MR. SPACERAYT's face sharply*]:—Vell, I vas in a hurry to-day, but I meet you again. [*Exit.*] Truth.

## If You Breathe Poison,

No less than if you swallow it, it will impregnate and destroy you. If you live or sojourn in a malarious locality, be assured that you must inhale the germs of disease. Nullify and render these harmless with the grand antidote to malaria, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also a potent remedy for indigestion, liver complaint, costiveness, rheumatism, and debility.

## Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc. use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.

Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

## "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

## CURE SICK HEADACHE, Disordered Liver, etc.

They Act Like Magic on the Vital Organs, Regulating the Secretions, restoring long lost Complexion, bringing back the Keen Edge of Appetite, and arousing with the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH the whole physical energy of the human frame. These Facts are admitted by thousands, in all classes of Society. Largest Sale in the World.

Covered with a Tasteless &amp; Soluble Coating.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a Box.  
New York Depot, 36 Canal St.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of

## W. BAKER &amp; CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER &amp; CO., Dorchester, Mass.

## QUINA-LAROCHE'S

## FERRUGINOUS TONIC CONTAINING

Peruvian Bark, Iron and Pure Catalan Wine.  
GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.

Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD. Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.

This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.

Iron and Quina are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing; Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Quina affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.

22 rue Dronot, Paris.

E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U.S.,  
30 North William st., N. Y.

## QUINA-LAROCHE'S

## Fancy Point Reyes PICKLED ROLL BUTTER

Is going fast this week at

14 ROLLS, \$8.12

18 " 10.08

28 " 15.40

44 " 23.76

60 " 31.80

Solid 31 lb kegs, 8.37

Order now for winter. No extra charge for package.

SMITHS' CASH STORE,

414, 416, 418 Front St., S. F.

Ask for 44-Page Catalogue, Free.

THREE POZZONI'S POINTS

# COMPLEXION

POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.

THREE White, 1/2  
Flask, 1/2  
Brunette, 1/2

POZZONI'S All Druggists and Fancy Stores. TINTS



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A story is told of the actress Mlle. Marie Magnier and her pearls. One day, as she was about to appear on the scene, somebody made the remark that her pearls were really of an enormous size. "It is true," she replied; "the lady whom I represent on the stage no doubt wore smaller pearls in real life. But what can I do? I have no small pearls."

On the day when the courier brought the news of the signature of the peace of Amiens, Talleyrand thrust the impatiently awaited document in his pocket, went to the emperor, and engaged him in current affairs. When these were all disposed of, he said: "Now I have good news for you. Read!" "And you could not tell me this immediately?" exclaimed the astonished Napoleon. "Certainly not, for then you would listen to nothing else."

Rossini, after finishing his great work, indulged himself in a long period of leisure, and did not write a line of music. A friend once called on him and found him writing his autograph, with a sentiment, at the bottom of some photographs of himself. One of these read: "To M. Pillet Will, my friend and my equal in music." "What!" cried the visitor, "you are not serious? M. Pillet Will is not your equal in music." "Certainly he is—since I am doing nothing," explained Rossini.

"Some of you," says Orator Ham, of Georgia, "remind me of Johnny Bizirn, who undertook to break a yearling, and to make sure he did not get away, tied the rope around his waist. The breaking process angered the yearling, and he split a crack in the atmosphere toward the swamp. John only hit the ground in the high places. In their mad career, they passed a neighbor, who yelled to John: "Where are you going?" "D—d if I know," he replied, as he sailed through the air; "ask the bull."

A West Washington young lady (says the Post of that city), who has been married but a few weeks, had her first experience at "going to market" the other day. After she had succeeded in making several laughable blunders, as young wives are apt to, she approached a poultry-dealer and asked the price of chickens. Being told by the dealer, who also handed her a fine pair of live birds to examine, she quieted their fluttering as best she could, and then, applying her nose to them, and giving them an audible smell, said, in the most innocent manner: "Are you sure they are fresh, sir?"

Talleyrand was nineteen when, on his first arrival in Paris, in 1773, he attended a reception of Mme. du Barry at Versailles. The young men around him were boasting of the favors they had received from the fair sex, and the devastation they had wrought. Talleyrand sat thoughtful and silent. "You say nothing, Sir Abbe," said the lady of the house to him at length. "Ah, no, madame," replied he; "I was indulging in very sad reflections." "And these were?" "How much easier it is in a city like Paris to win women than abbacies." The king, to whom the reply was repeated, is said to have conferred on him the benefice of St. Denis at Rheims, with a yearly revenue of twenty thousand pounds.

In South Carolina, where everybody is a born aristocrat, rules of court prescribed that not only the judges but also the attorneys must wear robes in court. Against this rule the leader of the bar—his name was Pettigree—stoutly rebelled. He constantly appeared in court in the rough costume of a planter, and the judges pretended not to notice it. One day, however, when he was leading counsel in an important case, and he rose to address the court in his usual pepper and salt, the presiding judge felt compelled to draw his attention to the rules of court regarding the attire of attorneys. Pettigree smiled and observed: "I understand your honor to say that the rules of court must be executed." The judge bowed. "Then, sir," said Pettigree, holding the rules in his hand, I read this rule: "'The sheriff shall attend this court in cocked hat and sword.' I now draw your attention to the sheriff there. His hat is cocked, but most certainly his sword is not."

A bashful young man had a tender regard for the daughter of a certain farmer (says the Indianapolis Journal). As time wore on the young man began

to feel more at home on his visits to the farm-house, and from an occasional stopping for supper it grew to be the regular thing with him to eat supper with his prospective parents-in-law. Upon one of the occasions, when the young man was taking Sunday supper with the family, the prospective father-in-law passed the plate of biscuits to the bashful young man. "Have a biscuit?" he said. The bashful young man set one of the steaming biscuits beside his plate. "Have another, they're small," the father-in-law said. The bashful young man timidly took another and placed it beside the first. "Have another, they're very small." Again the young man, lacking the courage to decline, took a biscuit. The father-in-law-to-be then dumped the whole contents of the plate in front of the young man, with the remark: "Take them all, you hog!" The bashful young man stopped his visits.

Old John Stonecreeper was no account (says the World). He would not work, but lazed around home and consumed what his industrious wife and his boys and girls made on a little farm down in Camden County. John came up missing one day. Search was made for him, supposing he was off drunk. Finally, in the course of a week, some neighbor suggested possibly he had been drowned. They dragged the creek for him and found him. The remains were in a sad condition, identification depending principally upon his apparel. They brought him home and laid him out on the floor of the one small room of his late residence. The stricken widow set her arms akimbo, and, looking calmly down upon him, remarked: "Well, he's pretty dead, ain't he?" Seeing something unusual about his mouth, she stooped down, caught hold of it, and pulled out an eel. The head of another took its place, and so on until she had half a dozen squirming on the floor. "Well, what shall we do with him?" sympathizingly asked one of the party. "I guess you had better take him back and set him again for eels," said the old lady; "it's the only thing he's ever brought into this house."

From Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher.

"40 ORANGE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1892. "I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to us for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains which flesh is heir to. I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and, by frequent experiments, find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and, as my name has been used to recommend any other it is without my authority or sanction. MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

SILVER CHURN BUTTERINE

BETTER THAN CREAMERY BUTTER— COSTS LESS.

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WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK: Teutonic.....November 2d Britannic.....November 6th Majestic.....November 10th Germanic.....November 14th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

There is nothing in a physician's life that gives him more satisfaction than seeing the prompt effect of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil in bringing back plumpness and color to thin and pale children.

"Poor baby!" Everybody sees the sad picture. No one but the physician appreciates it. He knows what dangers threaten thin children.

Let us send you a book about thinness.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do, \$1.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE. Commencing Sunday, October 2, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:55, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 3:25 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomas, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Week Days 6:10 P. M. Week Days 6:15 P. M. Sundays
7:30 A. M. Week Days 3:35 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:20 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomas, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomas, \$1.50.

THROUGH STATION CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 25th, and 30th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Oct. 25th, SS. San José; Nov. 5th, SS. San Juan; Nov. 15th, SS. City of New York.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 1st of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas. Way line sailing—November 18th, SS. Acapulco. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East India, Straits, etc.: City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Nov. 5, at 3 P. M. City of Peking.....Saturday, November 20, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M. Peru.....(via Honolulu).....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING! Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, at 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, October 25 Gaetic.....Wednesday, November 16 Elgie.....Thursday, December 15 Oceanic.....(via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Yerrano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento, Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, El Cerrito, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

* 7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	* 2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	Sunday Excursion Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	2:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
7:15 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The Philadelphia Record is authority for the statement that there is expended in London nearly \$2,500,000 in advertising every week.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. Sundays—8 to 10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
		Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.		
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.				6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Piedra for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Yichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Ukiah, Cache, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street. New Montgomery Street.

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## HIGH KICKING.

It Shocks the Simple Little Ballet-Girl.

The ballet-girl puts her fan before her face and blushes at the dancing that now occupies the stage (says a writer in the *Evening Sun*). She regrets the suggestive improprieties of its dress and attitude, and resents the profanation of her art. She is as honest as indignant, and it would gratify the preacher to hear her discourse; moreover, she could give him valuable points for a sermon on the modern craze that would be more conclusive than he could ever compile alone. The centuries of convention behind her own costume clothe her in it so absolutely that it does not enter into her consideration. For the demure impropriety of the long dress of the skirt-dancer, and its underlying frills, she has only painful regret. But for these high kick, which fills the theatre while the ballet stands in the hindmost rows, could not exist.

The high kick has debased the dancer's art, and with it the public. She runs to bring out the postures of the dance, dating from Greece and down through all ages, and shows that never before in the history of the dance was it permissible to lift the leg higher than at right angles with the body. This elevation only is sanctioned by art and by decorum. To throw the leg higher is inartistic and vulgar. "There are ladies who are learning the skirt dance. Do you think it nice for a lady to kick, even in private?" this little ballet girl asks, but still incredulous of the truth of the rumor, and with as honest dismay as her own performances ever excited in the mind of the rural visitor. "The ballet-girl studies five years in this country," she continues her plea. "In Italy she studies ten years. She has disciplined every inch of her body for the work of her life. She has prepared herself as thoroughly as a painter does, or as a musician. She is an artist, as they are. Do you not see how I feel when I find all the world calling a vulgar kick a dance, or a group of acrobats dancers?"

A ballet-dancer who sees in her own art all that is beautiful and elevated can admire other dancers and dancings. An Irish break-down is, I think, one of the most beautiful and interesting dances. It is a national expression, and how quickly every one responds to what seems to be the temperament of a whole race rendered in music and motion. Did you observe at the 'Black Crook' the spontaneous delight of the whole audience at the soubrette's Irish dance, and how everybody felt to the core the touch of nature in the tough girl's dance? I have been trying to crook my hands that way ever since, it was so honest, so genuine, and everything of that sort is valuable. But how differently the audience received the French acrobats, which, in fact, it had come there to see. Every one who has been behind the footlights can tell the difference between delight and curiosity. Nothing is more apparent than the affectation of enthusiasm that an audience works up to what is felt to be the correct point, when its own honest soul revolts.

It was suggested that this might be only a passing phase. Such phases were features of every age, and touched an ideal cherished by some one. It was possible to regard them philosophically as curious intimations of the temper of the time, and to wait until the clouds roll by.

"As I told you, I can appreciate other people's performances. While the commonplaceness of Miss Lottie Collins's 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay' confounded me, and to hear her kick and wriggle spoken of as a dance by indiscriminating people, sent a shiver through my spine, I would go a pretty way to hear Vanoni sing and dance 'Les Gardes Municipaux,' although one is in a music-hall and the other interjected in a swell Broadway theatre. Lottie Collins has no atmosphere where she is. She is so out of place that she does herself injustice. Her costume rends my soul. It is to Vanoni's what an English chambermaid, with her chignon and flying ribbons, is to a trim French *grisette*. Neither of the two can be said to sing, but one can dance and act from the topmost bow of her little bonnet to the ups of her expressive feet. One is all light and shade, the other full of the most subtle gradations illuminated at just the right moment and wholly satisfying. No matter how grotesque may be the movement, it has reason, place. She has no need of speech, for she can talk with her ribs, and knuckles, and high cheek-bones. Her knee-joints are at times eloquent. So perfectly is her body attuned to word, line, musical phrase, that it has the precision of a machine, while it appears to make unpremeditated response. That is being an artist. Her humor is genial and rollicking, not broad, not suggestive, nor commonplace.

"Do you think now that I can not appreciate others out of my line? I hate shiftlessness, the concealment of incapacity under ruffles of lace. The long-legged serpentine toiling at their skirts under the meretricious colored lime-lights, and tottering through their simple steps like girls unfit for the hindmost rows of the ballet, make me physically tired. And you all like it, or pretend you do," the little ballet-girl concluded, with a weary sigh.

Run no risk! Be sure of your remedy and take Ayer's Sarsaparilla only.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 24th: the Duff Company in "Miss Helyett"; Margaret Mather in "The Egyptian"; Alexander Salvini in "The Three Guardsmen"; Henley and Boucicault in "The Favorite"; and the Tivoli Company in "Orpheus and Eurydice."

Alexander Salvini has in his repertory a dramatic version of "Cavalleria Rusticana," and is at work on a dramatization of Mascagni's other success, "L'Amico Fritz."

The treasurer of the Tivoli Opera House has been tendered a benefit, which will take place on Wednesday evening, October 26th. The bill will be "Orpheus and Eurydice."

Millöcker is resting on his laurels this year, but Johann Strauss is at work on a new operetta, "Princess Ninetta," and Suppé is furnishing up one which he wrote some years ago, "Die Frau Meisterin."

Milton Nobles will be in San Francisco in a fortnight or so in a new play of his own composition. It is entitled "For Revenue Only," and the central figure is described as "a reporter, space-writer, and all-round liar."

E. J. Henley and Aubrey Boucicault will be seen here in the latter's play, "The Favorite," on Monday night. It is a racing play, and in its performance they will have the able assistance of some of Porter Aslie's best horses.

The production of "Miss Helyett," by the Duff Company, has been postponed until Wednesday night. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Trial by Jury" will be given on Monday, and "The Gondoliers" on Tuesday.

In view of the fact that Margaret Mather, in her suit for divorce from her former musical conductor, Emil Haberkorn, alleged that he was dying of consumption, it is amusing to note that he has just taken to himself another helpmeet.

Richard Harding Davis is said to be writing a play for E. A. Sothern. If it is founded on the Van Bibber stories, it should prove interesting, and Sothern would realize Van Bibber to the thorough satisfaction of those who have read the adventures of that *fin-de-siècle* Don Quixote.

Margaret Mather's entertainment will be opened with a curtain-raiser, the version of "Nance Oldfield" formerly played by Ellen Terry. In contrast with this little comedy is the five-act tragedy, "The Egyptian," an adaptation of Hugo's "Hunchback of Notre Dame." Lawrence Hanley is Miss Mather's leading man this year.

Among the attractions at the benefit of the sick fund of the German Press Club, which takes place next Thursday at the Baldwin, are the Duff Company, Salvini, Margaret Mather, the German Stock Company, Miss Tillie Salinger, Miss Frances Simon, a drill by Company C of the Naval Battalion, and others. Dr. Emil Stoerrel will be the stage-manager, and A. Hinrichs, Adolf Bauer, and M. Gould will direct the orchestra for their respective companies.

Offenbach's merry opera of "Orpheus and Eurydice" is to be revived at the Tivoli on Monday night, with the following cast:

Jupiter, Ferris Hartman; Aristes and Pluto, Phil Branson; Orpheus, Eugene Carlmueller; Styx, George Olmi; Ascalapius, A. Stockmeyer; Mars, George Harris; Hercules, A. Wulford; Apollo, William Stracban; Bacchus, M. Voisin; Morpheus, W. Kretschmar; Eurydice, Gracie Plaisted; Juno, Grace Vernon; Diana, Tillie Salinger; Venus, Emma Merriman; Cupid, Josie Gassman; Mercury, Mamie Gray; Public Opinion, Irene Mull; Minerva, Julia Simmons; Hebe, Estelle J. Wilmot; Thalia, Aggie Millard; Aglaya, Marie Carleton; Euphrosyne, Gretchen Hirsch; Caliope, Minnie Jurgen; Melpomene, Emma Lyster; Clio, May Atkins; Urania, Lilian Stewart; Terpsichore, Alice Berkeley; Vulcan, H. A. Barkalew; Janus, George J. Hildge; Cerberus, A. N. Collin.

Ouida says she does not write plays, because of the "inexorable laws and limits in dramatic composition which fetter and irritate." To these must be added the "annoyance of all the excisions, additions, and alterations which managers and actors insist on after the piece is read to them. With your novel, you are wholly free." Likewise, "with very few exceptions, English actors and actresses act ill. They are stiff and self-conscious. The quality of the acting and the unintelligence of the audience have kept writers of eminence off the English stage ever since the first Lord Lytton."

Philadelphia is at present enjoying a war between the theatrical managers and the newspapers, to the sore discomfort of the former. The *Recorder* thus recounts the latest developments:

"The combine is dying a more or less painful death. The first deadly wound was administered to it by Manager Hill, who laughingly broke through all the idiotic rules of the 'cast-iron' combine. He was told that if he advertised in the newspapers he would be barred out of the theatres. His reply was to double his 'ads' in all the papers. There has been no talk of barring out since. Manager Hill was the only combination manager who had grit enough to defy the combine. As a consequence, while other attractions are playing to scarcely enough to pay gas bills, 'The Fencing-Master' is turning people away from the Park Theatre."

Meanwhile, partly owing to Manager Hill's action, and partly as a measure of self-defense caused by the Philadelphia prosperity of the 'Fencing-Master,' and very largely because of the thorough censoring they have received from the press of the country, the managers in the combine, while pretending to live up to their agreement, have made a complete back-down. Originally, it was determined to advertise only in the *Press*, the *Times*, the *Record*, the *Ledger*, and the *Evening Telegram*; the *Inquirer*, the *Bulletin*, the *Call*, the *News*, the *Star*, the *Herald*, the

*Sunday World*, *Sunday Dispatch*, *Sunday Transcript*, and *Daily German Democrat* have since been added to the list. These were the papers in which the managers had originally declared and solemnly sworn they never would advertise again. As a matter of fact, they are now advertising in every newspaper in Philadelphia, with the exception of two. These are the *Item* and *Taggart's Times*. The reason they are excluded is solely for motives of revenge. Both these papers declared war on the combine from the onset, and were mainly instrumental for the damage inflicted. In the meantime, while the fight is still on, I would advise all theatrical combinations to avoid Philadelphia, as a visit to that city can result only in severe financial loss."

## A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

## Put Siller in Thy Purse.

"Put siller in thy purse" is good, canny Scotch advice, but, while you are about it, you may as well have a pretty and serviceable purse to put it in, especially as you can get one for a mere song. Where? Why, at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great store on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue. Such a big concern as theirs carries big stocks of all the goods they trade in, and has to be changing its stock all the time. They have a large supply of silver-mounted purses and other handsome leather goods, but they need the space to store the holiday goods they are already getting in. And so they have marked down the prices of these goods, and consequently are selling them off in short order.

It should not be imagined, however, that they are not the very latest and best goods. The designs of the silver mounting are very artistic and beautiful, and the leather used is the very best quality of seal, alligator, Russian, and other high-grade leathers; and the stock includes, not only ladies' purses, but wallets and letter-cases for gentlemen, card-cases, calendar-cases for the desk or mantel, portfolios, lap-boards—everything, in fact, that is made of fine leather.

While Sanborn, Vail & Co. are changing their stock in leather goods, they are also constantly receiving the new styles of stationery as well; indeed, the fashionable world of San Francisco has come to regard their store as the only correct place to purchase materials for correspondence.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

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WANTED.—EVIDENCE OF THE DEATH OF GEORGE CHEEVES LOUGHMON, alias George Leybourne Loughmon, formerly of Camden Town, London, at the time of his death in the employ of Mr. Tubb, builder, San Francisco, who is stated to have been knocked down and killed by a steam tram-car in the streets of Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, some time prior to the month of January, 1886, and was buried in the presence of Rev. H. W. Tubb. Apply to

MR. D. BRODERICK, 3 Denmark Villas, Brighton, England, Executor of the will of C. Loughmon, deceased.

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ONTARIO COTTON SAIL DUCK.

Music at the Baldwin has generally been of rather a flat nature. We associate that curtain, decorated with the dying population of Denmark, with plays, dramas, tragedies, comedies. When the song of the invisible Turridu floated out into the auditorium, it was with the faintest sensation of surprise that one listened to the sweetness of the strain that had in it the freshness of the morning, a pensive charm that was full of dreaminess, and hope, and promise, and pain.

That is the charm of "Cavalleria Rusticana"—it is human, it is contemporaneous. Mascagni is of his age—not before it, like Wagner; not behind it, like Balfe. He strikes as his key-note the passions and the pangs that his audience—be it French, Italian, English, Austrian, German—have struggled with and writhed under. The fine lady of San Francisco, the *mondaine* of Paris, the noble of Vienna, who have ever lived at all, feel with the miserable heroine in the frenzy of her despair, in the sickness of her desolation. She is no naïve goddess—almost a symbolical figure of womanhood—such as Wagner loved. She is not a Leonora, an Elvira, a Queen of Sheba, even an Aida. She is alive, one of us.

It is supposed that the laurels of Verdi will pass to Mascagni. Living up to his promise, he will undoubtedly mount to the side of the author of "Otello." But he is twenty-seven—twenty-seven and has produced an opera that has taken the world by storm. An exotic development of genius such as this at times runs itself out in its first great blossoming. There are people who say it is fortunate Keats died when he did in the doorway of the Temple of Fame. A genius that two years after the production of "Endymion" had sufficiently matured to write the five great odes, might have burned itself out as quickly as it had blazed up.

The genius of Mascagni is modern—modern and original. He turned in opera into the path that writers have turned into in fiction. He originates the opera-novelle. He pours into it the spirit of his own modern world—not the modern world of a feeble and languidly complicated *fin-de-siècle* type that is withered at the root and sapless in the branches—but his own modern world, of art, of feeling, of joy, of pain, where time is not ticked off by the clock, but is measured by the emotions; where life is not a breathless race after money and a good position in a poor society; where enthusiasms glow; where hope is high and ideals exist; where the great art-world opens its treasure-houses to those who can see and understand; where the human animal passes from the material to the intellectual and touches the spiritual.

In this opera, too, Mascagni shows himself self-reliant and unbiased by predecessors. He is a young composer uninfluenced by Wagner. In the earliest efforts of most young geniuses—even those of the highest originality—the influence of some great master is seen. Later on, as the composer feels his powers expand, he shakes himself free from such shackles, and the world stands still and listens to the outpourings of his tremendous fancies. Mascagni's muse seems to possess the languid sweetness and the passion that marks the music of the Italians, beyond that it is all his own.

It is said that he wrote in the Intermezzo afterward, finding the piece too short. Strange freak of destiny which added the crown to this charming work. It seems as if no composer but an Italian could have written anything so lovely, so ethereally tender and sad as this exquisite interlude. Each nation's music bears the stamp of the land from which it comes, and, with the Italians, a pensive, softened charm of sweetness is as indissolubly associated with their music as a fierce and angry gaiety, dashed with despairing gloom, seems to be with the music of the Hungarians and Poles.

The Intermezzo breathes sadness—not a painful sadness, a dreamy and luxurious sadness—the sadness of twilights in autumn; the sadness that dwells about the dunes and the sea; that sadness that Tennyson tried to portray when he wrote one of the greatest lyrics in the language, "Tears, idle tears"; the sadness of old memories, of might-have-beens, of change, and of forgetfulness, of old homes revisited, of brown, autumnal woods—the sadness that is more a caress than a pain. Music can produce this effect better than words. In words, it becomes too distinctly outlined and too painful. It is not an anguished regret, but a vague and dreamy melancholy. This is what the Intermezzo breathes as it rises with a sweetness that is almost poignant as pain.

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# THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1892

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 18.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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### A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

Why is it that most intelligent persons regard the daily newspaper with a feeling of irritation and aversion? *A priori*, one would think that a thing which has become so necessary a part of the modern man's life would awaken in him a sentiment of friendliness, if not gratitude; for through it chiefly he learns what is going on in his own community and the rest of the world. It is served to him regularly and promptly and costs him next to nothing. He is aware that great sums of money, good brains, and endless energy are

expended to produce what he purchases for a few cents; nevertheless, the man of education and reasonably good taste commonly detests the journal for which he subscribes. There are several reasons for this, the prime one being that daily newspapers, barring a few solacing exceptions, are not published with any reference whatever to the desires of the man of education and taste. The average daily is put together to please the mob, and edited in all its columns with a painstaking effort to avoid offense to the prejudices of the ignorant. Tar Flat is a hundred times more populous than Nob Hill, and the *Daily Dragnet* comprehends that a nickel is a nickel, no matter from whose hand it comes. The philosophical mind, therefore, accepts, in a non-resistant spirit, the press's vulgarity, its boastfulness, its demagoguery, its mendacity, and its sensationalism, precisely as the wise traveler, who is compelled to put up at a dirty inn, will not fly into a rage because his tavern is not a fine hotel. The newspapers, however, have faults that are not due to intentional debasement for coin, but the consequence of a reasonless copying of current fashion, which faults must be as annoying to Tar Flat as to Nob Hill. The monstrous hoop-skirts that, before the war, made it a matter of difficulty and some exposure of stocking for two women to pass each other on a sidewalk of ordinary width, are recalled by the newspapers of the present. Less than fifteen years since, the four-page New York *Sun*—neat in typography and contents well condensed—was the newspaper model. The fashion set by it had supplanted the vogue of Wilbur F. Storey's Chicago *Times*—a paper as big as it was indecent, discharging every morning broadsides of scandal and crime, accompanied by a Gatling fire of alliterative head-lines. A decade ago, Pulitzer, who had mounted from a coachman's seat to the editorial chair, came out of the corn-fed, hustling West, invaded the metropolis, and restored the Storey model. With an industry and a front of brass that would have swiftly transformed an old-clo' shop on Chatbam Street into a wholesale warehouse, this dealer in printed offal proved by the success of his *World* that he knew his public. He demonstrated the correctness of his cheerful belief that the majority of New York men, and women, too, prefer bad reading to good, and are as fond of the salacious and cheaply startling in journalism as the colored brother is of watermelons. The city press of the whole country has copied Pulitzer—if not in matter, then in the expansion of dimensions. Those papers which have followed him in degradation are at least to be credited with an intelligent motive; they have become wholesalers in dirt for the sake of the profits. But those which have simply added to the number of their dull pages only obey blindly the simian instinct of imitation. The pages having multiplied, the need of filling them presses, and so has been entailed the curse of the "spread." This is the curse against which Tar Flat and Nob Hill join in rebellion. Time was when the condenser was valued and admired in newspaper offices; now it is the elaborator who receives the highest honor and salary. Result: pages to tell a story that could be better told in as many columns. The more important the news, the more unreadable, as a rule, the newspaper statement of it is. The notion has also inevitably been evolved that importance can be lent to a happening not in itself abnormally interesting by surrendering much space to it. Witness the dedicatory exercises at the World's Fair buildings in Chicago last week, and the Columbian celebration in New York the week before. A newspaper that should have offered the news as to either of these events in a column or a column and a half would have attracted universal attention to itself and earned the thanks of a gratefully astonished public. So big, so unbearably diffuse have become the daily journals that it is a work of hours to wade through their acres of swampy padding, in order to stumble here and there on the islands of fact. The press deprives busy men of the news. Who that has to be at the shop by seven o'clock in the morning or at the office by nine, can do more than run a worried and baffled eye over the multitudinous headings? What citizen of San Francisco, who has not retired from business under compulsion of softening of the brain, has attempted to breast

the hogheads of drivel that "Gath," for example, has flumed from New York and Chicago about Columbus, or the Mississippi of liquefied fudge that he and other malefactors set flowing from the national conventions last spring? What has the American public done that it should be handed over to this "Gath" for torment? He surrounds himself with stenographers and type-writers, it is said, and these amanuenses catch in the buckets of their arts the downpour of drivel which he emits between drinks—poor devils. They have to read it all—read stuff like this, which is ladled from a good four feet of the same kind:

"Going to the fair through the bright warmish weather, it was noticeable how the people of their own volition formed in line at all the railroad wickets, separated their own tickets and dropped the right end in the box. The distance to the fair by the lake front was half a day's march for troops. Everybody seemed to know which way to go in the grounds."

And this:

"Looking hack at them with an opera-glass, they seemed like a whole cemetery, with pinkish, human faces rising in place of the thousands of grave-stones, and next the harps of gold down in the front gave the place the likeness of the Judgment Day. Little hallelujahs trembled and tripped from them, and they hung up in a hammock-shaped sheet, dropped from the corners like the blanket in Revelation. Without a sound, the people, the population of the whole earth, perhaps, at that occasion, sat upon the flat floor and listened at the disportation of the saints. Next to nobody was above in the ceremonial seats."

"Gath" is known as the "prince of correspondents." He is the model on which—God help us!—thousands of young newspaper men are forming themselves. Observe his critical acumen and lucidity of style:

"The ode itself is sweepingly grand and courageous in diction, vaulting to the climax of results and sinking away into the pride of grand achievements as the story in verse ran on through the mazes of mystery as to the Western world, to the culmination of the ambition which Columbus had and fulfilled. Through it all Miss Monroe sat next to Cardinal Gibbons on the stand, her face as white as marble, her head slightly bowed, listening to the ode she had produced."

Let us be thankful that it was not twins.

But newspaper proprietors are not alone concerned in the crime of swelling the papers beyond the embracing capacity of Caucasian interest and endurance. The paper manufacturers are partners in the guilt. Twenty-five years back, white paper of the sort used by the dailies was worth twenty-four cents a pound. It has, unhappily, steadily decreased in price until now, when it can be bought for four cents a pound. The Western Union Telegraph Company, likewise, though a monopoly and able to charge what it pleases for its services, has weakly and criminally forgotten the rights and comfort of the public, and so reduced rates to the newspapers that even the poorest of them can stand the expense of turning the "Gath," or some other nozzle of rival power, upon us.

If we can not have clean, well-written, self-respecting newspapers, we ought to be able, at all events, to get small ones. A yet undiscovered man of sense will, we trust, soon see the bonanza that is lying unclaimed and take possession of it by issuing in some city a little sheet, giving soberly and succinctly the substance of all the day's news—a sheet that can be read in ten minutes. Then others will follow, and the burden of the intolerable newspaper bale will be rolled off the sore back of the outraged human mind.

The attempt of the Democratic party to restore the old State banking system, as voiced in their national platform, is characteristic of that party, which has always been unsound on currency questions. It is most extraordinary that even the Democratic party should make such an attempt when the disastrous history of State banking is so fresh in the minds of many men.

Let us recall the State bank of Ohio and the State bank of Indiana. Ohio was the first and Indiana the second carved from the North-West Territory and admitted as States into the Union. They were first of so-called Western States, westward of the Alleghany range, each agricultural and substantial. In and succeeding Jackson's time, each had the State banks established. The State bank of Ohio had many branches within the State, and so had the State bank of Indiana—like the some



local banks in the respective States. Yet in the two States the bills of neither of the parent banks nor of the branch banks passed at par, and in the States eastward of the Alleghenies—in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, and New England—the notes of the parent banks were subject to a discount of five per cent., and still larger per cent. discount was charged upon the notes of the branch banks. This discount was the measure of loss sustained by the possessor of the notes. The holder of one hundred dollars in either State bank-notes, away from his own State, found his one hundred dollars worth only ninety dollars at best, and mayhap much less, even if every bill were genuine and the bank solvent—contingencies which were problematical from day to day.

The evil of State banks and of depreciated, demoralizing, and actually worthless paper currency culminated in the wild-cat banks of the new States of the North-West—Michigan and Wisconsin especially. Genuine bills and counterfeits were about equally valued in other States. The banks were insolvent; the notes were fraudulent representations of value; counterfeits were simply fraudulent. Prior to 1860 there were thousands of the State banks. In 1858, "Thompson's Bank-Note Reporter"—a standard and authoritative publication—gave notice of seven hundred and fifty-eight State banks, the notes of which were worthless, aside from the list of counterfeits and raised notes. It was estimated that in the ten years between 1850 and 1860, over seventy-five millions of dollars had been lost by the holders of bills of State banks, failed and utterly collapsed. A firm in Philadelphia held notes of forty-one State banks, every one of which was insolvent and the notes worthless. In the "Life and Times of Martin Van Buren and Benjamin F. Butler, of New York," by Lyons Mackenzie, is mentioned the State bank of Sandy Hill. The rich Patroon Van Rensselaer made an individual run upon the bank, with its own notes, demanding specie. The bank managers got from other State banks dimes, half-dimes, and the current Spanish silver coins of six and one-quarter cents, and tediously paid the notes of their own bank as presented. No State bank was required to cash any bills except its own. The vexed and fatigued presenter of the bills succumbed to the method of legal payment. Near the window of the bank, in the small country town, was chained a bull-dog, and the holder of the bills was compelled to stand at that window while the small coin was slowly counted out to him in payment of the bills. The instance is related merely to show the possible working of the Democratic advocacy of reestablishing State banks. In New York, the great financial, commercial, and business State, the State-bank system disastrously failed. In the West, it wrought monetary distress and broadcast ruin. Here on the Pacific, it is forbidden by State laws, in California, in Oregon, and in Washington; but the laws of Congress override these State laws. Should the Democratic party triumph, the restitution of State banks is seriously threatened. The people likely to be deluded by them and virtually robbed are not the rich, who are careful, but the poor, who are confiding.

The eulogist of the President's dead wife can find to say of her no thing more praiseful than that she was little known. Not many women who have occupied a station so conspicuous have been themselves so inconspicuous. With opportunities for social display inferior to those of none of her sex anywhere in the world, she was content to acquit herself gracefully of the duties of her high place, and evinced none of those inclinations for prominence and grandeur which have their roots in vanity and levity of mind. Mrs. Harrison was a good woman, a cultivated woman, a woman of sense. Her serious intellect and sweet nature sought better employment than to shine as a leader of fashion at the "republican court." As well balanced in character as she was dutiful, helpful, and inspiring to those who entered into her affections, the home seemed to her the highest sphere of usefulness, the best source of happiness. In the death of such a wife, such a helpmate and loyal companion, President Harrison loses the larger, the more precious half of his life. No matter what honors he has won, or may yet win, the world must be for him henceforward a place of shadows. The severing of the tie that bound them as one is a maiming for which there can be no repair. Their lives and fortunes became united while they were yet in their first youth. His only possessions were his brains, hope, and energy. His worldly wealth consisted of two hundred dollars, received from his father, and he sat in his lawyer's office with practice still to come. His sweetheart was dowdier as to money, but rich in love and wifely qualifications. She had been given a good education, and she could cook, sew, keep her home tidy, and nurse her own babies. It was a distinctively American beginning of a marriage that proved a splendid American success. Humble as was the home and narrow the means of the husband, the wife never enslaved herself to the material side of motherhood and the household. She made time for studies

in music and art, and fitted herself for intellectual comradeship. As he climbed, she rose with him, and on each of the successive heights which he achieved, she stood worthily by his side.

The social texture of the country has markedly changed since Mr. and Mrs. Harrison were young and married on nothing. There are not many girls of good family now who would wed a man with a patrimony of two hundred dollars, were his talents those of Shakespeare and Bacon combined. And, indeed, should the average girl of society, who has wealth and, perhaps, a title at the head of her domestic ideal, to make such a misalliance under the impulse of love and romance, it is quite safe to say that her husband would never become President. His chances of living in a hell, with frivolity, ignorance, and selfishness as the presiding devils, would be excellent. Mr. Harrison's great station places his grief-stricken figure on view before the world; but that station adds nothing to, nor subtracts anything from, the weight of the sorrow which crushes him. Few men have been blessed with wives like his. To her he owed happiness, and in no slight measure, too, he was indebted to her for the career which has made him a part of his country's history. Lovingly ambitious in his behalf, she had for him always the restful refuge of a serene home, than which there can be no better fountain of strength for the struggling man of intellect and high purposes. Unobtrusive, gentle, intelligent, strong, and good, Mrs. Harrison has set before the women of America an example that can not but leave its impress.

The *Argonaut* has received account sales of the California fruit which was shipped overland in refrigerator-cars last September, carried to England in the *Britannic*, and sold at auction in London by James Adam, Son & Co. on September 24th and September 26th. It was part of this shipment which was said to have netted a loss to the shippers, as, in the language of the trade, the fruit arrived "slack and wet." The bulk of the consignment reached London in good condition and fetched what must have been remunerative prices.

There were three kinds of fruit shipped—pears, chiefly Bartlett's, Beurre Hardy, and Clairgeau; peaches, chiefly George's Late and various varieties of clings; and grapes, comprising Tokays, Muscats, Malvoisies, and Rose of Peru. The pears brought from six to seven cents a pound; the peaches, from eight and a half cents down, according to condition; the grapes, an average of about seven cents.

What the shippers paid for transportation the *Argonaut* has not been informed. The charge for carrying fruit from Sacramento to New York has hitherto been about two cents a pound; and the shipper pays freight on his boxes and his crates as well as on his fruit. The *Britannic's* charge for transporting the fruit across the ocean is known only to the shippers, but an experienced ship-owner states that a steamer can carry fruit across the ocean in refrigerator compartments for a cent to a cent and a half a pound and make money. The freight charge from Liverpool to London is trifling. The original cost of the fruit in this State may be put down as not to exceed two cents. Almost all growers would be glad to contract to deliver their fruit at that price at the station nearest the orchard. Thus the balance-sheet of the operation would probably show a profit of about two cents a pound.

The market which may thus be opened to our fruit-growers is large. There are about thirty-eight millions of people in the British Isles. No fruit, except apples, a few hard pears, cherries, and the small berries, are grown in England, Scotland, or Ireland. London gets its fruit from Spain and Portugal, and pretty poor fruit it is, though it sells at ten cents to twelve cents a pound. But London is only one of the points which can be educated to rely upon San Francisco for its fruit supply. There is a steady demand, which the local supply can not fill, for fresh fruit at Havre, Antwerp, The Hague, Rotterdam, Bremen, Hamburg, Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg. At all these places there are people able to pay fair prices for ripe, fresh, luscious fruit. They are all within a few hours' distance from London by steam. In a little while a California fruit agency at London, Liverpool, or Southampton would be able to gauge the respective consumption of each and to supply it without glutting the market. When the machinery was once in working order, the difficulty would be not to find buyers for the fruit, but to find fruit for the buyers.

This trade is new, and springs legitimately from the improvements in transportation, which have brought London within ten days of Sacramento, and from the development of the science of refrigeration. No man lives who can predict its effect on the chief industry of the State, or on the value which it may impart to land.

Ex-Judge Edward F. Dunne, an instructor in law at the Georgetown University, an institution of which the Roman

Catholics of the United States are proud, has been bastinadoed by the Philadelphia *Times*. Colonel McClure, the editor of that journal, describes the judge as a bigot and accuses him of having insulted the city. It was toward the close of the exercises and ceremonies wherewith the Roman Catholics of Philadelphia celebrated the anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus that Judge Dunne committed his offense. In the course of an oration at the Academy of Music, "before a distinguished audience of Catholic citizens," he turned his attention to the public schools, which this pious educator averred are a "standing disgrace to a country claiming to be a champion of liberty." He further informed his listening brethren in the faith that it was "one of their first duties to wipe away this national disgrace." The judge put his complaint in definite form thus:

"There has been forced upon twelve millions of our fellow-citizens a school system upon which is the blot of injustice and shame, and those who defend this system would defend any atrocity that will tend to perpetuate the fearful robbery."

The *Times* records that many of the audience showed their disapproval of these observations by rising and leaving the building. It is safe to say that none of these dissenters were Roman Catholics, or, if they were, they must have been candidates for office, or had hopes in that direction. Colonel McClure, after hammering the candid Dunne, makes the customary kowtow to the church by expressing the editorial opinion that the orator's utterances were "not in sympathy with the views of the great majority of intelligent Catholic citizens in Philadelphia." But whence is that comforting conclusion drawn? The Roman Catholics of Philadelphia are, doubtless, like Roman Catholics elsewhere in the country, and those of them who should venture to manifest want of sympathy with Dunne's views would speedily find their church out of sympathy with them, to their sore temporal and subsequent spiritual inconvenience. The judge set forth good Roman Catholic doctrine. There is nothing new in his declarations that we have quoted. His opinions are those of his church, and are constantly finding voice through much more important Roman Catholic personages than himself. We do not need an ex-judge, who is giving his time to teaching in a seminary of superstition and distorted science and history, to tell us that the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is hostile to the public-school system and determined never to abandon its fight for a division of the school fund. As to the oration being "an insult to Philadelphia," that is moonshine. Philadelphia, we dare say, is, with all other cities of the republic, well used to such manifestations of antagonism to State education. The bigoted, rancorous speech of the Georgetown pedagogue is merely another addition to the multitudes of warnings which the American people have already received that the Roman Catholic Church is an enemy to our public schools, and is in its entire spirit out of tune with our free institutions. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, and Archbishop Riordan, of California, will see nothing objectionable in Judge Dunne's outburst. On the contrary, they will regard it simply as evidence of praiseworthy zeal in a faithful, orthodox child of Mother Church. And that is precisely what it is.

A controversy is pending in the Eastern papers on the question whether or no women are considerate. Mr. William S. Walsh leads off for the negative, and several ladies, among others Miss Helen Watterson, whose name we seem to have heard, follow for the affirmative. The public, sitting as a court, have taken the case under consideration.

Miss Watterson, who expounds the ladies' side of the controversy, furnishes a fresh illustration of the illogical quality of the female mind by assuming that it turns on the application of principles, whereas the issue is one of fact. The question is simply—are women inconsiderate? If they are not, the complaint falls to the ground. If they are, it avails nothing to argue that the feminine nature is angelic. A verdict must be reached on the evidence, and it can not be altered by special pleading. If Mr. Walsh has adduced testimony to show that women are lacking in consideration for each other and for men—and the *Argonaut* thinks he has—Miss Watterson's sarcastic references to the coarseness of men are irrelevant. It is the woman and not the man who is on trial.

Mr. Walsh says that women carry jealousy to such a length that they would like to cut off the man they love best not only from all other women, but from his family and friends. They are jealous of their husband's business, of his books, of his horse; they think he ought to give up everything for them. This is trying for the man, and inconsiderate in the woman. To this Miss Watterson replies that, as a rule, women are not jealous. On this issue of fact, the decision will have to go against the lady. Almost all women who love are jealous.

Mr. Walsh says that a woman can not resist the temptation of showing off her power over a man before other



women, even when in so doing she makes him ridiculous. And a married woman often delights in flirting with a man to such an extent as to make her husband ridiculous. This Miss Watterson denies, and adds that men are as fond of showing off their conquests as women. That, again, is an issue of fact which all must decide according to their own experience. Miss Watterson's opinion would seem to imply that her experience has been limited. It may be observed again that men's failings are not in issue in the case.

Miss Watterson is very indignant with Mr. Walsh for saying that "a woman may love the man that is kind to her, but when he strikes her, she adores the ground he treads on." An expression which Mr. Walsh used metaphorically the lady interprets literally. At the present day, no one strikes a woman, except in the lowest and most degraded orders. What Mr. Walsh meant to say was that women's hearts are oftener won by an affectation of indifference than by devotion. That will not be denied by any observer of the sex.

On the outward and visible signs of the inconsiderateness of women, the position of Mr. Walsh is impregnable. That a woman will take, as her right, the seat of a tired man in a street-car, and will not always thank him for it; that she will wear at the theatre a hat which shuts out the stage from people behind her; that after preventing them from seeing, she will talk so loudly and persistently that they can not hear; that in a crowd she will thrust her way, shoving people to right and left, and muttering under her breath "brute" when a man by mere inertia resists the shove; that in a store she will keep a shop-girl standing and handing down goods by the hour, when she has no intention of buying—all these things are so notorious that Miss Watterson does not undertake to deny them, but merely pleads that they are the deeds of a small, ill-bred minority of the sex. But are they the deeds of a minority? Let any one go to a theatre or into a leading dry-goods store, and he will find that a majority of the ladies there would have to plead guilty if they were arraigned for such behavior.

Watch two ladies when a stranger appears on the scene. They stare at her, as if to say, who on earth are you, and what business have you to exist? Then they appraise her garments one by one, exchanging confidences with each other on each article of apparel, and smiling sneeringly. Is this considerate?

It is not exaggerating to say that lack of consideration or the feelings and the comfort of others seems to be ingrained in the composition of a majority of women.

The simple philosophy of the matter is that we have spoiled our women. We have shut our eyes to their faults. Women are what men make them. American men long ago set them on pedestals and worshiped them. In return, the American women look down on the American men. The act that criticism such as we have mentioned is becoming so frequent in the press shows that American men are becoming doubtful about the desirability of the pedestal. They are beginning to believe that their idols' feet are made of clay. They are more than half right. And when the chivalric attitude of the American man to the American woman has disappeared, the American woman will find herself in a position occupied by the women of other countries. She will not like it at all. But she will have only herself to blame.

There is one claim which Roman Catholics are setting up at the *Argonaut* is ardently in favor of granting. They desire to appropriate Christopher Columbus as their exclusive property, holding that his nationality ought to be swallowed up in the grand fact that he was a devout son of the church. At a meeting of fifty-nine Catholic societies, for example, held in Newark, N. J., October 16th, to discuss arrangements for a Columbus parade, the question of what flags should be carried arose. Some delegates, the purity of whose faith evidently has been corrupted by their residence in the United States, were of opinion that whatever other emblems might be borne, the stars and stripes should be given preëminence. But ex-Alderman John Bruder, in whose large mind the stream of Roman piety runs undefiled, insisted that only the Papal flag should appear, "for," as he justly urged, "we are Catholics first and Americans afterward." Nevertheless, policy overcame principle, and in deference to American prejudices, the meeting weakly decided to permit the use of this heretic republic to figure in the procession.

But ex-Alderman Bruder was in the right, though overborne. Columbus was a Catholic first, and an Italian and discoverer afterward. His avowed purpose in setting sail for his imagined India was to raise money to equip an army for a new crusade against the infidel and the recovery of the holy sepulchre. At a time when many men of education and brains had freed their minds, if not their outward lives, from the church's fetters, he was as deeply sunk in childish superstition as the dullest and most ignorant of his sailors. Though he had for years earned his livelihood as a maker of maps and understood navigation, he came to the conclusion in his last voyage that the earth was shaped like a pear, and

that on the apex of the small end thereof the garden of Eden bloomed in pristine loveliness. And he was confident that he would be able to find the garden. He had visions, with direct communications from the saints, and even the Almighty. It was his pleasure to believe himself under the peculiar patronage of the Trinity, and in order to gratify the Most High, he was wont to undergo the most ridiculous and humiliating volunteer penances in order that fine weather might be vouchsafed his ships. He inaugurated the American slave trade, told lies with an opulent ease for his temporal and spiritual advantage, was as ruthless as a savage in prosecuting his ends, and showed the blackest ingratitude to the aborigines who befriended him. A denser higo, a more groveling devotee, a worthier son of the church, does not gem the history of the fifteenth century. As an individual, he certainly belongs to Rome, and Rome is welcome to add him to her other jewels, in the light of whose rays her services to the human intellect shine so effulgently. As for his discoveries, which were the result at once of his courage and his blunders, they belong to the world.

The Nullification Act of South Carolina, passed July, 1832, following the revised tariff of May of that year by Congress, slightly in excess of the tariff of 1830, said:

"That the several acts and parts of acts of the Congress of the United States, purporting to be laws for the imposing of duties and imposts on the importation of foreign commodities, and now having actual operation and effect within the United States, and more especially two acts for the same purposes, passed on the twenty-ninth of May, 1828, and on the fourteenth of July, 1832, are unauthorized by the Constitution of the United States, and violate the true intent and meaning thereof, and are null and void, and no law."

The legislature of South Carolina accordingly declared that the tariff law of Congress was not binding on the citizens of that State or any of its officers. The act of nullification then proceeded to command the State courts and authorities to disregard it, under certain penalties which were stated in the act. It was this act of nullification of South Carolina that called forth the memorable nullification proclamation of President Andrew Jackson, of December, 1832. In his proclamation, President Jackson said: "Here is a law of the United States, not even pretended to be unconstitutional, repealed by the authority of a small majority of the voters of a single State." Its authors did not allege that the Tariff Act of Congress was unconstitutional; they contented themselves by declaring that it was "null and void, and no law." It is a matter of notable history that President Jackson effectually squelched the nullification of South Carolina by his prompt and vigorous action, and the State was compelled to return to its proper allegiance and duty to the Union. At the time, John C. Calhoun, likewise a native of South Carolina, was Vice-President of the United States. Calhoun was the great leader of the Democrats of the South. From a warm advocate of the policy of protection in 1818, while Secretary of War, he had become the most influential advocate of low duties, and was the acknowledged champion of the whole South in favor of low tariff. He was, if not actually the author, the mentor and chief cause of the Nullification Act of South Carolina. He had been elected as Vice-President on the ticket with General Jackson as President, by the Democrats, in 1824 and 1828. But in the Presidential election of 1832, following the nullification of South Carolina, that State cast its eleven electoral votes against General Jackson, the Democratic candidate for President. But nullification was decisively squelched. The Democracy of the South, notwithstanding, adhered to the Calhoun theory of low tariff—equivalent to the British Cobden free-trade doctrine of 1846—and incorporated it in the Confederate constitution of 1861, in which it was ordained that taxes, duties, and excises should be for revenue only, and that "no duties or taxes on importations from foreign nations shall be laid to protect or foster any branch of industry." The Southern Confederacy put it out of the power of their Congress to protect any home industry by tariff enactment, and enjoined forever the strict observance of the free-trade system which their slave labor, compulsory and cheap, fortified against the free and well-paid labor of the North. Ever since 1832 the Democracy of the South has practically controlled the action of the entire Democracy of the Union on the question of tariff. During slavery, the lowest tariffs and approximate free trade prevailed by the domination of the Democratic party. The Republican party reinstituted the comparative protective tariffs of the earlier period, and established the sound policy of American protection in customs duties. It has been reserved for the Democratic party of this day to denounce this policy of protection as fraud and declare the protective system unconstitutional. South Carolina declared the tariff law of Congress "null and void, and no law"; but they withheld from denouncing it as unconstitutional, as the Chicago convention of 1892 declares it is. Out of the whole number of nine hundred and ten delegates, five hundred and

sixty-four voted for the free-trade plank of the platform. The national Democratic party of 1892 has gone further backward than the South Carolina nullificationists of 1832.

The *Examiner* claims that it has made a careful canvass of the State, and from its poll of Republican legislative candidates makes the following table as showing the probable United States senator:

De Young	68
Perkins	15
Felton	11
Opposed to De Young	5
Uncanvassed Republican hold-overs	9
Nominees not heard from	6

The *Examiner* then proceeds to deduce maxims and apophthegms from this its table, the upshot of which seems to be that if Republicans do not want Mr. de Young for senator, they had better vote the Democratic ticket. Although the Democratic organ speaks approvingly of Mr. de Young's ambition, that gentleman must read its eulogies with mingled feelings. When a Republican finds his name used by the Democrats as a bludgeon to scare Republican voters into the Democratic ranks, he must have serious doubts about his popularity.

The erection of a monument to Thomas Starr King in the Golden Gate Park is a fitting memorial of one of the great men of a troublous time. There were many traitors in California during the Civil War, and Thomas Starr King did more than any other man to hold this State back from disloyalty. He was a great man and a good man. May California ever keep his memory green.

Wendell Easton, the Republican candidate for mayor, was educated in the public schools of this city, and entered business life as an office-boy. He has spent nearly all of his life here, and has gradually risen to wealth and prominence. His career here has been open to everybody. We think he is a good citizen and will make a good mayor. Further, we believe that all thoughtful men will vote for him, inasmuch as a division of the Republican vote between him and Ellert means the election of O'Donnell.

Jeremiah Lynch, of San Francisco, has declared war on "blue hooks," those gorgeous volumes which are supposed to separate the society sheep from the common, every-day goats. Mr. Lynch says that they—the "blue hooks"—"conjure up the spectre of aristocracy." Mr. Lynch should be calm. There is nothing aristocratic about the "blue hooks." Their only function, so far as most people can find out, is to serve as a means by which tradesmen can address circulars to individuals who do not read them. Their only rule of exclusion is equally simple—that everybody may be admitted to the "blue hook" who has not been in jail.

## "ARGONAUT" MUNICIPAL TICKET.

Mayor	WENDELL EASTON
Sheriff	HENRY H. SCOTT
Auditor	T. J. L. SMILEY
Recorder	E. B. READ
County Clerk	J. J. MORAN
Tax Collector	THOMAS O'BRIEN
Treasurer	J. H. WIDBER
District Attorney	WILLIAM S. BARNES
City and County Attorney	H. T. CRESWELL
Surveyor	CHARLES S. TILTON
Superintendent of Streets	THOMAS ASHWORTH
Coroner	DR. W. T. GARWOOD
Public Administrator	A. C. FREESE
Superior Judge (long term)	WILLIAM T. WALLACE
Superior Judge (long term)	F. W. VAN REYNOM
Superior Judge (long term)	CHARLES W. SLACK
Superior Judge (long term)	DUNCAN HAYNE
Superior Judge (unexpired term)	JOHN A. WRIGHT
Police Judge	CHARLES A. LOW
Police Judge	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
Police Judge	H. D. TALCOTT
Justice of the Peace	J. E. BARRY
Justice of the Peace	W. M. WILLET
Justice of the Peace	FRANK GRAY
Justice of the Peace	GEORGE P. GOFF
Justice of the Peace	FRANK H. DUNNE
Supervisor First Ward	EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor Second Ward	DANIEL ROGERS
Supervisor Third Ward	JOHN B. GARTLAND
Supervisor Fourth Ward	P. J. KENNEDY
Supervisor Fifth Ward	SANDS W. FORMAN
Supervisor Sixth Ward	B. P. FLINT
Supervisor Seventh Ward	LOUIS A. GARNETT
Supervisor Eighth Ward	WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN
Supervisor Ninth Ward	ALBERT HEYER
Supervisor Tenth Ward	HENRY P. SONNTAG
Supervisor Eleventh Ward	THOMAS J. PARSONS
Supervisor Twelfth Ward	JAMES DENMAN
School Director	F. J. FRENCH
School Director	F. A. HYDE
School Director	F. W. EATON
School Director	PELHAM W. AMES
School Director	C. W. DECKER
School Director	S. E. DUTTON
School Director	J. H. ROSEWALD
School Director	J. H. CULVER
School Director	C. A. CLINTON
School Director	Z. T. WHITTEN
School Director	ARTHUR F. CARM
School Director	JOHN J. D.



## TEDDY O'MARA'S CORSET.

A Sketch of City Life.

The announcement of the engagement of Teddy O'Mara to the rich widow McDonaghue would have caused less surprise in social circles if the circumstances which brought the courtship to a close had been more generally known. But both the *fiancés* had been discreet. It was known that Ted had been keeping company with the wealthy widow; but what had induced her to depart from her oft-expressed determination never to give Pat McDonaghue a successor was a mystery.

If Ted had been young and handsome, her choice might have been accounted for. But he was fifty if he was a quarter of an hour, and when he dropped a nickel in the slot, the arrow did not stay its motion till it had passed the point of two hundred and sixty. His circumference was longest at the equator. From that line it tapered up and down. Like so many other San Franciscans, Ted had once been rich, but having, in an ill-advised moment, resolved to get even with that grasping bonanza firm, he had left most of his coin on the bleak shore of Pine Street, and was eking out a small remainder of his fortune by precarious jobs as a real-estate and insurance-broker. His symptoms, as the homœopaths say, indicated marriage with a woman of means. And Teddy, who was jovial, good-tempered, and full of fun, did not despair of carrying conviction to the mind of one of the many California widows whose husbands had been judicious enough to die before they lost their money.

After much reconnoitering, he had fixed his glittering eye on Mrs. McDonaghue, whose husband had been killed in the Bloody Bootjack Mine just after he had struck pay ore; the widow sold her interest in the mine for a round million, and had lived sumptuously on the interest ever since, in a roomy house in the Mission. She had no children, but she could always find girls to accompany her to the park, or to the theatre, or to the watering-places in the season. Like Ted, she had run to adipose. None but the descendants of Longitharm could clasp her waist. Few chairs could sustain her weight. Her favorite seat was a sofa.

When she became aware that Teddy was paying her attention, with a view to matrimony, she told him that he was ridiculous.

"Misther O'Mara," said she, "there is no carriage built in which we two could sit side by side. If we walked the streets arrum and arrum, we'd push every one into the gutter."

"Misthress McDonaghue," said he, "av I could hold your warrum, plump hand in mine, the whole worruld might pitch into the gutter for anything I'd care."

But the widow had been so long weaned from thoughts of love that she laughed at Teddy's gush, and he made but little progress. He brought her flowers, which she sniffed without the least sense of gratitude to the donor. He brought her candies, which she gave to her girl friends. He brought her theatre tickets, which she accepted on condition that he was not to accompany her. "D'ye want," she would say, "to have us taken for freaks from the circus—the fat couple from Oireland, imported at great expinse?"

She was always glad to see him, asked him to dinner, and gave him old sherry which the late McDonaghue had laid in—a sound wine, which that rogue Ted loved; but when he tried to broach the subject of his hopes, she made fun of him. After a long campaign, he succeeded in obtaining the privilege of holding her hand. It was a pudgy hand, with short, stubby fingers; his own was fat, very fat, so that when he held hers, the clasped hands looked like two ohes mollusks glued together.

There were times when he despaired. But his circumstances were not improving, and he would not give up the game so long as he had not been actually shown the door.

One day, when he called, he was told that the widow had gone to Santa Cruz.

Happy thought! Why should not he go, too? The sea air opens the heart. At watering-places ladies pine for adoration. There is no business there. Everybody flirts, when any one can be found to flirt with. Women have nothing to do but to listen to words of love. He would go to Santa Cruz, in a brand new outfit of clothes, and would push his suit with new ardor. If the widow had any heart at all, he would find it. He was a good swimmer; he might have a chance of saving her life. At any rate he would show her what he could do in the foaming breakers. He would prove to her that he was not too old for love or for any other manly exercise.

It did not take him long after his arrival to ascertain that the widow bathed daily, and that she had several bathing-suits, of different colors, which she had brought down with her. At the hour she was expected, he appeared at the baths, and demanded a bathing-suit. The man who dispenses those garments looked at him doubtfully, and then called his wife, who also inspected him. Then said the man:

"I'm afraid we have no suit that will fit a gentleman of your size."

"Tut! nonsense!" replied Ted, "you must find a suit. My doctor orders me to take salt-water baths. My death may be on your head if you prevent me. I'll squeeze myself into any suit."

While the visitor was uttering these ejaculations, the man and his wife were consulting in whispers. Ted caught the last remark of the wife:

"I'd risk it. It's odds she won't come to-day. She said yesterday that bathing gave her a headache. If she does come, why we'll say the missing suit fell into the water, and is hanging out to dry."

"It goes," whispered the man. Then to the visitor: "I think you'll find what you want in 92. The boy will show you the way. It'll be fifty cents, for the suit is extra large."

The dressing-room was apparently a double one, and bathing-suits hung from a number of nails. Ted undressed

swiftly, and prepared to put on a blue suit, when he noticed a black object hanging on the wall. He took it down and identified it as a corset. He had seen corsets before. And he perceived at a glance that it was larger than any corset he had ever beheld, larger than would have been worn by any of the ladies he had been acquainted with in his youth. He was turning it round in his hands and puzzling over it when a ray of light burst into his mind. It must be—it was—a man's corset, built for corpulent bathers like himself. It was a delicate attention which the bathing-house keeper had paid him, and he had had the good taste not to refer to it verbally.

Teddy passed the corset round his fat chest and fastened the catches in front. The garment laced up behind, and Ted had wit enough to draw the stay-lace tight and to knot the ends. Except that it was rather baggy in the upper portion of the front, it fitted him very well, and gave him what he had not had for years—a waist. Hastily donning the rest of his bathing-clothes he was soon in the water, waiting for the widow.

She tried his patience sorely, and when she came there was a dark cloud on her brow. But Ted was so full of good-humor and cracked so many jokes that the cloud evaporated, and presently the widow was enjoying herself, as Ted lifted her over the breakers in his stalwart arms. She had no idea he was so strong, nor had she the least idea that he had so good a figure. In his ordinary costume, he was actually shapeless. But now a manly chest swelled from a fairly proportioned waist, and the widow could not deny that, so far as appearance went, he was a proper man.

One tremendous breaker came which tested his muscle; but he lifted the widow over it at the cost of the buttons on his tunic. Through the indiscreet aperture thus made, the widow's eye discerned an inner garment which was black.

Sputtering from her immersion, she pointed with a dark scowl to the object, and asked:

"What is that?"

"Ah! ha!" jauntily replied Ted; "ha! part of my bathing-costume—made for me expressly by my tailor on Montgomery Street."

The lady vouchsafed no reply, but went out of the water, hastily walked up the beach, and took the direction of her bathing-room. Ted, who had been so long in the water that he was chilled through, and whose fun ended with Dulcinea's departure, followed her example. He ascended the steps, walked along the corridor, noting the numbers on the doors till he came to 92. The door resisted a slight pressure from his hand, but a vigorous shove from his shoulder threw it open, and he stood inside.

A piercing female shriek divided the air, and Mr. O'Mara's horrified gaze beheld Mrs. McDonaghue, still fully equipped in her bathing-suit, sitting on the bench, with his trousers in her hand.

"Get out of this, you haste!" she screamed.

"I'll get out fast enough," said he; "but I'd like to know what you are doing in my bathing-room."

"It's not yours; it's mine. And if you don't go, I'll call the police."

"I swear I hired this room of the keeper a few minutes ago."

"I tell you it's mine, hired by the week."

"Perhaps you'll be telling me, swate Mrs. O'Donaghue, that those are your trousers you have in your purty hand."

"You are a brute," cried the widow, flourishing the male garment—"a brute and a thafe, too; for that corset you're wearing is mine, though you did have it made expressly for you in Montgomery Street."

A suspicion of the mistake began to dawn on Ted's mind.

"The thundering villain," he muttered. "I'll break every bone in his body."

"Are you going, Mr. O'Mara," cried the widow, in a more subdued tone, "or shall I scame murder?"

"And bring the crowd round us?" not unadroitly suggested Ted. "How can I go when you have my trousers in your hand?"

"Here are your dirty old clothes," said the widow, gathering them up, and throwing them at him.

"Thanks," replied Ted, quite politely. "And, by the way, as you lay claim to this corset, shall I take it off? I don't know that I am able to unlace it without assistance."

"Go! Go! Brute! Fiend! Villain!" and the widow, whose muscular strength was not to be despised, pushed him out of the bathing-room.

It is not to be supposed that this animated colloquy escaped the ears of the bathers. The keeper of the bathing-house, for prudential reasons of his own, did not put in an appearance on the battle-field, and when Teddy, having resumed his proper attire, visited the office and expressed a desire to have a few moments conversation with him, his wife declared that he had gone to Soquel and would not be back for a day or two. But quite a number of gentlemen and ladies were consumed with curiosity to know the cause of so warm a controversy, the prevailing opinion being that the fat Irishman had been guilty of crimes for which death would have been too lenient a penalty. Nothing but his decidedly belligerent air prevented his being called upon by by-standers for an explanation.

When Mrs. McDonaghue reappeared in street-costume and accompanied Mr. O'Mara to the hotel, the women followed the couple with sarcastic looks, and one small boy was heard to cry:

"Jumbo and his wife!"

When they reached the widow's sitting-room, she burst into a paroxysm of tears, and sobbed:

"What am I to do?"

"The situation," said Ted, "must be admitted to be embarrassing."

"You were seen by lots of people in my bathing-room when I was in bathing-costume."

"I am afraid I was."

"And they probably heard you ask me to hand you your trousers."

"As well as your remark about my wearing your corset."

"Oh! oh! oh!" sobbed the lady; "there is nothing left for me but to commit suicide. I can never hold up my head again. It will be all over San Francisco next week. Au Norah will hear of it and will come and condole with me—the crocodile—and I would rather he dead than confess it to Father Ballerty. I'll wait till night and then drown myself off the pier."

"I am afraid, Mrs. McDonaghue, that after the—little—notoriety you acquired this morning, the boys would follow you and fish you out. Let me make a suggestion. Suppose, instead of worrying yourself about this ridiculous accident, you consent to marry me. Then everything would be plain itself."

There was a long pause which Ted was too wise to interrupt.

"If I marry you," said the widow, "it will be solely and wholly in order not to be laughed at for this morning's adventure."

"My darling," said Ted, triumphantly, "account for the fact in any way you please, so long as you do marry me."

And the fat man embraced the fat woman as far as his arms would reach.

Thus it was that the social columns of the papers announced that a marriage had been arranged between Edward O'Mara, Esq., formerly of the Stock Exchange and Mrs. Bridget McDonaghue, widow of the late Patrick McDonaghue, Esq., formerly of the Bloody Bootjack Mine. The happy couple will spend the honeymoon in Italy.

SAN FRANCISCO, October, 1892. JOHN BONNER.

## SEA SONGS.

## A Sailor's Wife.

Oh, he goes away singing,  
Singing over the sea!  
Oh, he comes again, bringing  
Joy and himself to me!  
Down through the rosemary hollows  
And up the wet beach I ran,  
My heart in a flutter follows  
The flight of my sailor-man.

Fie on a husband sitting  
Still in the house at home!  
Give me a mariner, flitting  
And flashing over the foam!  
Give me a voice resounding  
The songs of the breezy main!  
Give me a free heart bounding  
Evermore hither and again!

Coming is better than going;  
But never was queen so grand  
As I, while I watch him blowing  
Away from the lazy land.  
I have wedded an ocean rover,  
And with him I own the sea;  
Yet over the waves come over  
And anchor, my lad, by me.

Hark to his billowy laughter,  
Blithe on the homeward tide!  
Hark to it, heart, up and after;  
Off to the harbor side;  
Down through the rosemary hollow  
And over the sand-hills, light  
And swift as a sea-bird, follow;  
And ho! for a sail in sight!

—The New Moon.

## The Ships of Melton.

How sail the ships to Melton,  
That lieth far and fair,  
And dream-like in the heaven  
Where skies are calm and clear?  
With blown sails leaning whitely,  
Sure-winged 'neath storm or star;  
They straightly steer, for still they hear  
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton,  
Within whose cots of white  
Love dreams of love and listens  
For footsteps in the night?  
Like gulls, their glad way winging,  
They speed from lands afar;  
For still they hear, in music clear,  
The love bells o'er the bar.

How sail the ships to Melton?  
Love-blown across the foam;  
For still the sea sings ever  
The songs of love and home;  
Nor spicy isles with splendid smiles  
Can win their sails afar,  
While softly swells that chime of bells,  
The love bells o'er the bar.

Oh, ships that sail to Melton,  
With captains glad and grand;  
The stars that light the ocean  
Are the stars that light the land;  
But say for me, adrift at sea  
On lonely wrecks afar:  
My heart still hears and dreaming hears  
The love bells on the bar!

—Atlanta Constitution.

## Mourners by the Sea.

By the side of the sea three mourners pale  
Sat idly watching an idle sail.

"Where sank your ship?" One turned her head,  
"By the sweet Spice-Islands it lies," she said.

"And often I fancy on days like these  
Their breath floats to me o'er southern seas."

"Where sank your ship?" "By tempests tossed,  
On a shore of amber and pearls 'twas lost."

"Oh, often I dream of its beautiful bed,  
And the rainbow gleams that are round it shed!"

"Where sank your ship?" "O wane, white face,  
Does she know not then her lost love's place?"

"My ship sank not," she said, and cast  
A tiny shell on the waters vast.

No balmy odors nor gems of price  
Her dreams to its resting-place entice;  
Her ship lies frozen in Arctic ice.

—Christian Register.



## THE NEW ITALIAN OPERA.

Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana" and the Milan School.

The recent performances of "Cavalleria Rusticana" at a local theatre and the announcement that a dramatic version of "L'Amico Fritz" is to be presented here next week has aroused a lively interest in the young composer of those operas. It is an interest, however, that is not easily satisfied. Pietro Mascagni has so recently leaped into prominence that he can scarcely be said to have a history. He was born twenty-seven years ago in a small Italian town; of his parentage and career up to the time of his first marvelous success no word has come to us across the ocean.

Three years ago, Edoardo Sonzogno, a wealthy music-publisher in Milan, instituted a competition among native composers for the best one-act operetta. Among those who competed was Pietro Mascagni. He had on hand several untried compositions, and from them he selected "Cavalleria Rusticana" to enter for the prize. It was originally written in two acts, but the *intermezzo* was interjected to bridge over the brief interval and so bring the composition within the requirements of the competition. Its success was instantaneous; and within a few months it had been beard and applauded in all the capitals of Europe and in several American cities.

But even had it not been beard outside of Italy, it would still deserve to rank among the most notable compositions of the century, for it has given a fresh impulse and a new direction to Italian operatic compositions. Concerning its success, and the new school it has inaugurated, W. von Sachs writes to the New York Sun: "For years Italy had ceased to be counted among those countries whence valuable additions to the repertoires of European opera-houses might be counted upon; for, though an occasional work—like Verdi's 'Otello,' Boito's 'Mefistofele,' or Ponchielli's 'Gioconda'—appeared from time to time, it was but as the single swallow, whose advent betokens no summer. In the midst of what, for the outer world at least, had come to be regarded as the Italian musical sterility of nowadays, appeared the epoch-making *opusculum* of Mascagni."

The new school of Italian opera—for "Cavalleria Rusticana" has influenced all later compositions and has instituted what is called the "Milan school"—has deserted the light and pleasing style of Bellini and Donizetti for a fuller orchestral treatment, a fact that was strongly brought out in the *stagione*, or season, of Italian opera at the recent International Musical and Theatrical Exhibition of Vienna. And by "Italian opera" must be understood in this case only those new works which owe their birth and existence to Sonzogno, the music-publisher. He it is who instituted the competition for one-act operas in which the "Cavalleria" took the prize; he, through whose influence the work was sung in all the opera-houses of Italy, who having attached to himself a number of young composers at the outset of their careers, is ready to further their aims and ambitions by every means at the disposal of a very rich man. The chief interest of the *stagione* centered in Mascagni, to the detriment of his less illustrious confrères. As often as the young maestro conducted, the theatre was crowded—indeed, Vienna, which in past years has frequently been honored by the visits of all the celebrities in the tone world, can not recall a single instance of any composer who has been so much the object of general interest as Pietro Mascagni. Wherever he goes, he is followed by those seeking an interview or an autograph.

An interesting result of Mascagni's conducting his two works is noted by Mr. von Sachs. He says: "While the authoritative 'Cavalleria' revealed no beauties that had not been fully apparent in the admirable performances of the work that had previously been heard at the Vienna Opera House, 'L'Amico Fritz' came much in the nature of a revelation, dependent as it is in so large a measure on the manner in which the orchestra, both as to rhythm and instrumentation, is treated. Less spontaneous than the 'Cavalleria,' 'Amico Fritz' is much the more musically work. The young maestro's visit opened the ears of his auditors to many of the unsuspected merits of 'L'Amico Fritz.' There was, on the other hand, little new or revolutionary in the performance of the 'Cavalleria Rusticana'—certain *tempi*, notably in Turridu's drinking-song, were taken much slower than one had been accustomed to hear them, but the general effect, contrary to expectations, was not a whit more powerful or moving because of the maestro's presence."

Ruggero Leoncavalli is, after Mascagni, the most interesting personality of the new school. While Mascagni represents a brilliant natural endowment, educated rather by contact with the storm and stress of real life than by a vigorous system of study, Leoncavalli, on the other hand, has superadded to a thorough technical training a course of artistic education unusually prologued and complete. He is a disciple, though not a pupil, of Boito, in that he presents, like that remarkable genius, a complete type of the cultured and fastidious artist—being poet and antiquarian not less than musician. He is a Neapolitan, a graduate of the Naples Conservatorio, and took his *diploma di maestro* at the age of seventeen. Not long afterward he completed an opera on the subject of Chatterton. "Tommaso Chatterton" was to have been produced at Bologna, but the management suddenly collapsed. Being an enthusiastic worker, however, with singularly lofty aims, he conceived the idea of a colossal trilogy on no less a subject than the Italian Renaissance. He determined to be his own poet; and in order to prepare for the task, he resolutely entered on a long course of travel and study—historical, literary, and musical. Rome, Florence, Venice, and other Italian towns furnished him with subject-matter. Germany, Paris, and England brought him abreast of modern art and musical thought. So he traveled and studied for seven years, seeing men and cities, gathering knowledge and experience, and shaping it all to his great project. The trilogy is now complete, but to get a work of such dimensions produced one must have a name, and this difficulty Leoncavalli proceeded to surmount in a systematic

way. He wrote and composed a tragic opera in one act, which is called "Pagliacci," or "Clowns," and exhibits dramatic power of a high order. The story, as told in the *St. James's Gazette*, is as follows:

"The scene is a Calabrian village, the period about twenty years ago. The characters, five in number, consist of a young peasant, Silvio, and the members of a little troupe of travelling comedians, the 'Clowns.' Canio, the leading clown, and Nedda, the colombine, are man and wife. She, of course, is pretty; he, jealous. The whole point of the piece lies in the contrast between the comedy of the stage and the tragedy of real life; the two are woven together with great art and thrilling effect. The key-note is struck early in the action. Canio, the leader, announces a grand performance. Tonio, the 'fool' of the company, offers his hand with theatrical gallantry to Nedda, to help her down from the chariot; but is snuffed aside by Canio, and disappears very angry. Presently, on being called by Canio, he refuses to come, and a peasant remarks in joke that he is stopping behind to make love to Nedda, to which Canio answers, between jest and earnest:

'Un tal gioco, credetemi, è meglio non giocarlo  
Con me, miei cari; e a Tonio, e un poco a tutti o parlo.  
Il teatro e la vita non son la stessa cosa.'

That is the point; they are really playing two parts, a true and a theatrical one. Tonio is really in love with Nedda, and presently, when the others have gone, he approaches her with his overtures. She derides and at last strikes him. Then he retires and watches her. She has an illicit affection for the young peasant Silvio, who appears, and a passionate scene follows between them, ending in her consenting to fly with him. Canio, summoned by Tonio, rushes in. Silvio just escapes over the wall. Canio seizes Nedda and demands the name of her lover. She refuses to tell; and he is on the point of stashing her, when a member of the company stops him. There the real tragedy breaks off to make way again for the stage comedy. They appear on the boards and enact almost the same scene in jest. Colombine has an intrigue with Harlequin, while the Clown plays the jealous husband. It is perilously near truth. At one moment Colombine has to utter the identical words that Canio overheard just before. Then he loses himself, and the comedy becomes merged in tragedy. He and Nedda are in earnest, recalling themselves momentarily to the play with difficulty. The situation grows more intense; the audience, not understanding, roars with delight at the realistic acting. In the end Canio kills Nedda on the stage; she calls to Silvio, who is in the audience, for help; he rushes forward, and Canio strikes him down before the horrified spectators, who at length grasp the situation. Canio, stupefied at his own act, lets the knife drop, and Tonio comes forward and says quietly to the audience: 'La commedia è finita!'

This announcement is made after a fashion that suggests at once the "Turridu is dead" of the "Cavalleria," while the orchestra, in a powerful *tutti*, brings in conclusion once more the most significant musical phrase of the work. Of the musical character of the work, Mr. von Sachs says: "In the condensed, picturesque action of this opera, an evident attempt to reproduce the more striking characteristics of Mascagni's first work is to be noted, while many of its best accredited musical qualities are reproduced, though without a sacrifice of originality, in a manner altogether self-apparent. Some of the more pleasing numbers in the score, notably the music accompanying the pantomime, are delightfully tuneful, a *serenata d'Arlecchino* deserving special mention. It is a work of decided interest, and one that is bound to make its way in the world. Like Mascagni, Leoncavalli's acquaintance with Wagner's works must evidently be more than a superficial one."

The tendency to realism in both plot and music is very marked in the disciples of this new school. Leopoldo Muzzone is represented by a melodramatic sketch, "Il Birichino" ("The Street Urchin"), in which what plot there is tells of the attempted suicide of a mother, dragged in time from under the wheels of a passing train by a street urchin, who turns out to be her son. "Every-day characters in homeliest of every-day attire," writes Mr. von Sachs, "singing, or rather declaiming, music that sacrifices all other qualities to an attempt to be baldly dramatic, is not an art-form likely to possess any permanent or general value, however interesting it may be to the student of musical development in a country famed for that very quality of sweet melodiousness which the new school appears utterly to condemn."

The furthest incursion into the domain of realism has been attempted by Umberto Giordano, with his opera "Mala Vita" ("A Sinful Life"), that, in spite of a well-nigh revolting libretto, made as powerful an impression in Vienna as in Naples, where it was first produced. The story, by the side of which "La Traviata" is a chaste and delicate love idyl, is as follows:

"Vito, a young artisan, having ruined his health by dissipation and riotous living, is at the point of death; and, as is often the habit in Naples, makes a vow that if his life is spared he will devote it to the improvement not only of his own morals, but, by marrying a woman as lapses as himself, to the rehabilitation of her virtue as well. Chance at once throws in his way an erring creature, Cristina, by name, about whose *mala vita* there can be even less question than about his own. The flesh, however, once more proves weak, and hardly restored to health the young prodigal returns to his former love, Amalia, whose only excuse for her infidelity to her husband is that the latter is content to allow his wife to go her way while he goes his. Cristina, realizing that Vito will not keep his vow, returns to her former life, from which she finds no escape."

This conclusion proved too realistic even for the none too fastidious public of Naples, and, obedient to very openly expressed dissent, it was altered by making Cristina die of a broken heart. "Even with this resolution of the dramatic knot," writes Mr. von Sachs, "the libretto, by reason of its crassness, as well as because of the worthless characters introduced, is wholly unworthy of the striking treatment the composer has bestowed on it. Talent is evidenced on every page of the score, and talent, moreover, of a more than usual order. Indeed, it does not seem too much to say that none of the young 'Milanese school' gives greater promise of accomplishing valuable work in the future." Like his colleagues, Giordano has taken Mascagni as his model, even to the extent of introducing an *intermezzo* in the second act, after the precedent of the "Cavalleria."

With all that Mascagni has done, and with all the adulation that is being showered upon him, his unassuming modesty is a pleasure to contemplate. He has been talking very sensibly to the London *Times's* Vienna correspondent and attributes the success of "Cavalleria Rusticana" to its terseness and rapidity of dramatic action. Mascagni does not consider himself a musical innovator. All he claims for himself is that his opera "Cavalleria Rusticana" has encouraged other young composers to deal with realistic subjects. He is of opinion that, in consequence of the great revival of music in Italy, art will take an important step forward within a few years.

## GOTHAM GOSSIP.

The Babble of New York, as Set down by "Flaneur."

Just as society has got over its headache from the Columbian fêtes, a new excitement has broken out in the shape of a social revolution. It is proposed to depose Ward McAllister from his post of social autocrat, and to put another Petronius in his place. McAllister has been unpopular for some time. He made himself ridiculous with his book, and in the long war between the Astors and the Vanderbilts, he took the wrong side. As everybody knows, the Vanderbilts came out victorious, and ever since then the author of "Society as I have Found It" has carried on his back, like the turtles, an invisible placard—"Soup to-morrow." Mr. Astor's death has involved the temporary retirement of his widow from society, and it is proposed to take advantage of her absence to consign her life-long ally to the ranks. Upon the choice of a successor—for the throne can not be allowed to be vacant for an hour—society is not agreed. One candidate is Harry Le Grand Cannon, who married several millions, and has just taken Mrs. Hopkins-Searles's splendid mansion on the corner of Twelfth Street and Fifth Avenue. He is experienced and popular, and proposes to entertain sumptuously. Another is T. J. Oakley Rhinelander, a blue-blooded Knickerbocker, who is rich, and spends his summers in his schloss on the Rhine. But the most likely aspirant for the vacant throne is Elisha Dyer, Jr.

This gentleman is known as Elisha the Third, as he is the representative of the third generation of the Dyers who have moved in society. He is thirty-three, handsome, cultured, but moneyless. This defect he repaired by marrying the divorced wife of Mr. Swan, a Baltimorean, with millions. Mr. Dyer was a lounge about town when he met a little German Jew named Adolf Ladenburg, who was a rich banker consumed with a desire to be admitted to society. The story goes that the pair made a bargain: Ladenburg was to admit Dyer to his firm, with a decent share of the profits, and Dyer was to get Mr. and Mrs. Ladenburg into society. The compact was faithfully carried out. The little German Jew figures at the reunions of the Four Hundred and Dyer has a desk in the banking-house of Ladenburg, Thalman & Co.

Mr. McAllister's partner in social sovereignty—Mrs. Paron Stevens, or Mrs. Paraffine Stewpan, as the vulgar call her—is also occupying considerable public attention, in consequence of the attachment of her carriages by her grocer. Society has generally taken the lady's side and anathematized the brutal dealer in soap and sugar; but, after all, it seems that Mrs. Stevens would not pay her grocery bill, and that the grocer had no choice but to appeal to the law to collect his dues. A grocer is, of course, a paltry personage in comparison with a lady whose daughter attracted the smiles of the Prince of Wales before she married Alfred Paget, and who, in her proper person, carries the key of the door through which young men are admitted to society, as McAllister carries the key of the door through which debutantes pass. But, all said and done, a grocer is a human being, and if his bills are not paid, how are Mrs. Grocer and all the Misses Grocers to get their *pâte*?

The hunting season has met with a back-set in the death of Charlie Cottenet, of the Meadowbrook Hunting Club. He was riding furiously, as his custom was, when he was thrown from his horse and instantly killed, just as poor Sammy Sands was a few years ago at the same bunt. In England, whose hunting fashions we are borrowiog, the death of a rider attracts little attention; everybody remembers the man who said to his friend: "Don't look back; there's a woman who has fallen into the ditch. If you notice her, we'll have to go and pull her out." Even Guy Livingstone's fall from Axeine did not stop the hunt. But in this country we have not got calloused to the spectacle of death in the midst of frolic. "Little Minch," as Cottenet was called, was a general favorite, and his untimely end has gone as far as anything could to throw a cloud over social circles. By and bye, we shall cultivate stiffer nerves; the American of the twentieth century will probably intersperse his cries of "Yoicks! Tallyho!" with "Ha! Man down! Broke his neck! Forward!"

So far as balls and dinners are concerned, the coming season is going to vie with any former season. Never were so many or more brilliant entertainments in prospect. "But the show for music is poor. The owners of the burned opera-house refuse to rebuild it. It appears that there is no other ball in the city sufficiently well constructed, with due regard to acoustics, to accommodate an audience of the élite. The old house was in many respects perfection. Everybody could hear and almost everybody could see. It beld all the people who want to pay high prices for good opera, and it was not crowded with the other sort. It never paid. No first-class Italian opera ever does pay, except in Germany and Italy, where the artists get a few dollars a week and the price of admission is adjusted to the purse of the butcher, and baker, and candlestick-maker. In France, the government, in England, the nobility, and, in New York, a few rich men have supported the opera; but now that the New York house is gone, it will take some coaxing to get Cæsar to unloose his purse-strings once more. The Casino is also threatened with an eclipse. The vaudeville which Aronson has been producing do not draw; people are tired of variety shows. He is now trying four eccentric French dancers—very French, indeed—and he hopes that when all the people come back to the city, he may fill his house."

Everybody is talking about B. C. Porter's portrait of Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger. It is really a fine picture; Porter says it is the best thing he has done. It is a half-length, in full face, in an oval frame painted on the canvas; the drapery is slipping from the left shoulder, and the corsage is so low that one forgets Mrs. Cruger's genius in rapt admiration of her charms.

NEW YORK, October 20, 1892.

FLANEUR.



## THE DEAD MISTRESS.

Charles Harcourt was one of the most intrepid *habitués* of the Château Rouge and La Grande Chaumière; in fact, of all those choreographic establishments which the Parisian *grisette* visits regularly, in order to lose her heart—and, not infrequently, her rosy cheeks and the freshness of her youth.

Harcourt pretended to study medicine, and it was among these pretty girls—sellers of flowers, embroiderers of linen, and painters' models—that he managed to forget the terrors of the hospital and the scenes of the surgical amphitheatre. Charles Harcourt had just arrived at the time of life when a soft down shows on the lip, when love knocks at the breast, and when the heart resembles a lusty tree, full of vigor, from which has fallen as yet neither leaf nor fruit.

The trombones of the orchestra roar, like thunder on a stormy sea; the violins scream, like sea-gulls above the waves; the music rolls and growls, like some hungry beast. All is confusion. White shoulders and gold lace gleam through the heavy air. The innocent and the guilty dance the saraband together in the same delirious motion. Champagne flows in sparkling rivers; slender glasses are broken; wild cries rise to the sky; the drunken fall, only to be ruthlessly shoved from the path—the cancan has begun!

While the dancers turn and whirl, advancing wildly and as wildly retreating, far in a corner sits a slender girl, watching the dance with an air of sadness. Her mournful eyes follow the crazy motions of the crowd with astonishment, and a light sigh moves the folds of mull on her breast. In the midst of this indescribable confusion, this pell mell of figures and voices, appears that of a handsome boy of twenty-two, remarkable for his vivacity and the boldness of his speech and gesture. Finally, when the violins have ended their agonizing cries and the lamps are dying before the oncoming daylight, this boy, whom his friends salute as Harcourt, leaves the ball, a new conquest upon his arm; it is the slender brunette of the corner.

Charles Harcourt appeared no more at the balls of the Latin Quarter, but spent his days at L'Ecole de Médecine, passing his first examinations with distinction. In one of those fascinating little houses—such as Beranger pretends to have inhabited at twenty—Charles made his home, guarding jealously the dangerous happiness of a union contracted without the help of *le maire* and which is called morganatic to avoid the use of a less delicate phrase.

His conquest of the ball was named Mina. She was a good and affectionate child, and, in spite of the anacreontic quadrilles of the Latin Quarter, she was innocent. She had kept her heart intact. It was her sole economy. Charles and Mina loved one another like two of La Fontaine's doves. But Mina was a consumptive, and Charles read with affright the death of his happiness in the paling face of his beloved.

His care of her was untiring; but this implacable malady never releases, and soon, in a kiss, Charles received his mistress's last sigh. Mina died in the hospital; her long illness having exhausted their feeble resources, and Charles had the cruel courage to deliver the body of his beloved to the investigations of the pathologist. He wished to pursue, even in the flesh, this rival who had killed her. He made use of a cynical usage to preserve the skull. This, with a plaster mask molded upon the emaciated body of the dead girl, was all that remained to him. Mina's loss affected Charles profoundly. Out of a character, frivolous and careless, devoted only to coarse pleasures, had grown a deep and serious love. This honest and generous affection had stifled the germs of evil. Mina dead, he was seized as by a vertigo, and he plunged into the abyss. He found himself face to face with evil, and threw to this monster the rest of his youth.

In this ocean of false pleasures, the remembrance of Mina was drowned, and a petulant little *grisette*, called Mariette, took her place. One night in November, Mariette and one of her friends, Charles, and one of his companions, were together in a little house on the Rue Grès. The night was cold and sinister; masses of heavy clouds were driven across a gray sky, the moon showed her mournful face only at intervals, sudden showers beat upon the windows, and the wind howled at the cracks. These four young people drank and sang, unaffected by the storm and their strange environment. It was the strange medley of the student's life that showed in the small room, here signs of work, and there the broken bottles of a drinking bout. A small table held a dried *tibia*, a pile of medical works, some empty wine bottles, and some articles of the toilet. There, too, was the plaster cast of the dead Mina, a figure slender to meagreness, the eyes cavernous and empty, the lips distorted into a painful smile, the plaster discolored by the kisses placed upon those lips in eternal farewell. Upon the chimney were a candle, a small clock, and a human skull. At one side, a tiny couch, on the walls, racks for pipes and some cheap lithographs. Mariette and her friend Rose lounged about in untidy dishabille, Earnest made a pretense of study, while Charles, dulled by the warm and heavy air of the room, leaned on the long table in silence. It was a group worthy of the brush of Callot.

"What is the matter with Charles?" cried Ernest, shutting his book noisily; "he is as sober as a merchant."

"He is thinking of Mina," said Mariette, bitterly.

"When a mistress is burned, that ought to end the affair," said Rose, decidedly.

"But often, even when I am here, I find him sitting before that plaster cast," said Mariette, sullenly.

"Oh, it's perfectly platonic," laughed Ernest.

"Bah!" said Rose; "you don't object to a plaster rival, do you?"

"To the health of Mina," cried Ernest.

Charles looked up quickly. These jibes cut him to the heart.

"Mina was a good girl," he said.

"That remains to be seen," cried Mariette; "I am a good girl, too, am I not?"

"You will be when you are dead," mocked Ernest.

"Charles," cried Mariette, "confess that you love Mina still!"

"No; I do not!"

"More than you love me?"

"No! no! I love you."

"Very well, then, prove it. There is that horrid skull that you keep as a sacred relic. I've seen it grinning up there long enough. Let us make the punch in it!"

"Ah, that's an original idea!" cried Ernest; "Mariette, you have the imagination of a poet."

"So be it, then," said Charles, and rising, he placed the skull in the middle of the table.

"I am the one to light it," said Mariette, triumphantly, pouring the liquor into this ghastly cup.

Suddenly the punch was afire, the tongues of blue flame mixing amorously with the smoke of the cigars. An odor, deadly and mephitic, exhaled from the skull. Phosphorescent flames rose and fell in strange colors of decay, and the smoke rose in purple spirals into the air. Charles felt a shiver clutch him in its cold fingers from head to foot. Mariette showed her teeth in the horrible joy of a secured vengeance. The rain fell heavily outside, the windows shook. Little by little drunkenness overcame these ribald beings who jested with the sacred mysteries of death. Then Mariette began to sing a song composed by Charles for Mina, mockingly begging him not to weep.

As Charles heard the words of the song chanted in her pitiless voice, his heart beat fast, something rose in his throat, his voice failed, and his head fell heavily forward upon the table. His sudden movement overturned the skull, and the burning brandy touched the thin folds of Mariette's dress. Her awful cry of terror was lost in the flames which enveloped her.

Charles, overcome by drunkenness, remained in a delirious condition. Idiotic cries burst from his lips, and, in spite of himself, he rested his eyes upon the mask of plaster, whose eyes remained fixed upon his with a steady persistence that held his own. He began to repeat the words of his early love and those of Mina when she was happy with him, and finally those that she had uttered when she felt the end of all their happiness approaching: "I love you so dearly, my beloved one. I can not give you up. I shall come back sometimes at night to speak to you." Feverish and trembling he drank greedily the last glass of punch at his elbow. Suddenly the cast detached itself from the wall and came forward through the clouds of smoke. He felt the sweat start from every pore. A sigh fell upon the air; he felt it pass his cheek, moist and terrible, a breath from the tomb. A cry struggled to his lips, but died there. His voice choked in his throat. The figure approached, and the student recognized the beloved of his youth. Silent tears were flowing from the hollow sockets of the eyes, and, as she bent toward him, Charles felt her lips upon his forehead—lips as hard and cold as marble. Then the phantom raised her hand, pointing with her skeleton finger to the clock, which was at the stroke of three. As Charles felt his heart fail in his breast and his veins turn to ice, the vision faded.

Day was just beginning; the first rays of a bright sun lit up the windows of the little room in the Rue Grès. Charles awoke from a profound sleep. He looked about sleepily upon the confusion which surrounded him and endeavored to recall the events of the past night.

"These glasses and empty bottles, that is natural," he muttered, "and I have slept here on the table, drunk, of course, but—what time is it?"

He walked dizzily to the chimney. The hands were at the hour of three and the clock had stopped. He remembered the frightful vision of the night and the accident to Mariette, and he hurried to the adjoining room.

"Mariette, Mariette!" he cried. Nobody answered. Charles opened the door violently. Ernest and Rose were upon their knees beside the bed.

"Mariette!" cried Charles.

"She is dead," replied Ernest.

"Dead?"

"Yes, at three o'clock."

"Mina is avenged," said Charles, sinking upon his knees.

—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French of Frederic de Reiffenberg by M. D. L.

One of the foremost educators of the Pacific Coast is James Denman, who is the candidate of the Democratic party for supervisor from the twelfth ward. Mr. Denman needs no eulogy, as his past record before the public speaks for itself. He is a pioneer of the days of '49 and was one of the first public-school teachers here. He has been principal of several grammar schools, one of which bears his name, has served twice as superintendent of schools, and for one term was a member of the board of education. The present nomination was entirely unsolicited, and his election seems a foregone conclusion.

In voting for Thomas J. L. Smiley for the position of auditor no mistake can be made, and it is one of the best nominations of the Republican party. He is the present incumbent and his record has been honorable and spotless. The auditor has been well termed "the watch-dog of the treasury," and in these times it requires a man of Mr. Smiley's calibre to attend to the manifold duties of the office. He has the respect, esteem, and confidence of the business element of the city, and his reflection will meet with their approval.

Mr. Wendell Easton makes the following statement over his signature: "I am under no obligations or promises of any name or nature, and if elected I shall be a free agent absolutely, and my interests in the community personally, as well as those of a large tax-payer, must be a guarantee that my policy will be 'progression and prudence.'" It is not probable that any one believes that Mr. Easton is pledged to any boss, but if so, this statement should dispel such a belief.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Collecting old china is Miss Braddon's hobby, and in her bouse at Richmond, near London, she has a series of well-stocked china cabinets.

Professor E. C. Monroe, who has recently accepted the chair of chemistry at the Columbian University at Washington, once had a fright in the laboratory which suddenly turned his hair white.

Ouida is said to be so proud of her small and beautifully shaped hands and feet that in summer and winter, out-of-doors and in the house, she wears sleeves that fall just below the elbow, and thin, low-cut slippers.

The Princess Marie Bibesco swam across the Bosphorus recently, the first female Leander on record. She was accompanied by her brother-in-law, and arrived on the Asiatic side of the Hellespont three minutes before he did.

John Jacob Astor has "entered journalism"—at least to the extent of being elected a director of the *Rider and Driver*, a weekly paper devoted to horsemanship, and it is announced that he further shows his interest by writing for it.

Ex-Governor Henry E. Hoyt, of Pennsylvania, while leading a charge into Fort Fisher, twenty-eight years ago, was captured and disarmed. He has now received his sword back again through the courtesy of the Confederate lieutenant to whom he surrendered it.

Miss Harriet Moore, of Chicago, is said to have secured Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll as counsel in her proposed suit against the New York *World* for publishing, without permission, her commemorative ode, written for the dedicatory services of the Columbian Exposition.

That gifted but unappreciated genius, Oscar Wilde, who lately shook the dust of England from his feet and went to France to live, turned up at an art-show in the New Gallery, in London, a few days ago. The *Pall Mall Gazette* sarcastically observes that "he was heard speaking English quite fluently."

How variously Tennyson was regarded is shown in the appellations given to him. These included: "The Poet of Luxury," "The Poet of Romanticism," "The Poet of Feudalism," "The Poet of Idealism," "The Poet of Languor," "The Poet of Love," "The Poet of the Aristocracy," and "The Poet of Classicism."

Renan was wont to say that he was loved by the four women whose affection he valued above all others—his mother, his sister, his wife, and his daughter. "I often fancy," he said, "that the judgments which will be passed upon us in the Valley of Jehoshaphat will be neither more nor less than those of women, countersigned by the Almighty."

M. Paulus is amazed at the audacity of a Mlle. Paulucette, who claims to be his daughter and who has been singing for some time in Germany. "I have never sung in Germany myself," he says in a letter to the French press, "and I therefore protest forcibly against the exhibition which this lady, who says she is my daughter, is giving there."

The Empress Eugénie has sold by auction her once favorite residence at Biarritz, the Villa Eugénie. The building, a magnificent one, in the style of Louis the Fourteenth, is surrounded by a splendid park, and it was valued at eighty thousand dollars, but sold for a little more. It was bought on commission by a Paris firm of bankers, it is believed for the Grand Duke Wladimir.

Lady Tennyson was the niece of Sir John Franklin. Her maiden name was Emily Sellwood. Years ago, before honors fell heavily, she was a notable housewife. Her husband was proud of her achievements, and once said to a friend: "If I can't earn our living by poetry, Mrs. Tennyson makes a capital tea-biscuit. The Tennyson tea-biscuit can be depended on to make us a fortune."

Lady Burton, the widow of the late Sir Richard Burton, lives in an ivy-clad cottage at Mortlake, on the Thames, near London. The gate bears the simple but pathetic inscription, "Our Cottage." To be near her husband's last resting-place she took the little house, for it is within a stone's throw of the beautiful cemetery attached to the Roman Catholic Church, and there is the quaintly fashioned mortuary where Sir Richard Burton is buried.

The friendship of the queen and Albani, the singer, is certainly a pretty episode in the life of royalty. The English journals have recently recorded, with all the circumstance that attends the queen's movements, her driving over to Old Mar Lodge, where Mme. Albani is now living, to take tea and muffins with her favorite singer. The queen took with her the Princess Alice's children, now visiting her. Miss la Jeunesse, Albani's American sister, was there, and they spent a musical afternoon. On these familiar occasions Albani entertains her guest with old Scotch and English airs. "Nance, the Lass of Gowrie," is the queen's favorite.

This is a story they tell of Bishop Phillips Brooks, of Boston, and Eugene Field is one of those just now circulating it. Being absorbed with work, he instructed his servant not to admit visitors; but while these orders were being enforced, the bishop happened to show himself at the front-door, where he recognized an old classmate. The visitor was taken in cordially, much to the chagrin of the servant, who afterward remonstrated with his master at being treated so. "Why," said the servant, "you told me that you would be so busy that you wouldn't see the Angel Gabriel if he called." "Yes," answered the bishop; "I did say that and I meant it. But there's all the difference in the world between Gabriel and my friend. I'm bound to see Gabriel anyway in the next world, but as there is some doubt about my seeing this man there, it was only right that I should see him here, when he took the trouble to call upon me."



## AMERICANS IN LONDON.

A Correspondent writes of Chris Buckley and Other Pilgrims.

Americans even more than English try to carry their own country with them wherever they travel. That they do not succeed better than they do is due rather to the innate contrariety of things than to their own lack of endeavor. The precise degree of indigestibility which the common or garden American pie attains in its native wilds is beyond accomplishment by even a Spanish, not to mention a German or an English cook, while in countries in which ice, when it is purveyed at all, is measured out in an apothecary's scales and swathed in carefully enfolded blankets, the "ice-pitcher" becomes an affair of wistful reminiscence and heated imagination rather than of literally cold fact. Here in London, where, while I write in the month of "lush September," the rain is pelting against the window-panes and the succulent fog blurs the chaste outlines of the houses across the way, the cheerful American habit of sitting and smoking in hard wooden chairs tilted to an uncomfortable angle against the outer wall of one's hotel is to be pursued only under difficulties. To indulge in it, strictly *moro Americano*, would, I fancy, draw forth a mild remonstrance from the pensive London policeman.

But the hotel which of London hotels is in especial devoted to the American and his belongings, has provided a sort of substitute for the *al fresco* lounging-place beloved of its guests. Perhaps I should say that the guests themselves have provided it, for the two benches on either side of the great porch of the Hotel Victoria, in Northumberland Avenue, to which I have reference, were originally placed there for the comfort and convenience of powdered footmen of the aristocratic chariots, which the projectors of the hostelry saw in their minds' eyes dashing up to their front-door at all hours of the day and night. The humble, necessary hansom, however, is far more in evidence than the lordly barouche in these summer and autumn days, and as "cabby" never, or hardly ever, descends from his perch, the mahogany benches have been annexed by the transatlantic visitors to their especial use and benefit.

All this is merely a not too compendious method of calling attention to the fact that there is one spot in London where, on a fine afternoon, one is tolerably sure to find two or three good Americans enjoying the mingled benefits of fresh air and friendly chat, as is their genial custom of an afternoon in their own land. Join me there for half an hour and let us see if some familiar faces do not come under our ken. It is rather late in the year for the traveling American to be in London, but what with cholera panics and so forth, the city has never been so full of our compatriots as it is to-day. The first face we see is one which has been familiar to Londoners for months past and will probably be so for months to come. It is clean-shaven and ruddy in hue, with an indefinable sense of power in the quiet passivity of the expression—an expression which is somehow heightened by the vacancy of the large, sightless eyes. It is a face better known in your own city than here, for it is that of the aforetime "boss," Chris Buckley. He appears to enjoy, in a quiet way, his life here, though his chiefest pleasure, perhaps, is to find some congenial companion among the many guests and chat over the days that were, with an occasional forward glance to the days that may again be. He is laughing now at a reminiscence called up by that strongly featured man with the slightly grizzled mustache, who has dropped down the street from the daintily furnished office in the roaring Strand near by, from which he controls the professionally mundane destinies of three "stars" of the first magnitude—Patti, Fanny Davenport, and Mrs. Bernard Beere. Marcus Mayer, for it is he, has at his right hand a handsome, reckless-looking fellow, who lounges forward into the hotel to greet some acquaintance he spies within. This is Maurice Barrymore, the "Barry" of half a hundred good, bad, and indifferent stories. Marcus is chuckling as he relates to Buckley one of Barrymore's "good lines," which, though it has lost the gloss of novelty in theatrical circles, is new to the politician. It is evoked by the mention of Mrs. Langtry's recent failure at the Haymarket in a nightmare-like new play by a brace of the "new school" playwrights. The story goes that the actress, when Barrymore was her leading man, quarreled with him and endeavored to taunt him into resigning his well-paid position. She accused him of embracing her too roughly in "The Lady of Lyons." "Have you never known any ladies, Mr. Barrymore?" she petulantly asked. He looked at her for a moment: "I was born, madam, and I am married!" was the neat retort.

It is a mild, sunny afternoon, for a wonder, so we may sit out here for another half-hour or so, and see if other ambulatory fish will not stray into our regardful net. Here comes a massive figure, a broad-shouldered man, with long, black rabbinical beard. It is the Hon. Sol. Hirsch, of Portland, Oregon, United States Minister to Turkey, who, like many another of less official consequence, is condemned to spend valuable weeks doing nothing in London, while there are political fences three thousand miles away in urgent need of his recuperative attention. It is the cholera, of course, that accounts for his detention. But his residence in Constantinople has inoculated him, as it does all Europeans in like case, with something of Oriental fatalism, and he accepts the inevitable with becoming resignation. He is chatting to a stout, auburn-haired personage, who, if not from every point of view a thing of beauty, is, at least, a joy forever to those cherishing an abiding faith in humanity. It is the one and only Thomas Porterhouse Ochiltree, who is prosecuting inquiries as to the merits Constantinople possesses as a place of residence for a retired warrior. "For eight months of the year," says Mr. Hirsch, "it is delightful; but for the other four as abominable as can be conceived. The Turks have no idea of comfort as we understand it, and though their winters are bitterly cold and chilly, they never dream of fires, but crouch in their rooms wrapped in fur-coats, with their feet huddled on top of a wretched brazier of lighted

charcoal. My servants nearly had a fit when I insisted on putting a stove into every room in my house. I risked the suspicion of insanity, but to no purpose. We were not warm even then."

Not unknown to Californians, although he is a Chicagoan by birth and residence, "Bill" Pinkerton, the detective, saunters in, looking like some good-humored bull-dog, to whom a constant supply of assorted cats has been accorded for worrying purposes. He is taking his first real holiday for twenty years, and though I occasionally see him arm-in-arm with Shaw or some other shining light of Scotland Yard, he piously asseverates that these meetings are for pleasure simply, and are in no way tainted by business considerations. He and Chris Buckley have been much together here lately.

A frou-frou of skirts, and two dark-haired femininities flutter in and pervade the lobby and corridors for a brief space. They are Mrs. Shaw, who has been "whistlin'" English and continental gold into her dainty porte-monnaie, and Jennie O'Neill Potter, who has been "monologuing" to her heart's content to London audiences. They are both filled with virtuous and warmly expressed indignation at the fashion in which some of their younger and less-well-known entertaining compatriots have been treated this season by certain leaders of London society. It is the fashion of these high-born personages, it appears, to extend a hand of patronizing welcome to these youthful aspirants, and to invite them graciously to sing or recite, as the case may be, in their Park Lane or Belgravia drawing-rooms. The songs are sung, the recitations given, and then, with a cold shake of the hand, the "young person" is bid adieu. In place of the expected *douceur*, however modest its amount was expected to be, the poor girl finds herself out of pocket as well as out of time and trouble. She has had to pay her cab-fares, for her new gloves, for her little dainty dress devices, and so forth—and all for what? A bare "thank you." This sort of aristocratic "buncoing" is carried on, I hear, to an extraordinary degree, and American professional people are not the only ones who are thus politely bled of what to them represents their capital.

But the early dusk of a London September is creeping upon us, and the distant glimpse we catch of the gray Surrey shore, across the sluggish river, is deepening into murky black; a foretaste of wintry chilliness breathes about us from the eastward as we sit here, and, by common consent, we rise and drift our several ways into the roar and rattle of the great city around us. HORACE TOWNSEND.

LONDON, September 30, 1892.

## POLITICAL NOTES.

For supervisor of the Tenth Ward, the Republican party has brought forward the name of Henry P. Sonntag, a choice that meets with popular approval. He is one of the representative business men of the city, and has resided here since 1854. After his graduation from college he became, in turn, clerk, general manager, director, and finally president of the Safety Nitro-Powder Company, holding the last position for six years. He is also president of the California Fireworks Company and of several loan, building, and investment companies, and for the past five years has been a member of the real estate firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co. He is an extensive owner of real estate and pays taxes in seventeen counties in this State. This is the first time he has appeared as an aspirant for political honors. Mr. Sonntag ought to be elected, and doubtless will be.

There is hardly a municipal office within the gift of the people to which more responsibility is attached than that of public administrator. He is the custodian of estates, large and small, and frequently the trusted guardian of the money and property of widows and orphans, who must look to him for honest administration. The Democratic nominee for public administrator this year is Captain A. C. Freese, a gentleman of sterling worth, and the nomination meets with our unqualified approval. It is worthy of note to state that he was the only Democrat, on the municipal ticket two years ago, who was renominated by his party at the recent convention. Captain Freese is one of California's most esteemed pioneers, and in the early history of the city and State he was most prominently identified. His management of the public administrator's office has been all that could be desired, and the confidence of the public in him has never been disturbed. He has performed his duties capably and in a manner that has favorably impressed every one with whom he has had business relations on behalf of the city.

The *Argonaut* has placed the name of Henry H. Scott upon its municipal ticket for the office of sheriff. It vouches for the ability, courage, and integrity of its candidate. If length of residence and established reputation in the community count for anything, Scott's success should be deemed assured. If the public desire activity, impartiality in the service of writs and process, courage in bringing criminals to justice, vigilance and purity in the custody and control of juries, they can, in our opinion, attain that result in the election of Scott.

Among the *Argonaut's* candidates for the superior bench is Duncan Hayne, one of the Democratic nominees. He is in the prime of life—just on the eve of thirty years of age—and is a man of sterling integrity and brilliant mental attainments. It is to his credit that in his candidacy he has the strong indorsement of the leading members of the San Francisco bar. He is a graduate of our State educational institution, including the State University and the Hastings College of the Law, and in legal practice he has shown himself to be a sound and well-read attorney. We recommend his election because we know he would be an honest and able judge.

Among the nominees for school directors on our ticket will be found the name of Arthur F. Carmody. Mr. Car-

modity is a New Yorker, and was educated in the public schools of that city, and subsequently in the College of New York. He enlisted at the breaking out of the Civil War in the Eleventh New York. During the war he served eleven months in a rebel prison. He is a member of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. Mr. Carmody has been for nineteen years in Wells-Fargo's Bank. He is a married man and a strong friend of the American public schools. He is a good man to vote for.

Among the names we present to our readers as nominees for the board of education is that of J. H. Rosewald. Mr. Rosewald is a gentleman whose profession naturally inclines him toward educational matters, and is therefore well equipped for a position upon the board. He is a good citizen, and will make a good school director.

It is a pleasure to know that John J. Dunn, one of the present board of school directors, has been renominated for the same position. He is a staunch Republican and one of the hardest workers in the cause of education that the city has had for many a year. Mr. Dunn was born in this city and is a man of family, having a wife and five children. His business is that of contractor and builder, in which he has been quite successful, and his practical knowledge has been of much benefit to the school department.

Charles S. Tilton is the Republican nominee for the responsible office of city and county surveyor. No doubt can be expressed as to the fitness of Mr. Tilton for this office. Certainly if experience be a criterion, the position should be his by every right. He first entered the surveyor's office under the administration of George C. Potter, and for twenty years has been connected with the office. He was elected surveyor in 1886 and again in 1890, and has served with an honest energy that once more entitles him to the votes of all San Franciscans, irrespective of party affiliations.

Another candidate for reelection for school director is Dr. Charles W. Decker, who is one of the chosen ones of the Republican party. Dr. Decker has been a member of the school board during the past two years, and by his earnest and conscientious efforts he has well earned the honor of renomination. He is one of our most prominent dentists, and is a past grand president of the Native Sons of the Golden West. He has received his education in our public schools, and is thoroughly cognizant of their workings and necessities.

The Republican party has placed in nomination Dr. J. H. Widber for the office of city and county treasurer. Dr. Widber has held this office for two terms, and his renomination is a proper recognition of his business ability and a reward for the excellence of his service in behalf of the people. He has been in past years a member of the board of education and also superintendent of public schools, in both of which offices his career was eminently satisfactory. He ought to be reelected to the position of treasurer.

An excellent nominee that the Republican party has placed before the public for the position of school director is Z. T. Whitten. Mr. Whitten was born in Cincinnati, and has resided in this city for the past seventeen years, during which he has become thoroughly acquainted with our educational system. He is the superintendent of the San Francisco and Pacific Glass Works, and is held in high esteem by a legion of friends who will give him their earnest support on election day. Mr. Whitten is well qualified to fill the position of school director, and merits election.

Mr. Frank J. French is one of the nominees for the board of education. We take great pleasure in placing him upon the *Argonaut* ticket, and in urging our readers to vote for him. Mr. French is a lawyer in large practice who has been here for many years. His interests are thoroughly identified with good government in this city. His interest in educational matters led him to accept a position by appointment upon the present board, and he has made an admirable school director. He ought to be reelected, and we hope he will be.

Thomas O'Brien is the present incumbent in the office of tax collector, and has been renominated by the Republican party for the same position. Since 1851 he has been identified with the business interests of California, his earlier years having been devoted to mining. In 1860, he entered the employ of the San Francisco Gaslight Company, where he remained for a quarter of a century. He was elected a member of the board of education in 1884, and in 1888 he was elected tax collector, which position he has held for two terms. Mr. O'Brien is a staunch Republican, and one who has always been true to the interests of the party and the municipality.

Among the candidates for supervisor of the first ward, the most prominent is Edward Holland, who is the regular Republican nominee. From 1863 until 1888, he was engaged in mercantile business in this city, and for the past four years he has been the proprietor of the Commercial Hotel, on Montgomery Avenue. Mr. Holland is a well-known, prosperous, and conservative citizen, and one who has the highest recommendations for the suffrages of the people. With men like Mr. Holland supervising the future of our city, we may look forward to an era of progress and prosperity.

A nominee of the Non-Partisan Convention for the office of police judge was Charles A. Low, who is eminently qualified to fill the position. Mr. Low comes from a family well known in the history of the State. He has the advantage of an excellent legal education, and has filled with honor the office of justice of the peace. Mr. Low was for years connected with the *Alta*, and later with the *E*



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

A suggestion, which is meeting with considerable favor in London, has been made to the effect that the most appropriate public tribute to the memory of the late poet laureate would be to raise a subscription for the purchase of the copyright on all his works and to publish them at nominal prices.

Readers will be glad to hear that the Appletons have in press a one-volume edition of "An Englishman in Paris."

The sale of the works of the author of "David Copperfield" was last year four times as large as it was in 1869, the year before he died. Mr. Chapman, the head of the firm of Chapman & Hall, says:

"Since the 'Pickwick Papers' have been out of copyright, no less than eleven London publishers have brought out editions, and in the face of that we have sold of 'Pickwick' alone 521,750 copies during the last twenty-one years."

Over seventy-seven thousand copies of Saint-Amand's books on the Women of the French Court have been sold by the publishers of the American translation. The second volume on the Duchess of Berry is nearly ready.

Mr. Quiller-Couch is coming out in a new character—as a poet. He is about to publish a little volume of verse.

"Mona Maclean, Medical Student," is believed to be the first novel to treat of the medical education of women from a woman's point of view. The author is Graham Travers. It will be published immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library.

An edition of Lecky's work on England in the eighteenth century, in twelve volumes, is in the Appleton press.

The table of contents of *Harper's Magazine* for November is as follows:

"The Designers of the Fair," by F. D. Millet; "The Boy Orator of Zephaniah City," by Richard Harding Davis; "Along the Parisian Boulevards," by Theodore Child; "Nathaniel J. Wyeth, and the Struggle for Oregon," by John A. Wyeth, M. D.; "Mr. Benjamin Franklin Gish's Ball," by M. E. M. Davis; "Jane Field"—conclusion, by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Holy Places of Islam," by C. D. Warner; "The New Growth of St. Louis," by Julian Ralph; "The Rivals," by Francois Coppée; "A Collection of Death-Masks"—Part III., by Laurence Hutton; "The World of Chance"—conclusion, by William Dean Howells; "Massinger and Ford," by James Russell Lowell; and editorial departments.

A new edition of Professor De Filippis's simplified and practical method of acquiring the French and Spanish languages has just been issued.

The Appletons have in preparation a new book by George H. Ellwanger, author of "The Garden's Story" and "The Story of My House," entitled "In Gold and Silver." In it the author carries the reader from the Orient to the out-door life of our own country. The book has been illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson and A. B. Wenzell.

Mr. Kipling has lately written a new poem called "The Last Chantry." He has just returned to this country.

At a hearing of the case of the C. F. Jewett Publishing Company against General Benjamin F. Butler for breach of contract, Mr. A. M. Thayer, publisher of "Butler's Book," is reported to have said that although thirty thousand copies had been sold, his firm must still make about ten thousand dollars to cover its expenses.

D. Appleton & Co. have just issued the following: "Land and the Glacial Period," by G. Frederick Wright, author of "The Ice Age in North America," with an appendix on "Tertiary Man," by Professor Henry W. Haynes, in their International Scientific Series, and "The Moral Instruction of Children," by Felix Adler; and "English Education in the Elementary and Secondary Schools," by Isaac Sharpless, president of Haverford College, Pa., in their International Educational Series. In their Town and Country Library, they have ready "In Old St. Stephens," by Jamie Drake, a tale of South Carolina in olden days; and will publish at once a novel by Miss Molly Elliot Seawell, entitled "The Berkeleys and Their Neighbors." Two new books for young people are also just out, "Englisman's Haven," by W. J. Gordon, and "The Battle of New York," by William O. Stoddard.

The new Tennyson volume will be ready early in November. Its title will be "The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems." With one exception, the poems are all new. One of them is "The Silent Voices."

Dr. Henry M. Field has been writing a sketch of the life of his brother, Cyrus W. Field. He intends to publish it at an early day.

C. H. Hudson, who wrote "The Naturalist in La Plata," has written a new book, called "Idle Days in Patagonia," which the Appletons will bring out.

## New Publications.

"Lorelei and Other Stories," containing eight short stories by Mary J. Safford, has been issued in the Golden Library published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Rosebud Garden of Girls" is the title of a book containing half a dozen short stories by Nora Perry, written about girls and for girls. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals," by J. G. Francis, contains several series of amusing pictures and appropriate nonsense verse,

collected from the young folk's periodicals. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Five short stories by Jessie F. O'Donnell have been collected from the periodicals in which they were printed and appear in a volume named for the longest of them, "A Soul from Pudge's Corners." Published by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Children: Their Models and Critics," by Aurette Roys Aldrich, is a little book of advice to mothers on the mental training of children from the time they first begin to observe the strange world about them. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Mexican and South American Poems," edited and translated by Ernest S. Green and Miss H. von Lowenfeld, contains a number of verses by the poets of the Latin-American republics, with translations printed on the opposite pages, some in rhyme and some in prose line for line. Published by Dodge & Burbeck, San Diego; for sale by the booksellers.

"A Little Swiss Sojourn," by W. D. Howells, is the latest issue of Harper's Black and White Series. It is a pleasant record of a three months' stay in a little corner of the Canton Vaud, describing in a chatty vein the sights and incidents that impressed a cultivated and genial observer. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In "Americanisms and Criticisms and Other Essays" are collected a number of magazine papers by Brander Matthews on "American Spelling," the literary independence of the United States, "Ignorance and Insularity," the duty of critics, and kindred

topics. A portrait of the author serves as frontispiece, and the book is uniform with other volumes of Harper's American Essayists. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

In the latest volume of "The Boy Travelers," Colonel Thomas W. Knox conducts the Bronson boys through central Europe, starting them at Havre and taking them to Buda-Pesth, by way of Paris, Dijon, Lyons, Geneva, Munich, and Vienna, with excursions among the Alps of Switzerland and the Tyrol. The people and the institutions of the countries are described at length in a pleasant style, the text is accompanied by many illustrations by C. S. Reinhart—some of the pictures of Switzerland are the same that are used to illustrate Mr. Howells's "Little Swiss Sojourn," by the way—and the itinerary is indicated in cover-maps. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Other Things Being Equal," by Emma Wolf, is the first novel of a young San Franciscan. The heroine is a young Jewess—beautiful, refined, and reared in a liberal way by her parents, who go much in Christian society. She falls in love with, and is loved by, a Christian, and then all the racial feeling of her father's nature rises in opposition to the match. It is a deeply interesting story, and a powerful study of the future of the Jews, the author's conclusion being that when the Jew is released from the yoke of oppression and disgrace that he has worn for centuries, he is as capable of high cultivation and the development of noble qualities as is the Christian, and that intermarriage with Gentiles is not the impossibility it has heretofore been. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.00; for sale at the Popular Bookstore.

## The Weekly Bulletin

### Of Newspaper and Periodical Literature

"Though index-learning turns no student pale, it holds the eel of science by the tail."—POPE

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## VANITY FAIR.

"In later life, when the intelligence is matured, how one regrets," sighs James Payne, "the unnecessary sacrifices one has made of our personal comfort—generally upon the altar of swiftness! What has swiftness ever done for us? What can it ever do to make up for the inconveniences it has caused us? For my part, I have long come to the conclusion that the great test of human intelligence is the more or less early period at which a man—and still more a woman, for she generally remains in servitude much longer—throws off this intolerable yoke. One sees many persons to their lives' end attend the juggernaut car of society, and even perish under its wheels, long after they have lost the least ray of interest in its progress. They frequent dinner-parties of four-and-twenty in the heat of July—not the 'four-and-twenty brisk young fellows' of the ballad, but a couple of dozen of as dull people, perhaps, as can be got together in Mayfair; they are even afterward found perspiring on the crowded staircases of Lady This or That. And all for what? Perhaps to see their names next day in the *Morning Post*. Literature may be a bard calling, but it is, at least, an easier way of seeing one's self in print than that. The marvel is that these excellent folks do not, as the poet expresses it, 'drop off gorged' after, at most, a year or two of it; but their perseverance is such (especially when one considers that nothing comes of it all) that in a better cause it would be described as martyrdom."

The Viennese aristocracy (writes Mme. Adam in *Harper's Weekly*), even before the empress encouraged their disdain of the middle classes, always formed a class apart. They visit none but their own order, and on that order is concentrated all their affection, all their interest. The middle class may rise as high as they like, but they can never attain to the haughty level of the grand Austrian nobility. Some few great lords have, it is true, tried to bridge over the gulf between them and the bourgeoisie, but with very transient and partial success. On the return of the emperor to the Hofburg begins an endless succession of balls at Vienna. All the members of the aristocracy rejoicing in sixteen quarters are so nearly related to each other that they might be said to form but one family. This will explain the fact that the aristocracy is sufficient to itself, in spite of its rigid exclusiveness, and also the cruel condemnation of anything like a *mésalliance*, which affects and humiliates the whole society. Once admitted into the Viennese aristocracy, one finds such a charm in the gaiety and wit and in the security of position of the favored few, that one would gladly become a naturalized Viennese. And, as a matter of fact, a great many diplomatists, when they retire, do take up their residence in Vienna. All the members of an aristocratic Viennese family are princes, and the lists of their names would occupy some twenty volumes. Many are poor, but the army utilizes them all. The young girls lead a most sequestered life, and their marriages are arranged entirely by their parents. Young ladies of families, with sixteen quarters, are brought up to believe that they will be guilty of an unpardonable crime if they love the most illustrious commoner, and worse than a crime if they marry with a view to regilding the family coat-of-arms. A few instances have been known in France of girls having made *mésalliances*, but at Vienna, if we are to believe members of the nobility, there is not an instance of such a thing in ten years. With men, marrying beneath them is less fatal, though it closes the court to them.

As elsewhere, financiers occupy a very important position in Vienna. Formerly they were all harons, for the iron coronet ennobled them, but since a scandal known to all the world, this decoration no longer confers the title of baron on its owner. The aristocracy do not mix with the financiers. Now and then a scion of an impoverished house marries the daughter of a Jewish banker, who adopts the religion of her husband, but the number of such alliances is very few compared to those among the poor nobles. The Rothschilds occupy a unique position in the financial world, and are accepted by the aristocracy. Their good taste is proverbial; they receive, help, and encourage artists. Their manners and mode of life are imitated as much as may be by their co-religionists, but their generosity is rarely copied except by Baron von Hirsch, who now and then flings his money about very freely. It is not easy to get to know the Viennese ladies well, although they frequent the streets and halls in elegant costumes and are to be constantly seen in the winter at the Schlittschuhlauf-verein, or skaters' meeting. It is only at this meeting that the aristocracy mix at all with the middle classes, so that the gathering is like a scene from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Beauty and grace abound. All the spirit, the go, the elegance, of the waltz is reproduced on the ice by the fair skaters, combined with a skill and play of fancy which quite turn the head of the other sex. Wonderful, too, is the promenade on the Ringstrasse, on Sunday from eleven to two o'clock. The coming and going give one a chance of having a good look at the beautiful women, some of whom are exquisitely lovely, the young girls walking together with the easy

grace peculiar to the Viennese, and which makes them so altogether irresistible.

One thing the American learns abroad, from the standpoint of the international pension, is that his own girls are models of respectful demeanor to their superiors compared with upper-class English girls (says the *Evening Sun*). At Beaulieu were two young English girls, whose brother is a lord of high degree, and whose names are constantly read in the record of gay doings. They were there with their mother, who had some ailment requiring climate. They would come into the public dining-room. "Where is she, Violet?" "Oh, she'll be around here soon." "She" was their mother. One of them had taken a studio at Cannes, which furnished the occasion of their getting off in spite of their mother's protests, and leaving the old lady to wander alone among the country roads. "Tell her we are going to Cannes this afternoon, Violet." "Tell her yourself. She'll be next you." Then this daughter would calmly say, in a loud tone, for her mother was slightly deaf: "We're going to Cannes this afternoon." The old lady would mumble her protests over her plate. "We're going, anyway," said the daughter, as a finality, and the two would laugh. They were young girls; but to Cannes they went, and unattended. If American girls should behave thus at a foreign table, in how many ways would we not hear of it? It is but fair to say that the English middle-class girl accords better with the ideal we have all formed of the modest, retiring, respectful demeanor of the daughters of that isle.

As this is the season for giving and accepting invitations to châteaux—as all country-houses are called in France when they contain more than twelve or fifteen rooms—the plaintive cry raised by M. Gaston Jollivet against the system of tipping servants has awakened many a sympathetic echo. "It is not everybody, counting among his friends a châtelain always delighted to offer him shooting and other hospitality in the country, who can afford to scatter gold-pieces among a crowd of grasping menials. For this reason many invitations are declined. The pleasure of being a guest has become too costly to be indulged very frequently by those who are obliged to nurse their incomes. Formerly, servants were satisfied with a small *pourboire*; but now they are satisfied with nothing that is small unless it be the measure of work that they are expected to perform. M. Jollivet lays the blame of this change mainly upon rich guests, who have spoiled the whole tribe of domestics in large houses by their absurd liberality. The difficulty could be overcome by returning to the system, at one time in favor, of fixing a servants' money-box to the wall in such a place that the most near-sighted guest would be compelled to see it. Everybody could then put in what he pleased, from a bank-note to a brass button."

Communications have lately been pouring in in extraordinary numbers upon the two youths who act respectively as postmaster and postmaster's clerk at the post-office in Bristol. These missives (writes a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Record*) were from many lone bachelors in the Far West, desiring the postal officials to procure for them the names and addresses, and, if possible, without regard to cost, the photographs of some of the many maidens of whom these same bachelors understand the population of the town is chiefly composed. A story concerning the astounding number of maidens of an uncertain age, who reside on a certain street and within the confines of one short square in Bristol, had appeared in the *Record*, and the cause of the influx was at once explained. This article had been circulated far and near in the *Record*, and copied from it, and thence from one paper to another, until the fame of that Bristol square was widespread. Many a lone bachelor, sitting partnerless by some Western hearth, devoured the lines eagerly until their meaning so grew upon him that he could stand it no longer, but poured forth his desires for a wife to comfort that loneliness to the Bristol postmaster. The Bristol post-office is a modest institution, and was at first so embarrassed by these appeals that it knew not what to do; but, finally, reflecting upon the wretchedness of those lone Western bachelors, bethought itself of taking the matter in hand. Upon consideration, it was decided to post the letters in some place not conspicuous, but where the searching eye of the Bristol spinster would perchance light upon them. For some time after the posting of these letters, the Bristol maidens had much need of stamps, etc., and dropped in at the post-office for every mail. In the course of a few weeks, there was such an increase in the Western mail coming to Bristol that an additional bag had to be provided for its accommodation. At mail-time, a continuous line of bashful spinsters from the street in question was observed entering with expectant faces and issuing with either blushes or with sighs.

According to the report of a medical missionary in Morocco, the lives of Moorish women are sad and hopeless in the extreme. Dressed in their brilliant Eastern costume of silk or satin, with full Turkish drawers, waistcoat embroidered in gold and silver, and tunic of lace, with bright head-dresses and wonderful jewels, these women are pitiful objects to those who know what goes on behind the closed

doors of the windowless houses. Each man may marry four wives, and divorce them for most trifling causes. The woman that has no sons is usually divorced; the woman that has no children at all is sure to be. Beatings are frequent and merciless; and under the silken dress, with its jewels and gold traceries, the back and arms are often bruised and bleeding from severe whipping. Even among the richer women, whose husbands are kinder than men of lower estate, there is much sorrow. They are never allowed to go out, and they are entirely uneducated and without occupation, save gossiping, quarreling, and tea-drinking. "What do you do all day?" asked the missionary of one of them. "We sit here," she answered sadly, and the story was told.

Class distinctions are more decidedly drawn in England than elsewhere in Europe, but the women all dress so near alike that there is no way to tell to what class a woman belongs, except by that uncertain standard of smartness or shabbiness of attire. When her grace the duchess has finished with her gown, it is sold to a dealer and reappears soon again upon the back of some one lower in the social scale. There is one exception to the rule that all women in England dress alike. There are two classes, which an observant person soon learns to distinguish without chance of failure. These are the West End shop-girls and the barmaids in the hotels, restaurants, and railway-stations. Personal appearance has a good deal to do with securing such positions, for it is very rare to see one of these young women who is not well to look upon. And they are the best-dressed women in London. They do not have the most expensive clothes, but they seem to hold together better and the *tout ensemble* is more harmonious. And what is more, their boots and gloves are trim and in order, but, alas, the inevitable hat! Even the shop-girls and barmaids have not escaped that. The shoulders of Englishwomen are naturally broad, certainly broader on the average than the shoulders of American women. Their habit of tight lacing accentuates this and makes them seem still broader. This peculiarity is more exaggerated in the shop-girls and barmaids than in the other classes, for those comely young women lace till their waists are literally wasp-like.

Paris is the city of pleasure, and Paris is quite willing to pay for its pleasure. One of the Paris magazines recently contained an article on balls, and gave some interesting statistics of the average sums spent on gloves, fans, and coiffures for those functions in the course of a season. The money expended on gloves is put down, counting each pair on an average of four francs, at six hundred thousand francs. Fans, of course, are articles on which any money may be spent, and in Paris especially it is considered necessary for a woman's fan to be of some actual value, historical or artistic. Fifteen million francs, therefore, is the amount put down for fans. As for the Parisian hair-dressers, they reckon their gains for the season to be about five millions of francs.

If any lady thinks that skirt dancing is an advisable accomplishment for private life, this is what she has to go through to begin with (says a writer in the *Sporting and Dramatic News*). We are invited to imagine a large room, with a waxed floor and no furniture save a piano and a hammock. Along one side of the room is a wooden pole supported by brackets. To this pole the pupil clings while learning the first movements. She grasps the pole with the right hand, stretches out the left arm straight from the side, and then, as the teacher counts, raises her left leg and kicks deliberately and with great precision. Now most women can kick, but do they kick with a perfectly stiff knee? Then the pupil is taught to bend the body to the floor, but only to bend from the waist. The hips and knees must be held immovable. The outward and visible signs of a natural dancer are the stiff knees and hips, the foot beld with the toes pointing out and the instep curved like the beak of a parrot. After the side-bar practice there comes what is known in skirt-dancing parlance as side and centre practice. The pupils stand in a row, and to music move the feet forward and back, right and left sideways, then forward, jumping at the same time, then back again. Next, to the slow, languorous, mournful strains of "A Wandering Minstrel," come the Delsarte movements of waving hands and wovon paces for pictures and poses. Afterward the more intricate steps are taken. The average woman can learn to do a dance in twenty lessons—not learn to dance, but to do a dance.

Fancy a woman of to-day having her wearing apparel regulated by law, even though that law be wise and rational. First it is the length of one's skirt that the Diet is called upon to consider, and now it is corsets that factory-women are bidden by law to discard through the German officials at Spandau. How the free-born and much-laced American factory-girl would wave the banner and shout the Declaration of Independence at such interference, from legislators.

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N. Y. Times, Mar. 10, '92.

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## SOCIETY.

## A Suburban Tea.

A suburban tea will be given at the Ingleside on Saturday afternoon, November 12th, from two until five o'clock, under the patronage of Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr.; Colonel C. F. Crocker has been appointed secretary, and Mr. F. P. Deering is acting as treasurer. The subscriptions are one dollar and fifty cents for each person.

The idea of having a suburban tea is essentially English, and it has been copied, successfully, at Clarendon, N. Y. The patronesses have leased the Ingleside for the day, and will provide music, refreshments, and conveyances to the inn for those who have none of their own. Vehicles will be in waiting at the Olympic Club grounds to meet those who come out on the steam cars. Only those who have received invitations, about three hundred, will be expected, as the house and grounds will be closed that day to the general public.

## A Reception on the "Dubourdieu."

The French corvette *Dubourdieu* was the scene of a delightful reception last Saturday afternoon, when Admiral Parry and the officers of the vessel entertained several hundred ladies and gentlemen whom they have met during their stay at this port. The decks were canopied with canvas as a protection from the cold air, and the canopy was lined throughout with flags of all nations and signal flags in harmonious combinations. The cannons were garlanded and banked with flowers, and the masts were almost concealed by masses of foliage, all of which added greatly to the general artistic effect. The guests were conveyed to the corvette on tug-boats and launches and met a cordial welcome from the officers. The *Dubourdieu's* band provided excellent music for dancing, which was the particular feature of the reception. The hospitality of the officers was further displayed by the service of a delicious collation. The attendance was very large and the affair will be most pleasantly remembered by all.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Adeline M. Taylor, daughter of Mrs. Edward Taylor, of San Mateo, and a niece of Mr. D. O. Mills, to Mr. Frederick Paxton Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard. The wedding will take place next spring.

The engagement is announced of Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, to Mr. George Hellman. The wedding will take place in November.

The engagement is announced of Miss Hilda Hecht, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, to Mr. Marcus Gerstle, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle. Mr. Gerstle was graduated from Harvard College seven months ago, and is now a member of the law firm of Chickering, Thomas & Gregory.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rose Hiestler and Mr. Gerard H. Oulton, both of this city. They will be married during the Christmas holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Monteverde have issued invitations for the wedding of their daughter, Miss Lolita Monteverde, and Dr. Grant Selfridge, which will take place at half-past eight o'clock next Thursday evening in St. Mary's Cathedral.

The wedding of Miss Carrie W. Osborn, daughter of Mr. R. F. Osborn, and Mr. Charles D. Steiger will take place on Friday, November 11th.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank gave a delightful dinner-party recently at their residence, 2003 Van Ness Avenue, and entertained eighteen of their friends.

Mr. and Mrs. William M. Bunker gave an enjoyable dinner-party recently in honor of Lieutenant Ackley, U. S. N. Those invited to meet him were Lieutenant and Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, Engineer and Mrs. Joseph Triley, Mrs. William P. Elliott, and others.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Maldonado gave their first post-nuptial reception last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, on Taylor Street. They were charmingly assisted in receiving by Miss Clotilde Acosta. The evening was pleasantly passed in dancing, and an elaborate supper was enjoyed.

Mrs. Charles Wilson gave a delightful lunch-party last Wednesday at her residence, 2310 Sacramento Street, in honor of Mrs. William Norris, of Portland, Or. The others present were: Mrs. William R. Quinn, Mrs. C. F. Wilson, Miss Gertrude Strain, of Portland, Or., Miss Eugenia Chapin, the Misses Wethered, and Miss Gertrude S. Wilson.

Miss Marie Williams gave a charming musicale at her residence, 722 Bay Street, in honor of Mrs. Frank Thompson, last Tuesday evening. About twenty friends were invited, and the affair was made a delightful one in every respect.

Mme. B. Ziska and her daughter, Miss Ziska, received party calls last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue, and pleasantly entertained many of their friends.

Miss Morrison, of San José, gave a house-party from last Saturday to Monday at her home in honor

of Judge W. B. Gilbert, of the United States Circuit Court. Mrs. L. S. B. Sawyer, the Misses Morrison, Mr. L. G. Nesmith, Judge William Matthews, Judge Thomas Burley, Mr. Boughton, Mr. R. E. Morrison, Mr. J. W. Findlay, and others were in the party. Dinner-parties and drives were the features of the pleasant entertainment.

At the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, November 17th, the Mission Unitarian Church will receive a benefit in the form of an attractive entertainment. There will be vocal and instrumental music, recitations, and the presentation of the Eastern novelty, "Living Whist."

A musical and literary entertainment will be given this (Saturday) evening in the banquet hall of the Hotel California, for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. An attractive programme has been prepared in which some of our best local talent will appear.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## The Symphonic Concerts.

A series of symphonic concerts will be given during the coming season at the Tivoli Opera House under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer. Six concerts will be given on alternate Friday afternoons commencing November 11th. The orchestra will comprise about fifty of our best musicians. The programmes will include popular and classical music, varied by some vocal numbers. The programme at the first concert will comprise:

Overture, "Tannhauser," Wagner; concert-allegro, Chopin, Mr. Sam Fleischmann, accompanied by the orchestra; serenade impromptu, "La Precieuse," Gillet, for string orchestra, with violin and 'cello solos by Messrs. S. Beel and L. Heine; symphony, C minor, No. 5, Beethoven.

The following artists will appear at the first concert:

First violins, Sigmund Beel, Nathan Landsberger, G. Minetti, V. Huber, E. Carlmüller, G. Saldicini, F. G. Knell, H. Siering; second violins, D. Gonzales, I. Fenster, N. Bullenberg, J. L. Friedrich, S. Dryfus; violas, B. Jaus, F. Mundwiler, G. Heinen, K. Scherstein; 'cello, L. Heine, T. Mansfeld, F. S. Guterson; bassi, W. H. Mueller, A. Munoz, H. Sieger; flauti, A. Lombardo, A. Logar; piccolo, L. Neubauer; oboi, L. Mundwiler, N. Dickmann; clarinetti, J. Wria, J. Wenzel; bassoons, A. Beetz, C. Meissner; horns, E. Schlott, J. Lindtner, O. Schlott, W. Dablow; trumpets, W. Forster, J. Donat; trombones, F. K. Tobin, A. Roncoviore; timpani and drums, S. Davis, M. Davis; harp, M. Solano.

## The Brandt Quartet Concert.

The second Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert of this season was given last Thursday evening before a large audience. The following excellent programme was well presented:

String quartet, G minor, op. 27, (1) un poco andante, allegro molto ed agitato, (2) romanza, andantino, allegro agitato, (3) intermezzo, allegro molto marcato, (4) finale, presto al silero, G major, Hermann Brandt Quartet, Messrs. Hermann Brandt, John Joseph, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine; piano solo, "Barcarolle," Moszkowski, Mr. Otto Bendix; songs, (a) "Sterne mit den goldenen Fischen," (b) "Der Schnee ist zerfallen," Graben-Hoffman, Miss Katherine W. Kimball; 'cello, (a) cavatine, H. Hülz, (b) canzonetta, Herbert, Mr. Louis Heine; quartet, piano and strings, op. 87, (1) allegro con fuoco, (2) lento, (3) allegro moderato, grazioso, (4) finale, allegro, ma non troppo, Dvorák (first time in San Francisco), Mr. Otto Bendix and Messrs. Hermann Brandt, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine.

The next and last concert of this series is postponed from November 24th to Friday, November 25th—November 24th being Thanksgiving Day.

## A Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-third Saturday Popular Concert was given in Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon and attracted the usual fashionable clientele that these concerts always have. The programme was up to the usual high standard and met with warm appreciation. The selections were as follows:

Sonata for piano and 'cello, (1) allegro vivace, (2) andante, (3) allegro assai, Mendelssohn, Mrs. Carr and Mr. Heine; romance, "Una Furtiva Lagrima," Donizetti, Mr. Frank Mitchell; piano solo, (a) Rite, A. Jensen, (b) barcarolle, Rubinstein, Miss Jessie Lee Wall; songs, "Good-Night, Beloved," Balfe, Mr. Frank Mitchell; trio for piano, violin, and 'cello, op. 32, (1) allegro, (2) minuetto, (3) andante quasi adagio, (4) allegro vivace, Godard, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine.

The concert to be given in the Grand Opera House on Tuesday evening, November 21st, by the Saturday Morning Orchestra, is attracting much attention in society circles. The beneficiaries are to be the Maria Kip Orphanage and the Hahnemann Hospital, and the affair will be under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald. The following excellent programme will be presented:

Overture, "Les Dragons du Villars," Maillard; aria, "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saëns, Mrs. Edward Everett White; introduction to third act and "Bridal Chorus," "Lohengrin," Wagner; concert, No. 22 (first movement), Viotti, Miss Alice Ames; (a) intermezzo (valse), Czibulka, (b) pizzicato, Taubert; aria, "Psyche," Ambrose Thomas, Miss Julia Newnan; serenade, No. 8, in D major, Mozart; "Rhapsodie Hongroise," Hauser, orchestrated by J. H. Rosewald.

The sale of reserved seats will begin this morning at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, and will continue until Tuesday afternoon. The concert will, of course, be a full-dress affair, and a brilliant audience is expected.

The final Saturday Popular Concert of the fourth season will be held in Irving Hall next Saturday afternoon. Beethoven's trio for the flute, violin, and viola will be one of the novelties. Mr. Bernat Jaus will play one of Joachim's entrancing solos on the viola, and Mrs. Louis Brechenin will sing two selections by Mackenzie and Kellie. By special request Tschakowsky's trio for piano, violin, and 'cello will be repeated by Mrs. Carr, Mr. Beel, and Mr. Heine. Two supplementary concerts will be given prior to the opening of the Paderewski season, at which num-

bers will be given that receive the highest vote at a preceding concert. The first vote will be taken next Saturday.

For the benefit of the Woman's Exchange, Mr. J. H. Rosewald's new comic opera, "Baroness Meta," will be produced on Wednesday evening, November 16th, at the Grand Opera House. This will be a notable event in musical and society circles, and is deserving of liberal patronage. Mr. A. C. Hellman has been obliged to give up his rôle, owing to a bronchial affection, and it will be filled by Mr. Valentine Gadesden, who has an excellent voice.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham's concert in aid of the endowment fund of the Children's Hospital, which was such a success last year, is to become an annual event. The date for the second concert has already been set for December 19th, and it will take place at Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. Graham deserves a crowded house.

## A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

## The Gumps' New Art-Store.

There are few handsomer business buildings in the city than the new store at 113 Geary Street, into which S. & G. Gump, the famous art-dealers, have just moved. The street-front is a splendid bow-window, with spacious portals on each side, by which entrance is had to a veritable forest of *objets d'art*. The statuary comprises a few beautiful statues and busts in marble and a very well-selected collection of artistic bronzes, signed by famous names. The porcelain vases, *epergnes*, etc., include Doulton, Sevres, Royal Worcester, Bohemian, Carlsbad, and all the famous potteries. This room is lined with glass cases in which are displayed still more valuable wares, such as dainty Dresden statuettes, pieces of rich jeweled Coalport ware from England, liqueur sets in fragile Venetian glass, and other luxurious articles.

On this floor, too, is a new department of tableware from the most famous potteries of Europe and America, and so dainty and exquisite are the pieces shown that for beautiful china the Gumps' store will soon be the favorite place to go. There is a set of Imperial Sevres plates on which are painted portraits of the beautiful women of Napoleon's court, there are Limoges chocolate and tea sets, there are fish and game sets from the Doulton works, and in addition to these there is a beautiful line of table glassware of the famous French Baccarat and Bohemian manufactures.

The basement contains the machinery for the two elevators—one luxurious *cabinet* for customers and a large one for freight—and the dynamo, for the house is lighted by electricity generated on the premises.

The second floor is devoted to the mirror and French bric-a-brac furniture department. In the front are the *rococo* tables, cabinets, and other dainty pieces of furniture in handsome woods, inlaid with gilt and marqueterie, and some exquisite pieces in Vernis Martin. Then comes the piano-lamp department, and behind this is the room for engravings.

Taking the pretty elevator again to the next landing, we find the front part of the third floor devoted to wood mantels, of which there is infinite variety, while the entire rear is made into two spacious and handsome art-galleries. These rooms have a splendid light which can be carefully regulated, and are so arranged that the paintings are seen to the very best advantage. The walls are literally covered by works of the most famous masters of the day.

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## HARPER'S MAGAZINE

.. FOR NOVEMBER ..

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The Holy Places of Islam. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. With 6 Illustrations.  
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A Plea for Christmas. Editor's Easy Chair. By GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.  
In Memoriam: George William Curtis.

AND EDITORIAL DEPARTMENTS.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK

SMOKE THE BEST  
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## SOCIETY.

## The School for Scandal.

The first meeting of the new society club, called "The School for Scandal," took place last Thursday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street. If one may judge from the first entertainment, there can be no doubt as to the success of the remainder of the series. Mrs. Williams was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Henry Alston Williams and Miss Mollie Hutchinson. The guests arrived early, and almost all were present at nine o'clock.

The residence was prettily decorated with bright flowers and foliage, and the music-room was arranged for the scene of the play. Seats were distributed in the large dining-room. The special attraction was the presentation of the farce-comedy, by Grace Livingston Furniss, entitled "A Box of Monkeys." The farce illustrates the endeavor of an American matron, who has a penchant for British nobility, to entertain the daughter of an English earl, who is visiting her at her home in New York city. The cast of characters was as follows:

Edward Ralston, a promising young man, half-owner of the Sierra Gold Mine, Mr. Milton S. Latham; Chauncey Ogleshorpe, his partner, second Earl of Doncaster, Mr. F. L. Mathieu; Mrs. Ondego Jones, an admirer of rank, Miss Mary Graham; Sierra Bengaline, her niece, a prairie rose, Miss Hilda Caste; Lady Guinevere, an English primrose, daughter of the Earl of Paynaut, Miss Juliet Conner.

The presentation of the comedy was a pleasant surprise to every one, as the participants were thoroughly *en rapport* with their rôles. It would seem almost invidious to particularize, as they were all excellent. The laughter-provoking situations in the two acts were finally straightened out with the ever-familiar melodramatic finale, and then the string orchestra became the attraction, and dancing was enjoyed. A delicious supper was served at midnight, under the direction of Ludwig, and afterward dancing was resumed for a couple of hours. The next entertainment will be musical in character, and it will take place a week from next Thursday evening. It may be mentioned, incidentally, that Miss Mollie Hutchinson was to have assumed the part of Mrs. Ondego Jones, but owing to her recent illness she was unable to, and Miss Graham took the part on very short notice.

## The Goad Dinner-Party.

Miss Ella Goad gave a charming dinner-party last Thursday evening at her home, on Washington Street, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon. The dining-table was beautifully embellished with flowers, and a delicious menu was provided. Music and conversation in the parlors terminated a pleasantly passed evening. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Fred W. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mr. Alexander G. sister of Mr. Charles B. Alexander, of New York, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Mr. C. Fred Crocker, Mr. Francis Francis, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, and Mr. William Babcock.

## The Maynard-Lusson Wedding.

A notable wedding took place at Trinity Church, in San José, on Wednesday, October 13th. The bride was Miss Adèle Merlin Lusson, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Pedro Merlin Lusson. She is a bright and accomplished girl, and, on her mother's side, belongs to an old and honored American family. Her ancestors came from England in 1632 and settled in Virginia, where they had large grants of land. She is a descendant of the Newtons, Boylors, Stanleys, and Armisteds, all revolutionary heroes. Her mother was recently made a member of the order known as the Daughters of the Revolution. The groom was Mr. Blayne Easterly Maynard, son of Colonel E. G. Maynard, of H. B. M. Eighty-Eighth Regiment, Connaught Rangers, who served with distinction through the Crimean War and Indian mutiny.

The church was crowded with guests and was beautifully decorated. Rev. J. B. Wakefield, assisted by Rev. William Kip, performed the ceremony at half-past twelve o'clock. Miss May King was the bridesmaid, Mr. H. Spens-Black was the best man, and the ushers were Mr. Edward Snyder, Mr. F. Smith, Mr. Lawrence Kip, and Mr. Maynard Smith.

After the wedding a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, and the afternoon was delightfully passed. Mr. and Mrs. Maynard will reside at his ranch, "Sunnyside," on the Steven's Creek road, near San José, and will receive on Thursdays after November 1st.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. E. Dore left last Tuesday for New York city to await the arrival there from Europe of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels, who are expected on November 1st. The party will return to this coast immediately.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels left New York on Friday en route home.

Miss Roberta Nuttall has arrived in Genoa, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick are expected in New York from England to-day. They will come to this coast immediately.

Colonel and Mrs. M. H. Hecht and family have returned to the city, after passing eighteen months traveling in Europe. They are occupying their residence on the corner of Washington and Octavia Streets.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Hopkins and Mrs. J. B. Crockett have returned from the East.

Mrs. Mamie Hastings has returned from Europe, and is visiting her mother, Mrs. John Hemphill, in Philadelphia.

Senator and Mrs. John F. Jones are at the Hotel Imperial, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Josselyn and family have returned from a prolonged visit to Europe.

Mr. Cornelius O'Connor has returned from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King have been visiting Boston during the past week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker are expected back from the East in a few days.

Mr. Daniel Murphy, of San José, has returned from his European trip. His sister, Mrs. Morgan Hill, is in Spain, where she will remain during the winter.

Mrs. J. C. Tucker and the Misses Tucker, of Oakland, are in Berlin.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lake are at the Hotel Victoria, in London.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxenard, and Miss Nellie Jolliffe left last Thursday for a prolonged Eastern visit.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford have been passing the week at Palo Alto.

Captain Charles Goodall, Mrs. C. M. Goodall, and Miss Timie Goodall have returned from Europe and are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss, Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sloss, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., and Mr. Joseph Sloss have returned to the city, after passing six months at their cottage in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, *né* Durhrow, have returned from their wedding trip.

Mr. Robert A. Irving will leave next week on a visit to Denver.

Mr. E. J. Huddart is visiting her daughter, Mrs. S. C. Hunter, at Sedgwick Park, New York city.

Mrs. Henry R. Haxton, formerly Miss Sallie Thibault, who is now in Paris, has been delivered of a son.

Mr. J. Calegaris has returned to the city after making a prolonged tour of Europe.

Miss Marie Withrow has returned from Europe and will receive on Thursdays at her home, 925 Pine Street. Miss Eva Withrow remained in Paris with her mother. She has taken a studio near Clichy, and will probably remain in France a year or two.

Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, Miss Clotilde Acosta, and the Messrs. Acosta have postponed their departure for Mazatlan until November 15th. They will be away eight months.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren are occupying the residence of Mrs. C. L. Ashe, on Sacramento Street, during her absence in the East.

Miss Mamie Burke is a guest at the Naglee place in San José.

General John H. Dickinson has returned from a three weeks' trip to Humboldt County.

General John T. Cutting will leave for the East in a few days, accompanied by his niece, Mrs. John Betts Metcalf, who has been his guest during her visit to California. He will visit Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf in New York city, and his congressional duties call him to Washington, D. C.

General Cutting and his daughter, Miss Nellie Cutting, will pass the Christmas holidays at the country-place of Mr. and Mrs. Metcalf, in Westchester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Wencesloa Loaiza, Miss Loaiza, Miss Amparo Loaiza, and Mr. Wencesloa Loaiza, Jr., left last Thursday for a month's visit at Guaymas. They were accompanied by Miss Eloisa Andrade, daughter of General Andrade, who will pass six months in Guaymas visiting relatives. Her trip is made in the interests of her health.

Miss Daisy Willard has returned from a three months' visit to friends in Arizona and Southern California.

Mr. Irving M. Scott has been passing the week in Los Angeles.

Mr. Albert L. Stetson left last Tuesday for a brief visit to Fresno.

Miss Grace Thorpe has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Evelyn Murphy, in San José.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Crux have removed to 2717 Pine Street, and will receive on the second and fourth Tuesdays during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Audenried are at the Palace Hotel, where they will pass the winter.

Miss Daisy Ryan has returned from a pleasant visit to Mrs. Woods, in Stockton.

Mr. Joseph May will leave for New York on October 30th, and will pass several weeks there and in other Eastern cities.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann is expected to return next month from Unalak, where he has been for the past six months.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Pratt are entertaining their daughter, Mrs. W. H. Sherman, at their residence.

Miss Mamie Hatch is visiting Mrs. A. G. Hawes, prior to her departure for Honolulu on a visit to her brother, Mr. F. M. Hatch.

Mrs. J. R. Deane is on a brief visit to friends in New York city.

Mrs. Cosmo Morgan will receive on Thursdays during the winter at her residence, 2210 Devisadero Street.

Mrs. Laura Buffandeau will receive on the second and fourth Fridays of each month at her home, 1715 Broadway.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles B. Alexander are passing a month in a cottage at Tuxedo.

Mrs. Susan Crooks has leased the residence of Mrs. William H. Smith, corner of Buchanan and Sacramento Streets, for six months.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, *né* Hooker, have returned from their southern trip, and are occupying their new residence on Washington Street.

Mr. and Mrs. John Martin have leased their residence on Van Ness Avenue to Mr. Frank Johnson.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and Miss Camilla Ashe left on Thursday for Washington, D. C., where they will pass the winter.

Mr. Southard Hoffman has returned from a visit to the southern part of the State.

Colonel J. M. Moorhead, of San José, will soon leave to visit the East.

Miss Marie Naglee, whose engagement to Mr. Harvey Robbins we announced this month, will return from the East to her home in San José early in November.

Mrs. E. E. Goodrich, of El Quito, is slowly recovering from her recent illness. She is passing the season in Berkeley and will remain there during the winter.

Mr. George Helyet, of Carson City, Nev., is passing several weeks at 1001 Pine Street.

Mrs. E. O. Smith, of San José, and her daughter, Miss Kittie Smith, will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clark will leave soon to pass the winter in Europe.

Mrs. James Ashley Turner will soon leave for Japan, where Lieutenant Turner, U. S. M. C., has been ordered. She will be accompanied by her sister, Miss Ada Sullivan.

Mrs. Rudolph B. Spence and Mrs. George D. Strickland have decided not to make the trip, as they originally intended.

## RECENT WILLS.

By the will of the late Thomas Bell the following testamentary provisions were made:

After the payment of his just debts he bequeaths all of his estate to George Stancke, Henry Pichoir, and John W. C. Maxwell in trust for the purposes and trusts following, to wit: To take charge of, manage and invest all funds, and to leave all real estate and the proceeds thereof, to invest in any manner they deem safe and proper, and to change any of said investments as they may deem proper and to the interest of his estate, and in trust to pay and expend from the interest, rents, and issues, and profits thereof, one-third of the net income to his wife, Teresa Bell, and, secondly, to pay to his said wife such a monthly allowance as his estate will warrant; a monthly allowance for the support, maintenance, and education of his children, Thomas Frederick Bell, Mary Teresa Bell, Rebecca Bell, Muriel Bell, Reginald Bell, and Eustice Bell, and upon the further trust that upon his youngest child arriving at the age of majority, then the said trustees shall pay, deliver, and convey to his said wife, Teresa Bell, one-third of his estate and the remainder of his estate shall be divided among his children, share and share alike; that is to say Thomas Frederick, Mary Teresa, Rebecca, Muriel, Reginald, and Eustice.

He nominated George Stancke, Henry Pichoir, and J. W. C. Maxwell, all of the city and county of San Francisco, the executors of his last will and testament, and requested that no bonds be required from them, or either of them, in any matter pertaining to the execution of their trust as such executors or as trustees; and in the event that they should consider it advisable to sell any portion of his real estate or personal property, he authorized them to sell the same or any part thereof upon such terms and prices as they may deem proper, and to the interest of his estate, without an order from the probate or any other court. He declared that all of his estate is community property. The will was executed February 3, 1892. The property is estimated to be worth \$2,000,000 or more.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

The wedding of Miss Leila Alexander, daughter of Colonel C. T. Alexander, assistant surgeon-general, U. S. A., and Mr. Joseph J. Emory, of New York, will take place in the latter city next Wednesday. Miss Alexander visited friends here several months ago, and was extensively entertained.

General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., and Lieutenant Charles G. Treat, U. S. A., have gone to Europe on a six weeks' trip.

Lieutenant C. Douglas Pennant, U. S. N., formerly executive officer of the *Lancaster*, returned from the Asiatic Station on the *Rio de Janeiro*, and is now on duty at the Union Iron Works supervising the completion of the new cruiser *Olympia*.

Lieutenant John P. Finley, Ninth Infantry, U. S. A., has been, at his own request, relieved from further duty with the Weather Bureau of the Agricultural Department, and will join his company.

Lieutenant C. A. Clark, U. S. N., has been transferred from the *Troquois* to the *Independence* at Mare Island.

Lieutenant Charles H. McKinstry, U. S. A., who is at West Point, has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant in the Corps of Engineers. His sister, Miss Laura McKinstry, is visiting him for a few weeks, but is expected here early in November, after a prolonged absence in Europe.

General and Mrs. Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A., have taken the house owned by Representative Newberry on the north side in Chicago. Their daughter and son are with them. Mrs. Chauncey McKeever and Miss McKeever will pass the winter in Chicago.

"Christopher Columbus," the new opera by Messrs. Hinz and Waldeck, will be produced this (Saturday) evening at the San Francisco Verein.

The preparations for it are most elaborate, and there is no doubt of its success. There will be a ball and supper after the performance.

Bourke Cockran is credited with this sage observation: "I am satisfied that it doesn't make very much difference to the country, and I sometimes think it will not to the Democratic party, whether Harrison or Cleveland is elected, and there are a good many other Democrats who are of my opinion." That is what Mr. Cockran says in private.

In retaliation for the statement by Dr. Lombroso, the Italian scholar, that "it is almost impossible to find a perfectly sincere woman," a leading woman's club in Philadelphia has solemnly resolved that "it is as natural for the average man to lie as to eat."

Let this go no further.

—THE PRETTY COSTUME HELEN BERTRAM wears as "Miss Hellyet" is one that San Francisco ladies may well admire, for it is a native product.

The hat and gown were designed and the costume, from the topmost bow of her bonnet to the toes of her pretty *bottines*, was made up at The Maze, the modern department store on Market and Taylor Streets. It is as dainty and artistic a gown, with its soft harmonies of color and effective draping, as the famous *courtiers* of Paris or London could produce; and, not only did The Maze make it, but the same store furnished all the little accessories, the gloves, and the noticeably pretty shoes that made the costume complete. The Maze is always in the front rank of fashion, and it has taste and originality as well.

—MR. S. STROZYNSKI, CORNER OF ELLIS AND Leavenworth Streets, the leading ladies' hair-dresser, has returned from abroad and is again superintending all work personally. He has also reduced all his prices.

—WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourn Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

—GUMPS' NEW ART GALLERIES AT 113 GEARY Street are now thrown open to the public.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS received his winter invoices of underwear and hosiery.

## MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or n-erative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



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## AN OUTDOOR RECEPTION.

By John Greenleaf Whittier.

On these green banks, where falls too soon  
The shade of autumn's afternoon,  
The south wind blowing soft and sweet,  
The water gliding at my feet,  
The distant northern range uplift  
By the slant sunshine over it,  
With changes of the mountain mist  
From tender blush to amethyst,  
The valley's stretch of shade and gleam  
Fair as in Mirza's Bagdad dream,  
With glad young faces smiling near  
And merry voices in my ear,  
I sit, methinks, as Hafiz might  
In Iran's Garden of Delight.  
For Persian roses blushing red,  
Aster and gentian bloom instead;  
For Shiraz wine, this mountain air;  
For feast, the blueberries which I share  
With one who profess with stained hands  
Her gleanings from yon pasture lands,  
Wild fruit that art and culture spoil,  
The harvest of an untilled soil;  
And with her one whose tender eyes  
Reflect the change of April skies,  
Midway 'twixt child and maiden yet,  
Fresh as spring's earliest violet;  
And one whose look and voice and ways  
Make where she goes idyllic days;  
And one whose sweet, still countenance  
Seems dreamful of a child's romance;  
And others, welcome as are these,  
Like and unlike, varieties  
Of pearls on nature's chaplet strung—  
And all are fair, for all are young.  
Gathered from seaside cities old,  
From midland prairie, lake, and wold,  
From the great wheat-fields, which might feed  
The hanger of a world at need,  
In healthful change of rest and play  
Their school-vacations glide away.  
No critics these: they only see  
An old and kindly friend in me,  
In whose amused, indulgent look  
Their innocent mirth has no rebuke;  
And, finding midst my rugged rhymes  
Set to harsh notes of evil times,  
And graver themes on minor keys  
Of life's and death's solemnities,  
Some lighter, happier strains more fit  
To move the heart than sudden it—  
Hints of the boyhood of the man,  
Youth viewed from life's meridian—  
Half seriously and half in play,  
My pleasant interviewers pay  
Their visit in the simplest way.  
As yonder solitary pine  
Is ringed below with flower and vine,  
More favored than that lonely tree,  
The bloom of girlhood circles me,  
In such an atmosphere of youth  
I half forgot my age's truth;  
The shadow of my life's long date  
Runs backward on the dial-plate,  
Until it seems a step might span  
The gulf between the boy and man.

My young friends smile, as if some day  
On bleak December's leafless spray  
Essayed to sing the songs of May.  
Well, let them smile, and live to know,  
When their brown locks are flecked with snow,  
'Tis tedious to be always sage  
And pose the dignity of age,  
While so much of our early lives  
On memory's play-ground still survives,  
And owns, as at the present hour,  
The spell of youth's magnetic power.  
But though I feel, with Solomon,  
'Tis pleasant to behold the sun,  
I would not if I could repeat  
A life which still is good and sweet;  
I keep in age, as in my prime,  
A not uncheerful step with time,  
And, grateful for all blessings sent,  
I go the common way, content  
To make no new experiment.  
On easy terms with law and fate,  
For what must be I calmly wait,  
And trust the path I can not see—  
That God is good sufficient me,  
And when at last upon life's play  
The curtain falls, I only pray  
That hope may lose itself in truth,  
And age in Heaven's immortal youth,  
And all our loves and longings prove  
The foretaste of divine love!

The day is done. Its afterglow  
Along the west is burning slow.  
My visitors, like birds, have flown;  
I hear their voices, fainter grown,  
And dimly through the dusk I see  
Their kerchiefs wave good-night to me—  
Light hearts of girlhood, knowing naught  
Of all the cheer their coming brought;  
And, in their going, unaware  
Of silent-following feet of prayer:  
Heaven make their huddling promise good  
With flowers of gracious womanhood!

—November St. Nicholas.

## Are You Yellow?

If so, of course you are bilious, which also implies that you have a dull pain and tenderness in the right side, nausea, sick headache, furred tongue, sour breath, and indigestion. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is what you want. Prompt relief follows its use in liver complaint, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble, and nervousness. Physicians unqualifiedly recommend it.

## A SEMINARY ALARMED.

The Story of the Burglary at Minerva House.

He was very obviously not a respectable person; but there was a redeeming trace of humor in his face and a frankness in his conversation which almost disarmed criticism. He might very well have asked me for a fill of tobacco (we were fellow-travelers in a third-class carriage), without telling me that he had not smoked a pipe for eighteen months; still less necessary was it to add that he considered himself uncommonly (though that was not his word) lucky that the period of abstinence had not been five years. In face of such candor, I felt it no presumption to inquire, in a friendly tone, how he and the laws of his country had managed to fall out. Pulling luxuriously at his pipe, he looked at me for a moment, decided apparently that I was a man who could appreciate a reminiscence, slapped his thigh, and, with a chuckle, began his story. I reproduce it with such sacrifices of language as decorum extorts from picturesqueness.

"I never 'ad sech a doin' all my life. I'll tell you, sir, 'cos you're a gentleman. Well, this was 'ow it was. Me and my mate got wind of a very touchin' little hoccurrence as 'ad took place at a cribb they called Minervy 'Ouse. The young ladies as got their learning there took and gave the missus a 'luminated address and a 'andsome silver salver on the occasion when the old woman had bin teachin' of 'em five-and-twenty year. It were a real 'andsome salver, and me and Bill saw it in the shop-winder before it went up to the 'ouse. Well, sir, me and Bill had bin working 'ard for five-and-twenty year, too—mighty 'ard some of it on 'er majesty's 'lowance o' grub—and we thought we 'ad as good a right to that salver as the missus. She could 'ave the address, and we'd call it square. So one dark night we packed up the tools and started for Minervy 'Ouse. We knowed about where the plate was kep'; it lay in a chest in the old lady's room on the second floor, and we knowed about where a ladder was, too, and we reckoned we could persuade the old lady to lay quiet, so we 'adn't much fear of the job goin' wrong. Well—trouble you for another fill, sir—when we come over the wall and got near the 'ouse, Bill 'e says: 'Ere's luck; we don't want no ladder; they got the fire-escape up agin the wall; and, jedge me, if it ain't slap by the missus's winder!' You may guess, sir, as we said grace, for gettin' the ladder hout was the ticklish bit, on account of the gardener sleeping 'andy to it. 'Lord! it's easy as drinkin', says I. 'Up we goes and there we are!' Up we went, sir—I fust and Bill follerin'. The escape was beautiful goin', and o' course no one could spot us; but I told Bill to stay near the bottom and give me a shout if any one came round. Well, then, up I goes, sir, soft and sure; and soon I was a-standin' with my 'ead just out o' the escape, and not three feet below the winder. I 'adn't made a sound, sir—swelp me I 'adn't, and it was all goin' beautiful. Things was so quiet that I 'ailed Bill and told him to come up and bring the sack for the stuff; and he come up and we waited 'arf a minute and 'eard nothink.

"Now 'ist me up, old man," says I, 'and I'll do the trick.' Bill was just a-puttin' his shoulder under my leg to 'ist me, when, all on a sudden, the devil's old shindy began. A bell rung, there was shrieks of 'Fire! fire!' then a lot of runnin' about and a bit o' laughin' and screechin'; and then the escape begun to move. You may suppose, sir, as we wasn't over and above pleased. We got down into the escape and lay still, sir, and the old thing moved like winkin'. Some one down below says, 'Lor, Millie, ain't it 'eavy?' But we traveled, sir, all the same. Presently we stopped; and I says to Bill, 'Can we clear?' 'Not it,' says 'e; 'there's a crowd on 'em down below.' 'Curse the fire!' says I; 'can ye see it?' 'No,' says Bill; 'blained if—' Jest at that minute, sir, we 'eard a winder open; and, thump! somethin' soft come tumblin' down on me, driving my 'ead into my shoulders and my feet into Bill's mouth. You should 'ave 'eard Bill! Then the soft thing giv' a awful screech, and, thump! come another, and my 'ead come further into my neck and my toes go further down old Bill's throat. Thump come another, and then another; and that started us, and we all bundled off to the bottom of the escape like a flash o' lightning—Bill at the bottom, me next, and the rest of 'em—they was gals, sir—screamin', and 'ollerin', and gigglin' like mad. Bedlam won't in it with that escape, sir. Then, when we touched bottom, first thing I noo was some one a-turnin' the garden-rose full on me, while a fat old gal shouted out, 'Now, then, Rule 13—use the 'ose freely!' They did use it, sir; soon as ever I tried to sing out, I got a gallon o' best Thames druv' into me, sixteen 'orse-power, and took down more water than ever I did afore. Last, the old gal with the book—'er as was shoutin' 'Rule 13'—twiggled me and Bill, and then the fun begun over again. 'Way went the book and Rule 13; 'way went all the gals as 'ad come down with us in the escape—and there was above a dozen, sir, I'll take my oath; and they stopped singin' out 'Fire!' and begun to 'oller 'Thieves! Murder!'

"Then I says to Bill: 'Time we moved, eh, Bill?' But Bill, 'e groaned and damned me for breakin' his teeth, and lay still, wringin' out his clothes; and afore he come to 'inself the gardener was sittin' on

his 'ead, and the copper 'ad mine tucked away comfortable under his arm, and the game was jest about up, sir.

"Well, sir, look at it. If there'd bin a fire it 'ud 'a' been jest 'ell's own luck, and there 'ud 'a' bin an end of it. But, Lord bless ye, there never warn't no fire! When they brought us to the old gal, so as she could charge us, there she was, with about twenty pretty young ladies all round 'er, all on 'em in the neatest bathin'-dresses you ever see, with their 'eads in sponge bags so as not to spile their 'air; and the old gal smiled and laughed, and she says: 'So very fortunate, Mr. Constable, that it occurred to-night, hotherwise we might not 'ave detected these wicked men.' Then I up an' says: 'It's the fortin' o' war, mum, and we ain't complainin'; but I'd take it kindly, mum, if you'd tell us what in the old un's name you might be up to, for I don't see no more fire nor I could put on the end of my thumb and heat for a relish.' And she says: 'You don't deserve, man, as 'ow I should tell ye anythink, but, as ye ask, it 'appens that you made yer wicked attempt on the night of hour fire drill'—and it's a fact, sir; the copper told me 'imself. Once a week them gals git up a fire out of their own 'eads, put on their bathin'-dresses, tumble down that there escape, and garden 'ose 'emselves at the bottom. That's 'fire drill', that is, sir. And you may bet as 'ow I shan't forget it.'

He mopped his brow. A sudden vision of the young ladies descending in an avalanche on him and Bill came across me, and I burst out laughing. After a moment, he laughed, too, slapping his thigh. Then he recovered his gravity and appealed to me as a reasonable man:

"Once a week, hall the year round, sir! Ain't it handicappin' a man, neither?"—*St. James's Gazette.*

## BREAKING IT GENTLY.

"Is it all right, doctor?"  
"Splendid, Jumble! Allow me to congratulate you."

"Is it a—a-boy?"  
"The picture of his pop."

"Doctor, this is the happiest moment of my life. It's selfishness on my part, though—for Louisa yearned for a daughter so fondly."

"In that case, Jumble, she won't be disappointed."

"Didn't you say it was a boy, doctor?"  
"The picture of his pop."

"But Louisa wanted a girl."

"In that case, Jumble, as I said before, she won't be disappointed, for heaven has more than gratified her desire."

"Do I understand you, doctor—is it twins?"  
"You said you wanted a boy, did you not?"

"I did, doctor."

"And your wife wanted a girl?"  
"Yes, doctor."

"Well, then, my man, rest easily. Heaven has answered the prayers of both."

"Then it's twins?"  
"But in favoring you, Jumble, heaven has doubly favored your wife."

"And it's twins?"  
"No, Jumble, not exactly. You see—"

"Great Caesar, doctor, you mystify me! Relieve me of this anxiety, for pity's sake. What is it?"

"Triplets."—*Puck.*

Ayer's Pills are an invaluable remedy for all diseases of the stomach, liver, and bowels. This medicine should be kept in every family.

It is said that an acre of good fishing will yield more food in a week than an acre of the best land will yield in a year.

## Sickness Among Children.

Especially infants, is prevalent more or less at all times, but is largely avoided by giving proper nourishment and wholesome food. The most successful and reliable of all is the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

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**TASTELESS—EFFECTUAL FOR A DISORDERED LIVER**

Taken as directed these famous Pills will prove marvellous restoratives to all enfeebled by the above or kindred diseases.

**25 Cents a Box,** but generally recognized in England and in fact throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box," for the reason that they **WILL CURE** a wide range of complaints, and that they have saved to many sufferers not merely one but many guineas, in doctors' bills.

Covered with a Tasteless & Soluble Coating. Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

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**No Alkalies**

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**Breakfast Cocoa,**

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It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

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STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

After the second battle of Bull Run, Lincoln is said to have exclaimed: "Well, I've heard of being knocked into the middle of next week, but I never heard of being pitched into the middle of last year."

An English health officer recently received the following note from one of the residents of his district: "Dear sir, I beg to tell you that my child aged eight months is suffering of measles as required by Act of Parliament."

Charles James Fox when canvassing Westminster, applied to a shopkeeper for his vote and interest. The man produced a halter, with which, he said, he was ready to oblige him. "Thank you," replied Fox, "for your kind offer, but I should be sorry to deprive you of so valuable a family relic."

Thackeray's broken nose was always a source of amusement to Thackeray himself; he caricatured it in his drawings, he frequently alluded to it in his speech and in his letters, and he was fond of repeating Douglas Jerrold's remark to him when he was to stand as godfather to a friend's son: "Lord, Thackeray, I hope you won't present the child with your own mug!"

A surgeon being sent for to bleed a lady belonging to the nobility, did the operation in such a bungling manner that he cut an artery, of which misadventure the lady subsequently died. In her will she left him an annuity of eight hundred francs "as a balm to his troubled conscience, and that by having a competence he may not be obliged to cause others to run the same risk which has resulted in my death."

A Maori whose requests for blankets had at last elicited a decided refusal from the missionary, exclaimed: "Kapai (good); no more blankets, no more hallelujahs," and thereupon returned to the faith of his fathers. No less humorous, though in another way, was the plea of a Maori in litigation for a piece of land. Being called on to tell the court on what proof he relied for his title, he pointed to the rival claimant and said simply: "I ate his father."

When Thackeray was about five years of age, his aunt discovered the child one morning parading about in his uncle's hat, which exactly fitted him. Fearing some abnormal and dangerous development of the brain, she carried him at once to a famous physician of the day, who is reported to have said: "Don't be afraid, madam; he has a large head, but there's a good deal in it!" His brain, when he died, fifty-three years later, weighed fifty-eight and a half ounces.

Louis Philippe and Queen Victoria were once walking in the garden at Eu, when he offered her a peach. The queen seemed rather embarrassed how to skin it, when Louis Philippe took a large clasp-knife from his pocket. "When a man has been a poor devil like myself," he said, "obliged to live on forty snus a day, he always carries a knife. I might have dispensed with it for the last few years. Still, I do not wish to lose the habit—one does not know what may happen."

Queen Anstrigilda, the wife of Guntran, King of Burgundy, being on her death-bed, requested her husband to bury the two physicians who were then in attendance on her person, in the same tomb with herself, as she attributed her coming dissolution to their want of skill. Like a dutiful husband, the king not only promised his young wife to carry out her request, but actually saw that it was done. In the good old times it was as risky to be a court physician as it is at present to be a medicine man among the Arizona or Oregon Indians.

Once, when canvassing Hampshire, Lord Palmerston held a meeting at a hotel which was but dimly lighted at each end by two small windows. During the noble lord's speech, he was frequently interrupted by cries of "No! no!" proceeding from a little fat man in one of the windows. There were loud calls to bring him forward; but Lord Palmerston promptly said: "Pray, don't interfere with the gentleman. Let him remain in the window. Providence has denied him any intellectual light; it would be hard, indeed, to deprive him of the light of heaven!"

Reginald de Koven, the composer of "Robin Hood," gave a dinner recently to a number of people. Among these was Francis Wilson, a painfully timid man off the stage (says the Recorder). Mr. Wilson was seated near the hostess. "Have you any children, Mr. Wilson?" she asked, sweetly. "I have two, thank you," replied Francis, with a perceptible blush. "Are they boys or girls?" beamingly. "They are both girls, I thank you, madam." The eyes of the company were upon him, and he felt it incumbent on him to make some query in kind, and so he asked: "Have you any children, Mrs. de Koven?" "Oh, yes; I have one, Mr. Wilson. I am very much obliged to you." "Not at all," murmured Francis, now quite confused by the vivacity of

his hostess and the close attention of the guests; "you are under no obligation to me, I assure you!" There was immediately an unusual rattling of tableware and a sudden resumption of general conversation.

There is a story of an old darky who was very fond of fishing. Day after day he used to be at the end of the pier with his line and hook, and generally with a group of little darkies around him, with their hooks and lines. One day, one of these boys lost his balance and tumbled in. The water was over his head, and it was apparent, if he did not get help, he would drown. Then the old darky threw down his rod, jumped in, and rescued the boy. I was much impressed with the old man's heroism. "He is your son?" I said. "No, sah; no relation." "Then you risked your life to save that of a child who was nothing to you, which makes your act even more heroic." "Well, you see, boss, dat mizzable chile had all de worms in his pocket."

"In an art exhibition of London," wrote the Shah of Persia in the journal he kept during his last visit to Europe, "we were looking at a painting representing an ass. I asked: 'What is the price of this painting?' The director of the exhibition, who was a corpulent man, with a white beard, looked up the price-list, and said: 'One hundred English pounds,' which are equal to two hundred and fifty Persian toman. I answered: 'The price of a live ass is at the most five pounds; why should this be so dear when it is only the picture of an ass?' The director replied: 'Because it causes no expense and eats neither hay nor oats.' I said: 'Although it causes no expense, it can, on the other hand, neither carry burdens nor give a man a ride.' We both laughed."

Mr. Froude tells a story of how a native Maori chief, Tekoi, managed to turn the tables upon his missionary teacher. The chief had been frequently warned by him against the evil of indulgence in "firewater." A day came, however, when the missionary, in danger of catching cold, felt constrained to fortify himself with a glass of whisky-toddy. At the moment he was about to raise the tempting fluid in his lips, a dusky figure appeared, and, laying his finger on the glass, said: "Stop, Little Father! If you drink firewater, you will lose your health, you will lose your character. Perhaps you will lose your life. Nay, Little Father, you will lose—but that shall not be. Your immortal soul is more precious than mine. The drink will hurt me less than it will hurt you. To save your soul, I will drink it myself." Which he did forthwith.

What they are Good For.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the best medicine known. First—They are purely vegetable, in fact a medicated food. Second—The same dose always produces the same effect—other purgatives require increased doses and finally cease acting. Third—They purify the blood. Fourth—They invigorate the digestion and cleanse the stomach and bowels. Fifth—They stimulate the liver and carry off vitiated bile and other depraved secretions. The first two or three doses tell the story. The skin becomes clear, the eye bright, the mind active, digestion is restored, costiveness cured, the animal vigor is recruited, and all decay arrested. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21. For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec., 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street. GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents, No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, October 2, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 5:40, 6:20 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:10, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:25 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:25, 6:55, 7:55, 9:10, 11:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:10, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:45, 7:15, 8:15, 9:50, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:00 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN
SAN FRANCISCO.	Camp Taylor, Tolacoma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days		10:20 A. M. Week Days
3:25 P. M. Week Days		6:10 P. M. Week Days
8:00 A. M. Sundays		6:15 P. M. Sundays

LEAVE	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN
SAN FRANCISCO.	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days		10:20 A. M. Mondays
3:35 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tolacoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Nov. 5th, SS. San Juan; Nov. 15th, SS. City of New York; Nov. 25th, SS. San Blas.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Unión, Amapala, Cuernavaca, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas. Way line sailing—November 18th, SS. Acapulco. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc. City of Peking, Saturday, November 25, at 3 P. M. China, (via Honolulu), Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M. Peru, Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates. For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG. Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892. Gaelic, Wednesday, November 16. Belgic, Thursday, December 15. Oceanic, (via Honolulu), Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93. Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco. For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Sept. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	8:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, Calistoga, and Santa Rosa.	8:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lodi, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:45 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Stockton, Lodi, Merced, and Fresno.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:30 P.	Benicia, Esparto, Sacramento.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	8:45 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	8:45 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
6:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	9:15 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:15 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:15 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
8:15 A.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
7:30 A.	Monterey and Santa Cruz Sunday Excursions.	8:28 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
9:30 A.	"Sunday Excursion" Train to Menlo Park and Way Stations.	5:45 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	2:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
7:15 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

It is all very well to be able honestly to say that you have the best goods in the market, but the manner in which you will tell that big and truthful fact is as great a thing.—St. Louis Artist Printer.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and Sausalito: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M. Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:15 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:45, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:25 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M. Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco.	DESTINATION.	Arrive San Francisco.
WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and 8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 P. M.	6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, 6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Cloverdale, and Way Stations.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland 7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Ukiah 6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville, 7:25 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and 8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Glen Ellen. 6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol. 10:40 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bardett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Hartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Uslal, Hydenville, and Eureka. EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$1.40; to Cloverdale, \$1.50; to Hopland, \$2.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80. EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$1.50; to Ukiah, \$5.50; to Hopland, \$1.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager. PETER J. McCLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 30 Montgomery Street, and 9 New Montgomery Street.





It is granted to a few writers to wake in their readers a feeling of personal affection. No author possessed this strange power more strongly than Walter Scott. Next to him might come Alexandre Dumas—Dumas père, Dumas fils, with all his fineness, his wit, his captivating contemporaneity, his razor-edged keenness, his languidly mocking cynicism, had not a trace of it. The son was a cold and cutting analyst, the father an incomplete genius, a giant, a pigmy, all fire, all imagination, all childish naïveté, warm-hearted, impulsive, absurd, grandiose, theatrical—a creature of the tropics in whom a strain of black blood ran dark beside the blood of French soldiers and French peasants.

There is something about this great, titanic, superb, ridiculous Dumas that reminds one of Walter Scott. Their readers loved them as few authors have had the fortune to be loved by admiring thousands. They wrote at nearly the same time the same class of books. They both were the great romantic writers of their age, and of all ages. They both had a rich and splendid humor—that, in the Frenchman followed the bent of his nationality and became wit and epigram, and in the Scotchman turned to the broadly mirthful personations of such types as Caleb Balderstone and Wamba. They both were possessed of an unending fund of ideas, both wrote with an amazing ease and rapidity, both let their works suffer by a lack of care and finish, both made great sums of money, rose quickly to great heights, started great establishments and settled down to lives of mediæval splendor—and both died poor and forsaken by the sycophants of their *beaux jours*.

Their *vie intime*, however, was as different as their talents were similar. Nothing in the world could be more simple, more peaceful, more quietly retired than the life of the Wizard of the North, a life of open-handed hospitality in a stately house, in a far, cold country where the spring is late and the twilight long, where the days passed tranquilly in work and the society of his beloved dogs, his mid-eyed Charlotte, and his faithful henchman Tom Purdy. Across the channel, in the fierce whirlpool of the Paris of that day, his brother craftsman was making a first attempt to win place in that world which Balzac had said can only be conquered by the highest genius or the lowest corruption. "You must either rend your way through the crowd like a cannon-ball or creep through it silently like a pestilence." So says Vautrin, who ought to know.

And in the middle of it, Dumas rent his way. He astounded a world that pines under the weight of an eternal ennui. He flew back and forth across the web of Parisian life as the shuttle flies across the loom. He is a poor clerk at the ministry to-day, and to-morrow is turning white over the first production of his play at the Français. He writes this play in bed in the greatest poverty, and, after its production, is summoned up to the royal box to be congratulated by the Duchess of Orleans. He has Mlle. Mars to create the part of his heroine. Mlle. Mars is at this time fifty and rather weak in her temper; but, like all the women of those halcyon days, she is still beautiful and has a voice of gold. Better still, the illustrious Mlle. Georges creates the leading woman's part in his third melodrama. This radiant creature—the beloved of several emperors, not to mention half a dozen kings—chokes with emotion on hearing the play read, and, with the lips that were once Napoleon's, presses a kiss upon the author's brow. At least, this is what Alexander says.

While the Wizard of the North speculated upon the cutting down of certain trees, and struggled with his debts, the French apostle of romanticism took his first plunge into the maelstrom of that terrible society that Balzac gave a picture of in the "Illusions Perdues." He took to it kindly. He saw the great first night of "Hernani" and Théophile Gautier, in his red waistcoat, collecting his myrmidons in the darkened foyer. He sees his own piece, "Henri III.," open the romantic drama and deal the death-blow to the days of classicism, of Roman Frenchmen, and Gallie Greeks. He goes farther than this, and lays the corner-stone of the drama of "the base, the bloody, and the brutal," as some one has called it, in his "Antony."

His dark face, with its thick, heavy features, and his tight-curling, woolly head, is well known in the literary Paris of the day. This is the Paris of George Sand, small and ugly in boy's dress; of Alfred de Musset; of Chopin, the melancholy eyed and dreamy; of Victor Hugo, of Théophile Gautier, Liszt, in the zenith of his fame, spends evenings with him, and plays for him on a wretched, jingling piano. Gerard de Nerval, whose eccentricities al-

ready have taken the form of walking through one of the public parks dragging a lobster behind him by a string, is one of his collaborators. He has heard the stories of this wonderful, strange Balzac, whose imagination played him such singular tricks, who wrote in a monk's white robe and kept his mind on the stretch by draughts of black coffee. He has laughed over the accounts of Hector Berlioz rushing home from Italy to kill his faithless love with three pistols—one for the lady, one for his rival, and one for himself.

But the greatest of his great days were the days of the *feuilleton*; the days when his "workshop" was in full blast; the days when he made what he called his "conquests"—i. e., stole or "conquered" the literary ideas of less fortunate men. Eugene Sue had published "Les Mystères de Paris," and "Le Juif Errant" was just appearing. At eventide that "Tout Paris," whose opinion is so dreaded, sat under its vine and fig-tree, and, with distended eyes, followed the fortunes of the limp and lovely Adrienne and reveled in the description of Prince Djalma's black satin-hung apartment where he always slept, in a white marble bed.

It was a great day for the *feuilleton*, for, just as "Les Mystères de Paris," had frozen the thick, red blood of an honest bourgeoisie and the thin, blue blood of a languid aristocracy, a new *feuilletonist* took the field—Alexandre Dumas. To the breathless public he presented, with a flourish and a bow, three young men, musketeers of the kiosk—Athos, Portos, and Aramis—and with them D'Artagnan, a Gascon lad of twenty, who rode into fame and history on a sorry Bearnaise pony of an orange hue.

This D'Artagnan was just the hero for a *feuilleton* for a Frenchman to read of and a Frenchman to write of. At the first introduction, he tries to crack the head of a great gentleman, who has cold and mocking manners, a scar on his brow, immovable *sang-froid*, and a title. Also, in the first dozen pages of his history, a beautiful lady, blonde and mysterious, rises upon his horizon. She leans from the window of her great traveling-coach, and the hero has a glimpse of a lovely, pallid face, drooping golden curls, and the clear-blue eyes of the type that is English. She has a murmured conference with the great gentleman, then the coach lumbers out of the inn court-yard, rolls rapidly away, and carries with it the Gascon's thoughts and the reader's interest away and away, rumbling over France to the south, and taking the blue-eyed woman deeper and deeper into the realms of romance.

From the first opening of these magic pages, the reader steps backward into a splendid past. He is at the court of Louis the Thirteenth. He sees the king at cards, and watches Cardinal de Richelieu—thin, pale, and suave. The beautiful queen crosses his vision, a majestic and melancholy figure, preyed upon by a secret passion, watched, deserted, and despairing. He may catch a glimpse of Mme. de Chevreuse, a daring lady who fears nothing and loves the queen. Passing a shadowed gate of the Louvre, he may come upon Mme. Boissieu, a very pretty person of twenty-three, confidante of the queen, suspected by Richelieu, and as clever as she is pretty. He meets her once upon one of the long black bridges that cross the Seine. She is arm-in-arm with a man, muffled in a dark cloak. Following them, he may see that she stealthily conducts this mysterious personage into the Louvre by a small, darkened gateway. It is the Duke of Buckingham, who has come post-haste from England for one moment's glimpse of his heart's queen.

Romances and counter-romances crop up on every hand. All the world is up to its ears in every sort of adventure. A moonlight stroll on a quiet street is rendered picturesque by the vision of a slim, cloaked shape stealing on in front in the shadow of the houses. It stops at the window of Aramis's lodging. A small hand knocks thrice on the closed shutter, a thread of light shines out as the shutter is furtively opened, and then, in the quietness of the deserted street, a whispered conference takes place across the window-ledge.

All through the day one hears only the clash of steel. Every man in those gallant times had a sword as ready as Tihalt's, a purse as open as Timon's, a heart as inflammable as Romeo's. The three merry musketeers swaggered through life with a splendid recklessness, killing their foes, loving their neighbors' wives, paying their way when they had none, and not paying when they had none. No nineteenth century sense of honor disturbed their peace of mind. They killed a man as readily as they kissed a woman. The world was made for pleasure. Money was coined for spending, women born for loving, wine made for drinking. And while these three things were in the world, it was a good world—a world worth fighting for, a world worth trying to keep in, a world worth trying to put disagreeable people out of.

D'Artagnan, who had every gift that the hero of romance should have, had one gift that the hero of romance very seldom has—a sense of humor. They say when Dumas wrote the witty and humorous portions of his book, he could be heard laughing to himself all over the house. And he must have laughed his loudest when he passed to the adventures and conversation of D'Artagnan. The picture of the Gascon is brilliant with humor. He is witty in his talk, but he is absurdly funny at times in his actions. Through the lines the author can be felt to be in-

dulgiog in one of those Homeric laughs of his, as he moved this creature of his own creating through the scoops to which his genius had given life and color.

This humorous side of the character is well given by Mr. Salvini. He also pays attention to the fact that D'Artagnan was only a boy, and though he was a boy of unlimited daring and dowered by his author with every gift of heaven, yet in the book he always remains a boy—a splendid boy, but a boy. Mr. Salvini acts him as a boy, but does not himself look very much like one. He is a handsome and decidedly picturesque-looking man, but is not in appearance the D'Artagnan of Dumas—the D'Artagnan of high cheek-bores and wiry frame; the D'Artagnan of vibrating, nervous energy, of Gascon bravado and sharp-edged Gascon wit; the D'Artagnan who was impulsive, fiery, absurd, but under it all sharp as a needle and cunning as a fox. In endeavoring to give the effect of the vivacious boyishness of the character, the actor has lent to it a suggestion of a sort of clumsy exuberance that was never an attribute of the hot-blooded and knowing young musketeer.

But Mr. Salvini has a good deal of personal charm, or magnetism, or individuality, according to the word one wants to use. He has an attractive personality. He may not be Dumas's D'Artagnan, but he is his own D'Artagnan, and that is a very charming person. He has given the character more simplicity and more geniality. He is not half so shrewd, or so quick, or so clever as Dumas's hero, but he is more open, more candid, more sunny. He is not the dashing young blade of courts and intrigues of the novel, but he is a somewhat roystering, witty, merry, dare-devil soldier of fortune. He reminds one a little of Denys of Burgundy, who fell in love with every woman he met, and was ready to fight under any standard, in any country, for any cause, just for the pure fun of fighting.

Some of his actions were a little reminiscent of the pantomime of "Mazulim, the Night Owl"—especially when he dives through the cabin-window into the foaming breakers of the English Channel. This was a remarkably good jump, but it was suggestive of the way the harlequin jumps through the window and then comes up smiling in the face of the clock. But a sensational piece must be expected to contain a few gymnastics. And the "Three Musketeers," robbed of "the gayety of style" that Dumas was so proud of, is unquestionably sensational.

The Athos of the company was clever, and delivered his long recital on the subject of his own sorrow with a good deal of art and power. And Anne of Austria was a remarkably handsome and majestic-looking woman. She has a purely tragic face, and with her hair dressed loosely and coming down over her ears, her eyebrows drawn frowningly together over her eyes, and her head drooped in gloomy meditation, she bore quite a strong likeness to Gérôme's picture of Rachel as Phedre. It is not probable, however, that Rachel was ever so handsome. Unfortunately this regal-looking person had a bad form of the Chicago accent.

At the theatres during the week commencing October 31st: the Duff Company in light opera; Salvini in "L'Ami Fritz" and "Cavalleria Rusticana"; Henley and Boucicault in "The Favorite"; Margaret Mather in "Romeo and Juliet," etc.; and the Tivoli Company in "Three Black Cloaks."

#### Stationery for the Winter Season.

The winter season is coming on apace, and notes and invitations begin to fly back and forth in the fashionable world. There is no etiquette the strict observance of which more surely stamps one as belonging to "the caste of Vere de Vere" than that which governs correspondence, and the first necessary is proper note-paper. This one may be always sure of getting if one makes one's purchases at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They are constantly receiving from the East invoices of the latest and "swellest" styles of materials for correspondence and invitation, and they pride themselves on always having for their customers the very newest and best. Among their latest novelties are some exquisitely tinted papers of the fashionable size, the texture of the papers including all the strange new patterns that seem to be necessary nowadays. And, of course, you can have your paper stamped at their store with your address in embossed lettering or with your name or initials, as you choose.

They also conduct a large business in the engraving of visiting-cards, social announcements, wedding and ball invitations, and so on. They have produced such excellent work in this line that they have secured the patronage of all the social leaders here, and, if you have your engraving done by them, you may rest assured that it will be quite correct in every particular.

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#### DCLXXIX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, October 30, 1892.

Mock Turtle Soup.  
Scalloped Oysters.  
Smothered Quail. Baked Potatoes.  
String Beans. Baked Tomatoes.  
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.  
Lettuce.  
Citron Pudding.  
Fruits.

CITRON PUDDING.—Beat up very light the yolks of five large eggs, add to them five slightly piled tablespoonsful of powdered sugar and the same quantity of melted butter. Have ready a pie-plate lined with puff paste, cover the bottom with slices of preserved citron, cut very thin, and then pour in the batter and bake until a light-brown color. This pudding tastes better when not quite cold. Sift thickly over with granulated sugar, or the whites of a couple of the eggs may be used for a meringue for the top.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made; makes delicious desserts. Indorsed and used by all of our most prominent teachers of cookery.

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#### THREE BLACK CLOAKS!

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#### To Mortuary Record-Keepers and Others.

WANTED.—EVIDENCE OF THE DEATH of GEORGE CHEEVES LOUGHMON, alias George Leybourne Loughmon, formerly of Camden Town, London, at the time of his death in the employ of Mr. Tubb, builder, San Francisco, who is stated to have been knocked down and killed by a steam tram-car in the streets of Oakland, a suburb of San Francisco, some time prior to the month of January, 1886, and was buried in the presence of Rev. H. W. Tubb. Apply to

MR. D. BRODERICK,  
3 Denmark Villas, Brighton, England, Executor of the will of C. Loughmon, deceased.



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FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

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For Auditor.

## For Mayor,

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## STAGE GOSSIP.

Marie Pixley, who danced her way into a certain degree of popularity in the "widows' dance" in "Tangled Up," has joined the company that is playing "McFee of Dublin."

Ovide Musin and his concert company arrived from Australia on the last steamer, and go directly East. They were well received in the antipodes, and intend returning at no late date.

Minnie Seligman-Cutting and her husband—or is it Robert L. Cutting, Jr., and his wife?—are to make their post-nuptial debut, in a short time, in "My Official Wife," a play founded on Colonel Savage's novel.

Two new sopranos, the Misses Albu, are coming from the wilds of Australia to try a concert tour of the United States, with the ultimate intention of going to England. They are very highly praised for their voices, their training, and their beauty in the colonies.

Bronson Howard has been at work pretty steadily for a year or two on a play which is soon to be presented at Palmer's Theatre in New York. It is a society play, the types being taken from both sides of the ocean. The rôle of the heroine will be enacted by Viola Allen.

It is said that during his present engagement in town, Alexander Salvini will bring out a new play, entitled "Rohan the Silent." It is announced as "by Evan Sherman," but that pseudonym is known to include Emma V. Sheridan, actress and writer, and an unknown collaborator.

The fall Agnes Huntington got as she was stepping from her carriage, the last night she played "Captain Therese" in San Francisco, has developed a very bad sprained ankle indeed. She is quite disabled now, and will probably not be heard from for some time. She is at her home in London.

Next week being Margaret Mather's last week in town, she will play "Romeo and Juliet" on Monday and Wednesday evenings and Saturday afternoon, "The Honeymoon" on Tuesday and Thursday, and "The Lady of Lyons" on Wednesday afternoon and Saturday night, and "Leah, the Forsaken" on Friday night.

Edgar Stillman Kelley and his wife—formerly Miss Jessie Gregg, well known in musical circles here—will arrive in San Francisco on Monday for a long visit. Mr. Kelley has left his "Puritania" a great success in Pauline Hall's bands, and is already at work on a new opera to be brought out in New York next winter.

Almost as prominent in "The Masked Ball" as John Drew himself is Maude Adams, who has the leading female rôle. She has a tippy scene in the third act which is said to be exquisitely funny and quite free from vulgarity. San Francisco claims her as a native product, for she made her debut here. She gets her stage name from her mother, Mrs. Annie Adams.

Mrs. Bernard Beere's American tour will be begun in New York in a fortnight. She will play in "As in a Looking-Glass," "Nadjesda," "Masks and Faces," "Adrienne," and "The Fringe of Society." The latter play was adapted for her by Charles Wyndham, but when she went to Australia he re-wrote it for Mrs. Langtry. In her company will be Maurice Barrymore and E. J. Buckley.

Bucalossi's bright opera of "The Three Black Cloaks" will be given at the Tivoli next week, with the following cast:

Girola, Gracie Plaisted; Isabel, Grace Vernon; Clorinda, Emma Merriman; Gomez, Aggie Millard; Dromez, Ferris Hartman; Don Luis, Phil Branson; Don José, M. Cornell; Don Philip, George Olmi; Nicholas, George Harris; Manuel, D. H. Smith; Lazarillo, Ed. Torpi.

"Martha" will be put on on the following Monday, when Ferdinand Schütze will make his first appearance.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.  
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

The unveiling of the statue to Thomas Starr King in Golden Gate Park was solemnized with befitting ceremonies on Wednesday afternoon, October 26th. The statue was erected by popular subscription, and is the work of Daniel C. French, of Boston. A large number of prominent citizens were present, and appropriate addresses were delivered by J. B. Stetson, President of the Starr King Monument Association; W. W. Stow, President of the Board of Park Commissioners; and Irving M. Scott. An invocation was made by Rev. W. C. Wendte, and the statue was unveiled by Starr King's grandsons—Norris King Davis, Boswell F. King, and Thomas Starr King.

—THE ETCHING AND PICTURE DEPARTMENTS at Gump's new art-store, 113 Geary Street, are now open to the public.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS at JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

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EPPS'S COCOA.  
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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

Rudyard Kipling's last book is to be called "The British Throne," because the royalty on it is large and fat.—*Life*.

Mr. Oldboy—"I remember the first fish I ever caught." Miss Pert—"What was it; an Ichthyosaurus?"—*Life*.

"That was a pretty hard story to swallow," said the cellar when the upper part of the house fell into it.—*Texas Siftings*.

The main object: *Steyatt Holmes*—"Was your expedition successful?" *Arctic explorer*—"Yes; we got back."—*Puck*.

Edwin—"Shall we live with your parents after we are married?" *Angelina*—"The question is, can we live without them?"—*Puck*.

Kingley—"I hear you have named your yacht after your wife." Bingo—"Yes." Kingley—"What is the name?" Bingo—"The Tigress."—*Judge*.

Les fiancés: *She*—"Are you sure you will like married life as well as you do your club?" *He*—"Oh, yes." *She*—"And are you so awfully fond of your club?" *He*—"Not very."—*Life*.

First lawyer—"Young Blackstone has political aspirations, hasn't he?" Second lawyer—"Why do you think so?" First lawyer—"I notice he calls all the barkeepers by their first names."—*New York Weekly*.

Guest—"Bah! Is this filtered water?" Chicago waiter—"Yes, sir." Guest—"Phew! Give me some unfiltered then." Waiter (loudly to cook)—"Glass of unfiltered water an' a spoon."—*New York Weekly*.

Philanthropist—"What started you on your wanderings?" *Weary Raggles*—"A good man told me to 'go to the ant.' I have been wandering through the country, studying the habits of the interesting insect ever since."—*Puck*.

"Parker's fire insurance policy covered the coal in his cellar, and the other day, just for a joke, he put in a claim for all the coal he'd burned." "What did the company do?" "Had Parker arrested for arson."—*New York Sun*.

Gunter—"Hunter intimated that he was a noted collector. Has he any unique collection at his house?" Bunter—"Yes, his collection of autographs of private secretaries of celebrities is the largest in the world."—*Puck*.

Jeannette—"Terrible, that about Nora, isn't it? She has married just for money." Gladys—"Well, did she get the money?" Jeannette—"Yes." Gladys—"Yes, it's terrible. How did she manage it?"—*Chicago News Record*.

"No, I didn't catch anything all day," said the fisherman; "didn't even get a bite. I—" But at this moment a chariot of fire descended from out of the heavens, and he was borne away to dwell forever with George Washington.—*Life*.

"Are Charleston, Hicks & Gormley liberal with their employees?" "Very. Why, they had Mawson's resignation from their employ type-written at their own expense and sent to him, just to save him time, postage, and trouble."—*Bazar*.

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# The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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### A British View of the American Tariff.

From the Sheffield Daily Telegraph.

"The promoters of the McKinley tariff meant it to push forward the policy of America for the Americans. One method of realizing it was to keep all work within their own dominions. The country was to be made self-supporting; what could be produced at home was not to be bought abroad. That was the key-note of the McKinley scheme, and it is working out the idea of its designers with the precision and effectiveness of a machine."

This Presidential campaign has been a sore disappointment to a great many foolish people. During its whole progress their voices have been raised throughout the land in pathetic complaint as to its "dullness," its "apathy," its "lack of popular interest and enthusiasm." These notes of mingled sorrow and bewilderment come from the veterans, not of the War of the Rebellion, but of half a dozen or more Presidential scimmages, to say nothing of the minor joys of State and municipal shindies. These venerable ones

see only disaster ahead of the republic as a result of what they conceive to be the want of patriotism and the appalling general languor in 1892. This is a not unnatural state of mind for men to be in who have been all their lives used to seeing questions of governmental policy debated with brass bands, the personal qualifications of candidates decided by the length of rival processions, and reason's last appeal made with a bass drum, three cheers, and a tiger.

But the country is all right. The signs which are mistaken for portents of national decadence are really nothing more than indications of a change of fashion. And a very good change, too. So far from the present canvass having been apathetic and uninteresting, it has been, as a matter of fact, the only rational Presidential contest in a third of a century. It is true that it has been conspicuous for a remarkable poverty of processions, "grand demonstrations," and "spell-binding" oratory. The leaders on both sides appear to have agreed that the masses for once should not be supplied with the means to make fools of themselves. The discussion of the issues has been restricted chiefly to the newspapers, and never at a like time has the American press shown such intelligence and good temper, on the whole, as during the past five months. The "impassioned appeal" has been left mostly to the stump-orator; but even he has not found himself in an atmosphere congenial to his pastime of hurling the allegation and repelling with scorn the foul and baseless charge of a plotting and treasonable adversary. A good many things have fortuitously combined to place this political battle in agreeable contrast with its predecessors. The Presidential candidates both passed through the fire before, and there has remained nothing new to say about them. Hence we have been denied the exciting sport of baiting them. The principal issue, too—the tariff—is not a maddening novelty to men whose knowledge does not begin and end with their personal experience. It was the principal issue in the struggle of 1888, and the masses learned enough about the subject then to whet their appetites for more. The newspapers and literary bureaus have been kept so busy in catering to this encouraging intellectual hunger, that there has been small leisure left the able editors for swinging the easy shillalah of joyous, brainless combat. The people have been thoroughly interested in the tariff, and their instinctive common sense has taught them the essential idiocy of going brass-banding and cobble-trotting ament schedules of imports and exports, and the relative advantages of high or low duties. Some like peacocking through the streets of nights with torches and howls well enough, but there has been no motive for this sort of thing. The politicians have done their best to get up the customary "hurrah," the usual "scares," and to set afloat the catch-phrases that are believed to be decisive of hundreds of thousands of votes by the petty demagogues who encourage them, and cause reasonable men to blush for their race and despair of popular government.

If there is in the whole Union one man of sense who regrets the miscalled "apathy" of this campaign, he must do so because he would have found personal advantage in the noisy folly of the mindless mob. The people will go to the polls on Tuesday with a clearer notion of what they are passing judgment upon than they have done since Lincoln's second election. That this sane campaign sets a fashion that will long be strictly followed, we fear to hope. But, at least, its modifying influence will not be ephemeral. Let us trust that hereafter, for the next decade or two, when the American citizen is impelled by inherited instinct to make a monkey of himself by clothing his hairless body in a half-dollar sunset uniform, that the recollection of this higher, more human time will serve to cage his inclination, or, at any rate, make him ashamed of himself if he does yield and go capering to the music of the candidate's organ.

A committee, of which Dr. William M. L. Fiske is chairman, is preparing to lay before the legislature of New York, at its next meeting, a project of a law imposing restrictions on marriage. Dr. Fiske is now lecturing on the subject in New York city. Within a few years scientific men have

devoted considerable attention to the injurious effects of ill-considered marriages, and it is becoming a general opinion that society owes it to itself to adopt some safeguards against evils which are both serious and preventable. It is thought that communities have a right to require of two persons contemplating matrimony some security that they will not add to the diseased, or the criminal, or the necessarily pauper class which has to be supported at the public expense. Recent researches, published by Dr. Strahan in his work "Marriage and Disease," have shed light on the subject and contributed much to form public opinion.

It appears from the statistics embodied in the census that one-half the insane now confined in asylums are suffering from hereditary insanity. Thus, if their parents, in whose blood insanity ran, had not married, there would have been fewer lunatics by one-half than there are. Physicians are well aware that dipsomania is also hereditary; yet girls constantly marry young men who are confirmed drunkards, in a wild idea that they can reform them, and they give birth to children who are afflicted in some way, and become a charge on the public. Whether cancer, phthisis, and the various sequelæ of syphilis are hereditary, the faculty are not agreed. But it has been made plain by penologists that certain forms of crime are transmitted from parents to their offspring, and that, all other things being equal, the son of a thief is likely to be a thief, and the son of a murderer is apt to be a man of violence. Yet there is no hindrance to the marriage of criminals; most of them, in fact, do marry, and, in the ordinary course of events, the State is put to the expense of arresting, trying, and housing their progeny in jail. This seems unfair. And if a law can be framed to prevent the marriage of inveterate criminals, it ought to be tried.

Next to the marriage of those whose offspring will probably be vicious or diseased, early marriages call for attention. At the London Diocesan Conference, held in 1889, it was stated, as the unanimous opinion of the body, "that the evil of early marriages had grown to such an extent as to render some reform in the marriage laws urgently necessary." Two years later, at the Congress of Hygiene, held in 1891, Dr. Korosi, of Buda Pesth, read a paper on the influence of the age of parents on the vitality of their children which contains some startling statements. He showed, from a comparison of several thousand cases, that the proportion of deaths among children from weakly constitutions or maladies traceable to the mother was twice as large among the children of mothers under twenty as among the children of mothers over thirty. He proved by figures that the healthiest offspring was born of mothers between twenty and thirty, united to husbands between thirty and forty. Where either husband or wife was under twenty, the offspring was generally weakly, and this be stated to be the case even in Hungary, where the girls become women at thirteen.

Notwithstanding these facts, which were well known to medical men before Korosi presented them in tabular shape, marriages of young people under twenty are not infrequent either in this country or elsewhere. The doctor says that in his own country, in fifteen per cent. of the marriages, the brides are under twenty, and in England twelve per cent. We have no vital statistics to show us the ages of American brides. A late report of the board of health of the State of Indiana states that ten per cent. of the infants born in 1891 were the offspring of mothers under twenty. In Michigan, in 1889, thirty-three per cent. of the girls who married had not reached their twentieth year. In Kansas, the proportion of immature brides appears to exceed fifty per cent. of the whole. In Connecticut, it is fifteen per cent. In every State it is far larger than it should be; for, as Dr. Strahan says, where the physical health of the child of parents only partially developed may be fair, the child's mind is likely to reflect the taint of his heredity, and he is apt to turn out a thief or an idiot.

In legislating upon this subject, public men must remember that any precautions which are taken must be taken before the birth of the child. After it is born, the law can not interfere with it. Opinion would not tolerate a law like the law of Sparta, which directed that deformed children should



be exposed in the woods to be devoured by wild beasts. When the child has drawn breath, it is entitled to the protection of the law, though it may be obvious that it will grow up a cripple, and, from its parentage, probably a vicious cripple. Whether and in what way restraints can be placed on marriages which are likely to swell the criminal or the helpless class, it is not easy to discern. If we clothe the officials who are authorized to solemnize marriages with power to refuse to perform the rite for those who are incorrigible criminals, or dipsomaniacs, or incurable invalids, the applicants for matrimony will simply dispense with the ceremony. When the Welsh clergy insisted on the payment of a high fee for celebrating a marriage in Wales, the Welsh boys and girls married each other across the broomstick, as they said, and the authorities had to deal with a brood of illegitimates. No law has ever been framed which succeeded in checking irregular unions, though in our own Massachusetts, among other places, such unions were at one time punished with death.

Early marriages can be regulated. The age of consent may be raised to twenty years. Such a reform would probably reduce the number of delicate children and the number of divorces. But the topic calls for the most circumspect handling.

Our friends of the Roman Catholic Church have just cause for complaint that their claim to the exclusive possession of Columbus is not universally and gladly admitted. There are even those so blinded by prejudice as to object to the prominent part taken by the church in the recent Columbian celebrations at New York, Chicago, and elsewhere. The *Argonaut* has received many newspapers in which the pencil-mark of disapproval underscores evidence of this ecclesiastical participation. In one envelope there was a page of the *Chronicle* with numerous passages marked, while on the margin was an unkind remark to the effect that Mr. de Young was evidently trying to catch the Roman Catholic vote. At the Chicago celebration, Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Satolli, Archbishop Ireland, and Mgr. O'Connell were given high seats in the temple. In the procession the Knights of St. Patrick, the Roman Catholic Order of Foresters, the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Roman Catholic Knights of America, the Hibernian Rifles, and no fewer than eight hundred Roman Catholic benevolent unions appeared, many thousand strong. Cardinal Gibbons blessed the assemblage in the hall. A few days ago, twenty thousand Roman Catholic school-children of Brooklyn marched in honor of Columbus. In numerous other cities the faithful have similarly trotted the cobbles. At Newark, N. J., an effort was made to exclude every other banner, save the Papal flag, from the line.

All this, we submit, is right. Columbus was a Roman Catholic before everything. His declared purpose on setting out to find and loot the eastern shores of Asia was to provide treasure for defraying the expenses of a new crusade for the rescue of the holy sepulchre. But for the circumstance, due to a grateful Providence, that a continent—of the existence of which he died in ignorance, although he had discovered it—lay across his path, the great man would have sailed to death and historical oblivion. In all his important acts he displayed a piety which could only be derived from the pure Roman font. He lied systematically to his sailors by keeping two sets of reckonings, one for their consumption, in order to deceive them as to the distance they had sailed, and another, a truthful one, for his own and his employers' benefit. Whenever anything was to be gained from the aborigines by being kind to them, he was kindness itself; when he dared to do so, he was cruel toward them and encouraged their enslavement. With his approval they were driven to toil by torture, and to get gold from them, he stopped at nothing. In all these deeds he is to this day defended by such of his brethren in the faith as write for print and talk from the pulpit.

But if there should linger in the mind of any the smallest doubt of the sound Roman Catholicism of Columbus, we have but to turn to the glowing pages of Washington Irving, the foremost of his Protestant eulogists, to find proofs of the injustice of such suspicion. On his first return voyage, the discoverer, who had blundered on America and did not know it, deeming that he had but encountered some outlying Asiatic islands, met a tempest. Then:

"Seeing all human skill baffled and confounded, Columbus endeavored to propitiate heaven by solemn vows and acts of penance. By his orders, a number of beans, equal to the number of persons on board, were put into a cap, on one of which was cut the sign of the cross. Each of the crew made a vow that should he draw forth the marked bean, he would make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Santa Maria de Guadalupe, bearing a wax-taper of five pounds in weight."

It is gratifying to learn that Columbus himself was the victim of this holy game of chance, but it puzzles the pious mind to learn also that the tempest's fury did not abate a particle. On the contrary, it grew worse, despite a second resort to the bean-bag, when a sailor got caught, and it is to Columbus's credit that he engaged to pay the unlucky man's

expenses on his pilgrimage to the Chapel of our Lady of Loretto. Neither Santa Maria of Guadalupe nor our Lady of Loretto seeming to have sufficient "pull" to affect the weather, the beans were once more shaken, and Columbus had the hard fortune to be let in for a journey to Santa Clara de Moguer, the performance of a solemn mass, and an all-night vigil in the chapel of that saint. Difficult as it is to believe, the wind and waves refused to be calmed by these acts of religious seamanship, and Columbus felt that application must be made to head-quarters. So:

"The tempest still raging with unabated violence, the admiral and all the mariners made a vow that, if spared, wherever they first landed they would go in procession, barefooted and in their shirts, to offer up prayers and thanksgivings in some church dedicated to the Holy Virgin."

That was decisive. The tempest, after a sullen struggle of some hours' duration (doubtless instigated by the devil to make a last desperate stand), yielded. Why so spiritually enlightened a navigator did not apply for assistance to the Holy Virgin in the first instance, instead of risking her jealousy and resentment by patronizing such inferior deities as Santa Maria de Guadalupe and Santa Clara de Moguer, is a question that no heretic can be expected to answer. Had Columbus not been of the true faith he might possibly have committed the indiscretion of asking God to help him in his extremity.

Throughout his entire marine career, Columbus exhibited the same devout spirit. In every serious nautical juncture, after attending to the sails and such temporal trifles, it was his wont to drop on his knees, cross himself, and make vows of statuettes, candles, and things to the saints. Contrasting this intelligent piety with the pitiable and wicked superstition of the ancient pagan mariners who, under similar circumstances, made sacrifices and offered vows to Neptune and Boreas, no one can wonder at the indignation of Roman Catholics of our own times at the efforts which are made to deny their exclusive claim to Columbus. Not only was Columbus a loyal son of the church, and, therefore, its property for time and eternity, but we observe that a praiseworthy endeavor is on foot to prove that he was really not an Italian at all, but an Irishman. Could this be proved, all Protestant pretensions to a share in the glory of his life and achievements would be rendered absurd. The *Argonaut* confesses that it is not familiar with the arguments in support of the Irish contention; but it ought not to be difficult, one would think (in the light of other results of modern historical and philological research and criticism), to establish Erin's right to Columbus's nativity. It is well known that the other countries of the earth have produced few great soldiers, scholars, poets, lawyers, statesmen, wits, or musicians who were not in the end discovered to be Irish. It must not be forgotten by the scoffer that Christopher Columbus was not the name of the so-called Genoese at all, but Cristobal Colón. When "God's tears and wounds" has been corrupted, or, rather, refined, into the familiar Hibernian ejaculation "tareanouns," and "by God's wrath" into "begorra," it becomes almost demonstrated that Colón was once Conlon. For our part, we are ready to receive with open mind the news that some worthy priest or peasant-girl has been led by a miraculous guide to some crypt under the ruins of a venerable abbey in the interior of Ireland, and there, under heavenly direction, has exhumed documentary evidence that will place at rest forever the now moot question whether the man who gave this hemisphere to the world was Cristobal Colón or Christopher Conlon.

In the meantime, the Roman Catholic brethren will greatly oblige if they will not only roar down all opposition to their ownership of the discoverer, whatever his name was, but remove him from public view for a while. He wearies.

The two chief issues before the country, in which every citizen is mainly and directly interested, are the tariff and the currency—increasing the money, coin and paper, which is current and legal tender in all transactions. The Republican party advocates sound standard coinage of gold and silver, and such paper money as is issued upon the credit of the nation and is current in every locality at par value, as good legal tender—either treasury notes or the notes of national banks, secured and guaranteed at face value and without discount by the Government of the United States. In short, the Republican party demands that every dollar, whether of gold, silver, or paper, be worth one hundred cents. On the other hand, the Democratic party advocates the vitiation of the currency by the rehabilitation of State banks, authorized to issue notes upon corporate or individual credit or guaranty, without government security, as legal tender, although every note so issued must be held at the individual risk of the persons involved. During the period of their existence, the issues of State banks were generally of precarious character, either subject to fluctuations which materially affected the worth of their notes in circulation, or, in many instances, they were ab-

solutely insolvent. All the time, care and scrutiny were essential to guard against counterfeit and spurious notes, in which case the holder had no recourse against loss. With the existing system of treasury notes and the notes of national banks, the entire issue is made upon the faith of the government, and every note is of par value, as good as gold, dollar for dollar, with no risk of loss to the holder, even though the national bank which issued the notes should become bankrupt. Under this Republican system, the entire currency of the country is absolutely safe and sound, whether in coin or paper money. To displace this system and adopt instead the Democratic idea of sixty-cent dollars and the restoration of State banks, to issue notes subject to discount and to loss through the insolvency of the bank of issue, would most inevitably disturb the whole currency of the country and involve in uncertainty and probable ruin all financial and commercial interests throughout the land, and bring upon us wreck and disaster.

The announcement that a "subscription suburban tea" is to be given soon, under the patronage of a number of leading society ladies, marks a new departure in social fashions in San Francisco. It means that we are going to follow the lead of the East in this as in other new social customs. At New York, a few multi-millionaires still entertain the Four Hundred in their own houses; but the bulk of the festivities which the winter brings and Jenkins records are matters of subscription.

It is easy to furnish reasons for the practice. In the first place, there are few houses here or elsewhere which are adapted to ball-giving. They are neither large enough, nor are the rooms conveniently distributed for the purpose. Perhaps the only house in San Francisco in which a large ball could be given without inconvenience to its normal inmates is Mrs. Huntington's—the mansion on Nob Hill built by the late General Colton. It contains a superb ball-room and a number of drawing-rooms *en suite*, with vast chambers upstairs suitable for dressing-rooms; but where is there in the city another such house? In New York, with the exception of the Vanderbilt mansions and six or eight others, there is no private house that will answer, and fathers of daughters who desire to give large parties give them at Sherry's or Delmonico's. In this way they avoid converting their girls' bedrooms into smoking-rooms for the gilded youth of the period and exhibiting the mysterious machinery of the young ladies' toilets to cynical masculine eyes.

Again, the art of ball-giving has reached such a high development that no one can give a ball unless he is a millionaire. In the old days, *paterfamilias* could give a very good ball indeed for a thousand dollars, which sum he charged to the necessary cost of floating his daughters. Now, at some recent balls in New York, flowers alone cost ten times that sum, and the favors for the german were nearly as much. Three such balls in the season would eat into the purse of Croesus, and compel a revision of his civil list. Hence one ball in the winter is about the limit for the most hospitable entertainer.

Finally, the problem of male reciprocity is becoming more embarrassing than ever. A young man is not expected to requite an invitation to a ball by a challenge to a similar festivity. He pays for his invitation with the light of his presence and the vigor of his dancing. But after all, if he lays the ball-giver under obligation by whirling partner after partner in the mazy waltz, she lays him under obligation by giving him an opportunity of dancing and flirting with the girl of his heart, and several other fellows' girls besides. So that there arises in the well-balanced male mind a dissatisfied longing for an occasion to return the civility of the ball-giver, and this longing finds expression in bachelors' cotillions, subscription assemblies, and so forth.

It must be admitted that the society young men of San Francisco succeed admirably in suppressing this longing. There is probably not a large city in the United States where the society young men do so little to return the hospitality of their hostesses. In New York, Boston, and other cities of the Atlantic seaboard, the young man who is in society is expected to do many things which here are not required of him. He is expected to send flowers frequently to ladies who invite him to dinner, and to the young ladies composing theatre-parties of which he is a member. He is expected to get up these same theatre-parties. He is not frowned upon if he gets up little coaching-parties to the various out-door assemblages so frequent and so pleasant in the East. In short, he is expected to do his share of the great work of entertainment on which "society" is based.

In San Francisco, however, it is different. The young society men are always guests. When a young mechanic, with his best girl, looks down from the family-circle upon the gorgeous theatre-parties in boxes and circle, and notes with envy the solemn swells in evening-dress, he doubtless thinks of the two dollars which he has expended, and wonders what it has cost them. It has cost them nothing.



Very frequently in this city the theatre-parties are organized by married ladies; they invite the young women and the young men. It is not at all uncommon for these agreeable young gentlemen to dine at the house of some hospitable lady, to drive to the theatre in her carriage, to occupy a seat paid for by her, to talk to a pleasant young lady invited by her, and to go to a supper provided by her. In the East, the young men are not quite such professional guests.

Whether this attitude of the young society men of San Francisco has anything to do with the change which is going on here in the form of entertainments, it is difficult to say. It is probable, however, that it is one of the factors in the change. Friendship, courtesy, hospitality—all these things must be reciprocal. Nothing in this world can be one-sided all the time, except a jug and a woman's sense of justice.

But dismissing all this speculation as to causes, there is no doubt of one thing—that people are ceasing to give large private entertainments in this city. They are being replaced in various ways, and the latest method, as we understand it, seems to be this:

A number of ladies of established social rank meet and make out a list of ladies and gentlemen whom it would be agreeable to them to meet at a social gathering. They send cards of invitation to those who are on this list, it being understood that if the invitations are accepted, the acceptance shall be accompanied by the payment of a given sum of money, which sum shall be expended in providing a dancing floor, music, and supper. Thus no one, not even the self-elected committee of promoters, gives the ball, or the *thé dansant*. It is a subscription affair, at which every member is both entertainer and guest.

The difficulty in the way is the jealousies which are sure to arise over the distribution of tickets. A party of ladies, to wit, Mrs. A, Mrs. B, Mrs. C, Mrs. D, Mrs. E, and Mrs. F, have a perfect right to meet and agree on a joint "hop," and to designate on a piece of paper the persons they would like to have at the "hop," and the persons they would not. No one has a right to complain if he is not invited to a private ball, and the "hop" in question would be nothing but a private ball given by several ladies, together, instead of being given by one. But when the "hop" bloomed into a quasi-public social institution, there would have to be rules governing the admission of applicants. Every one is aware of the trouble which grew out of this source in the bachelors' cotillion.

If a new organization, contemplating a series of entertainments on the subscription plan, should really take shape, the committee of judges would have to be a reality. It would have to be like the membership committees of clubs—say thirteen, with the rule that two black balls excluded. This plan would screen all the committee of ladies from the responsibility of keeping out an obnoxious applicant.

Every intelligent citizen, as he prepares his ballot in the election booth, will not neglect to vote "for" on the submitted proposition that every voter shall be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language. A qualification of the kind is imperatively required in view of the perverted, fraudulent, and debauched condition of the ballot. The foundation of American popular suffrage, without property qualification, rests on the much misinterpreted declaration that "all men are created equal." A careful reading of the declaration of American independence does not convey the idea popularly entertained to the extent that all are created equal. In some of the States, a property qualification was imposed; in others, the qualification as to race, and color, and condition; and, again, in others, the qualification against ignorance and illiteracy—as it is enforced in Massachusetts and Connecticut and in Mississippi. The fifteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution establishes the equal qualification as to race, color, and previous condition of all as voters; but to the States is reserved the establishment of the ruling qualification of the voter. It is therefore the imperative duty of the States to guard the ballot against the frauds of imported voters and the danger of giving the franchise to the ignorant and illiterate, by which the just equality of American citizenship is destroyed at the ballot-box and the purity of elections is imperiled. To Congress the people must look for the correction of the abuses, every year becoming more alarming, incident upon unrestricted immigration and the laches of the law of naturalization; but the people of every State are fortified in their right and disposition to protect themselves in the ballot against mischievous practices and dangerous innovations by the adoption of laws to fix the qualification of voters. California prohibits from the ballot Chinese, persons convicted of infamous crimes, or of embezzlement, or misappropriation of public money, idiots, and insane persons. There is more to be dreaded than from these interdicted classes—from the thousands of ignorant and vicious, illiterate and reckless, who are admitted to the ballot, and whose bribed, or bought,

or forced, or beguiled votes countervail and practically destroy the honest votes of intelligent and worthy citizens.

There is no valid excuse for illiteracy on the part of a sane adult of American nativity in this land of free public schools, and there is no sound reason for admitting to the ballot the adult of alien nativity who is mentally unable to read and fairly understand the constitution to which he makes solemn oath of observance and support, and to write his name. It is to inhibit from the inestimable franchise any and all of these classes that the projected amendment is submitted. Every intelligent citizen will vote the approving "for" to indicate his own worthiness of the ballot.

We have received a large number of communications, of which the two following are types:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 1, 1892.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: On the ballots to be used at the election next Tuesday appear a number of amendments to the constitution and propositions to be voted upon. Ever since I have been able to think, in the true sense of the word, my ideas have been guided and formed by the *Argonaut*. I am about to ask you to assist not only myself, but numerous other young men of San Francisco and the State at large, in voting intelligently on the aforesaid propositions and amendments, by inserting in your next issue of the *Argonaut* a few words of advice upon them, particularly those relating to Amendment No. 7, Senate Amendment No. 14, the Election of Senators by Popular Vote, the Depot Act, Educational Qualification, and Refunding the Debt.

STOCKTON, CAL., October 26, 1892.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: The San Francisco Depot Act has been several times under discussion recently, and feeling that we would like more information, it was decided that I should write and ask you to give us the leading points *pro* and *con*. The impression prevails in the country that the remainder of the State is to be called upon to build a depot for the use and benefit of the railroad and San Francisco.

Very truly yours, THOMAS PHILLIPS, M. D.  
In reply, the *Argonaut* will give its views in brief:  
Vote *against* Amendment No. 10, increasing the legislative session to one hundred days. We do not want more law-making—we want less.

Vote *for* Amendment No. 7, limiting municipal debts to a year's revenue.

Vote *against* Amendment No. 11, increasing pay of lieutenant-governor and increasing pay of clerks in State offices. It is a political job.

Vote *against* Amendment No. 5. It facilitates the passage of deficiency bills, and is a premium on dishonesty.

Vote *for* Amendment No. 14, giving charters to small towns. It favors local self-government.

Vote *for* the election of United States senators by direct vote of the people. The will of the people has been thwarted long enough. Our legislative halls should not be auction-rooms. Millionaires can buy up legislatures. They can not buy whole States.

Vote *against* refunding the debt. The State owes only \$265,000. This proposition is merely to create fat berths for "Refunding Commissioners." It is a job.

Vote *for* the San Francisco depot act. Some people oppose this because the railroad would be benefited by it. But so would the State and city. Such people would bite off their noses to spite their faces. The land belongs to the State. No one else can build on it, under the present laws. The Southern Pacific, the San Francisco and North Pacific, the North Pacific Coast, and all other railroads that may come in, will have to pay for the building in course of time through rentals. It will eventually cost the people nothing. It is needed. Vote for it.

Vote *for* the educational qualification, requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read the constitution in the English language. Whatever else you do, vote for this.

Elsewhere in these columns will be found some remarks concerning the good-tempered and decent way in which this campaign has been fought out in the press and on the stump. These remarks apply to the national campaign and to the whole of the United States—except San Francisco. In this city the reverse has been the case. The Republican organs—the *Chronicle*, *Call*, *Post*, and *Bulletin*—have done their best to make the municipal campaign one of slander and lies. Messrs. Easton and Ellert are two worthy citizens, whose lives have been passed here in sight of all. There is nothing to say against either of them. Despite this fact, the columns of the "organs" have been filled with a mass of vulgar abuse which probably nobody reads.

On the *Argonaut* ticket will be found, as nominees for school directors, the names of the following six gentlemen—F. J. French, F. A. Hyde, C. W. Decker, S. E. Dutton, John J. Dunn, and James H. Culver—who are members of the present board of education. They have made excellent directors, and it is generally admitted that the present board is the best we have had for years. They ought to be reelected.

Vote *for* the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.

## REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,  
BENJAMIN HARRISON,  
OF INDIANA.  
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT,  
WHELAN REID,  
OF NEW YORK.

### FOR PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS:

At large..... THOMAS R. BARD, of Ventura  
At large..... J. C. CAMPBELL, of San Francisco  
First District..... WILLIAM CARSON, of Humboldt  
Second District..... MICHAEL L. MERY, of Butte  
Third District..... JAMES A. WAYMIRE, of Alameda  
Fourth District..... ISAAC HECHT, of San Francisco  
Fifth District..... H. V. MOREHOUSE, of Santa Clara  
Sixth District..... JAMES R. WILLOUGHBY, of Ventura  
Seventh District..... S. L. HANSCOM, of Modesto  
Regular Republican Nominees.

### FOR CONGRESS:

First District..... E. W. DAVIS, of Sonoma  
Second District..... JOHN F. DAVIS, of Calaveras  
Third District..... S. G. HILBORN, of Alameda  
Fourth District..... C. O. ALEXANDER, of San Francisco  
Fifth District..... EUGENE F. LOUD, of San Francisco  
Sixth District..... HERVEY LINDLEY, of Los Angeles  
Seventh District..... W. W. BOWERS, of San Diego  
Third District (unexpired term)..... S. G. HILBORN, of Alameda  
Regular Republican Nominees.

## "ARGONAUT" MUNICIPAL TICKET.

2—Mayor..... WENDELL EASTON  
20—Sheriff..... HENRY H. SCOTT  
14—Auditor..... T. J. L. SMILEY  
40—Recorder..... E. B. READ  
44—County Clerk..... J. J. MORAN  
26—Tax Collector..... THOMAS O'BRIEN  
33—Treasurer..... J. H. WIDBER  
49—District Attorney..... WILLIAM S. BARNES  
55—City and County Attorney..... H. T. CRESWELL  
76—Surveyor..... CHARLES S. TILTON  
79—Superintendent of Streets..... THOMAS ASHWORTH  
61—Coroner..... DR. W. T. GARWOOD  
68—Public Administrator..... A. C. FREESE  
96—Superior Judge (long term)..... WILLIAM T. WALLACE  
95—Superior Judge (long term)..... F. W. VAN REYNOM  
92—Superior Judge (long term)..... CHARLES W. SLACK  
86—Superior Judge (long term)..... DUNCAN HAYNE  
301—Superior Judge (unexpired term)..... JOHN A. WRIGHT  
112—Police Judge..... CHARLES A. LOW  
109—Police Judge..... H. L. JOACHIMSEN  
114—Police Judge..... H. D. TALCOTT  
119—Justice of the Peace..... J. E. BARRY  
133—Justice of the Peace..... W. M. WILLET  
124—Justice of the Peace..... FRANK GRAY  
123—Justice of the Peace..... GEORGE P. GOFF  
121—Justice of the Peace..... FRANK H. DUNNE  
144—Supervisor First Ward..... EDWARD HOLLAND  
150—Supervisor Second Ward..... DANIEL ROGERS  
155—Supervisor Third Ward..... JOHN B. GARTLAND  
161—Supervisor Fourth Ward..... P. J. KENNEDY  
166—Supervisor Fifth Ward..... SANDS W. FORMAN  
174—Supervisor Sixth Ward..... B. P. FLINT  
179—Supervisor Seventh Ward..... LOUIS A. GARNETT  
185—Supervisor Eighth Ward..... WILLIAM CHAMBERLAIN  
193—Supervisor Ninth Ward..... ALBERT HEYER  
201—Supervisor Tenth Ward..... HENRY P. SONNTAG  
207—Supervisor Eleventh Ward..... THOMAS J. PARSONS  
212—Supervisor Twelfth Ward..... JAMES DENMAN  
241—School Director..... F. J. FRENCH  
252—School Director..... F. A. HYDE  
238—School Director..... F. W. EATON  
217—School Director..... PELHAM W. AMES  
233—School Director..... C. W. DECKER  
236—School Director..... S. E. DUTTON  
264—School Director..... J. H. ROSEWALD  
232—School Director..... J. H. CULVER  
228—School Director..... C. A. CLINTON  
278—School Director..... Z. T. WHITTEN  
224—School Director..... ARTHUR F. CARMODY  
235—School Director..... JOHN J. DUNN

### LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

52—For State Senator, 17th District..... WILLIAM J. DUNN  
51—For State Senator, 19th District..... JAMES D. HORAN  
52—For State Senator, 21st District..... MONROE GREENWOOD  
51—For State Senator, 23d District..... CHARLES S. ARMS  
51—For State Senator, 25th District..... JOHN FAY  
55—For Assemblyman, 28th District..... THOMAS P. CUSICK  
55—For Assemblyman, 29th District..... WILLIAM T. BOYCE  
52—For Assemblyman, 30th District..... I. S. COHEN  
57—For Assemblyman, 31st District..... J. J. KENNEDY  
51—For Assemblyman, 32d District..... JOHN E. BUCKLEY  
56—For Assemblyman, 33d District..... W. D. BERRY  
53—For Assemblyman, 34th District..... GEORGE C. SARGENT  
57—For Assemblyman, 35th District..... J. M. HIGGINS  
55—For Assemblyman, 36th District..... EDWARD SHORT  
56—For Assemblyman, 37th District..... THOMAS W. BURKE  
56—For Assemblyman, 38th District..... H. FORBES  
57—For Assemblyman, 39th District..... W. T. KIBBLER  
54—For Assemblyman, 40th District..... R. L. THOMAS  
51—For Assemblyman, 41st District..... O. D. BALDWIN  
54—For Assemblyman, 42d District..... SAMUEL SHAEEN  
52—For Assemblyman, 43d District..... SETH MARTIN  
55—For Assemblyman, 44th District..... A. DECOURTIEUX, JR.  
55—For Assemblyman, 45th District..... WILLIAM H. GATELY

It will be seen that the *Argonaut* ticket bears a number opposite the name of each candidate for municipal and legislative office. These are the numbers set opposite the names of the same candidates on the official ballots, and will be found a decided convenience for those who desire to vote the *Argonaut* ticket. All they have to do is to take the *Argonaut* ticket with them into the voting booth, find the numbers on the municipal and legislative ballots which correspond with those on the *Argonaut* ticket, and set the official cross opposite the names so numbered.



## MAT'S HUSBAND.

She doubtless had a woman's reason for marrying him. That kind of reason may not satisfy other people, but it is invariably sufficient for the feminine reasoner.

Sam Toms was what is called "wuthless" by his Texan neighbors. Old Bill Bunn, his father-in-law, himself not a very energetic or useful citizen, used to sit on the steps at the cross-roads store and publicly bewail his sad lot in having Sam for a member of his family. Bill had a dramatic style of delivery that was very fetching, and invariably impressed strangers as being very much in earnest.

He would sit on the steps, silently chewing an enormous mouthful of tobacco and apparently listening to the conversation of his co-loafers. If Sam's name was mentioned, he would give vent to four or five little falsetto squeaks, which would egress through his nose; then he would draw in a long breath, puff out his fat cheeks, purse his mouth, and give a heavy, whistling sigh; this would be followed by a large quantity of tobacco-juice, carefully aimed at some object in the vicinity. These preliminaries accomplished, Bill would rise to his feet, thrust one fat, dirty hand into his shirt-front, wave the other in a sweeping gesture as he lowered his eyes and rolled his head sadly from side to side, and deliver himself profoundly, after the following fashion:

"Ah—hum! That Sam Toms is th' laziest, mos' shif'less, o'nery, triflin' cuss I ever seed—an' yere I've done got 'im fr a son-in-lawr. Hm-hm-hm!" Another whistling sigh would close this peroration, and old Bill would resume his seat, still shaking his head sorrowfully.

And Bill was more than half right. Nominally, Sam was a cowboy; but most of the time he would tell you he was "jes' layin' off a spell, t' rest up like."

He had always been just so—distinguished for laziness in an easy-going community—and nobody expected him ever to be otherwise; and it puzzled people immensely when energetic, capable Mattie Bunn accepted him for "reg'lar comp'ny," to say nothing of the sensation created by their wedding.

Mat, as has been suggested, probably had some reason for marrying Sam; but it is quite certain that she never told any one what that reason was. Sam was tall, and big, and handsome in his careless, slouchy way; he had always managed, no one knew how, to wear good clothes, too. These facts, and his perennial good-nature and friendly ways, were the only points in his favor. Against him were the points so forcibly taken by his father-in-law, and, also, that he got drunk whenever he could possibly do so, and was, morally, so weak that any one could easily lead him astray.

How Mat and Sam got along, no one but Mat knew. Once in a great while, Sam would do some work and earn a few dollars. If he got home with it without stopping at the saloon, well and good. But, oftener than not, he would "drap in jes' t' take a nip 'r two," and that would settle it. At such times, he would stay and buy drinks for everybody present while his money lasted. Then he would come home in a maudlin, tearful state of intoxication, and invent some tale to account for his condition and the disappearance of his money, winding up with the promise never to let it happen again. And Mat would pretend that she believed him, and would stroke his curly head until he fell asleep. Then she would look at the handsome scamp for a few minutes with love unutterable in her eyes—the tired eyes back of which were a world of unshed tears. But she never complained—not the first word; the firm-set mouth and weary look might indicate ever so much, but her lips never expressed it. And Sam gradually grew more and more useless and shiftless, trusting to his wife's ready wit and fertility of resource to carry them both over the bad places.

There were lots of bad places, too. Twice Sam ran into debt several dollars at the saloon, and Mat found some means to pay the debts—only herself knew how. But the second time she informed the saloon man that he must trust Sam no more. And, besides these things, to live—how did they do it? Nobody could guess. Perhaps even Mat herself could not have told; yet live they did—or, rather, existed—and, for the most part, kept out of debt.

Sam sometimes worked, but never for very long. He always found some excuse for leaving a place within a few days. He could almost always find another job easily enough, for he was an excellent "hand" when he chose to be—but he did not hasten about finding a new job when he had given one up; not until they were reduced to the very last straits could Mat get him to hunting work again.

One day, Sam left home for a ranch about thirty-five miles distant, where he had heard they wanted help. Two days passed—three—four—five—and no word came from him. Mat was not a little worried, although Sam had often been away for two weeks at a time without sending word to her. But this time it was different; there was no excuse for his not sending a message, as the stage came by the ranch he had gone to three times a week. If he had found work there, as he expected, he could easily have notified her. So, late in the afternoon of the fifth day, she threw her shawl over her head and went down to her father's, to find if they had heard anything of Sam.

The old fellow was standing in the doorway, talking to a couple of strangers.

"No," he was saying, "they hain't be'n no person 'long yere, las' few days, but what b'longs yere. Mebbe, though, he mout a be'n seed over yere t' Bacon's. Ben thar? No? Wa-al, my boy's comin' in f'in thar purty soon, an' he c'n tell ye. Come in an' feed; Jack'll be yere right soon."

Mat stayed to help her mother with the supper, and during the course of the meal learned that the two strangers were officers trailing a horse-thief, who had stolen a valuable horse at a ranch forty miles east and sold it at Pickett Station, and who was believed to have come this way.

As she listened to the conversation, a sudden nameless fear came upon her, making her feel faint and ill. As soon as supper was over, she took her shawl and hurried home.

Somehow she was not surprised to find the door open.

She entered hastily. Sam was in bed, asleep and breathing stertorously. He had evidently been drinking, as his clothes were scattered about the floor, and Mat, looking out the back door, could see his pony standing patiently where Sam had left him, waiting for some one to come and feed him. Mat leaned over the sleeping man and kissed him gently, her eyes full of love. Then she turned to pick up his clothes and put them away. The trousers were heavy, and something jingled in one of the pockets. Instinctively Mat thrust her hand into it, and drew it forth, clasping several gold pieces. As she did so her eyes opened wide, and she stood as if stunned for a time, her heart chilled with the same strange fear that had stricken her awhile ago and impelled her to hurry home.

She rushed to the bed and shook Sam roughly. "Sam! Sam!—wake up!" she almost screamed.

The man turned over and looked at her stupidly. "H'lo, M-Mat! Yere, be ye? Gimme kiss," he said, in a dull tone. "Not twell ye tells me whar ye done got these yere things!" Mat's voice sounded broken and shrill.

Sam sat up and rubbed his head, looking at her in drunken wonder. "W-w'y, then—then thar, honey?"

She shook him fiercely, and said in a lower tone—a tone of earnest force:

"Tell me, Sam Toms, whar ye done got these yere coins! Quick, now!"

Her tone partially sobered the man, whose eyes opened wider as he asked, querulously:

"What 'n hell ye so all-fired fussy 'bout? I hain't done nothin'." And he laughed in a half-drunken, half-nervous way.

"Sam! whar did ye git 'em?"

He sat dumbly staring at her.

"Sam!" her voice was full of horror, "did *you* steal that thar hoss?"

No answer; but Mat saw by his eyes she had guessed the truth. Slowly the coins fell from her hand to the floor; slowly her head bent forward until her face touched the pillow. For minutes she did not move—not until Sam, who had been staring at her wonderingly, reached out his big hand and laid it caressingly on her head. Then she sprang to her feet, her hot eyes glaring, and her form trembling with anger and horror. She did not speak, but fixed her gaze on his face for a few seconds. He did not meet her look, and, presently, she turned and ran out of the door.

Sam, almost sober now, called after her, but she did not answer. He got out of bed slowly and started to dress himself. He had almost finished, when Mat, accompanied by her father and the two strangers, returned.

"Thar he is—an' thar's th' money," she said, and passed on out through the back door, without looking at Sam.

\* \* \* \* \*

There was a jail at the cross-roads; it was a primitive affair, but solid and substantial. It was a dugout in the side-hill, and had a heavy oak door and great steel hinges and lock. It was plenty strong enough to hold a dozen men, all anxious to escape—and Sam Toms did not try to escape. He only sat still in the low, damp, darksome room and tried to understand how it had all happened. It must be a drunken dream—but, no, he was almost sober, and knew where he was and bow and why he was there. But—he could not understand. Had Mat—was it really Mat, who had given him up. There must be some mistake.

The big, strong man finally began to realize it all. He lay down on the bunk and cried himself to sleep, like a child.

\* \* \* \* \*

It must have been about one o'clock in the morning when some one silently entered the house of old Bill Bunn, constable. This some one entered by the back door, went stealthily into the room where Bill and his wife slept, rummaged about a few minutes, and then emerged from the house. It was a woman, and she had something in her hand.

Sam Toms was awakened, a little after this, by a rattling, jarring sound. He sprang up, just as the big oaken doors swung back and revealed the figures of a woman and two saddle-horses.

"I come f'r ye, Sam," said the woman, with a sob. "I done brung both ponies an' ou' clo'es. Le's go, Sam; we c'n git 'crost th' rivah befo' mawnin'." Come!

He clasped her in his arms, and they clung to each other a little while. Then Mat said, more steadily:

"Come, Sam. Le's go ovah t' Mexico—an' mebbe we c'n try 'n' do better ovah thar."

And they rode forth in the bright, free moonlight, down towards the Rio Grande—into a new and better life.

R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892.

Between three and four thousand litres of wine are made every year from grapes grown in the gardens of the Vatican. This wine is used almost exclusively in administering the sacraments at mass. The Pope always assists at the harvesting, and this is one of his annual occupations to which he looks forward with great pleasure. Heretofore His Holiness has, every year in October, found amusement in shooting certain kinds of small birds, which are plentiful in the gardens, but this year this pastime was discontinued, owing, it is said, to the fact that last year several French journalists, half jokingly, half seriously, said that it was beneath the dignity of so illustrious an old man as the Pope to hunt birds, to say nothing of its being rough on the birds.

The benevolent work begun among the Zulus by the late Bishop Colenso, renowned alike for his heterodoxy and his arithmetic, is continued by his daughter. She has translated much of the Bible into the Zulu tongue, and has taught a number of the chiefs to speak English. It is to her intercession for Cetewayo and his people with the queen and Mr. Gladstone that the former owe many concessions.

## AUTUMNAL MERRY-MAKING.

Our New York Correspondent Tells of the Festivities at Tuxedo.

The intermediate season between summer and winter now bids fair, thanks to Tuxedo, to eclipse both in enjoyment. We are at the height of it just now. On Thursday, five young and pretty married women, all leaders in their respective sets, gave dinners at their "cottages"; after dinner the five amphitryons and the guests met in the ball-room of the club for a cotillion, and the débutantes and their chaperons were trotted out for inspection. The show of beauty and fashion was stunning. Your Mrs. C. B. Alexander was there in green velvet, with huge pink velvet sleeves; Mrs. Oliver Harriman in an Empire gown of white brocade, with arm puffs of lilac velvet; Mrs. W. G. Tiffany in amber satin; Miss Fellows in a Watteau costume of rose color; Miss Maud Lorillard in a pink and white ball-gown of the time of Louis Seize; another reigning beauty in a green satin gown, with bodice of pink velvet and narrow bands of sable. The new ball-room never looked so beautiful. It is a pretty room—circular, with salmon-tinted walls in rough finish; the ceiling, which is ribbed with rafters, is in pale blue, with looped garlands of silver and gold ribbons forming the fringe. A remarkably good floor for dancing will make the young people happy on Friday, when the annual ball takes place.

On Tuesday, everybody will flock to Tuxedo, to put in an appearance at the marriage of Miss Blanche Havemeyer to Mr. Adair Campbell, of ever so many Scottish lochs and heaths. The wedding will take place in the church, precisely at high noon. A brother of the groom will stand by him to see that he makes no attempt to escape; the pretty bride will be attended by her fourteen-year-old sister. Blanche is a pretty girl, and will probably look well in her regulation costume of yellow, made of silk mul, with a bunch of yellow chrysanthemums in her hand. A few days after the wedding, Mrs. Brownell Burnham will give a dinner to her sister, and the bappy pair will then do as much of the United States as their time and the weather will permit. They will sail for England so as to eat their Christmas dinner at Mr. Campbell's father's castle, and then they will settle down on the banks of Loch Lomond.

Tuxedo never was so enjoyable as it is now. Beach's coach brings in every day a load of jolly people, who all know each other, and are *au fait* in the art of making themselves agreeable. As they arrive, with cheeks and noses reddened by a fifty-mile drive through the sharp autumn air, and cuddle round the logs crackling and blazing in the great fire-place in the middle of the square hall of the club-house, some pretty bright things are said, and the laughter has good excuse for being loud and contagious. The gallop through the crisp ozone of autumn exhilarates the soul and sharpens the wits. If there is any life in a human being, it is brought out by a rapid whirl on a brilliant October day, when the heavens are luminously blue and the autumnal foliage greets the eye with its bronze, and crimson, and purple tints; especially if the drive end in a gathering of congenial spirits all in good temper and convivially disposed.

The hunting season is at its height, though poor Cottenet's death cast a damper on it for a time. The Meadowbrook Club, to which Cottenet belonged, comprises in its list of members the richest and most fashionable members of the growing aristocracy. It is eleven years old, and has been built up in the face of singular obstacles. First, the American fox does not enjoy hunting, and will not give the dogs a lead. English foxes were imported, but they did not take kindly to the country and did not thrive. It was impossible to get them out of their holes. After many years' trial they were practically abandoned for the old-fashioned anise seed-bag—which, as it has neither brush nor pads, does not answer the purpose of a fox at the *culte*. The huntsman has to provide chunks of meat to satisfy the dogs. The breed of the English hunting-dog has been so much improved in this country that the horses can not keep up with them, and it has become necessary to cross the English hunter with racing stock. Almost everybody at Meadowbrook rides a racer, and when the hunt passes it is like a whirlwind. At first, the farmers objected to having their fields trampled by huntsmen; the club obviated this difficulty by paying liberally for damages. But the gentlemen farmers could not be appeased with checks; they threatened suits for damages and barricaded their farms with high wire fences. It was on one of these that poor Cottenet came to grief. The fact is that hunting is not an American pastime, but rather belongs to the old country, where the rights of bucolic residents as against aristocratic sportsmen are undefined. Still the sport continues to be popular, and ladies would object seriously to the abolition of the hunt ball, where the cavalier figure in the cotillion in scarlet silk coats and knee-breeches. It is the opinion of the fair sex that, so accoutred, a man is simply sweet.

The decline and fall of McAllister proceed with slow degrees. Obituaries of the *arbitrè elegantiarum* are appearing in the society papers, and when society begins to pity a man he must be dead, and dead, and dead, indeed. It is now said that the late "boss" was indebted for his success to the tact and *savoir faire* of his daughter, Miss Louise McAllister, a young lady of remarkable wit and knowledge of human kind. The great Ward himself is not going to succumb without a struggle. He proposes to get up, for new-year, a Columbian ball at the Madison Square Garden, which is to be transformed for the occasion into a copy of the Hall of the Embassadors, in the Alhambra. All the guests are to dress in the costume of the fifteenth century, and Ferdinand Isabella, and Columbus are to be represented. Mr. Lisper and Stewart has "barred" the part of Columbus.

NEW YORK, October 29, 1892.

FLANEUR.

The publication of a new edition of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies" recalls one of Whistler's witty sayings. In an oration at a Chelsea art club entertainment he said "Let us bury the hatchet—in the enemy's ribs."



# A PHILOSOPHER OF LOVE.

"Parisina" writes of Ernest Renan and his Ideas of Women.

If it had not been fully proved by experience that ugliness is not by any means a bar to popularity with the fair sex, some surprise might be felt that Renan was one of the most courted of men. Whenever he went into society he was sure to be the centre of an admiring crowd of ladies. Ernest Renan was certainly not handsome: his exceeding corpulence, the tallow-like hue of his complexion, his bushy gray eyebrows and spare gray hair, his claw-shaped hands and long nails did not compose a very attractive exterior; but there was more than enough in the subtle charm of his manner and the melodious flow of his conversation to make up for all outward deficiencies.

Moreover, Renan liked female society, and his admiration for the feminine character was boundless. In common with many great men, feminine influences preponderated in his life: his mother, the hard-working Bretonne, earning a precarious living by dealing out groceries to village customers; his sister, who, at an early age, assumed the burden of the family responsibilities; and finally, his wife, whom he fondly loved. He tells us how, as a boy, he preferred being with little girls to playing with those of his own sex. "I was twelve or thirteen. I did not fathom the secret of the attraction they had for me. . . . The sentiment they inspired was tinged with something akin to pity. I measured my own intellectual superiority; but from that time forward I comprehended that the woman, who is either very beautiful or very good, resolves the problem of which, with all the force of our brain power, we make only a muddle. We are children or pedants compared to her. Already I began to understand that beauty is so great a gift that talent, genius, virtue even, are nothing beside it; so that the really beautiful woman has a right to disdain everything else, because she unites—not in a work outside herself, but in her own person, as in a vase of incense—all that genius tries to sketch in faltering lines by dint of tiresome reflection."

How touchingly he describes his platonic love for the little Noëmi: "She was a model of good sense and grace. Her eyes had a delicious languor, her hair was adorably fair. She might have been two years older than I was, and her manner toward me held the medium between that of an elder sister and a comrade. We were great friends. When our young companions quarreled, we were always of one mind. I tried to make peace among the disputants. She was skeptical as to the result of my interference. 'Ernest,' she used to say to me, 'you will never succeed, you always try to make every one agree.' (The same has been said of the philosopher.) Such mutual understandings gave us a certain superiority over the others, and the bond between us was all the sweeter. Even now I can never hear children singing 'Nous n'irons plus au bais,' or 'Il pleut, il pleut, bergère,' without emotion. Certainly a few years later I should have fallen in love with Noëmi, had I not entered the fatal groove." Renan here refers to his early dedication to the priesthood. After his father's death—the elder Renan committed suicide, leaving his family in great difficulties—it was decided that he should go into the church. "The flood of abstractions which clogged my brain, rendered me careless of all else. Moreover, a singular defect of mine—a defect which was destined to be prejudicial to me in after life—caused my affection to deviate. . . . Among the other children was a little girl, much less beautiful than Noëmi, good and amiable, but less fêted, less surrounded. She sought my society rather more than Noëmi did, perhaps, and did not hide her jealousy. I never could bear to hurt any lady's feelings. Vaguely I have always felt that the woman who was not very pretty must be unhappy; that she must eat her heart out, as if she had missed her destiny. Therefore, I haunted the less well-beloved one more than Noëmi, because I saw she was sad. Thus did I allow my first love to turn aside as later I was to allow my political opinions to deviate. Once or twice I caught Noëmi laughing in her sleeve at my stupidity. She was always kind, but at times she did not conceal a vein of irony, which only rendered her more charming."

Renan's religious education—commenced at Tréguier, his native place, and continued in Paris at the seminaries connected with St. Sulpice, to which his sister, Henriette, got him admitted—was a bar to any romantic episode in his early life. And after he had *jeté sa soutane aux orties*, came the hand-to-hand battle with poverty. It pleases many people to find a scapegoat, for those they delight to honor, and, therefore, Renan's Catholic apologists are bent on laying the blame of her brother's disaffection on Henriette. And certainly it was she who first supplied him with controversial works, having herself become a convert to German philosophy during her prolonged sojourn in Poland, as the governess of Prince Zainsky's children. Thus, more or less directly, the whole of Renan's career was changed by feminine influence. On his return to France, Henriette took up her abode with her brother, and instituted herself henceforth, until her death, his secretary and referee in all matters connected with his literary labors. She not only copied his manuscripts and corrected his proofs, she polished up his prose, and he confesses to have owed much to her superior judgment and taste in this matter.

Henriette was never beautiful, not even pretty, and the terrible difficulties she had to encounter at an age when most other young women dream only of love and marriage, had aged her before her time. When Renan went to meet her at Berlin, on his return from Warsaw, he was shocked at her appearance. She looked quite an old woman, though hardly forty. We can imagine his kindly heart—which was so moved by physical inferiority in woman. Her cast of mind was melancholy, inherited from her father. His fraternal affection was put to a sore test when, later on, he met the woman he was destined to marry, and whom he loved with the ardor of a man who had not dissipated the wealth of his affections on *faciles amours*.

Coralie Scheffer was the niece of the great artist Ary Scheffer—the daughter of his brother, also an artist. He declared his flame and was accepted as a suitor by the family of the young girl; but when Henriette, who had, of course, been consulted, declared her intention of quitting her brother's house, where she would reign as mistress or not at all, Ernest Renan chose—however much it cost him—to give up his project of matrimony, since it would separate him from the being who had been the presiding providence of his youth. But this concession aroused the gratitude and finer parts of Henriette's character; she went to the Scheffers and washed away the last shred of jealousy in the tears she shed on Coralie's breast. Ever after the two were fast friends, though Henriette did not live very much longer, falling a victim, a few years later, to fever contracted during her sojourn with her brother in the Holy Land.

Henriette, Noëmi, and Coralie represented the trilogy of love in Ernest Renan's existence—brotherly regard and love, platonic affection, and connubial felicity and love. He may have lacked experience of the tender passion, but he understood it, and no poet ever thought more highly of love than Renan, and certainly no philosopher ever wrote more of love or had a higher opinion of woman. His life was pure, and he maintained his illusions until the last.

"No philosopher has troubled himself about love," he writes, somewhere. "Now, I maintain that love is a strange mystery, and the most evident of the bonds that bind us to the universe. Why, you will ask, do you speak of what you know so little about? I protest; in these matters too much knowledge renders us incompetent. The most touching of the mediæval miracles is the one told by Gautier, of Coinci—about the poor deacon of Laon, who suffered a martyrdom in keeping his vow of chastity. One day, besieged by temptations, he fell asleep, weeping. The Virgin appeared to him in his sleep, offered him her breast, and he drank of her milk. This divine ambrosia cured him forever. After such a dream of love, he was able for the rest of his life to do without the reality. Love is the greatest of those revealing instincts which dominate all creation, and which seem to be instilled by a divine will. Its excellence lies in the fact that all beings participate in it, and that it is so evidently bound up with the end and aim of the universe." And elsewhere: "With animals, love is the principle of beauty. Because the male bird makes at that time a supreme effort to please, his plumage becomes brighter and his form more elegant. With man, love is a school of amiability and courtesy—I will add, of religion and morality. That hour in which the most vile experience tenderness, in which the most narrow-minded is in sentimental communion with the universe, is certainly a divine hour, because man at that time harks to the voice of nature, contracts high duties, pronounces sacred vows, tastes of supreme joys or prepares for himself lasting remorse. It is certainly the hour of his passage through life when man is at his best. The grand sensations he experiences when he thus goes out of himself, as it were, show that he reaches the veritable border of the infinite. Love, elevated love, has something religious in it, or rather is a part of religion. It is incredible that the frivolous-minded and the silly should have caused this relic of our parentage with nature to be looked upon as a shameful leaven of bestiality. Is it possible that an end so glorious as the continuation of the species should be attached to an act culpable or ridiculous? Thus is the Eternal Wisdom credited with a grotesque intention, a farce."

Advocates of Woman's Rights must not seek in Renan's writings for arguments to support their cause. For all his admiration of woman, he does not desire to see her molding herself after the male model. He only admires womanly women; he has no words strong enough to condemn the blue-stocking. Indeed, he loves her so well that he loves her faults, so long as they are womanly faults. Thus he says: "The woman who most resembles us is antipathetic. What we look for in the other sex is the opposite of ourselves. Weakness, false reasoning, narrow ideas, ignorance, superstition, sbock us in a man; they make us smile in a woman. We like to see a graceful hand make the sign of the cross. Narrow duties ought to have corresponding narrow ideas. Faith in woman is a virtue, it must be respected alike with all feminine virtues. It is a mistake to believe that we are desirous of bringing women round to our philosophical opinions. On the contrary, we are often glad they will not listen to us. We admire their preconceived determination not to listen to what might awaken their heroic resolution. I should be grieved to have in any way assisted in diminishing piety in woman. *Pietas*, taken in its fine Latin sense, meaning tenderness and weakness, is the excellent gift that has fallen to their share. When I last went to Brittany, I was happy to see that the young girls there were as pleasing, as modest, as well brought up as fifty years ago. My one desire is that they shall go on being so. I shall be consoled if I can know, after my death, that women are as pretty and that love is as sweet as it used to be."

PARIS, October 14, 1892.

There was a curious Moslem religious ceremony at the opening of the Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway for traffic. The Jerusalem terminus of the road was decorated with palms, and when the Mohammedan priest had offered prayer, three sheep, with snow-white fleece and gilded horns, were dragged upon the rails and slaughtered. They were left there until the blood had run from their veins and reddened the ties, and then the locomotive, freed by this sacrifice from the machinations of evil genii, went puffing out of the Holy City.

Sherman, Tex., has a ninety-thousand-dollar jail, from which ten prisoners recently escaped by sawing through iron bars with a thirty-five-cent file.

Moody and Sankey are said to have received one million two hundred thousand dollars in royalties from their gospel hymns.

# INDIVIDUALITIES.

The late General John Pope left an estate of about twenty-five thousand or thirty thousand dollars to his children.

Abbé Liszt's first concert programme, when he was only nine years old, has been discovered. It bears date of 1820. The performance was given in Oldenburg.

Sims Reeves is principal professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. He is now seventy years of age. He went on the operatic stage in his eighteenth year, beginning his career, strangely enough, as a baritone.

It is rumored that William A. Slater, of Norwich, Conn., the cotton manufacturer, and the son of the late John F. Slater, who gave one million dollars for the education of colored people, is to have a steam-yacht, by a designer not named, "which is to eclipse anything now afloat." He now owns an elegant yacht, the *Sagamore*, in which he made an extended ocean voyage about a year ago.

The fact that the relations now existing between the young Emperor of Germany and his widowed mother are not only pleasant, but affectionate, has been emphasized by the presentation to the latter, by the emperor, of a deed to the castle of Kronberg. About a year ago, the empress expressed a desire to purchase this ruined castle and the land which goes with it. On the following Christmas, the empress found upon her table a communication from the emperor, saying that it would afford him the greatest pleasure to present to the empress the Schloss Kronberg as his Christmas gift.

General Benjamin F. Butler is said to make one hundred thousand dollars a year from his law practice, but age is coming upon him with rapid strides, forcing him to give up some of the hard work necessary to earn such an income. He is now nearly seventy-five, and visibly older than he was a few years ago. He is very much bent, and his eyesight is poor, but his mind is as keen as when young. For a man of his bluff nature he has always had a curious weakness for striking clothes. He used to like to wear fur overcoats and cowboy hats, the latter an adaptation of his army chapeau, but nowadays his tastes are quieter.

Miss Maud Lorillard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, of New York and Tuxedo Park, and Mr. Thomas Suffern Tailor are engaged. Mr. T. Suffern Tailor is a graduate of Harvard College, class 1889. He has always been partial to outdoor sports, and went to Paris in the early spring to drive the coach Comet on its daily trips. Among other noted whips on this side and in England, the fact of Mr. Tailor's having beaten the record, both amateur and professional, in driving coach from Paris to Trouville, is regarded as a remarkable feat. It was while in Paris that Mr. Tailor fell in love with Miss Lorillard.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, who recently became eighty-three years old, had the good fortune, the distinguished honor, as he himself terms it, of being born the same year with Gladstone, Darwin, Tennyson, and Lincoln. The only literary work which he now has in hand is a volume of reminiscences, to which he devotes a brief part of the morning. The remainder of the day is given to the enjoyment of life and the preservation of his health. To the latter the aged poet pays close attention, eating simply and regularly, walking half an hour every day, and driving for two hours, and adding to his night's sleep a short nap during the day in his easy-chair.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, who is one of the candidates for the laureateship left vacant by the death of Tennyson, resembles some of the preceding laureates, particularly Wordsworth and Tennyson himself, in feats of pedestrianism. He likes to take long walks, though he is probably not fond of forty-mile tramps, such as Wordsworth used to take with his sister. Mr. Swinburne is quite unlike Tennyson in physical appearance. He is as insignificant as the late laureate was imposing, and is as thin as Wordsworth was. His hair is red and his whiskers are Parisian. He is said to have the lamented Hannibal Hamlin's antipathy to overcoats, and goes about without one in the teeth of the south-east winds he likes so well to describe in verse.

Sullivan, Gilbert, and Carte—up to the time of the dissolution of partnership—made about four hundred and fifty thousand dollars apiece. Besides this, Sir Arthur must derive a considerable sum from his other musical works, for the operas and operettas have been but a small part of his life's work. In his song writing, which is extensive, his popularity has been greater, perhaps, than any other English composer. He composed several of the best-known tunes in "Church Hymns," of which he was musical editor. His oratorios, too, have been uniformly successful. Sir Arthur, who is now in his fiftieth year, received his first systematic instruction in music as a chorister at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, London. His father was a military-band instructor.

Among recent deaths in Paris is that of M. Roulez, the hero of the quadruple duel of some months ago. For the last two months he has been confined in a mad-house. He was anxious to see his name in print, and it must certainly be admitted that he realized his desire, for the fantastic story of his quadruple duel, which was swallowed with such eagerness by even the most sedate and sensible organs of the Parisian press, was telegraphed and cabled to every portion of the civilized globe. It was only several days afterward that the enterprising reporter set to work to investigate the entire affair, and laid bare the fact that M. Roulez had palmed off a gigantic joke upon his countrymen. At first, those who had been gulled were disposed to be angry with M. Roulez, and he was on the point of receiving several challenges to fight real duels; notably one with Senator Ranc, who had been one of the first to give publicity to his marvelous story. Realizing at length that the mind of M. Roulez was unbinged, they decided to join in the attack against themselves.



## A DUEL TO THE DEATH.

The Tragedy told by an Old Physician of his Student Life.

We were talking of the harmlessness of modern duels, when old Dr. Gabriel, a grave and ordinarily taciturn man, told us this strange tale:

It was a long, long time ago—more than thirty years. I will not tell you the name of the little town; search for it on the map of France—the little town is near a medical college.

In the town in question, two students of the same age studied together. They were like brothers. Both worked assiduously, both fired with an ambition to win the title of Doctor. They were filled with a desire above that of creating a lucrative practice; they were enthusiastic, laborious youths, and dreamed of discovering new means to vanquish "the ills that flesh is heir to." Not rivals, neither jealous of the other, they held in common their intelligence, their energies, their hopes, and each was ready to share with the other the glory he hoped to gain. They were like two children.

The last year of their studies drew to a close; their examinations had been brilliantly passed, and it remained only for them to receive the diplomas which would make them full-fledged physicians. I repeat, they were devoted friends. How was it, then, that this friendship was one day transformed into hatred—friends one day, the next implacable enemies? A profound moralist has said: "Seek the woman." In this case, as in others, you would have found her.

A woman, to the man who loves her, is always above all others, and these brothers both loved her to madness. A furious hate took the place of the former friendship; but, by a sort of tacit understanding, they concealed their feelings from all eyes. As before, they were seen together always; together they worked in the laboratory, together they were found at the clinic.

One day, they called four of their comrades, students like themselves, in council, and explained these facts. There existed between them a mortal hatred. It was not necessary that any should know the cause of this hate—one of them was one too many on the earth, and they were resolved to fight a duel to the death.

Do not imagine that the four students made any objection to this proposition. Romance, driven by skepticism from Paris, had taken refuge in the provinces. Here they still believed in the heroes of George Sand, the creations of Balzac and Gautier. A duel to the death was a rare wind-fall.

However, one of these hare-brained fellows was more sensible, or more selfish, than the rest. He observed that precautions should be taken for the safety of the seconds in a duel of so grave a nature. It happened that about this time the authorities were pursuing duellists with unusual vigor. But rejecting the objections of their comrade, the two young men engaged to find a secret place that would disarm all curiosity; more than that, they promised that the dead body should disappear without awakening the slightest suspicion in the authorities.

One summer night, near two o'clock in the morning, the six young men left their little village in the utmost secrecy. The seconds, wrapped in long cloaks, which enveloped them from head to foot, carried something hidden in the folds—it was not the swords. They took a pathway where they were sure of encountering no one, and thus they reached the little hamlet of their destination. They stopped at the walls of the cemetery. They were all young and active, and to scale the wall was no great feat. They were soon inside the village of the dead.

It was a strange sight, at break of day among the white tombstones, which stood about in the morning mist like spectres with outstretched arms beneath their shrouds, while the wooden crosses made a dark blot here and there, like the forms of strange animals.

They chose a spot where there was soon to be an interment, as could be easily divined by the marked-out space. When they had fixed upon this spot, the four seconds took from beneath their cloaks the spades which they had kept so carefully concealed, and began to dig a grave. They had strong, young arms, and knew how to use their tools. After twenty minutes' work, a grave yawned before them long enough to hold a man.

"Is it deep enough?" asked one of the seconds.

The two adversaries—who up to this time had been walking up and down, carefully avoiding each other—now approached, and, looking down, answered in the affirmative.

"You are immovably determined on this duel?"

"Yes."

"Is there no hope of a reconciliation?"

There was no answer. The two enemies each handed to the seconds a letter which was not to be opened until after the death of one or the other.

The seconds accepted the trust. The two men then advanced and stripped naked to the waist. They would have no blood-stained garments to tell the tale. Then each was handed a knife, whereupon they jumped into the open grave.

They flew at each other like wild beasts, mad with rage. They cut and thrust blindly, for they were beside themselves with fury. Suddenly one of them cried out, "He is dead!"

"He," was the other. Stupefied with horror, the seconds trembled so that they could scarcely assist the man out of the grave. He was the victor, the other lay doubled up at the bottom of the grave in a pool of blood, absolutely cut to pieces.

One of the students ascertained that the man was dead, then the grave was rapidly filled in with earth and stamped on, and the turf was carefully replaced. The diminished party then returned to the town whence they had come.

The following day the parents of the dead man received a letter which announced that for some time past the writer,

their son, had had a strong desire to see the world; that he had left for a neighboring port, whence he would sail for a destination which he would acquaint them of upon arrival there. As a matter of course, this second letter was never received. The man disappeared, no one ever knew what became of him.

The auditors of this recital were stricken with horror.

"But what became of the other one?" asked some one at last.

"The other, the survivor," said the doctor, in a grave tone, "was myself!"

"And the woman?"

"Was some grisette whom I never saw again."—Translated for the Argonaut from the French of Jules Lermina by A. R.

## POLITICAL NOTES.

Wendell Easton, the Republican nominee for mayor, is a large tax-payer and one of our most energetic and progressive citizens. Owing to the nature of his business, he has had unusual opportunities to observe the necessities of our city and has made a careful study of municipal government. Mr. Easton's address in Irving Hall last Monday evening—delivered before an assemblage of leading business men at their request—gave to the public an outline of his ideas, and proved conclusively that as mayor he would not be a mere figure-head. A perusal of the address will convince all thinking men, irrespective of party, that Wendell Easton should be elected mayor of San Francisco. Cast your ballot for him.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

Frank J. French is one of the present members of the board of education, and the record he has made fully warrants his reelection. He has resided here for many years and is one of our leading attorneys-at-law. The interests of all good and law-abiding citizens are the interests of Mr. French, and education has no better friend and no stronger adherent than he. Vote for Frank J. French by all means if you desire the perpetuation of public-school education.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

Captain A. C. Freese should be reflected to the office of public administrator. He is the candidate of the Democratic party, as he was two years ago, and his renomination is convincing evidence that his administration has been honest and satisfactory. Captain Freese was elected last term through the cooperation of a large element that was opposed to his party but in accord with him. He has resided here since the days of the pioneers, and, through his uprightness of character and thorough integrity, he has won the confidence of the community at large. There can be no mistake made in voting for Captain Freese. His past record is an open and honest one.

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Frederic W. Eaton is a candidate on the Citizens' Non-Partisan ticket for the office of school director, and the selection meets with our unqualified approval. He is a member of the firm of F. W. Eaton & Co., general commission merchants, and has a strong and well-defined interest in the welfare of our municipality. For many years he has taken a deep interest in all attempts to purify municipal politics. Mr. Eaton is a man of family and his children have been educated in our public schools. He is a Democrat of the strongly American tinge, and his name is familiar to Argonaut readers as a leading member of the American party. Vote for him. He is a good man to elect.

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Henry P. Sonntag is the nominee of the Republican party for supervisor of the Tenth Ward. Mr. Sonntag is a business man and one possessing executive ability to a high degree. It is men of this character that the city needs to look after and manage its affairs. He is a member of the firm of Shainwald, Buckbee & Co., president of the California Fireworks Company, and other companies of large capital, while his landed interests throughout the State are also very extensive. Mr. Sonntag's election seems a foregone conclusion.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

The guardianship of our present system of public-school education can not be entrusted to better men than those of the calibre of Dr. Charles W. Decker. He is one of the nominees of the Republican party for school director. He was born here and received his education in our public schools. Dr. Decker will be the right man in the right place.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

The importance of securing an honest and able judiciary can not be too highly estimated, and it is the duty of every citizen to vote for the best nominees for the judgeships, irre-

spective of party. One of the Argonaut's candidates for the superior bench is Duncan Hayne, a nominee of the Democratic party. He is a hard student of the law, and, having by inheritance the judicial cast of mind, he is eminently fitted for the office. His practice has proven him to be a man who has that "infinite capacity for taking pains" that Carlyle says is genius, and, if he is elevated to the bench, he will certainly make a splendid record. Cast your vote for Duncan Hayne for superior judge and you will have no cause to regret it.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

J. H. Rosewald, candidate for school director on the Argonaut ticket, was born in Baltimore, receiving his education there in the public schools. In 1865 he went to Europe to complete his musical education, and in succession filled the positions of concert master at Mayence and at the Peabody Institute. Afterward he successfully conducted several opera companies, and for the past nine years has resided here, where he is well and favorably known. Mr. Rosewald is a great friend of education, and a vote for him will be of material benefit to our schools.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

Mr. William S. Barnes is the Republican nominee for district attorney. We have placed him upon the Argonaut ticket and hope that our readers will vote for him. Mr. Barnes is a young man, a graduate of Harvard, and an able and industrious attorney. He has held the position of district attorney for two years, and has filled it with signal ability. He has reflected great credit upon himself and his party. Two years ago many Republicans voted for him on account of his father. Now they will vote for him on account of himself.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

The renomination of a man for an office is generally an acknowledgment by his party that his labors have been well done. This is the case with John J. Dunn, who has been renominated by his party for school director. He is a nominee of the Republican party, but merits the votes of all classes. Mr. Dunn is a man of family, having five children, and in the interests of their proper education he will serve the interests of a multitude of others.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

Arthur F. Carmody is one of the nominees for school director whom we should like to see elected. He is a graduate of the College of New York, and has fully at heart the interests of our system of public-school education. Mr. Carmody served with honor in the War of the Rebellion, during which, for eleven months, he was in a rebel prison, and he is now a member of George H. Thomas Post, G. A. R. For the past nineteen years he has been connected with the banking department of Wells, Fargo & Co.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

Z. T. Whitten would make an admirable school director, and the Republican party has made a wise selection in placing his name upon its ticket. Mr. Whitten has had many opportunities, during a residence here of seventeen years, to study our educational system, and his election to office will result greatly to the benefit of the rising generation. He is the superintendent of the San Francisco and Pacific Glass Works, and a citizen who is held in high esteem.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

F. A. Hyde, the present president of the board of education, is a nominee on the Non-Partisan ticket for school director. Mr. Hyde's experience during the past two years, as presiding officer of the board, should certainly count for much in the estimation of voters. He is one of our leading lawyers and a man of family, and is in every way worthy of reelection.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*

Pelham W. Ames, one of the nominees on the Argonaut ticket for school director, was born in Massachusetts, is a graduate of Harvard, and was in the United States navy for a number of years. He came to this city in 1865, and a year later was married. Mr. Ames was for many years a commissioner of the funded debt of this city, and has also occupied the positions of secretary of the Sutro Tunnel Company and assistant-secretary of the Spring Valley Water Works, which position he now holds. He is president of the Harvard Club. He will make an excellent school director.

*Vote for the educational qualification requiring every voter to be able to write his name and read any section of the constitution in the English language.*



VANITY FAIR.

It is now possible to extract what little lesson there is to be had from the correspondence on "English Wives," which the London *Daily Telegraph* has been printing for many weeks. The letters were principally from complaining husbands. Several fairly sensible men criticise the culinary abilities of their wives. In this respect she is far behind the continental wife. The most interesting and psychological correspondent signs himself "Resignation," and expresses the opinion that most husbands are dissatisfied because they have got the wrong wives. Of his own wife this man is good enough to write: "I do not say that my worse half is not a fairly affectionate woman. I can not allege, as some of your correspondents do of their helpmates, that she has either an angelic or a demoniacal disposition. She is small-minded, as all women are; sets great store upon the conventionalities, as most English women do; thinks her husband might be a great deal better off if he tried to improve his position—here, again, being in agreement with a settled conviction that he is a lucky individual to have been blessed with her, and that she was extremely good-natured and condescending to have married him." And again: "She never dreams that I entertain any doubt as to the superior advantages I have enjoyed from her heroic sacrifice in sharing my home and speeding five-sixths of my income." He adds plaintively that he is only permitted to smoke in the garden. The remark to the effect that his wife spends five-sixths of his income, taken in connection with even more explicit statements in other letters, reveals an extraordinary state of affairs. The English husband is accustomed to conceal the amount of his income from his wife. He does not take her into the matrimonial business as a full partner, but as a subordinate to look after domestic details. If he does not tell her his income and consult her about his business, she can not be blamed for spending as much as she can, any more than a clerk for getting as much salary as he can from his employer. Some wives, it is said, save more on account of their ignorance than they need, but they appear to be exceptional. Many of these letter-writing husbands complain that the sole object in life of their wives is to wring money out of them. The husband says he has no money, but she declares she knows, which she does not, that he has lots. It tickles the vain British husband to be looked up to as a person of large financial resources, and so he maintains his dignified reserve. One result of the British husband's attitude in this respect is seen in the business incapacity of his widow. She is continually throwing away the money he leaves her in the first worthless investment that offers itself.

*Vogue* is the title of a New York newspaper which will be an enterprise of a new character. This society weekly sheet is to be written by the smart set for the smart set. The first number of *Vogue* will dazzle the public on December 17th. The artistic features will be of great merit. Mr. Harry McVickar is in charge of the art department of this paper, and Mr. Arthur B. Turnure will be the publisher. Mr. Turnure is well qualified for this position. He is a cousin of Mr. Lawrence Turnure, who is very rich, and lives at No. 417 Fifth Avenue. Some of the most noted French artists will share the work of illustrating with Mr. McVickar. The list of stockholders includes leaders in the swim at Paris, London, New York, Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Boston, and Chicago. Among the list of stockholders are the names of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Burke-Roché, Mr. John Parsons, Mrs. George B. De Forest, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Miss Furniss, Mrs. Ronalds, of London, and so on.

A *Sun* reader complains that she has been married ten years, and that she is not as well acquainted with her husband as her sister, who has been married only three years, is with hers. This, her sister, who lives in the country, claims is due to the manner of life in cities. In proof, she produces the following tabulated statement. Business, it must be understood, stands simply for the time a man is absent from home during the day, without reference to the manner of spending the time. Table No. 1 shows the number of hours in which a city woman is deprived of the companionship of her husband:

	Hours.	Days.	Hours.	Hours.
Hours in a week.....	..	..	..	168
Business.....	9	6	54	..
Evenings out.....	3	3	15	..
In sleep.....	8	7	56	..
Total hours.....	..	..	..	125
Total hours with wife.....	..	..	..	43

The result proclaims these to be one hundred and twenty-five hours, leaving forty-three hours in the week for conversation and their mutual affairs. Table No. 2 refers to the husband of her sister in the country. It corresponds with Table No. 1:

	Hours.	Days.	Hours.	Hours.
Hours in a week.....	..	..	..	168
Business.....	7	6	42	..
In sleep.....	8	7	56	..
Total hours.....	..	..	..	98
Total hours with wife's company.....	..	..	..	70

Business here means business. Her sister's husband, having no club to drop into, comes home as early as five o'clock, and they stroll in the garden, go for a drive together, or read and chat until dinner. Table No. 2, it will also be observed, includes no evenings out. By this, it must be understood, no evenings out alone, save an occasional primary or vestry meeting, which would scarcely

disturb the sum total. It is needless to comment on the one hundred and twenty-five hours spent by the city man away from his wife against the ninety-eight hours of the country husband, which are susceptible of yet further reduction and modification. Another thing that deserves emphasis is, that when her sister goes down-town she is likely to visit her husband's business house. There she sees him in the midst of his affairs, in his business intercourse, a man with men. Thus she is led frequently to be his confidant, and she can take an intelligent interest in the things that interest him. Frequently he will leave his place of business and walk up the street with her, perhaps accompany her on some errand. Thus they become more companionable, more essential to one another. Nothing of this is possible to the city man or woman. The man becomes more and more absorbed in his own doings; and the woman fits her life as best she may. The bitter result seems to be that, while the woman is always curious, always speculating, always endeavoring to get side-lights on this man to whom she is mated, he shows no such speculative interest in her.

The Boston *Advertiser* protests against the Boston theatre-party. It asserts that "the average theatre-party is nothing more or less than a conversation." elaborating the point thus sharply: "To those unfortunates who find themselves placed in the neighborhood of such a social group, the thoughts and feelings which present themselves must be more emphatic than polite. To have the deepest throes of tragedy on the stage interspersed with very audible reminiscences of the summer's social campaign and the wearisome inanities of spasmodic chit-chat is a dangerous experience, indeed, to persons of a choleric and apoplectic habit. The rules of conventional courtesy, which are not apparently recognized by the average theatre-party, compel the indignant neighbors to keep indignant silence, although occasionally the rude, uncultured news-boys in the 'peanut' gallery request the ushers to 'git an axe' or to 'hurry up wid the chloroform.' Such taunts as these, however, the theatre-party meet with contemptuous indifference, and the polished and instructive disquisitions on social matters flow on without interruption."

When first the law of divorce was established in France, it was looked upon unfavorably by the upper classes of society. For the first two or three years it was appealed to simply to change certain cases of separation of long years' standing into absolute freedom. But gradually the new remedy for conjugal unhappiness was found to be convenient. Several couples belonging to the highest aristocracy had recourse to it. Instances increased and multiplied with every succeeding year, till now divorce is accepted as an institution in France as matrimony itself. This was a conclusion to be anticipated in view of the usual type of French marriages. When two people are joined together simply as a matter of business, with no element of affection or even of congeniality in their union, the drifting apart of the husband and wife thus mated is by no means a surprising result. The intervention of the church produces, in France, complications, or rather peculiarities, unknown on this side of the Atlantic. A Catholic pair may, if not joined by any religious ceremony but by the civil one, merely bind themselves, fully sanctioned, in a second union after divorce by the religious authorities. A case in point has just taken place in Paris. A young society beauty sued her spouse for a divorce and obtained it. The husband, being a free-thinker, had objected to supplementing the civil ceremony by a religious one, and his bride had consented to the omission. Under these circumstances the Roman Catholic Church refused to consider them as married at all. Consequently, when the divorced wife wished to marry again, she found all the ecclesiastical authorities ready and willing to bless her second nuptials, so she is even "more married" than she was at first. It is possible for wealthy people to obtain a dispensation from Rome for the annulling of their matrimonial ties. But the process is a costly one, requiring the expenditure of some twenty thousand dollars. It is also very tedious. There is a host of formalities to be fulfilled, and a series of investigations and counter-investigations which take up an intolerable degree of time, and which eat up a large amount of money. The influence of some powerful intervention will frequently hasten it. Such was the case with the decree that annulled the union of Prince Albert of Monaco and Lady Mary Hamilton, both parties having since married again. Such, too, was the process by which the Princess de Scey-Montpelard (Miss Winnaretta Singer) obtained her freedom. Such a decree amounts to something more than an ordinary divorce, being a total annihilation of the marriage. This costly and complicated method of dealing with obnoxious matrimonial ties has existed from time immemorial, but as it was only within the reach of royalty or riches, it mollified but little the trials of intolerable types of matrimony. Meantime, parties parted by the ordinary legal forms of divorce are held by the Roman Church as rebels against her authority, and as living, in consequence, in a state of mortal sin.

The Philadelphia *Press* gravely records the fact that there is in the Quaker City a well-known business and society man who pursues a strikingly origi-

nal line of conduct. In his business he is quiet, regular, and industrious, and particularly prides himself upon the neatness and accuracy which characterized his books of account. During the social season he flits about from entertainment to entertainment, frequently attending the opera and play-houses, always having with him some one of a score of girls to whom he pays more or less attention. When asked why he had so many girls, he said: "Oh! all girls talk as they write—very much alike; but still there is more variety in twenty than in one. Besides, I keep a regular set of books at home in which I enter every cent I spend on them, and it affords me considerable amusement. For instance, I charge cost of theatre tickets, flowers, supper, and carriage hire, and then credit it with the amount of pleasure I had—'Passable time enjoyed,' 'Enjoyed the evening hugely,' etc. The girls who afford me the most enjoyment receive the greater number of invitations, so I think I may fairly say that I seek relaxation and pleasure in the same way that I attend to my business—on a system."

Louis Xavier, a Parisian sculptor, thus discusses the human form divine: "It is not true, as the world generally supposes, that ideal statues are composites. Yes, I have read that sculptors use a number of models for one statue, copying the head of one, the bust of another, the limbs of a third, and so on. Some sculptors may resort to such ridiculous patch-work, but I imagine the effect would be far from pleasing. Perfectly formed women are by no means so rare as generally supposed. Not one woman in a dozen has been seriously deformed by tight lacing, and the high-heeled shoes that formerly played such havoc with shapely limbs have about gone out of fashion. But a perfectly formed female foot is now a *rara avis*. The world appears to have adopted the Chinese idea that the smaller the foot the prettier it is, and the result is that perfectly molded feet are cramped and abused until not a line of beauty is left. Now, any sculptor, any artist, will tell you that a foot too small to harmonize with the figure is an actual deformity. I would rather see the foot too large, if it be shapely, than too small. Think of a Juno who stands five feet seven inches and tips the scales at one hundred and fifty pounds teetering to and fro on No. 1 or No. 2 feet! She should wear a No. 4 at the very least, and a No. 6 would not be out of proportion. Like the foot, the hand should harmonize with the body. A little string of a hand on a lusty Minerva who towers up nearly six feet tall is shocking to true artistic taste. Did you ever see a man whose nose was too small for his face? Well, it is just as necessary that the hand and foot should be in harmony with the figure as that the nose should fit the face. Some day people will learn this, and then as many people will wear padded shoes as now limp along in foot-gear a size too small. Madame will then be as much ashamed of a hand too small as she now is of one too large."

A recent article in *Blackwood's*, purporting to be a letter from a British "lady of quality," embodying her views of the morality of contemporary English society, has attracted much attention. The "lady of quality" argues very justly that the comparatively free manners of modern society do not necessarily imply a laxity of morals. The courtly manners of the last century were not exactly the outward and visible signs of chastity and temperance. But not much of value is to be gained by comparing with those of past ages the morals of the present. Most persons know that the moral tone of London fashionable society, for example, is very much higher now than it was in the days of Sir Robert Walpole; but there is poor consolation in that. Yet the unsuppressed scandals in high life are so shocking that it is foolish for modern Britons to thank heaven they are not so bad as the people of the Restoration days, or the ornaments of Roman society of the tranquil time of the later Antonines. The truth about modern polite society is, that it exerts no moral force whatever, and, indeed, seems to have no conscience, and it acknowledges no serious obligations to the world. It exists solely for pleasure and display. It exerts no good influence, it inspires no one to lofty aims. It is not wholesome.

The necessity which women seem to be under to have something, preposterous and deforming in their dress, was never better illustrated by anything—not even by crinoline—than it is by this incoming style of dress, which makes women all shoulders. Six inches of waist diameter, surmounted by a yard of shoulders, is not a whit less ridiculous than a little body sticking up out of the summit of a mountain of skirts, and will not be regarded as less ridiculous by the judgment of an impartial posterity. And this we are to have at a time when people of taste, of both sexes, were congratulating themselves that women's dress was at last beginning to obey the obvious inspiration of Nature, and follow, in a general way, at least, the lines of the form.

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## MAGAZINE VERSE.

## Insomnia.

Slumber, hasten down this way,  
And, ere midnight dies,  
Silence lay upon my lips,  
Darkness on my eyes.

Send me a fantastic dream;  
Fashion me afresh;  
Into some celestial thing  
Change this mortal flesh.

Well I know one may not choose;  
One is helpless still  
In the purple realm of Sleep:  
Use me as you will.

Let me be a frozen pine  
In dead glacier lands;  
Let me, like a leopard stretched  
On the Libyan sands.

Silver fin or scarlet wing  
Grant me, either one;  
Sink me deep in emerald glooms,  
Lift me to the sun.

Or of me a gargoyle make,  
Face of ape or gnome,  
Such as frights the tavern-hoor  
Reeling drunken home.

Work on me your own caprice,  
Give me any shape;  
Only, slumber, from myself  
Let myself escape!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *November Century*.

## Betrothal.

A thousand years ago, 'tis said,  
In yonder castle dwelt a maid;  
Young was she, and in her face  
Was light of heaven, and earth's own grace.

So old the castle, that its stone  
With moss and myrtle overgrown;  
But fair was she, and young, so young  
The songs lay in her heart unsung.

And so there came from every side  
Gay knights to win the maid for bride,  
Jousted and sang; the maiden heard,  
Her heart spake all the while no word.

And one was young and fair to see,  
"I bring thee youth and love," sang he;  
And one brought dower of broad land;  
A third, a sceptre for her hand.

Then silent, as they ceased to sing,  
Another came and spake, "I bring  
Thee riches not, nor crown, nor wreath,  
But more than these: I bring thee Death."

And while they marked his visage grim  
The maiden rose and followed him—  
Some day they'll build the castle new—  
A thousand years hath she been true.

—November Scribner's.

## The Answer.

A Rose in tatters on the garden path  
Called out to God, and murmured 'gainst his wrath,  
Because a sudden wind in twilight's hush  
Had snatched her stem alone of all the bush.  
And God, who bears both sun-dried dust and sun,  
Made answer softly to that luckless one:  
"Sister, in that thou sayest I did not well,  
What voices heard'st thou when they petals fell?"  
And the rose answered: "In my evil hour  
A voice cried: 'Father, wherefore falls the flower?'  
For lo, the very gossamers are still!"  
And a voice answered: "Son, by Allah's will."

Then softly as the rain-mist on the sward  
Came to the Rose the answer of the Lord:  
"Sister, before I smote the dark in twain,  
Or yet the stars saw one another plain,  
Time, tide, and space I bound unto the task  
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask."

Whereat the withered flower, all content,  
Died as they die whose days are innocent;  
While he who questioned why the flower fell  
Caught hold of God, and saved his soul from hell.

—Rudyard Kipling in *November Century*.

## The Poems Here at Home.

The poems here at home! Who'll write 'em down  
Jes' as they air—in country and in town—  
Sowed thick as clods in 'crost the fields and lanes,  
Er these 'ere little hop-toads when it rains?  
Who'll 'voice' 'em, as I heard a feller say  
'At speechified on Freedom, 't'other day,  
And soared the Eagle tel, 't'peared to me,  
She wasn't bigger'n a humble bee?

Who'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I,  
'At's got a stiddy hand enough to try  
To do 'em jestic 'thout a foolin' some,  
And headin' facts off when they want to come?  
Who's got the lovin' eye, and heart, and brain  
To reckon 'nize 'at nothin' 's made in vain—  
'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds  
And brutes first choice, and us folks afterwards?

What we want, as I sense it, in the line  
O' poetry, is somepin' yours and mine—  
Somepin' with live-stock in it, and outdoors,  
And old crick-bottoms, snags, and sycamores.  
Putt weeds in—pizen-vines and underbush,  
As well as johnny-jump-ups, all so fresh  
And sassy-like! and groun'-squirls—yes, and "We."  
As sayin' is—"We, Us, and Company!"

Putt in old Nature's sermons—them 's the best;  
And 'tusion'ly hang up a hornet's nest  
'At boys 'at 's run away from school can git  
'At handy-like—and let 'em tackle it!  
Let us be wrought on, of a truth, to feel  
Our proneness fer to hurt more than we heal,

In ministratin' to our vain delights,  
Fergittin' even insect's has their rights!

No "Ladies' Amaranth," ner "Treasury" book,  
Ner "Night-Thoughts," nuther, ner no "Lally Rook!"  
We want some poetry 'at 's to our taste,  
Made out o' truck 'at 's jes a-go'in' to waste  
'Cause smart folks thinks it's altogether too  
Outrageous common—'cept fer me and you!  
Which goes to argy, all sich poetry  
Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on you and me.

—James Whitcomb Riley in *November Century*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

In the current number of *Two Tales*, published in Boston, there is a story entitled "The Sign of the Scorpion," by Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, of this city.

To correct the general impression that it was a foregone conclusion that Tennyson would be poet laureate when Wadsworth died, the Boston *Commonwealth* tells this story, for which it claims to have absolute authority:

"The laureateship (at that juncture) was offered to Samuel Rogers in an autograph note by Prince Albert. The prince told the venerable poet, who was then eighty-seven years old, that no duty whatever he expected; but that it would gratify the queen to know that his name was thus connected with the history of her reign. Rogers was, very naturally, greatly gratified. He considered the proposal for some time, and then, in a very interesting note, declined it. He was then asked to name the person who should fill the place, and he named Alfred Tennyson. In reply to this suggestion came a letter from the prime minister, who said: 'We are not acquainted' with this gentleman, and asked if Mr. Rogers was quite sure that there was nothing in his poetry which might be out of place in the poet laureate chosen by a woman. Mr. Rogers satisfied the government on this point, and Tennyson was appointed."

Among new publications issued by Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. are a new line of Handy Volume Classics; a new, two-volume edition of Tennyson; Wordsworth's poems, illustrated by E. H. Garrett; "Les Misérables," translated by Miss Hapgood; a two-volume edition of Walton's "Complete Angler," with the Major illustrations; "The Every Day of Life," by Rev. J. R. Miller; "Famous Types of Womanhood," by Sarah K. Bolton; and "Tom Clifton," a boy's story of the war, by Warren Lee Goss.

William Bradbury, the London publisher, whose death is announced, was senior member of the firm that brought out Dickens's earliest stories, and to guard against leaks, Mr. Bradbury and his brother, being practical printers, themselves set Dickens's manuscript.

W. E. Norris has been writing a new novel which is to be published under the title of "His Grace."

Justin McCarthy's (the elder) new novel is entitled "The Dictator." The scene is laid partly in "Gloria," an imaginary South American republic, and partly in London.

The November *St. Nicholas* contains the following articles:

"An Outdoor Reception," poem, by John Greenleaf Whittier; "Polly Oliver's Problem," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "A Young Marsh-Hawk," by John Burroughs; "The White Cave," by William O. Stoddard; "Pictures," drawn by P. Newell; "A Giant in Fragments," by Felix Leigh; "The Siren," by Henry Bacon; "Winter at the Zoo," by Elizabeth F. Bonnell; "Jack Dilloway's Scheme," by J. L. Harhour; "Our Neighbor John," by Harrie Price; "Pictures," drawn by E. W. Kemble; "From Revelle to Taps," by Gustav Kohbe; "An Ingenious Trifle," by Ernestine Pezand; and verses by Helen Gray Cone, John P. Lyons, Mary Thacher Higginson, Tudor Jenks, Oliver Herford, Frank Valentine, Ruth Hall, Price Collier, Eudora S. Bumstead, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and Margaret Johnson.

Harriet Monroe, the young lady to whom was intrusted the task of writing the *Columbian Ode*, is about to publish a book of verse. Its title is to be "Valeria, and Other Poems."

Great writers are proverbially the victims of so many mishaps, particularly in the matter of losing valuable manuscripts, that Isaac D'Israeli, father of Benjamin, wrote a book to record "The Calamities of Authors." The late Lord Tennyson was not without his experience of this kind. In his youth, while returning from a market town one night, he lost from his overcoat pocket the manuscript of his first volume "Poems, Chiefly Lyrical." The poet rewrote the volume from memory.

President Carnot has bestowed the cross of the Legion of Honor on Henry Harris, an American living in Paris. Mr. Harris is the author of several works on the life, discoveries, and times of Columbus.

Zola's criticisms of various things in his latest book, "The Downfall," have been taken so much to heart on the Continent that he receives a large number of insulting letters every day. From Bavaria alone, because he wrote slightly of the Bavarians at the sacking of Raucourt, he has received two hundred letters of protest and denunciation. Meantime, the controversy excited by the novelist's statement that Napoleon cut rouge on his pallid cheeks before Sedan to conceal the ravages of care and disease is raging with unabated virulence in the Paris press. Zola ends the dispute with this:

"Clearly these friends have thought the thing ridiculous humiliation, a lowering of the sovereign to the rôle of a huffoon. On the contrary, this seems to me a great mistake. I find the act superb, worthy of a hero of a Shakespearean play, heightening the figure of Napoleon the Third to a tragic melancholy of an infinite grandeur. If there had been a single artist among these people who censured me, I am sure he would have told them to let things go as they were. The rouge is there, and there it will stay."

In both London and Boston will be published this

week, under the title "The Recollections of a Spy," a hook by Major Henri le Caron, who has spent twenty-five years in the British service, and whose connection with the Parnell trial is not yet forgotten.

New books recently issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company are "The Queens of England," by Agnes Strickland—a new edition from new plates; "Tales from Ten Poets," by Harrison S. Morris; "Tales from the Dramatists," by Charles Morris; "Recent Rambles; or, In Touch with Nature," by Charles C. Abbott, M. D.; "The Dragon of Wantley; His Rise, His Voracity, and His Downfall," a romance, by Owen Wister; and "Handy-Book of Literary Curiosities," by William S. Walsh. The same publishers announce as nearly ready "Barbara Dering," a new story by Amélie Rives, and "A Sister's Sin," by Mrs. Cameron.

Tolstoi has deposited a manuscript of his memoirs with the curator of the Rumyantsev Museum, not to be published until ten years after his death. He is now engaged on a book dealing severely with the militarism of modern Europe.

Mr. Rossiter Johnson, in the *Critic*, asserts that if the matter of time be considered, Tennyson was not a voluminous writer. He says:

"In the fifty years succeeding his first publication, he produced an average of two lines a day. The plays that he has written since would increase the average if they were poetry. It is a curious fact that if we put together all the British poetry that has generally been conceded to be worthy of preservation in popular collections, it presents very nearly this same average of two lines a day for the five and a half centuries since the birth of Chaucer."

The publication of Queen Natalie's memoirs in London, which were delayed owing to the hesitation of the publisher as to her revelations about ex-King Milan, will shortly be resumed, as, on a recent visit to London, Queen Natalie allayed the fears of the publisher.

"Abraham Lincoln, the Story of a Great Life," is the simple title of probably the most intimate life of Lincoln ever written. This book, by Lincoln's law-partner, William H. Herndon, and his friend Jesse W. Weik, shows us Lincoln the man. It has been thoroughly revised, and this new edition will be published by D. Appleton & Co. in two volumes, with an introduction by Horace White, and with new illustrations.

The first edition of Mrs. Burnett's "Giovanni and the Other" comprised ten thousand copies and was all sold on the day of publication.

A new ladies' newspaper, called *Le Journal*, is creating a sensation in Paris. Mme. Adam (Juliette Lambert), "Gyp" (Mme. de Martel), and "Severine" are all on the staff of this new daily paper. A lady well known in Paris society, who signs "Jocelyne," consented to treat therein on fashions.

R. M. Field, who is a brother of Eugene Field, has written a volume of stories which he calls "In Sunflower Land."

Among the new novels announced for publication, soon or late, are Alden Russell's "The Emigrant Ship," Mr. W. L. Alden's "A Lost Soul," Miss L. Dougall's "What Necessity Knows," and Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Story of Narcisse."

D. Appleton & Co. have in preparation the following:

A fine illustrated edition of Emile Souvestre's "An Attic Philosopher in Paris," in English, the designs by Jean Claude; also, "Three Centuries of English Love-Songs," edited by Ralph Caine; a new edition of the late W. H. Herndon's "Abraham Lincoln," with an introduction by Horace White; "Zachary Taylor," by Major-General O. O. Howard, in the Great Commanders Series; "North America—Vol. III., The United States," by Elisée Reclus; "Man and the Glacial Period," by Professor G. Frederick Wright; "Appletons' Atlas of Modern Geography"; "Moral Instruction of Children," by Felix Adler; "English Education in the Elementary and Secondary Schools," by Isaac Sharpless; a translation of Rousseau's "Emile," by W. H. Payne; and "Idle Days in Patagonia," by C. H. Hudson, author of "The Naturalist in La Plata."

The reprint of Arthur Young's "Tour in Ireland," which Arthur W. Hutton has edited, will contain a map showing the route of Young.

Now and then it has been said that Tennyson's personal experience has given much color to his poetry, and that many of the shorter pieces were the outcome of actual events. One of these that has been cited is "Locksley Hall." Several years ago, there died in Lincolnshire a clergyman who was said at the time to be the man who won from the poet the affections of "shallow-hearted" Cousin Amy. The clergyman was very fond of horses when a young man, and extravagant stories were told of his love for dogs. To him reference, it is believed, was made by the poet in the lines ending "Something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse."

## New Publications.

"Phantom Days," a novel by George T. Welch, has been published in paper covers by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Hypnotism," a novel by Jules Claretie, has been translated into English, and is published in paper covers by F. T. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Four on an Island," by L. T. Meade, is an English story of the adventures of four children who drift out to sea on the Brazilian coast and find shelter

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"Love's Temptation; or, A Heart Laid Bare," by Emilie Edwards, has been published by the Nile C. Smith Publishing Company, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Old Mill Mystery," by A. W. Marchmont, has been issued in the Mayflower Library published by John A. Taylor & Co., New York; price, 30 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Captain of the Kittiwink," by Herbert D. Ward, is a healthily exciting yachting story for boys. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Adopted Daughter," Edgar Fawcett's latest—and twenty-fourth—novel, has been issued in the Library of Choice Literature published by T. F. Neely, Chicago; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"Under the Water-Oaks," by Marian Brewster, is a jolly story for children, narrating the happenings at a Southern home. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

A new "Handy Guide to Chicago and the World's Columbian Exposition," with maps, index, and illustrations, has just been issued by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"St. Augustine: A Story of the Huguenots in America" is the latest volume in the series of historical novels by John R. Musick, in which the various periods of American history are made the settings for romances. Published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Love of the World," by Mary Emily Case, is a book of religious meditation, a series of brief sermons which are neither theological nor argumentative, but only expressive of reverence and kindness. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Autobiographia" is the title Walt Whitman chose for a work which he began, but which has been finished by another hand. It is the story of Whitman's life, told in passages taken from his writings. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"Women of the World with a Search Light of Epigram" is a little volume in which various famous women, from Cleopatra to Mme. Tietens, are ticketed with sentences from the wits. The selections have been admirably made by Alethe Lowber Craig. Published by Cushing & Co., Baltimore; price, \$1.00; for sale by the booksellers.

Frances Hodgson Burnett's latest book is "Giovanni and the Other," a collection of twelve short stories of children in various climes and ages. They are all charmingly told, and, with their pretty illustrations by Birch, will make a welcome addition to the nursery library. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Canoemates," by "Kirk Monroe," is an entertaining story for boys. It details the adventures of two lads—one a native of Florida and the other a New Yorker—in a canoe-journey among the Florida reefs and everglades, and describes the sights they see, not the least interesting of which are the Florida cowboys. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Free-Hand Drawing, Light and Shade, and Free-Hand Perspective," by Anson K. Cross, instructor in the Massachusetts Normal Art School in Boston, is an admirable text-book for art-students and teachers. Its information is valuable, it is clearly expressed, and thirty-two plates aid in explaining the instructions. Published and for sale by the author at the Normal Art School, Boston; price, \$1.50.

A book that boys will enjoy reading is "The Battle of New York," by William O. Stoddard. It presents a stirring picture of New York City in war times, the climax coming at the Draft Riots. Mr. Stoddard makes his little heroes so real that young readers will almost imagine they are themselves taking part in the events he describes. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The latest of W. M. Griswold's literary indexes is "A Descriptive List of Novels and Tales dealing with Life in Italy." It contains the names of original and translated novels, arranged alphabetically, with the names of author and publisher, date of publication, and a condensed review in which the story is recited. These indexes are carefully compiled, and are a very handy aid for the literary worker. Published and for sale by W. M. Griswold, Cambridge, Mass.; price, 25 cents.

"Old Ways and New" is the title of the first volume made up of the short stories Viola Roseboro' has contributed to the magazines. It contains "The Clown and the Missionary," "Bensley's System,"

"A Jest of Fate," "The Last Marchbanks," "The Reign of Reason," "Nannie's Career," "The Force of Reason," "Rudolph," "The Village Alien," and "The Girl and the Problem." Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

"The Ivory Gate," Walter Besant's latest novel, is a departure from his usual manner, having for its central fact the dual existence led by a man who is Edward Dering when awake and Edmund Gray when in one of his somnambulistic trances—or beyond "The Ivory Gate." There are strange incidents and many complications in the tale; but the author has not made it either clear by specious reasoning or real by graphic power. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., has collected his magazine articles on faith-healing and the like, and they are now issued in a volume entitled "Faith-Healing, Christian Science, and Kindred Phenomena." The author records many curious anecdotes of dreams, somnambulism, presentiments, spiritualism, apparitions, astrology, animal magnetism, witchcraft, mind-cure, etc., and discusses their psychological aspects in an eminently practical manner. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

Edwin Lasseter Bynner's new story, "Zachary Phips," is an historical novel, with rather more history than fiction in it. The hero is a Boston lad who runs away to sea and takes part in Aaron Burr's attempt to found a kingdom of his own. Then he is a midshipman on the *Constitution* in 1813, figures in the Seminole War, and finally goes as secretary to the American Minister to the Court of St. James—where romance steps in once more and marries him to the girl of his heart. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

Francis Parkman's "The Oregon Trail," which has almost become a classic, has just been reissued in a luxurious new edition, with illustrations by Frederic Remington. The old account of the adventures of two lads fresh from college in the Far West in 1846 and thereafter is as entertaining to-day as when it was written, and Mr. Remington's spirited and accurate pictures of frontier life add a new interest to the book. The paper and type are admirable, and the binding is artistic and appropriate. Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston; price, \$4.00; for sale by the booksellers.

"The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," by A. Conan Doyle, fill a book of about three hundred pages with some of the most popular detective stories ever written. Sherlock Holmes is a type of the ideal thief-taker in romance—well educated, accomplished, clever, and possessed of a passion for detective work that has irresistibly led him to offer his services to the mysterious powers that control police work. There are a dozen of these "adventures," and each is a pleasant companion for an odd half-hour. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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Continent" will be pleasantly remembered, has just published another volume descriptive of the places he has visited. It is entitled "Some Strange Corners of Our Country," and contains more than two hundred and fifty pages of description of such places and sights as the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, the Rattlesnake Dance, Montezuma's Well, "The Greatest Natural Bridge on Earth," the Navajo blanket, the praying smoke, etc.—all curious and interesting features of nature and humankind in the South-West. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

Rev. Charles Augustus Stoddard, D. D., has recorded his impressions of a journey through the Spanish peninsula in a handsome book entitled "Spanish Cities, with Glimpses of Gibraltar and Tangiers." The account of the places and people he saw is a "plain, unvarnished tale," with little of the picturesque in it. He was first impressed by the universal dignity of the people, and he records that he saw no intoxication in all Spain; of the influence of the Roman Catholic religion he takes a deprecatory view, not as a theologian, but as a friend of human progress. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Selfridge-Monteverde Wedding.

St. Mary's Cathedral was crowded last Thursday evening when Miss Lolita Monteverde and Dr. Grant Selfridge were united in marriage. The bride, a handsome demi-blonde, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Monteverde, of this city, and the groom, a prominent young physician of this city, is the son of Dr. J. M. Selfridge, of Oakland. They have a host of friends, and their popularity was attested in the large number of beautiful and costly presents that were sent to them.

The sanctuary was brightly illuminated by hundreds of glowing tapers, and the altar was embellished with a choice array of La France roses and fine foliage. At half-past eight o'clock the organist played the "Bridal Chorus" from "Lohengrin," and the bridal party made its appearance. Leading the way were the ushers—Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Harry Wadsworth, Mr. Frank Owen, Mr. James J. Archibald, and Mr. Samuel H. Knight. After them came the bridesmaids—Miss Salie Huie, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Lillian Reis, Miss Meta Thompson, Miss May Reis, and Miss Georgehegan, of San José. Then came the maid of honor, Miss Georgie Masten, followed by the bride and her father; and, last of all, were two little maids, the Misses Murphy, cousins of the bride, who carried baskets of orange-blossoms and wore Directoire gowns of white India silk, with long trains. They were met in the sanctuary by the groom and his best man, Mr. George James. The toilets of the young ladies in the bridal party were very tasteful, and are described as follows:

The bride looked very pretty in a robe of white India crepe, made with a flowing court train. The corsage was cut round with Directoire revers at the back and front and a cluster of lilies of the valley in the centre. The sleeves were made high and bouffant from the elbows to the shoulders and tight around the wrists. At the elbows was a spray of lilies of the valley and a fall of point d'Alençon lace, and at the ends were flounces of the lace that covered the ungloved hands. Her veil was of white silk moline and she carried a bouquet of white violets.

The maid of honor wore a becoming gown of heavy pearl-gray faille Française, made en demi-train. The corsage was cut round and trimmed with white fur and broderie Romienne, and the sleeves were long and full. She wore a necklace of pearls and silver-colored slippers, and carried Perle du Jardin roses.

The gowns worn by the bridesmaids were all made alike of crepe de Chine, with demi-trains. The corsage was round and the sleeves long and bouffant. Chiffon, to match the dresses, adorned the corsage and sleeves, and the trains were à la Watteau. Their hands were ungloved, and they carried Marie Louise violets. Miss Huie and Miss Robinson wore yellow crepe, Miss Lillian Reis and Miss Thompson wore blue, and Miss May Reis and Miss Georgehegan wore pink.

The ceremony, which was a very impressive one, was performed by Rev. Father Prendergast, the organist meantime softly playing Schubert's serenade. After the ceremony the bridal-party and a few very intimate friends assembled at the residence of the bride's parents, 1618 Sutter Street, where an informal reception was held. Among the few present were Mr. and Mrs. B. D. Murphy, of San José, Dr. and Mrs. Rivas, Dr. and Mrs. Breyfogle, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Reis, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. George McMullin, Dr. J. M. Selfridge, Mr. Howard G. Thompson, Dr. Frank Fisher, and a few others. The rooms had been decorated in exquisite taste by Mr. John I. Housman, and upon every side were seen pretty combinations of fragrant flowers and foliage. Mrs. Monteverde, who wore a rich toilet of lavender-colored brocade and bengaline, en train, with trimmings of Chantilly lace, assisted in receiving and entertaining the guests. The young couple received the cordial congratulations of their friends, and later in the evening a sumptuous supper was served. The hours were passed delightfully, and were pleasurable to all present. Dr. and Mrs. Selfridge left on Friday to make a southern trip, and will be away a couple of weeks. They will reside at the Palace Hotel when they return.

## The San Francisco Verein.

The first affair of the season at the San Francisco Verein was the production, last Saturday evening, of the romantic opera "Christopher Columbus," which was written, composed, and presented by members of the Verein. The music was by Mr. William Hinz, who directed the large orchestra, and the libretto was by Mr. Hugo Waldeck. There were two acts and an interlude, the latter being an allegory in which Columbia—who was charmingly represented by Miss Rose Feehheimer—appeared in an aureole before Columbus while he slept, and in a well-delivered poem bade him welcome to the New World. The opera, of course, deals with the discovery of America, and the theme was well handled in the libretto. The music showed evidences of originality, and was pleasing and melodious. The composer and librettist were accorded their full meed of praise by the audience. The participants in the opera were thoroughly in accord with its spirit, and gave an intelligent and enjoyable presentation of it. There was a Spanish dance, by young ladies, in the first act, and an Indian dance in the second act that were exceedingly well done. Mr. Solly Walter is entitled to much credit for his arrangement of the scenic effects and costumes. The cast of characters was as follows:

Ferdinand, King of Spain, Mr. Louis Greenebaum; Isabella, Queen of Spain, Miss Tillie Ilse; Fernando de Talavera, Archbishop of Granada, Mr. S. E. Scheeline; Luis de St. Angel, Treasurer, Mr. E. S. Heller; Christopher Columbus, Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger; Alonso de Ojeda, a captain in the army, Mr. Fortesque; Juanita, a flower girl, betrothed to Alonso, Mrs. C. Kessing; Michael, an Irish soldier in the Spanish army, Mr. Samuel W. Saalburg; Caonabo, Cacique of Guanahani, Mr.

Gustav Brenner; Anakaona, his wife, Miss Lolita Levett; Gutaca, his adviser, Mr. F. T. Waldeck; Buhuti, an Indian priest, Mr. Max Blum; Higuenamota, an Indian girl, Miss Rose Adler; court ladies, courtiers, friars, acolytes, flower girls, pages, dancers, Indians, etc., by Miss Adele Aronstein, Miss Feehheimer, Miss Helen Frank, Miss Alice Greenebaum, Miss Stella Greenebaum, Miss Millie Greenebaum, Miss Goodkind, Miss Dinkelshild, Miss Hyman, Miss Viola Hyman, Miss Agnes Hyman, Miss Clara Joseph, Miss Selma Loupe, Miss Emma Lewis, Miss Dora Meyers, Miss Anna Meyers, Miss O. Meussdorffer, Miss Alice Meussdorffer, Miss Anna Meussdorffer, Miss V. Newman, Miss Daisy Resner, Miss Martha Shainwald, Miss Jennie Schwabacher, Miss Alice Saalburg, Miss Dora Saalburg, Miss Anna Simon, Miss Louisa Schwartzschild, Miss Helen Sutor, Miss Sella, Miss Jennie Sella, Miss Sadie Samuels, Miss Schweitzer, Miss Stella Triest, Miss Irma Triest, Miss Alice Taussig, Miss Alice Cohen, Miss Alice May, Miss Sweet, Miss Lucille Goodkind, Miss Heller, Miss Loupe, and about forty gentlemen, all members of the Verein.

After the entertainment, and while the hall was being cleared of chairs, there was a general promenade through the parlors and corridors, which were handsomely decorated. Afterward the ball-room was sought, and dancing was indulged in until midnight. Then a sumptuous supper was served in the spacious dining-hall, under the direction of Ludwig. Covers were laid for about six hundred and fifty people, who were attended to in an admirable manner. The supper was the most elaborate one the club has ever had. The early morning hours were delightfully passed in dancing, and at four o'clock the ball came to an end. Mr. B. Arnold was the efficient floor manager, and in the discharge of his duties he had the assistance of a floor committee of twenty-five gentlemen. The unqualified success of the affair is due to the untiring efforts of the officers of the Verein, who formed the various committees of arrangements, etc. They comprise Mr. H. Rothschild, president; Mr. H. L. Simon and Mr. B. Arnold, vice-presidents; Dr. Abrams, librarian; Mr. Louis Greenebaum, treasurer; Mr. Jesse E. Triest, financial secretary; Mr. M. Ordenstein, corresponding secretary.

It is an interesting fact that the San Francisco Verein is the only organization of its kind in the world that makes a special feature of presenting entertainments of this nature for the pleasure of its members and their families, having all of the talent within its own membership. The next affair of importance will be a grand ball on new-year's eve, and in the spring another opera will be given.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander R. D. Evans, U. S. N., formerly of the *Yorktown*, has gone to Washington, D. C. He was relieved by Commander George F. F. Wilde, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Frank W. Winn, First Infantry, U. S. A., has returned to Angel Island from Sacramento, where he has been on detached service.

Lieutenant E. F. McGlachlin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, with permission to apply for an extension of two months.

## A CARD.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 2, 1892.

Mr. James M. Seawell, a candidate for the office of Judge of the Superior Court of this city, has been a practicing lawyer here for over thirty years, and has earned the entire confidence and respect of the bench and bar of this State. He is a courteous and educated gentleman, a lawyer of the highest legal attainments, a man of conservative habits and judicial temperament.

The undersigned heartily indorse him as able, dignified and honest, and in every way fitted for the position to which he aspires.

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ANDROS & FRANK,  
THOMAS F. BARRY,

The San Francisco Turn-Verein will give an elaborate entertainment November 6th, to celebrate their fortieth birthday. Quite a respectable age for a San Francisco society.

—PREPARATIONS FOR THE HOLIDAY SEASON are already under way at The Maze, the modern department store at Market and Taylor Streets. The music department has been closed down for the present, and every effort is being made to make room for the great store of holiday goods which The Maze is to sell this year. One result of this is the unusual "special sale," this coming week, of imported dress patterns. The Maze will sell a large supply of the very latest designs—patterns manufactured to sell for \$20 and \$22.50 each, but which arrived here a little late, and so are offered for only \$12.50 each. The reduction is a heavy one, for the goods are worth double the money asked for them, but The Maze can better afford to lose a small sum on them than a big one on the holiday trade.

—MR. S. STROZYNSKI, CORNER OF ELLIS AND LEAVENWORTH STREETS, the leading ladies' hair-dresser, has returned from abroad and is again superintending all work personally. He has also reduced all his prices.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS all of the beautiful autumnal shades in neck-wear.

—AT BEANISH'S, FULL STOCK OF FALL AND Winter Socks and Gloves.

## MUSICAL NOTES.

## Miss Stevens's Recital.

At the residence of Mrs. George W. Beaver, 1300 Taylor Street, a musicale was given last Tuesday afternoon for the benefit of the Vassar Fellowship Fund. The parlors had been handsomely decorated with the college colors, rose and gray, and were well filled with an audience among whom were many Vassar graduates. Miss Neally Stevens, the well-known pianist—who herself claims Vassar as her alma mater—rendered the following programme, during the afternoon, in her usual finished manner, and was heartily encored:

Gavotte, Bach-St. Saëns; Scherzo, A flat major, Beethoven; Faschingsschwank, op. 26, No. 1, Schumann; Nocturne, G major, Chopin; Moment Gioioso, Caprice Espagnol, Moszkowski; Cradle Song, Barli; Scherzo, Jadasobn; Elogue, Raff; Miniature, No. 1, Valse Caprice, Rubinstein; Etude Mignonne, Foote; Humoresque, Bird; Hark, Hark, the Lark, Schubert-Liszt; Nocturne, Liszt; Tarantelle (Venice and Naples), Liszt.

## A Charity Concert.

A concert was given at one of the hotels last Monday evening for the benefit of the San Francisco Nursery for Homeless Children. The attendance was exceedingly large, and the affair was enjoyable in every respect. The programme was as follows:

Piano solo, Miss Bessie Burgess; contralto solo, "The Children's Home," Mrs. Birmingham; reading, "Sweetheart," Miss Ida Kruger; soprano solo, Miss Susie Hert, with violin obligato by A. A. Solomon; violin solo, "Reverie," Miss Gruenhagen; contralto solo, "The Wanderer," Miss Marguerite Morrow; soprano solo, "Lied Signor," Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; mandolin and guitar quintet, Miss Rose Elliott, Miss P. Dunn, Miss Jennie Dunn, Miss Emily Ferrer, and Mr. M. G. Ferrer; reading, "The Cry of the Children," Mr. Leo Cooper; violin solo, "Legende," Mr. A. A. Solomon; vocal duet, "The Angel," Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis and Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; contralto solo, "Memories," Mrs. S. Reynolds.

A series of four subscription ballad concerts will be held in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel, commencing about November 22d. They will be given under the direction of Mr. Alfred Wilkie, and will take place in the afternoon at intervals of two weeks. The programmes will comprise ballads of all nations, glees and madrigals of the old English school, as well as modern compositions. Some of our local composers will be represented during the series.

The twenty-fourth Saturday Popular Concert will be held in Irving Hall this afternoon. The programme should attract a large audience. The numbers will comprise Beethoven's trio for flute, violin, and viola, by Messrs. Neubauer, Beel, and Jaulus; a violin solo of Joachims, by Bernat Jaulus; Tchaikowsky's trio, by Mrs. Carr, Sigmond Beel, and Louis Heine; and Mrs. Louis Brechemin will sing two songs by Mackenzie and Kellie.

The first of the series of symphonic concerts, under the direction of Mr. Adolph Bauer, will be held in the Tivoli Opera House next Friday afternoon. Considerable interest is being manifested in this new venture, and it has been given the support of many of the most prominent people in musical and society circles. In our last issue we published the programme and list of participants.

A change has been made in the date of the production of J. H. Rosewald's new opera, "Baroness Meta." It will take place on Friday evening, November 18th, at the Grand Opera House, and the Woman's Exchange will be the beneficiary. The seats will be sold at auction; at the Woman's Exchange, on Post Street, on Monday evening, November 14th.

The next Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert will be held on Friday evening, November 25th.

## A Palace of Art Treasures.

"Have you been down to the Gumps' new store yet?" is a query that greets one in half the fashionable drawing-rooms of the city; and not to be able to answer it in the affirmative is to set one's self down as not "in the swim." The Gump Gallery, with its magnificent collection of *chefs d'œuvre* of modern art, is one of the show places of San Francisco—indeed, it has more than a national reputation—and now that it is settled in the Gumps' handsome new building on Geary Street, just above Grant Avenue, it is becoming more than ever a place of fashionable rendezvous.

The art-gallery and the etching and engraving-room are, of course, the great attractions. The gallery, on the third floor, contains a collection of pictures in which are, at least, one or two canvases from the studios of each leading artist of our time, and the engraving-room, on the second floor, is a repository of the very latest and most famous artist's proofs, etchings, and aquarelles.

But it is not the pictures alone that people go to see. In his annual tours of the art-centres of Europe, Mr. Sol Gump has gone to the *ateliers* of sculptors, to the warehouses of the workers in bronze, to the great art-potteries, and to the Bohemian and Venetian glass-blowers' factories, and from them he has selected whatever was artistic, striking, unique. These dainty and beautiful objects fill a large portion of the new store, and they form a delightful source from which to select holiday gifts.

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SOCIETY.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra.

The second concert of the Saturday Morning Orchestra was given last Tuesday evening in the Grand Opera House, for the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage and the Hahnemann Hospital. At the lowest estimate there were more than two thousand people in attendance, the audience being a fashionable one, the majority in full dress. Before the foot-lights was a bank of bright flowers and foliage, and upon the stage was the orchestra, all of the young ladies appearing in light-tinted gowns. Mr. J. H. Rosewald wielded the baton, and about two hours were devoted to the execution of the programme. Mrs. Edward Everett Wise and Miss Julia Newman, the vocal soloists, were heartily applauded, and Miss Alice Ames, in her violin solo, met with the same appreciation from the audience. They were all obliged to respond to encores, and of the concerted numbers an encore was given to the intermezzo by Czibulka. The concert may be summed up as a success, musically and financially, and the young ladies and their director are entitled to much credit for their efforts.

The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Les Dragons du Villars," Maillard; aria, "Samson and Delilah," Saint-Saens; Mrs. Edward Everett Wise; introduction to third act and "Bridal Chorus," Lohengrin; Wagner; concerto, No. 22 (first movement), Viotti; Miss Alice Ames; (2) intermezzo (valse), Czibulka; (3) pizzicato, Taubert; aria, "Psyche," Ambrose Thomas; Miss Julia Newman; serenade, No. 8, in D major, Mozart; "Rhapsodie Hongroise," Hauser, orchestrated by J. H. Rosewald.

The members of the orchestra comprise:

Violins—Miss Helen A. Bosqui, Miss Adele Dannenbaum, Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Annie M. Herrick, Miss Charlotte Gruenagen, Mrs. Julia Epstein, Miss Emily McClatchy, Miss Etta McNear, Miss Nannie Van Wyck, Miss Minnie Heath, Miss Daisy Polk, Miss Carolyn Knox, Miss Lulu Stanford, Miss Mamie Conlin, Miss Florence Hush, Miss Alice McCutcheon, Miss Belle Jory, Miss Ida Fox, Viola—Miss Marie Hayn, Miss Marie Ponton d'Arce, Miss Annie Gibson, Miss Bessie Ames, Miss Jean Hush, Violoncello—Miss Jean Welman, Miss Hermine Key, Miss Ethel J. Jory, Contra basso—Mrs. F. Van Buxin, Miss Mary A. Harriss, Flutes—Miss Kate Clement, Miss Annie Lyle, Clarinet—Mrs. Laura Ray, Oboe—Mrs. Linda Egar, Cornets—Miss Pearl Noble, Miss Preciosa Pracht, Mrs. Emily Shepman, Trombone—Miss Maude Noble, Drums—Miss Augusta R. Knell, Harp—Miss Marie Dillon, Organ—Miss Lulu Stanford, Musical director—Mr. J. H. Rosewald, President—Mrs. S. S. Wright, Accompanist—Miss Ada E. Weigel.

Of the many present in the audience, the following were noticed:

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. John Barton, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. Barstow, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Dr. and Mrs. G. J. Bucknall, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Mr. and Mrs. Spencer C. Buckbee, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bibb, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Boalt, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mr. and Mrs. Evan J. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Cushman, Judge and Mrs. John Curry, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Drown, Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin P. Danforth, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Eastland, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Francis, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Frank French, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mr. and Mrs. F. T. Hoburg, Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Hellman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. W. Greer Harrison, Judge and Mrs. John Hunt, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. George A. Knight, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Low, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Merrill, Dr. and Mr. Robert McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter McGavin, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. William Norris, Mr. and Mrs. W. Mayo Newhall, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pierce, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Raum, Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Rixford, Dr. and Mrs. Martin Regensburger, Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin C. Stump, Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Simpkins, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mr. and Mrs. David Spence, Mr. and Mrs. James Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. Seligman, Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tavis, Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Towne, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Vandervice, Mr. and Mrs. S. Weil, Mr. and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. George Whittell, Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Woods, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Wise, Mrs. Thomas Ereeze, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. A. Chabot, Mrs. W. M. Gwin, Mrs. W. B. Cullier, Mrs. Josephine de Greayer, Mrs. Nana Dillon, Mrs. Edwin Earl, Mrs. Hager, Mrs. Henry B. Jones, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. John Lawlor, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. H. M. Newhall, Mrs. J. H. Rosewald, Mrs. Charles Stedman, Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Miss Grace Barton, Miss Maude Perry, Miss Ereeze, Miss Barstow, Miss Jessie Bowie, Miss Nellie Chabot, Miss Cunningham, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss

Dore, Miss Josephine Delmas, Miss Kate Dillon, Miss Fanny Danforth, Miss Eyre, Miss Earle, Miss Farren, Miss Carrie Gwin, Miss Meta Graham, Miss Mary Gamble, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Gertrude Govey, Miss Goad, Miss Emilie Hager, Miss Alice Hager, Miss Hilda Hecht, Miss Elsie Hecht, Miss Hellmann, Miss Jennie Hobbs, Miss Nellie Jones, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Meyer, Miss Katherine Nolan, Miss Neustadter, Miss M. S. O'Hara, Miss Carrie, Peterson, Miss Alice Scott, Miss Stump, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Ada Sullivan, Miss Arcadia Spence, Miss Helen Suto, Miss Lena Schell, Misses Vandervice, Miss Weil, Miss Whittier, Miss Marie Williams, Miss Whittemore, Mr. John D. Allen, Mr. George Buckingham, Mr. C. A. Baldwin, Mr. Allan St. J. Bowie, Mr. W. E. Brown, Colonel C. F. Crocker, Mr. George Crocker, Mr. Robert L. Coleman, Mr. William H. Chandler, Mr. J. O'Hara Cosgrave, General W. H. Dimond, Mr. Harry Dimond, Mr. Thomas Dowling, Mr. F. P. Deering, Mr. Oliver Eldridge, Mr. John W. Farren, Jr., Mr. John N. Featherston, Dr. Frank Fisher, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. J. M. Govey, Mr. T. H. Goodman, Mr. G. B. Galvani, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Henry Heyman, Mr. Bert Hecht, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. Robert Hamilton, Mr. Horace Hellman, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. Griffith J. Kinsey, Mr. J. B. Lincoln, Mr. Robert Lloyd, Mr. M. S. O'Hara, Mr. George S. Neaves, Colonel William McDonald, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. David Neal, Dr. L. Neumann, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Daniel Polk, Mr. John Perry, Jr., Mr. J. N. Pomeroy, Mr. H. W. Redington, Mr. Werner Stauff, Mr. W. H. Sherwood, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Vandelyn Stow, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. Richard Tobin, Mr. Joseph Tobin, Mr. Robert B. Woodward, and many others.

Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Julia Bissell, daughter of Mrs. Henry Bissell, and Mr. William Pilcher will take place next Wednesday noon at the Hotel Pleasanton. Misses Therese and Elise Bissell will act as bridesmaids and Mr. James Brett Stokes will be best man. The affair will be very quietly celebrated. The young couple will make a tour of the world, going by way of Japan.

Miss Carrie W. Osborn, daughter of Mr. R. F. Osborn, and Mr. Charles D. Steiger will be married next Friday.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and Miss Kate Jarboe will give a matinee tea to-day (Saturday) at their residence on Pine Street.

Particularly prominent among the affairs that are to take place is the suburban tea to be held at the Ingleside next Saturday afternoon. All of the preliminaries have been successfully arranged, and a large and fashionable gathering is assured.

Colonel Charles Sonntag will give a bay excursion to-day on the steamer *Caroline* and has invited many of his friends to join the party. They will witness the launching of the new cruiser *Olympia* and then enjoy a sail to various points of interest around the harbor.

Mrs. Michael Castle gave an elaborate lunch-party recently at her residence, and in a most pleasant manner entertained Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. Milton S. Latham, Mrs. Henry Schmiedell, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. John Center, Mrs. Bredon, Miss Cunningham, and Miss Masten.

Mrs. J. N. Walter gave a charming lunch-party recently, at her home on Franklin Street, in honor of Mrs. J. W. Lilienthal, of New York city, who is here on a visit. The others present were: Mrs. Philip N. Lilienthal, Mrs. Ignatz Steinhart, Mrs. A. L. Seligman, Mrs. M. Heller, Mrs. William Haas, Mrs. G. Greenebaum, and Miss Victorine Lilienthal.

Mrs. O. V. Thayer gave an enjoyable lunch-party last Tuesday at her residence on Washington Street, at which she entertained the members of the Daphne Club, comprising Mrs. C. C. Jones, Mrs. Parnell, Mrs. R. P. Thomas, Mrs. I. Conrad, Mrs. Thomas Collins, Mrs. William Rhodda, Mrs. H. I. Jones, Mrs. E. R. Taylor, Mrs. George Leviston, Mrs. J. Sheldon, Mrs. C. Peterson, Mrs. J. S. Gray, Mrs. Sayer, Mrs. F. Whitney, Mrs. W. Doane, Mrs. J. Lowenberg, Mrs. Walter Witham, Miss Alice Sheldon, Miss Kate Owen, Miss Eleanor O'Brien, Miss Olivia Peterson, Miss Daisy Witham, and others.

A fortnight ago Mrs. Ben Morgan gave a delightful Japanese tea at her home in Berkeley for the benefit of the Surgical Ward Fund of the Children's Hospital of San Francisco. She was assisted in receiving by a bevy of pretty girls from Oakland and San Francisco. Almost every one in society on that side of the bay was present, and the sum of eight hundred and fifty dollars was netted to the fund. Now Mrs. Morgan has been tendered the proceeds of the next foot-ball game between the University and Olympic teams, which will take place at Central Park next Saturday afternoon, November 12th, when it is to be hoped as much more will be added to the fund.

Admiral Parry and the officers of the French corvette *Duboudeau* were recently entertained at dinner by Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Roos, at their residence. The decorations and souvenirs were beautiful. After dinner a number of friends called and enjoyed a soiree dansante and a delicious supper.

For the benefit of the Mission Unitarian Church an entertainment will be given at the Grand Opera House on Thursday evening, November 17th. An attractive programme has been arranged, including the novelty called "Living Whist." The patrons and patronesses are: Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Hobbs, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bunker, Mr. and Mrs. D. I. Newkirk, Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, Miss Mabel Emmons, and Miss Slater.

Central Park will be the scene of an interesting game of base-ball on Saturday afternoon, November 19th, when the Harvard and Yale nines will again compete for the championship. The game will be played for the benefit of three charitable institutions—the Doctors' Daughters, the Hahnemann Hospital,

and the Fabiola Hospital, of Oakland. Much interest is being taken in the affair, and a large attendance is assured.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels have returned from a six months' tour of Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick have arrived in New York from England, and are expected here in a few days.

General John T. Cutting and his niece, Mrs. John Betts Metcalf, have gone to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank have gone East on a month's visit.

Mr. Joseph May left last Sunday on a six weeks' trip to the East.

Mr. James L. Flood is visiting New York city.

Mrs. Henry Janin has arrived in New York city after a delightful visit here.

Mrs. George M. Pullman and Miss Pullman have arrived here to pass the winter with Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carlson.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones will leave New York to-day for Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William Magee are traveling in Italy.

Mrs. Philip Caduc, Miss Cora Caduc, and Miss Cecil Burke left New York last Saturday for Europe on the *Germanic* of the White Star line.

Mr. Charles Kenney, formerly of this city, who has been traveling in Europe during the past seven years, is now in Chicago, where he will reside permanently, as he has bought a seat in the Chicago Stock Exchange.

Mr. and Mrs. Horace L. Hill, who have been in the East during the past year, intend returning here soon for the winter.

Mrs. David Bider has returned to the city after a prolonged and interesting tour of Europe. She will receive on the second and fourth Fridays, as usual. Miss Hyde has remained in Europe for another year of study, and will pass the winter in Paris.

Mrs. E. J. Bowen and Miss Mary Bowen have returned from their European trip, and are at their home, 2018 Franklin Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Miss Clara Huntington, and Miss Carrie Campbell left last Thursday for Mexico, en route to New York city where they will pass the winter.

Mr. James V. Coleman left for the East last Thursday. Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will depart for Washington, D. C., early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Crocker have returned from a prolonged Eastern trip.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair left New York last Saturday for Paris, where she will meet her daughter, Miss Jennie Blair.

Mrs. William Dunphy, Miss Jennie Dunphy, and Mr. James C. Dunphy are passing a couple of weeks on their ranch in Nevada.

Mrs. C. L. Ashe and Miss Camilla Ashe have arrived in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, and Mr. P. D. Martin are at the Windsor Hotel, in New York city.

The Duke and Duchess de la Rochefoucauld will visit America during the coming winter. The duchess will be remembered as Miss Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, who was married in Paris last February.

Mrs. Belle Donahue and Miss Marguerite Wallace, who are now in Paris, will return to this city late in December.

Miss Alice Klein has returned from her European trip and is now residing at 2307 California Street.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge has returned from a pleasant visit to Santa Barbara.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott is occupying her residence on Sutter Street after passing the season at San Mateo.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo has returned from an extended Eastern trip.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, will leave soon on a visit to New York and Washington, D. C.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Steaton, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Miss Nellie Jolliffe have arrived in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., are occupying their city residence after passing the season at their villa in Menlo Park.

Rev. and Mrs. J. Sanders Reed are at the Laurel House, Lakewood, N. Y.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San Jose, is in the city on a brief visit.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Follis and family have returned to the city after passing the season in San Rafael.

Miss Edith Cohen has returned to her home in Alameda, after a prolonged visit to the East.

Mrs. Leocadia Acosta and her daughter, Miss Clotilde Acosta, have been visiting friends in San Jose during the past week.

Miss Evelyn Murphy, of San Jose, is in the city on a visit to Mrs. Richard T. Carroll.

Mr. Rudolph Herold, Jr., has returned from his Eastern visit.

Mrs. Nellie Holbrook-Elin, who has been passing several weeks in New York city and at Rochester, N. Y., is now visiting relatives at Castleton, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. George E. Morse and Mrs. D. A. McKinley have leased the residence at 1705 Gough Street for the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and Miss Ada Dougherty, of Alameda, are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Rudolph Neumann returned last Wednesday on the steamer *Dora*, after passing six months in Unalak.

Mrs. Edward Stanley and Miss Garber have returned to the city after passing several months in San Jose, and are at the Palace Hotel.

A Remarkable Woman.

The late Mme. Pommery was, in every respect, a most remarkable woman. Upon the death of her husband, she assumed the entire management of her vast interests, and it has been her life's ambition to make the wine bearing her name the wine of the real aristocracy. Of course the partiality shown by the Prince of Wales to Pommery tended much to render her efforts in this direction successful. How well she has succeeded is apparent to all. Her discerning judgment in appointing the right man to the right place was one of the most striking traits of her character. Confident that Pommery could rely upon its own merits, none but the legitimate channels were used in placing it before the public. It is a wine which appeals to the refined taste of all, and although it is the wine of the nobility, it is none the less the favorite of every one possessing a refined and discriminating palate.—*London Journal*.

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## THE EYE OF FAITH.

By C. J. Wills.

Jack Vaughan was an artist and an impressionist. You will guess from this that, in the eyes of the majority of his brother artists, the measure of his iniquity was full. Do not we know perfectly well that Wash, Mahstick, and Scraper go down into the country every year and toil through the heat of the day surrounded by midgits, gnats, wasps, and agricultural boys, sitting in the sun for many hours upon triangular camp-stools as though they had been impaled? And then they come back to town, each having painted what he calls "A Field of Corn, with Poppies." All three pictures are very much alike; they are terribly correct, and there is no mistake about each individual wheat-ear in the foreground, and as to the poppies, they are nearly as large as life, and twice as natural. Now, these three men, for what is practically the same thing, get so much for their fortnight's work. They have toiled, have suffered, and have returned to town looking like copper-colored American Indians; and then that young villain Jack Vaughan, sitting calmly in his comfortable little studio, would produce when he called a symphony in gold and scarlet, carefully "fudge" the sky, and deliberately label it, "A Field of Corn, with Poppies," and then for his two days' work fashionable people will be quite ready to pay him just as much as they gave Wash, Mahstick, and Scraper for the results of their fourteen days' honest toil. Is it to be wondered at that these three painters hated Jack Vaughan and called him a quack?

But outside the profession Jack Vaughan's success was immense. The women swore by him (he was so good-looking, you see), and even the dealers found it worth while to take his work—his things went off so quickly.

There are no more charitable people in the world than artists; they are always sending the hat round among themselves for those of their number who had come to grief. Stippler was a very good fellow, highly popular, always very hard up; and Stippler died, leaving a widow and eight young children. It was a very sad case; the hat was sent round for the benefit of Stippler's widow and orphans, and all Stippler's friends contributed. But it was resolved to do more than this. A committee was formed, and it was determined that every man who called himself a friend of the late Dick Stippler should contribute a picture; that the whole should be exhibited for the benefit of the widow and her children; and that the pictures themselves should be sold, and the proceeds should be devoted to the same benevolent object.

A meeting was held at the Chiarosuro Society's rooms. It was an enthusiastic gathering. Everybody promised something; and within a fortnight, there were four hundred works sent in to the secretary of the Stippler Fund, and they literally covered the walls of the rooms of the Chiarosuro Society. Every style of art was represented. In high art there were no fewer than three Alfred the Greats; the sordid school was there, with its studies from low life; there were life studies, with the clothes and accessories in elaborate detail, and other life studies with no clothes to speak of; the depicitors of character were to the fore with figures of old men and women all hair and wrinkles; members of the Kanoozer Club sent men in armor, while the beauty-men made a tremendous show; there were landscapes innumerable; and the great Mr. Piedpiper himself, the chief of all the impressionists, contributed a wonderful arrangement of olive-green and black, with a specially designed frame of oxidized silver on a purple plush back, which he called "Moses in the Bulrushes." There was some greeny-yellow water, with a tremendous bulrush in the foreground, and mysterious shadows and mist, and a rising moon or a setting sun; but as for Moses being the work of an impressionist, he was left to the imagination of the spectator. A great many of the pictures were without their frames, which were, of course, to be sent down as soon as they were finished; and the whole of the walls of the Chiarosuro Society's rooms were covered from floor to ceiling, and the pictures which could not hang were stacked in the corners; and the exhibition for the benefit of Stippler's widow promised to be a great success.

Now the Chiarosuro Society meets three nights in the week. Sometimes they paint from the life; and there is a gas-burner for every man and a stool. Sometimes a subject is given out, and each man works it according to his own fancy; and at the end of a couple of hours, the sketches are handed round and criticised—praised or blamed, as the case may be. And some very good work is done at the C. S., and many a picture that has sold for three figures has been commenced at those two-hour meetings of the society. It is a wonder how they can see to paint with the amount of tobacco smoke in the place; but they do, and it is a great privilege to go to one of the meetings of the C. S.

Now Jack Vaughan had sent a little thing for the Stippler Fund, which he called "The Lights of London." It was two feet long and a foot wide. There was a dark mass in the middle—that was the dome of St. Paul's; there were four chimneys vomiting forth smoke, faintly indicated in the foreground, and there were little yellow dots all over the picture—those at the top were stars, those at the bottom were

street-lamps. Jack worked at it for at least six hours, and then, being an impressionist, he felt that it would be "wicked to add to it." And Piedpiper, when he saw it, shook Jack warmly by the hand, and told him that it was "a dream of loveliness." And Jack went out and ordered a frame, and then he took it down to the C. S.; and a day or two afterward the four hundred pictures were sent down to the Saxon Artists' Gallery, and the hanging process commenced, but by some accident Jack's canvas was forgotten. One night the society met to paint from the life. William Muggles, the prize-fighter, in *puris naturalibus* (I put it so, because ladies do not as a rule understand Latin), was posing as Ajax defying the lightning, and eighty artists were hard at work, with canvases and mill-boards, in reproducing the biceps of Mr. Muggles as Ajax. In came that distinguished realist, Mr. Ussher. He hung up his hat and coat, and then he began to look about for something to paint on. "Binks," cried Mr. Ussher, "where's my new canvas, two by one? I sent it down this afternoon." And Binks, the porter, and Ussher searched in vain for the new canvas, two by one.

"Here you are, sir," said Binks, as he came upon "The Lights of London"—a new canvas, two by one. "Some one's been playing the fool with it!" cried Ussher indignantly, as he looked at the picture upside down. Then he held it longways. "Looks as if something had been spilled on it, sir," said Binks, pointing to the dome of St. Paul's. "Some enemy has done this thing!" cried Ussher. "Give me a cloth, Binks," and Mr. Ussher began to rub away with a will.

Most of the yellow dots disappeared.

"My new canvas is ruined," said Ussher indignantly; and then he deliberately proceeded to reprimed it with a thick layer of copal varnish and flake-white, and then he stood it near the stove to dry. In twenty minutes it was perfectly hard, and in an hour and a half Mr. Ussher had finished Ajax all but the feet. And then in walked Jack Vaughan, with a splendid new frame, on which was a neat little label in gilt:

## THE LIGHTS OF LONDON—A MEMORY.

JOHN VAUGHAN.

Jack walked straight up to the secretary of the Stippler Fund, and slapped him on the back. "I've brought the frame, old man!" he said. "What frame?" asked the secretary, anxiously. "Why, the frame for that little thing of mine for the Stippler show; they told me at the Saxons that it must be still lying here! Anyhow, they haven't got it."

Mr. Ussher, who was putting the finishing touches to Ajax, began to tremble, though whether it was horror at what he had done or internal laughter, is a little doubtful.

"You'd better price it at twenty guineas," said Jack to the secretary; "it ought to fetch that, and I've paid three pounds for the frame." Then Mr. Ussher ceased to chuckle, and began to swear inwardly. Binks, who was standing by, looked guiltily at Ussher; but Ussher placed his finger on his lips, and Binks winked.

When the members had left, Ussher took the secretary of the Stippler Fund by the button-hole, and told his dreadful secret. They wiped Ajax out, and then they tried to get off the copal and flake-white; but the thing resembled a sheet of bath- enamel in its stony hardness. Ussher, the secretary, and Binks sat up all night with the unfortunate canvas; by means of oil of lavender they succeeded in coming down upon what was left of the original picture. There never had been much of it; and now there was absolutely nothing but a great, gray smudge. They put it upside down into the frame, and the three men stared at it dismally.

"You'd better buy it, Ussher; it's the only way of getting out of the mess," said the secretary.

"I'll see it hanged first," said Ussher; "you can just hang it as it is." Then he put on his hat and coat and departed.

Binks took the picture down to the Saxons that morning, and the hanging committee looked at it in astonishment and awe; but they found room for it in a dark corner, and at eleven o'clock the exhibition was thrown open to the public. There was quite a crowd round "The Lights of London" by twelve, and nobody could make head or tail of the picture. And then in came Piedpiper, talking very learnedly and very loudly; with him, drinking in his every word, were Ulysses P. Worleybone, the great American millionaire, the man who had made a colossal fortune in pork, and his daughter, Sophonisba; she was a girl who followed the latest craze, and always described herself as a "yearner after the infinite."

"Oh, Mr. Piedpiper," said Sophonisba, "do explain to us this charming little picture," and she indicated "The Lights of London."

The crowd stood aside to make room for the great Mr. Piedpiper—all save Mr. Ussher, who threw himself into the attitude of the first Napoleon, and crossed his arms and rolled his eyes in a tragic fashion.

"The Lights of London," said Mr. Piedpiper, with an explanatory wave, but not looking at that mysterious work, "is a wonderful picture, Miss Worleybone—it is a poem." And everybody stared

at Mr. Piedpiper, and Mr. Ussher's eyes rolled more fiercely than before. "It must be looked at with the Eye of Faith. Gaze into the depths of that picture, Miss Worleybone, and beneath the darkening pall which hangs over the great city those who have souls will almost hear the hum of men and the tramp of busy feet. Your father could not do better, my dear young lady, than secure a great work like this," said the Oracle.

"Pa," said Miss Worleybone in her father's ear, "you hear what he says?"

"If Sophy likes it, Mr. P.," replied the indulgent father, "that's enough for me. There's my kyard, you can tell 'em to send it along. It ain't a picture that I should hanker after myself; it's more in your line, Sophy, than mine."

"Ah, father," said the girl, as she flung herself into an attitude, and gazed at the picture, "I can look at it with the Eye of Faith!" And then Mr. Ussher buried his face in his handkerchief, and his back heaved with convulsive sobs.

When Mr. Piedpiper thrust Mr. Worleybone's card into the corner of the mount, he started; but he never said a word, for Piedpiper is, as we all know, a man of the world.

Said Wash to Scraper, "The public, sir, are fools." Mahstick didn't say a word; he merely shook his head and groaned. He has since become an impressionist himself; but he can not get the public to look at his pictures with the Eye of Faith.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Generally the Case.

He went to bed at nine o'clock,  
Was up again at five;  
He worked from dawn till dewy eve,  
Quit more dead than alive.  
And so he piled the dollars up,  
To leave them to his son,  
And the boy, he blew in every red  
And had a lot of fun.

—S. G. &amp; Co.'s Monthly.

## A Strange Occurrence.

We strolled upon the beach one eve,  
'Twas in the month of June.  
The summer wind was soft and sweet,  
And brightly shone the stars.

We sat us down beneath the bluff,  
Upon the soft white sand;  
No human creature was in sight—  
I held her little shawl.

Her face was very fair to see  
As up she gazed above;  
And as my arm stole round her waist,  
I told her of my debts.

She turned her lovely eyes to mine,  
And down I bent and kissed her;  
And strange as it may sound to you,  
She said she'd be my wife.—Life.

## High Art in Slang.

She was a Boston maid of high degree,  
With eyes that shone like incandescent lights,  
And just such pouting lips as seems to me  
The kiss invites.

I met her on the Common's grassy sod,  
Near where the fountain plays in sportive mood;  
She stood reflective, while a plastic wad  
Of gum she chewed.

"It does one good to seek this spot," said I,  
"When weary of the city's hum and buzz."  
She ceased her cultured pastime to reply,  
"That's what it does."

"This sylvan spot," then softly I averred,  
"The foot of man seems almost to defile."  
Her voice came sweet as notes of woodland birds;  
"Well, I should smile."

"The balmy breezes whispering overhead  
With such enchanting softness kiss the brow,"  
In tones of liquid melody she said;  
"You're shoutin' now."

"And have you noticed, fair one, how each bird  
Seems here to choose its sweetest vocal gem?"  
I dwell in rapture on her every word;  
"I'm onto them."

"And now the leaves like morning emeralds seem,  
When in response to the sweet breeze they shake."  
Her voice came soft as echo from a dream,  
"They take the cake."

I heaved a kiss from off her lips so red;  
"I'd take just one tho' one were not enough."  
Soft purled her answer: "Now, on the dead,  
That is the stuff."

In converse sweet I lingered by her side,  
With passion strong she did my soul imbue;  
And as I left her, after she cried:  
"I'm stuck on you!"

I was not captured by her voice so rich,  
Nor with her pretty face, so bright and young,  
But with the sweet dexterity with which  
Her slang she slung.—Washington Post.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

The officials of a country police court were startled one day to see a man walk into the court with an enormous axe over his shoulder. He glared fiercely around him, as if he expected to be attacked. Ultimately the clerk of the court ventured to ask him why he was armed with so formidable a weapon. The man replied that his summons told him to be provided with the means of defense, and he considered that an axe would do for that purpose.

In a recent reminiscence paper Mrs. Duncan Stewart writes of Disraeli: "After Lady Beaconsfield died, we drifted apart, he and I, and though I saw him sometimes it was never in the old intimate way. The last time we met—it was at Lady Stanhope's—I had a good talk with him, though. It was not until we were parting that I said: 'I hope you are quite well?' and I shall never forget the hollow voice in which he answered: 'Nobody is quite well.'"

"My lord, I assure you there is no understanding between us," exclaimed an eminent English lawyer who had been suspected of collusion with the counsel who represented the other side. Lord Eldon thereupon observed: "I once heard a squire in the House of Commons say of himself and another squire: 'We never through life had one idea between us'; but I tremble for the suitors when I am told that two distinguished practitioners have no understanding between them!"

In her "Anecdotes," Mrs. Thrale tells a good story of Johnson's irrational antipathy to the inhabitants of North Britain. On the doctor's return from the Hebrides, he was asked by a Scotch gentleman, in London, "what he thought of his country?" "That it is a very vile country, to be sure, sir," returned for answer Dr. Johnson. "Well, sir," replied the other, somewhat mortified, "God made it." "Certainly he did," answered Johnson, again; "but we must always remember that he made it for Scotchmen, and—comparisons, sir, are odious—but God made hell."

After dinner one evening, at Tom Moore's home, the conversation turned on the Irish aptitude to "bulls." "By the way, Mr. Moore," said a young Englishman, "I've found you out in an Irish bull." "Indeed," said the guilty poet; "pray, what is it?" "Oh," said young Literal, "in that song of 'The Watchman' you say, in the last verse:

'And see the sky, 'tis morning—  
So now, indeed, good-night.

Now, of course, 'Good-night' in the morning is a blunder. "Upon my word," said an old gentleman, "I never observed that bull before." "Nor I, either," said Moore, gravely.

In an off-hand sketch of Professor Chrystal, one of his old pupils tells how this mathematician made his science aid him in the management of his class. To relieve the monotony, a student at the end of bench ten dropped a marble, which toppled slowly downward toward the professor. At every step it took there was a smothered guffaw; but Chrystal, who was working at the board, did not turn his head. When the marble reached the floor, he said, still with his back to the class: "Will the student at the end of bench ten, who dropped that marble, stand up?" All eyes dilated. He had counted the falls of the marble from step to step.

Few people can claim to have outwitted Sir James Hannen, the well-known judge. His lordship, however, was curiously "done" by a somberly dressed jurymen in his own court. In a most melancholy tone, the jurymen claimed to be exempt from serving on the jury which had been impaneled to try an important case. Sir James very sympathetically asked on what grounds he claimed exemption. "My lord," said the applicant, "I am deeply interested in a funeral which takes place to-day, and am most anxious to follow." "Certainly, sir; your plea is a just one," remarked his lordship. The man departed, and the next day the judge learned that he was the undertaker.

Like other great men, Tennyson was pestered by correspondents. A lady once got his autograph in a clever manner. She wrote to him that she could not understand the meaning of one of his poems, and the poet's answer to her was: "DEAR MADAM:

I merely supply poetry to the English people, not brains. Yours obediently, ALFRED TENNYSON." On another occasion, a gentleman wrote to him asking his advice about some literary work, but failed to get any reply to his letter. He wrote again and again, until twenty letters had been sent. At last came this reply: "DEAR SIR: It is a fact, alas! but no fancy, that half my letters are unopened."

A friend once called on Charles Reade, and found him sitting at his desk placidly smiling, while, with great precision and deliberation, he inscribed his thoughts on a sheet of foolscap in a large school-boy text. He might have been writing a love-letter, be seemed so happy. He was in reality scribbling a "criticaster" in language that made his friend's hair stand on end. Charles Mathews was fond of telling a story of Charles Reade when the curtain fell at the old Queen's Theatre on a pronounced failure, called "A White Lie." There was no shadow of a call. The curtain divided the audience from the author, who stood on the stage shaking his fist at the invisible foe, still smiling blandly, and, in mellifluous accents, saying: "Infernal idiots! when shall I teach you to respect Charles Reade?"

The late Lord Strathnairn owed his peerage to the great services which, as Sir Hugh Rose, he rendered to the crown at a critical time in the history of India. During a crisis in the Sepoy mutiny he was one day entertaining a company at dinner, and was in the midst of one of his best stories when his orderly entered, and after saluting him, reported, "We have captured two hundred rebels, sir." The general calmly turned, and with his wonted elegant courtesy serenely replied, "Thank you, sergeant." After a silence the soldier again spoke: "But what are we to do with them, sir?" "Hang them, of course," calmly replied his superior, resuming his story. A short time afterward, Sir Hugh was again interrupted by the sergeant, and said: "Please, sir, we have hung the lot, sir." The general turned, bowed silently and in the sweetest manner lisped, "Thanks, sergeant, very many thanks," and then went on with his anecdote.

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## TIME TABLE.

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From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:40 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, 11:45 A. M.; 1:45, 3:45, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

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When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

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NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Gaelic.....Wednesday, November 16

Belgie.....Thursday, December 15

Oceanic (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1893

Gaelic.....Thursday, January 24

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## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Nov. 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.....	* 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Colusa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	* 6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	9:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and San Jose.....	* 8:45 A.
5:30 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East Niles.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

### SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.....	* 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

### COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Almaden, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The PACIFIC TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and check baggage from hotels and residences. Inquire of Ticket Agents for Time Cards and other information.

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## SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

### THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 10:40, 12:40, 2:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. and 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Santa Rosa. 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Litton Springs. 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Cloverdale, and Way Stations.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Ukiah. 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville. 7:25 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sonoma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Glen Ellen. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol. 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 5:00 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Slaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Picta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willis, Chato, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Udal, Hydeville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$8.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITTING, General Manager.

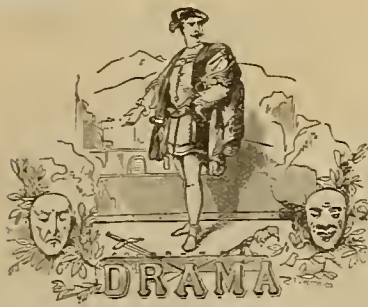
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Last week we spent an evening at the court of Louis the Thirteenth. We moved in the very highest circles, we rubbed elbows with sad-eyed Anne of Austria, we listened with patience to the Duke of Buckingham having an interesting quarrel with a lady, upon whose shoulder was the brand of the Bourbon *fleur-de-lys*. We were surrounded by an atmosphere of romance and adventure, and from the rising to the setting of the sun, and from dusk till dawn, we listened to the clash of steel, and heard the hurrying footsteps of the fleeing combatants as they chased each other down the shadowy streets. For these were days when men were as ready with their rapiers as they were in the days when Montagues and Capulets ranged the ways of old Verona.

This week everything is different. It is all pastoral and peaceful. The sharp, slithering sound of steel sliding off steel has given place to the note of the nightingale. No one breaks the quietude of the country ways with a sudden cry of "Au secours." All the world laughs lazily instead—not the gay, reckless laughter of the three musketeers, but a sort of well-fed, tranquil, easy laughter—the laughter of comfortable, provident, unimaginative people who have good digestions and no cares.

The life of Friend Fritz Kohus is as placid as a mountain lake. In this pleasant country of Alsace—the wounds left by the terrible campaigns of 1813 all healed and those of 1870 not yet inflicted—the rich bachelor leads as uneventfully tranquil a life as one of the cabbages growing in his own garden. He has money in plenty. He has health. He has a good old servant who cooks him toothsome dishes just to his taste. He has some trusty friends, tried and true, and when these come to take of his hospitality, he goes down into his cool, deep cellars and has up cobwebbed bottles, the wine in which is mellow to the taste, three generations old—wine that a duke might have served to a prince, and that Friend Fritz's grandfather laid away for the happiness of unborn descendants.

Small wonder that Friend Fritz does not want to risk the pleasant monotony of his peaceful life by taking to himself a partner. With her coming, there might be an end of how many good times?—an end to dinners served smoking hot on the stroke of twelve to a company of choice bachelor spirits, an end to old Catherine's dominion in the kitchen, an end to cheerful gossip over beer-mugs and long-stemmed pipes, an end to mildly jovial evenings at the Grand Cerf, an end to fishing excursions in the warm heart of the summer, when the boat stole softly up the stream, speckled with sun and shade, and the leaping trout sprang upward for the fly that the practiced hand flashed above the surface of the water. The thought of all this ending was like a stone falling upon Friend Fritz's heart.

The pastoral simplicity and gentle tranquillity of this undisturbed existence could only have been made interesting by such writers as Erkmann-Chatrian. Though they wrote in French, their minds were essentially of a German cast. It is said that nobody was ever able to discover where Erkmann's work ended and Chatrian's began. The two styles, the two minds, were so singularly similar, were in such close and perfect sympathy, that the novels from their hands are as absolutely even, as smoothly uniform, as though the hyphenated name on their title-pages was in truth the name of one man.

It was the most absolutely successful literary partnership in the whole range of letters. Beaumont and Fletcher's probably comes next, but keen critics are here and there able to separate the work of the one from that of the other. Besant and Rice did not tell the secret of their collaboration, but the majority of sharp-witted novel readers are sure that one wrote in the background and the secondary characters, while the other always wrote the love-scenes. The hand that described the green-house on the evening of the ball, or the moonlit balcony after the dinner-party, was not the same hand that described what the hero said to the heroine in the green-house or how the heroine fell into the hero's arms on the balcony.

The two Alsations thought the same way, liked the same things, lived the same life. Both had the German's love of home and the German's placidly contented temperament. Erkmann, it is supposed, had the weird and poetic imagination, Chatrian the clear, rustic logic. But the talent of each was unquestionably German—delicately sentimental, minutely descriptive, idyllically simple. The only other French writer who could have written such a book as "L'Ami Fritz" was Gerard de Nerval, whom Gautier described as a Frenchman by the accident of birth, his genius and character being essentially German. "Sylvie," with its scent of the woods and its whisper of leaves, has all the exquisite dreamy ideal-

ity of a German idyl. A modern French writer attempting the idyllic becomes either impossibly theatrical or sentimentally childish—as Zola did in "La Faute de L'Abbé Mouret" and Lamartine did in his idyls of peasant life.

The Germanism of the two Alsations kept them from either extreme. It colored their writings and molded their lives. In the heart of Paris they made a little Phalsbourg—created a tiny corner of Alsace in the great Babylon. Here they lived the life of peaceful bourgeois. Every evening they repaired to a café on the Boulevard Strasbourg, and there, sipping black coffee and playing dominoes on the marble-topped table, slowly pieced together the plot of their new novel. This was somewhat different from the feverish and hurried collaboration practiced in Dumas's "workshop." Twenty years before, the illustrious author of "The Three Guardsmen" was wont to drop into some favorite café, with one of his clever assistants, and there, during a dinner of some two hours, knock together the plot, from the first chapter to the great climax, of such a novel as "The Queen's Necklace" or such a play as "Mlle. de Belle Isle."

In the little corner of Phalsbourg they had made in the very heart of Paris, the two Alsations turned their glances back to their dear home and drew on it for their inspiration. At times it was simple and exquisitely pastoral. Then, again, they called up traditions of their boyhood—of those great and terrible days when the French troops poured through Alsace to the Russian frontier and Moscow; when the earth shook with the tread of marching thousands; when on one frosty dawn glimpses were caught of the fat, pale face of the emperor; when, again, he was seen on the heights above Lutzel, surveying the battle with the gloomy eye of a sick eagle, sitting, as in an arm-chair, on the back of his white horse; when Marshal Ney was seen, with the orders so close they touched each other on the front of his braided uniform, and Blücher the Terrible, "the man of blood and iron," of Leipzig and Waterloo.

In "L'Ami Fritz" the picture is one of a gentle rusticity, of a life where "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the great outside world have no entrance. Most people are comfortably off in this tranquil little village. There are no great sorrows and no great joys here. Life is as unexciting as a twice-told tale, and the village community jogs on in the old rut in which their fathers and their grandfathers jogged on before them.

The charm of the play is in its idyllic simplicity, in the delicacy of the sentiment. The love-story is daintily sweet and gently humorous, but it is more a story for a book than a play. A Suzel who is not the real Suzel of the story—the open-hearted, childish, peasant-girl, who has the freshness of the meadows on her cheeks and the dew of the morning in her eyes—immediately spoils the fine delicacy of the play. A Suzel without spontaneity, without the frank, simple candor of a child; but with a stage assumption of artlessness and youth, a stage idea of maidenly coyness, immediately robs the piece of its ethereal charm. Plays of such a kind, depending for their success on an exquisitely delicate play of sentiment, where tenderness and laughter are always on the verge of meeting, lose their bloom when they are translated into English. Our language is too strong, too vital, to be a good vehicle for such diaphanous shades of emotion and humor. In French, acted by a French company, such a play is in the right hands, and all its sensitive charm must be brought out.

As a foreigner, Mr. Salvini is a success as L'Ami Fritz. He neither makes it ridiculous nor maudlinly sentimental. He is really more successful in this part than in D'Artagnan. It fits him better. He seems to have been able, too, to keep the rest of the company from over-acting. They are all trained to treat the characters as a foreign actor would know they ought to be treated. But in the sentimental moments—the lines recited in good, broad American-English—there was a distinct inclination on the part of the audience to take it all as a good joke. We are an irreverent race.

#### A Look Ahead to the Holidays.

People are beginning to wonder what they will give their friends for holiday presents, and should be grateful for a bit of good advice. There is no more satisfactory gift, for either recipient or sender, than a handsome picture. It beautifies a home, and the choice of the subject will always hear about it some suggestion of the sender. And, too, a picture can be found to suit the wealth of a Croesus or the more modest purse of an ordinary mortal.

A visit to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s great store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, which is the headquarters for artists' materials on the Pacific Coast, reveals an astonishing variety of pictures, and Sanborn, Vail & Co. will frame them in any style desired. There are engravings, etchings, photographs, photogravures—there are pictures of all kinds, many of them reproducing the masterpieces of ancient and modern art, and surely from among them all one can select the most effective holiday gifts that money will buy.

The picture and picture-frame departments are, of course, the main branches of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s trade; but they also deal in all the articles that may be called artistic and decorative, and they have even extended this to include stationery. In this latter department they lead the San Francisco trade, for the leaders of society have found that Sanborn, Vail & Co. always have the latest novelties in stock and have everything always in the very best taste.

—AT BEAMISH'S, FULL STOCK OF FALL AND Winter Suspenders.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres, during the week commencing November 7th: Julia Marlowe in "Ingomar"; the Tivoli Company in "Martha"; Milton Nobles in "For Revenue Only"; "The Still Alarm"; and "Pink Dominoes."

Milton Nobles's new play, "For Revenue Only," is a farcical comedy in which a newspaper free-lance manages the campaign of a wealthy man who wants to reform politics. It will be seen here this week.

Some marked copies of the *Review*, a weekly paper published in Portland, Or., have been sent to this office. In them we note that the dramatic criticisms are signed "Betsy B." That signature was used in the *Argonaut* for many years by the late Mrs. Joseph Austin. Now that she is gone, it seems like grave-robbing to steal her name.

"Martha" will be sung at the Tivoli on Monday evening, November 7th, with the following cast:

Lady Harriet, Tillie Salinger; Nancy, Lizzie Annandale; George, George Olmi; Plunkett, Edward N. Knight; Lionel, Ferdinand Schuetze; the Sheriff, George Harris.

This will be the first appearance at this house of Lizzie Annandale and of Ferdinand Schuetze.

Vaudeville at the New York Casino comes to an end to-night (Saturday), and light opera takes its place. It was found that the furore over "specialty artists" was only a passing craze, and that the London music-hall will not bear transplantation to America. The acquiring of this bit of information, by the way, was a very expensive operation for the Casino's managers.

Arthur Bouchier, who is to take John Drew's place in the Daly Company, made his first appearance in New York in "Little Miss Million." The play was not a success and Mr. Bouchier did not dissipate all recollection of Drew. He is a heavier man than Drew and taller, and has a very clear, musical voice and expressive features, but he has not shown himself an accomplished actor. He is an Oxford man, and is well connected in London society.

Agnes Huntington's retirement from the stage was not due solely to her sprained ankle, it seems, for she no sooner landed in New York than it became known that she had crossed the Atlantic to marry a New York lawyer, Paul D. Cravath, who saw her in "Paul Jones" last spring and fell in love with her at once. He wanted her to give up the stage, but she would not be persuaded until he followed her across the Atlantic; now it seems to be settled that she will bid good-bye to the stage forever when she says the fateful "I do," which will be on November 15th.

Mrs. Bernard Beere, "the English Bernhardt" who eschews corsets and has more or less of a record, has arrived in New York. It was she, by the way, who commissioned Tennyson to write "The Promise of May" and produced it with signal lack of success, whereat Burnand wrote for *Punch* a quatrain that cost him the laureate's friendship for many a long month. Here it is:

"I hold it truth that he who flings  
His harp aside, to try the bones,  
Will somehow find that paving stones  
Are leveled at his nearest things."

The honors of "L'Ami Fritz" on Monday night were carried off by a hen. Its debut was made in a very efficient manner as it flew straight for the boxes. Then, when the curtain went down, it emerged from one of the wings, mounted on the ledge between the proscenium box and the stage, and proceeded to go to roost there, with calm disregard of surroundings. A cruel little usher was dispatched to disturb its slumbers. He stole into the box and suddenly precipitated himself upon the unsuspecting fowl. With a shriek of despair the hen flew into the orchestra, from there made a dash for the parquet, and, with extraordinary presence of mind, ran along on the tops of the spectators' heads. For several exciting moments it continued on its precarious way, till suddenly it hurled itself upon the shirt-bosom of a gentleman who had risen and obstructed its path. Held by the legs and crying dismally, it was carried away from the scenes of its histrionic triumphs. But the universal opinion was that its appearance was the success of the evening.

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Monday, November 7th,  
**MARTHA!**  
First Appearance of FERDINAND SCHUTZE, Tenor.

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents.

#### IRVING HALL.

This (Saturday) afternoon at 3 o'clock,

#### Twelfth-Fourth Carr-Beel Concert

MR. BERNAT JAUJUS, Soloist.

Serenade for flute, violin, and viola, Messrs. Neubauer, Beel, and Jaujus. Trio for piano, violin, and cello, Mrs. Carr, and Messrs. Beel and Heine.

Reserved seats, \$1.00. General admission, 50 cts.

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#### A RICH BLUE GRAVEL DRIFT MINE.

I have secured a bond, for a term of years, on a very large drift mine, and wish to secure capital to open and develop it. The mines immediately below have already yielded upwards of \$35,000,000 in gold, and one mine at the present time is paying \$1,000 per day on the same channel. The mine secured is nearly two and one-half miles in length, with a channel about two hundred feet in width, and contains nearly twenty million cubic feet of drifting gravel. There is an abundance of water for washing the gravel, plenty of magnificent timber, and over a mile of cañon to save the tailings in and to wash over again if desired. The title is perfect—United States patent, etc. The channel is evidently an old ancient bed of the North Fork of the American River, and now covered by three hundred feet of volcanic lava. The estimates to open and develop it are from \$12,000 to \$15,000, which include tunnel, cars, buildings, etc. For particulars, with references, etc., address MINER, care The Argonaut, San Francisco.



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Sheriff.....	WILLIAM J. BLATTNER
Tax-Collector.....	THOMAS O'BRIEN
Treasurer.....	J. H. WIDBER
Recorder.....	E. B. READ
County Clerk.....	GEORGE W. LEE
District Attorney.....	WILLIAM S. BARNES
City and County Attorney.....	MEYER JACOBS
Coroner.....	DR. WILLIAM T. GARWOOD
Public Administrator.....	WALTER B. BLAIR
Surveyor.....	CHARLES S. TILTON
Superintendent of Streets.....	CHARLES GREENE
Superior Judge (long term).....	CHARLES W. SLACK
Superior Judge (long term).....	JAMES M. TROUTT
Superior Judge (long term).....	GEORGE H. BAHRIS
Superior Judge (long term).....	JOHN LORD LOVE
Superior Judge (for unexpired term ending January, 1895).....	WILLIAM G. BRITTAN
Police Judge (long term).....	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
Police Judge (long term).....	W. A. S. NICHOLSON
Police Judge (long term).....	JAMES A. CAMPBELL
Police Judge (for unexpired term ending January, 1893).....	JAMES A. CAMPBELL
Justice of the Peace (long term).....	FRANK GRAY
Justice of the Peace (long term).....	GEO. P. GOFF
Justice of the Peace (long term).....	JOHN F. MULLEN
Justice of the Peace (long term).....	WALTER M. WILLET
Justice of the Peace (long term).....	J. E. BARRY
Justice of the Peace (for unexpired term ending January, 1893).....	J. E. BARRY
Supervisor First Ward (unexpired term).....	EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor First Ward.....	EDWARD HOLLAND
Supervisor Second Ward (unexpired term).....	DR. R. C. MEYERS
Supervisor Second Ward.....	DR. R. C. MEYERS
Supervisor Third Ward.....	CARLOS G. YOUNG
Supervisor Fourth Ward.....	HENRY A. STEFFENS
Supervisor Fifth Ward.....	H. R. ROBBINS
Supervisor Sixth Ward.....	W. E. LANE
Supervisor Seventh Ward.....	VICTOR D. DUBOSE
Supervisor Eighth Ward.....	P. J. COFFEY
Supervisor Ninth Ward.....	ALBERT HEYER
Supervisor Tenth Ward.....	HENRY P. SONNTAG
Supervisor Eleventh Ward.....	THOMAS J. PARSONS
Supervisor Twelfth Ward.....	AUGUST HELBING
School Director.....	A. F. JOHNS
School Director.....	DR. C. W. DECKER
School Director.....	GEORGE W. PENNINGTON
School Director.....	JAMES A. PARISER
School Director.....	LUKE BATTLES
School Director.....	J. H. CULVER
School Director.....	J. J. DUNN
School Director.....	PAUL BARBIERI
School Director.....	WILLIAM H. EASTLAND
School Director.....	C. O. SWANBERG
School Director.....	HARVEY L. SANBORN
School Director.....	Z. T. WHITTEN
School Director (for unexpired term ending January, 1893).....	A. F. JOHNS

## LEGISLATIVE TICKET.

### FOR STATE SENATORS.

17th District.....	JAMES CRAVEN
19th District.....	JOSEPH WINDROW
21st District.....	L. H. VAN SCHAICK
23d District.....	CHARLES H. FANCHER
25th District.....	JOHN F. MARTIN

### FOR ASSEMBLYMEN.

28th District.....	PETER JOSEPH KELLY
29th District.....	CHARLES E. COREY
30th District.....	JAMES J. FALLON
31st District.....	THOMAS F. GRAHAM
32d District.....	JOHN A. HOEY
33d District.....	FREDERICK WOODS
34th District.....	J. F. McQUAID
35th District.....	JOHN S. ROBINSON
36th District.....	ALBERT B. MAHONEY
37th District.....	JOHN F. O'BRIEN
38th District.....	GEORGE S. MATHEWS
39th District.....	JULIUS KAHN
40th District.....	LOUIS A. PHILLIPS
41st District.....	HENRY C. DIBBLE
42d District.....	GRANT ISRAEL
43d District.....	JOHN P. RICE
44th District.....	JAMES MCGOWEN
45th District.....	JOHN HAYES

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Workin' now, Pete?" "Naw. I got a job in de City Hall."—*Buffalo Express.*

Belyl—"Do you think the audience noticed that song I sang so badly?" Mabel—"Which?"—*Truth.*

The indignant mother—"You say the young scamp took you in his arms? What did you say to him?" The artless daughter—"I said, 'Hold on!'"—*Ex.*

Mary—"That's a nice dog you've got, Jack." Jack—"Yes, but he's a consumptive." Mary—"Consumptive? Why, how's that?" Jack—"Spitz blood."—*Boston Budget.*

"What did Waite say that mortally offended Miss Fithave?" "Why, just after her fruitless visit to Europe, he had the temerity to allude to her as a peerless creature."—*Life.*

"I've invented a new wheelbarrow—" began the inventor. "And you are looking for a man to push it, of course?" interrupted the capitalist. "Yep." "Better go to an intelligence office."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mrs. Carper (fretfully)—"Another button to sew on? It is sew on buttons, and sew on buttons, and sew on buttons from morning till night." Mr. Carper (calmly)—"My dear, you ought to have married a rattlesnake."—*Life.*

Molly—"Where in the world did the lexicographers get the spelling of the word 'yacht'?" Polly—"I don't know—asked some society dude, I suppose, and he guessed."—*Truth.*

"I like you well enough, Mr. Sapling, but Ethel is too young to marry yet. I think it better that she should wait until she has arrived at years of discretion, so to speak." "Yes, and then she will marry some one else."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Mr. Baxter—"The next time I send you out for my lunch, don't drink up the coffee. There isn't half a cup here." A. D. T. messenger—"Dat's all right, boss; I didn't touch yer coffee. He drawed it wid a bead on, an' de froth settled while I was bringing it ter yer."—*Judge.*

Mamma—"George Winkelford called to see you again last night, Irene, did he not? He is a worthy young man, and I hope you didn't treat him distantly." Miss Irene (with a vivid blush)—"Distantly? Not at all. I—I was very much drawn to him, mamma."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Employer—"See here, Mr. Penn, this is the fourth time in three months I have given you a day off to attend your sister's wedding. Don't you think you ought to find a new excuse?" Bookkeeper—"But, sir, I have been telling the truth. Sister lives in Chicago."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Committeeman—"Old Hennessy is dead, and our club wishes to erect a shaft to his memory." Dealer—"Do you wish any inscription on it?" Committeeman—"Simply 'Hic Jacet.'" Dealer—"Anything else?" Committeeman—"Well—er—yes—you might put the 'hie' in parentheses."—*Puck.*

"American ignorance makes me tired," said the knowing Englishman to an admiring group of chappies, in an uptown café. "On every side," he resumed, "I hear people saying, 'Where am my 'at? Where am my 'at?' when even a schoolboy in England would know that it ought to be: 'Where is my 'at?'"—*New York Sun.*

Miss Flypp—"Yes, Mamie Elder is married at last. The poor thing was over thirty and not at all good-looking. She has no money and never had an offer before, so she snapped up the first man that came along." Mrs. Gasley—"Are you sure she never had an offer before?" Miss Flypp—"Of course I am. Who should know if I don't? Why, I'm her dearest friend!"—*Truth.*

Friend—"That type-written letter I received from you was abominably printed—just full of blunders." Business man (sadly)—"I know." Friend—"Why don't you discharge the fellow?" Business man—"It's a girl." Friend—"Well, discharge the girl." Business man—"Never! I'm in love with her." Friend—"Then marry her." Business man—"She won't have me."—*New York Weekly.*

"These apple dumplings of yours, Lohclia," said Mr. McSwat, heartily, "in their way are a little ahead of anything I've seen. You have no objections to my putting one of them in my pocket and taking it down to the office, have you?" "Certainly not, Billiger," replied Mrs. McSwat; "I am glad they pleased you, dear." "Now, then," muttered Mr. McSwat, savagely, as he walked downtown with his hand in his right overcoat-pocket; "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked-legged, snub-nosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me again!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

### FOR NERVOUSNESS

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. C. HANSOME, Minneapolis, Minn., says: "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence; the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."

DCLXXX.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 6, 1892.

Vermicelli Soup.  
Fried Sole. Tomato Sauce.  
Broiled Teal Ducks. Potato Croquettes.  
Green Peas. Cauliflower au gratin.  
Roast Veal.  
French Artichokes.  
Strawberries. Eclaires.

ECLAIRES.—Prepare half a pound of sponge-cake, made in the following proportions: half a pound of sugar, half a pound of eggs (weighed in the shell), and four and one-half ounces of flour; flavor with rind and juice of half a lemon. Bake in jelly-cake tins. The cake should be not quite an inch thick after it has risen. Boil one pint of new milk, beat the yolks of two eggs with two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the milk has boiled up once, pour it boiling upon the eggs, stirring rapidly all the time. When well mixed return to the fire. Of one and one-half even tablespoonfuls of corn-starch make a paste with a little cold milk, which stir immediately into the custard upon the fire; let it cook until well thickened, stirring all the while. Take off the fire and flavor while hot with a scant teaspoonful of vanilla. Put a layer of this custard between two of the cakes. Make a chocolate icing for them of one and one-half tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate, three tablespoonfuls of white sugar, one tablespoonful of sweet cream, and a very small piece of butter. Let this icing simmer over the fire for a few minutes, when it can be immediately applied to the eclaires. While yet hot sprinkle over the top a coating of white granulated sugar. This quantity ought to make two eclaires, the thickness never being more than two cakes, with one layer of custard between. No dessert can be better.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnson, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People." Ask your grocer for it.

Augustin Daly possesses what is probably the most remarkable Bible in the world. It comprises forty-two folio volumes, and is illustrated by plates on biblical subjects. He has copies of all the Madonnas of every age and every school of art, and in the collection are included mezzotints, full-line engravings, original drawings, and unique prints. He has one original drawing of Raphael's, and several of Albert Dürer's. The collection is a history of Scriptural art.

### Look at the Clock!

See how regularly its pendulum swings to and fro. With kindred regularity do the howels move when the habit of body is reformed by the thorough laxative and promoter of digestion and secretion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The liver, too, always affected in constipation, resumes its activity when this medicine is used. Not less efficacious is it in malarial and kidney trouble, rheumatism, and nervousness.

In 1876, Senator Perazzi, of the Italian Parliament, while coming down an Alpine glacier at the height of fourteen thousand feet, dropped his coat in a crevasse. The guides, knowing the annual rate of glacial movement, told him that it would probably come out from the glacier's mouth in about seventeen years. Last August some tourists saw a coat in the moraine, and, on examination, it turned out to be the senator's.

"Melancholy marked him for her own;" but he took Ayer's Sarsaparilla and cheated her.

In honor of his daughter's birth, the German Emperor has resolved to pardon all female prisoners now undergoing punishment for the first time for crimes committed through distress or anger.

It is said that American women spend annually on powder, lotions, creams, extracts, etc., six million dollars.

### False Economy

Is practiced by many people, who buy inferior articles of food because cheaper than standard goods. Surely infants are entitled to the best food obtainable. It is a fact that the Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant food. Your grocer and druggist keep it.

—AT BEAMISH'S, FULL STOCK OF FALL AND Winter Collars and Cuffs.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

—THE ETCHING AND PICTURE DEPARTMENTS at Gump's new art-store, 113 Geary Street, are now open to the public.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR TEETHING babies and feverish children.

—AT BEAMISH'S, FULL STOCK OF FALL AND Winter Neck-Handkerchiefs.



For Mayor,

C. C. O'DONNELL

Don't Stamp Head of Ballot.

Stamp in the Space to the Right for all those you wish to Vote for. His Name will be Printed on the Ballot.

### VOTE FOR

WENDELL EASTON

(A PROGRESSIVE MAN)

FOR MAYOR.

For Tax Collector

THOS. O'BRIEN

Republican Nominee.

Business Methods---Honest Administration---  
Prompt Service---Polite Treatment.

### FOR

Public Administrator

A. C. FREESE

DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE.

### FOR TREASURER,

J. H. WIDBER,

Regular Republican Nominee.

Member Board of Education.....1879-1895  
Superintendent of Public Schools.....1871-1874  
City Treasurer.....1881-1882  
" ".....1890-1892

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT  
(LONG TERM)

DUNCAN HAYNE,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

FOR SUPERVISOR OF TWELFTH WARD

JAMES DENMAN,

Regular Democratic Nominee.

Ex-Superintendent Public Schools.

FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT

JAMES M. TROUTT

(PRESENT INCUMBENT)

Nominee of the Republican Party  
and the People's Party.

### VOTE FOR

T. J. L. SMILEY

For Auditor.

FOR SUPERVISOR FIRST WARD,

EDWD. HOLLAND,

Regular Republican Nominee.

FOR POLICE JUDGE,

CHARLES A. LOW

(PRESENT JUSTICE OF THE PEACE)

Non-Partisan Nominee.

FOR CITY AND COUNTY SURVEYOR,

CHAS. S. TILTON,

Regular Republican Candidate.



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Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

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Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,  
29 Post Street.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00  
Surplus.....1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits.....3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Bontman's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Legano, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## WELLS FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,000,000

Directors:

JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; W. F. GOALD, Vice-Pres't; Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, Dudley Evans, H. Wadsworth, Treasurer. HOMER S. KING, Manager. Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

## BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:

GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE, Cashier; J. H. Strobbridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven. Receive deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Assets.....2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holders.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.  
CITY OFFICE: 501 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

London Assurance Company  
Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

Northern Assurance Company  
Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,  
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

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The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK,

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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AND BEANS  
UNEQUALLED.



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AND COOKIES  
UNSURPASSED

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The Leading

Coast Co.

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Company.

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ASSETS, \$3,200,000.

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Why?

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They are

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Everlasting,

And "Best."

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BAKER & HAMILTON, San Francisco, Cal.



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### FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

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Rochester, N. Y.

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San Francisco, Cal.

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PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

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## ELECTRIC LUSTER STARCH

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Has always sold at 10c. and 12½c.

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The advertisement which describes the article, its quality and price, is an unmixt blessing, saving time and bother to the prudent buyer, and protecting the careless one from many blunders and impositions.—John Manning.

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Cream of Sauterne.....Case 12 quart bottles. \$7.50  
Grand vin Sauterne.....5.00  
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Riesling.....4.50  
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They will be found at the leading restaurants in the city.

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1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891 vintages.

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The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO. SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

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ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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The Argonaut, while suffering politically from a swimming ensation in the head, is able to think with sufficient clearness to announce that it does not know precisely where it is at. The Republican party shares our confusion of thought and disturbed sense of locality to an eminent degree. The "landslide," the "ground-swell," the "tidal-wave" prated of by the Democrats (whom in our superior wisdom we deemed desotted) arrived with a force of impact that has shattered our belief that we knew what the people wanted better than they did themselves. That, also, has been the unpleasant experience of the party which had the misfortune to participate in our confidence in this regard. The most ingenious editorial calculations could not convince our readers or ourselves that the country prefers, at this time, protection to free trade. The Democrats have triumphed so signally on the squarely-made and fairly-bought issue that it would be stupid to attempt to blink the meaning of the election. Much as we may deplore the erroneous judgment of the millions of citizens who are so

foolish as not to agree with us, we are compelled to own that the Democrats have won the right to give their free-trade policy a trial. We are sorry for these erring millions, we are sorry for the Republican party, we are sorry, very, for ourselves; but facts are not to be dodged, and the majority is entitled to rule in this republic. That the Democratic victory is so complete is cause for gratification, since it saves us from the heart-burnings and dangers of a disputed election. It is to be doubted if a crisis like that of 1876 could again be passed peaceably. Now we know beyond peradventure that the government is Democratic, that the policy of that party has the popular approval, while that of the Republican is repudiated—though but temporarily, as we must hope.

The Argonaut looks for no national disasters to follow Democratic supremacy. If the new policy shall result to the country's serious disadvantage, the people will reverse it, as they have reversed the Republican policy. Moreover, Mr. Cleveland is not a radical man, and with his hand on the brake, a Democratic Congress will hardly be permitted to go too far or too swiftly in the direction of overturning things. The successful party understands perfectly well that a repetition of the vote of confidence which it has received in so flattering a measure depends upon good behavior. The Argonaut looks to see the more extreme and enthusiastic Democrats disappointed in their expectations as to sweeping tariff legislation. We shall be mildly surprised, indeed, if things do not go on much as they have done, with the tendency, of course, all toward lower duties.

Refreshed, clarified, and consoled by the utterance of these optimistic views, the Argonaut cheerfully ranges itself in the ranks of the intelligent and disinterested opposition, trusting that four years from now we shall have the pleasure of announcing that our erring brethren who voted the Democratic ticket in such reprehensible numbers will have repented themselves and returned to the true faith. In the meantime we have no fear that the health of the American eagle will not continue good.

There recurred last week the anniversary of an event which, in the importance of its consequences to mankind, transcends Columbus's discovery of the Western world. Yet this anniversary of an occurrence so stupendous was permitted by the press of America to pass with scant notice, not because of indifference, but for the more significant reason that the power which was broken by the event in question is still clothed with might for vengeance. One autumn day, three hundred and seventy-five years ago, a single man dared to defy this power before which the press of the American republic now quails, though then its strength, and glory, and terror filled the earth. That man stood before the door of a chapel, in the little German town of Wittenberg, bolding against it a Latin manuscript through which he drove a nail. Every blow of his hammer was a heroic challenge to the Church of Rome and a shock that rived its walls irreparably forever. He wore a monk's dress, the uniform of the tyrant he defied; but under the cowl was a free brain ablaze with the ardor, the splendid courage of genius. Martin Luther nailed to the door his ninety-five theses against the sale of indulgences, and the echoes of his strokes reverberate yet, and will reverberate until the revolt which he led shall triumph in the complete extinction of authority's dominion over men's minds.

On another autumn day, last week, the emperor of the most powerful nation in Europe did homage to the work and fame of Luther. William of Germany, by whose care this ancient church of Wittenberg, fallen into ruin, had been restored, entered its portals with his empress and his sons, Protestant England's royal Duke of York, Gustaf, Crown Prince of Protestant Sweden, the Protestant Prince Albrecht, Regent of Brunswick, the Protestant Duke of Oldenburg, the Protestant Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, and other dignitaries. All Wittenberg was there, and delegations of honor from afar, and such countries of the world as do not fear Rome were represented in the ceremonies. Needless to say, the American Minister to Germany was not present.

"I consign Martin Luther," cried Father O'Connor from

the pulpit of St. Francis Xavier's Church, in New York city, the other day, during a sermon on these same ceremonies—"I consign Martin Luther, with Julian, the apostate, and Aspasia, the courtesan, to endless torments in hell." Rome would have burned him while he lived, and her hatred, voiced anew by this Irish priest in an American city in the year 1892, has come down through the centuries uncooled. Thanks to the revolution which Luther led, Rome dare burn no more. His foot stamped out her faggot and his raised hand stayed the torrent of innocent blood. There were reformers before the Reformation. But whether Wickliffe, Huss, Savonarola, and other predecessors revolted before the time was ripe, or whether Luther combined in himself great qualities which they lacked, he triumphed while they failed. It is true that Luther, like all epoch-makers, was in one sense a product of his age, but in him, as in Caesar, Napoleon, Washington, and Lincoln, there resided that genius, that fitness for his work, with which external circumstance has no more to do than with the creation of a Shakespeare. Before he sprang to leadership the long night of Europe's intellectual sleep had been succeeded by the dawn of the reawakening. The Crusades had brought more precious treasures than holy relics and trophies won in fight from the Saracens—some glimmerings of science and knowledge of a higher civilization; the forgotten literature of the Greeks; skepticism born of God's refusal to work miracles for the restoration of the sepulchre to the hands of the faithful or to give them victory over the pagan in battle; a perception of the superiority of the skill of the Jewish-Arabian physician over the faith cure; the revelation that the Turks were better, brighter, cleaner men than the Christians. And the art of printing was invented only forty years before Luther's birth. The world was ready for him—the Christian world that, under the blight of the Roman Church, had been sunk for a thousand years in swinish lethargy. Rome brooded over industry as over mind. Like a black bat she nested among the ruins of the ancient temples decaying around her. Cities vanished and gave place to forests. Wild animals roamed where philosophers had walked and disputed. A monastery, a feudal castle, or a village bere and there broke the monotony of the dull and barbarous waste. In the lowlands and along the river-courses were fens, sometimes hundreds of miles in extent, exhaling their pestiferous miasms and spreading agues far and wide. The shrine was the only doctor for disease, the prayer of a priest the only prescription. In Paris and London, the houses were of wood, daubed with mud, windowless, floorless, chimneyless. Men and women and children slept together in the same apartment, in company with the pigs and hens. Modesty and morality were dead. The memory of the bath had perished. The bed was a heap of straw and the pillow a log. The Archbishop of Canterbury scratched himself like a tramp, and for the same cause. Perfumes were invented to enable polite society to endure itself, for Rome was not able, with all her miraculous powers, to relieve the race from the curse of the sense of smell. The merchant clothed himself in leather, a suit lasting a life-time; the poor covered their backs with rags, and wrapped straw about their legs. There were no sewers, no schools, no street-lamps, no hospitals. All Europe was an Indian campoodie, its inhabitants as ill-fed, dirty, indolent, and miserable as Diggers. Crops failed and thrift had stored nothing. In the famine of 1030, human flesh was cooked and sold. In that of 1258, fifteen thousand persons died of hunger in London. When the plague came in vengeance for nature's outraged laws, the dead were so many the living could scarce bury them. A pestilence in 1348 destroyed a third of the population of France. In this golden age when Rome was supreme, the mistress of the earth and guardian of civilization, it was a disgrace to a gentleman to be able to read and write—he hired clerks for such plebeian work. William of Malmesbury tells us of the manners of the pious English:

"Their nobles, devoted to gluttony and voluptuousness, never visited the church, but the matrons and the mass were read out to them, by a hurrying priest, in their bed-chambers before the



themselves not listening. The common people were a prey to the more powerful; their property was seized, their bodies dragged away to distant countries; their maidens were either thrown into a brothel or sold for slaves. Drinking day and night was the general pursuit; vices, the companions of inebriety, followed, effeminating the manly mind."

In fifteen hundred years Christianity did not produce an astronomer. But when astronomers appeared at last, in spite of the church, she imprisoned, tortured, and killed them. Her priests held all the offices, consumed the taxes, oppressed the people. Her monasteries and nunneries were temples of idleness and debauchery. Her brainiest men filled libraries with speculations as to how many angels could dance at once on a needle's point, and lighted fires for the roasting of such as denied the utility of such use of the wits bestowed by God. The Pope, against whom Luther rose, sold permits to commit sin—letters to the devil securing the bearers against the fires of purgatory. It was these drafts on the fund of virtue, bequeathed to the church by holy men which they had died possessed of, over and above what they needed for their own salvation—"works of supererogation"—that inflamed the devout spirit of the passionately religious monk of Wittenberg, who had studied the Scriptures. He nailed his theses to the door of the church, and, with his hammer, made a breach in the wall of the prison in which the intellect of the race had been immured so long that one wonders it retained the desire or strength to escape. But escape it did, and changed the world from a sodden, gloomy hell to a habitation fit for men. The Reformation of Luther's purpose, even at its highest, was halted soon, for a shattered, frightened, and desperate church purified itself and stayed the advance of Protestant conquest. Even nations that threw off the yoke in time resumed it, but it was a lighter yoke.

The stream let loose by Luther has found channels and fructified expanses never dreamed of by him. The liberty of the individual conscience for which he battled was not the perfect liberty that the triumph of his principle has insured in lands where the church is denied the aid of the secular arm. The world has declined to stop with him at a mere protest against the ecclesiastical tyranny and doctrinal errors of Rome. It goes on protesting against all tyranny over thought, and in the sunlight of the day which Luther's rebellion ushered in, science has conquered safety for itself, heaped up knowledge that laughs at excommunication, and can not be burned. The earth has been transformed, and Rome herself with it. A Catholic of the nineteenth century, outside of Ireland and the Irish cities of this republic, as little resembles in his beliefs and relations to the church a Catholic of the Middle Ages as a modern gentleman resembles a noble of William of Malmesbury's time, when the lord of the baronial manor was a robber, who, when short of funds, followed the fashion by sending out his retainers to catch men and women and drag them to his castle, where he hung them up by the thumbs or feet, applied fire to them or twisted knotted strings around their heads, in order to extort ransom. The church remains the same in doctrine and inclination, but most of her children—thanks to the influence of Protestantism—have exchanged the living faith of conviction for that of indifferent, formal acquiescence. Her scabbard is empty and civilization has taken away her thumb-screw and pyre.

Luther was limited by his era and its visible possibilities; but that does not subtract one beam from the blaze of his glory. His was the hammer that smote the wall and pierced it, and as the centuries roll and his Reformation progresses and broadens, that glory will not diminish, but grow. He kindled a fire that has lighted and warmed the world—a fire to which all free minds have since added, and will henceforth add, their contributions of fuel.

How far the Reformation has yet to progress among ourselves is marked for us by the press of this republic, that never would have been but for the emancipation which Luther proclaimed. The monarch of imperial Germany, though he has Roman Catholic subjects, and the heir to the British throne, who will rule millions of the faithful, went with open, manly, grateful pride to bow before the door which Luther's hammer struck; but this free republic turned its face away from Wittenberg. Our President sent messages to Spain and flag-bedecked war-ships when, last month, a fleet of mimic caravels put out from Palos, and the press drenched the land with its torrents of Columbian eulogy. But for Luther, beside whom in purpose and in service the Genoese sailor figures as a mound to a mountain, there is no praise—only the timid recognition of a guarded news cablegram. For the church, though she be bereft of her rack and her stake and her proprietorship of heaven and hell, has many votes.

It is announced from St. Louis that a new steel steamer is being built to run from that port to Mexican and South American points. By a peculiar arrangement the draught of the vessel will be adapted to the low water of the Mississippi in the dry season, without impairing her sea-going

quality. She will touch at New Orleans, Vera Cruz, Para, Rio, and Buenos Ayres, and will carry to the Spanish-American countries flour, provisions, textiles, and hardware, and will bring back coffee, sugar, hides, and products of the tropics. There is every prospect that a profitable exchange of merchandise can be effected; if so, the pioneer vessel of the line will quickly be followed by others, and a traffic created which will provide a new market for our surplus products and new employment for labor.

In a recent number of the *Argonaut*, reference was made to the contemplated new line of steamers from New Orleans to England, to be established mainly for the purpose of carrying California products. Since that article was written, the parties who are figuring on the subject have made some changes in their plans. Then it was supposed that the steamers would run to Liverpool or Southampton. Now it is suggested that London would be a better terminal point, as being in closer communication with the continental ports which it would be the aim of the projectors of the enterprise to supply. Then it was figured that the cost of transportation from Sacramento, Port Costa, or San José to Liverpool would be over three cents. Now it is said that by using large steamers, with modern engines, and not aiming at race-horse speed, it would be possible to carry freight that distance for a cent and a half or possibly for a cent—say twenty dollars a ton. As choice green fruit is worth on the average in the season forty dollars a ton at tide-water in this State, and never less than one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a ton at Liverpool or London, it could afford to pay twice the above estimated charge for transportation and yet leave a handsome margin for profit. The effect of this new development would be that not a pound of really good fruit grown in this State would go to waste.

Another new enterprise of a kindred nature is the new line of steamers which has just been started between New York and the Mediterranean. Up to the present time, travelers to Spain or Italy have been obliged to take steamer to England and to cross France and Northern Italy or Spain by rail. This made quite a long and tiresome journey before they reached their objective point. In the fall of 1891, the North German Lloyd Company put on two old ships, the *Werra* and the *Fulda*, to sail every three weeks between New York and Gibraltar. The service paid from the start, and now a regular weekly service has been inaugurated, with the splendid new 7,500-ton *William III.* as the flag-ship. The voyage from New York to Gibraltar takes eight days. From there, the traveler can reach Morocco, in Africa, in twenty-four hours; he can make the tour of Southern Spain, including Seville, Cordova, Granada, and Malaga, in a couple of weeks; the vessel on which he crossed the ocean will carry him, if he wills, to Genoa, Naples, or Palermo, and will call to bring him back when he has completed his tour of Italy. Two New Yorkers lately "did" Spain and North Africa in thirty days from their departure to their return; they spent in their two weeks' tour in Spain just one hundred and twenty-five dollars each. It will be admitted that this is a modern improvement worth applauding.

While enterprise is thus breaking out in every direction on the Atlantic, what are we doing on the Pacific? Mr. Irving Scott said the other day that if it had not been for the government cruisers, for the building of which contracts have been awarded to San Francisco, the Union Iron Works would have had to shut down; the only great yard on this coast where a steel sea-going vessel can be constructed would have been closed. Yet the avenues for the development of new extensions of trade are more promising here than on the Atlantic. We have one of the finest seaports in the world, and all around us are countries which are large consumers of what we produce, and producers of what we consume, and nothing is wanting to effect the exchanges but vehicles of transportation.

The Pacific Mail and Occidental and Oriental steamers which are plying between San Francisco and Japan and China are coining money, though they are carrying flour from this port to Hongkong—a twenty-five-days' voyage—for five dollars a ton—two and one-half cents a pound. There is ample room for another line, especially if it paid particular attention to the Japanese ports on the inland sea. The trade of Japan is mainly in English hands, but the Japanese would far rather trade with us, so deeply are they incensed at the truculent arrogance which English residents display toward the natives. There is business enough for two steamers a week between this port and the opposite coast of Asia.

We have one line which runs steamers at long intervals between San Francisco and Australia. Between Sydney and Melbourne and England there is daily communication. Yet this is the natural market for Australian products, and the foreign goods which Australasia consumes should, in the ordinary course of things, be supplied from here. They are not; first, because the wool of Australia and the meat of Australia go to England, instead of here; and second, because an

Australian has from ten to twelve opportunities of trading with England for every one that he has of trading with San Francisco. Trade follows the beaten paths. It is hard to convince an Australian, who has all his life bought of and sold to England, that he would do better if he dealt with the United States.

The trade between South America and San Francisco used to be more active than it is. It has been gradually diverted to European ports, which have taken the copper, and the nitrates, and the guano, and paid for them in manufactured goods. These South American products would find just as good a market here as they do in Liverpool or Hamburg; but to get here, there must be lines of steamers between San Francisco and Valparaiso, and there are none. There is not a prospect of any. The subsidy act of the last Congress actually discouraged ship-building; the subsidies offered were so small that it was no object to earn them, and everybody felt that the act which authorized them was liable to repeal at any moment.

The condition of San Francisco's main channel of intercourse with the Eastern world is utter confusion. No agreement has been reached between the Panama Railroad and the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for a renewal of their contract. Thus far the transcontinental pool refuses to continue the payment of its subsidy to the Pacific Mail, and it, in turn, refuses to pay the Panama the subvention in consideration of which the steamship company enjoyed a practical monopoly of the traffic between New York and San Francisco by way of the isthmus. War thus declared, the Panama Canal Company, in liquidation—which owns the railroad—is looking round for a steamship owner to put on a line of vessels to ply in opposition to the Pacific Mail; and the latter, having failed to obtain a contract with President Diaz for the exclusive use of the Tehuantepec Railroad, is now talking of building across Honduras, an enterprise which could not be completed under four or five years. It looks as though both parties might succeed in their aims, though without establishing a monopoly. Steamers can probably be found to ply between New York and Colon and Panama and San Francisco, provided they are placed on an equal footing with the Pacific Mail ships. And the managers of the Tehuantepec Line will probably be happy to carry all the freight which the Pacific Mail can furnish them, but will not discriminate against other lines in its favor. Out of the imbroglio, increased intercourse with New York, by way of the isthmus, will probably come; but it may be a long time before this city feels its effects.

The announcement that the French Republic proposes to establish colleges for the higher education of women shows that the world does move after all. Eighty years have elapsed since Napoleon the Great, then on the march to Moscow, instructed his representatives at Paris to establish a high school for girls, especially the daughters of officers who had fallen in the service, on lines which he traced with no uncertain band. "Women," said he, "have weak minds; therefore, they should be taught religion. I desire, also, that the pupils of this school be taught sewing and knitting, so that they shall make their own shirts and stockings; also that they shall learn music and dancing, but not ballet dancing."

The government of the French republic prescribes a different course of study for girls at the present day. Whether, on consideration, it has decided that their minds are weak or strong, it does not inculcate the study of religion, regarding that as a matter which young ladies must settle with their own consciences. Nor does it impose upon pupils the duty of knitting their own stockings or making their own shirts, as both articles can be bought ready made for less money than it would cost a girl graduate to make them. But it requires the girls to learn bookkeeping, especially as applied to households, together with the rudiments of chemistry, physics, and, last but not least, dietetics. In the senior year, the girls are expected to study those chapters of the code which govern marriage, divorce, inheritance, and the disposition of property. The idea is that a graduate of this college will be able to manage a household economically and to make it so pleasant that the husband will not want to stray; also, that if, in the vicissitudes of life, she becomes a widow, or a divorcee, or the guardian of minor children, she will know how to administer the property placed in her charge safely and intelligently. Her acquirements may not be as grand as the acquaintance with Marcus Aurelius and with esoteric Buddhism, to which so many of our maidens aspire; but they will prove more useful.

Frenchwomen will follow their natural bent in developing their minds in these directions. They have proved, when they have had a chance, that their mercantile instincts are strong. One of the very largest and best dry-goods stores in Paris, the Bon Marché, was for years owned and managed by a woman, Mme. Boucicault, who died not long ago. Another great dry-goods store—Le Printemps—which is



familiar to many San Franciscans, is run by a woman, Mme. Jaluzot, who was an actress before she married M. Jaluzot. The famous Duval restaurants, which are to be found in every quarter of Paris, and which combine the maximum of wholesome feeding with the minimum of cost, have been for many years managed by the widow of Duval, who is really a wonderful administratrix. It was one of these masterful women whom Zola had in mind when he drew the heroine of his "Bonheur des Dames."

When marriage befalls a young American, who has started in life as a small shopkeeper, he plants his wife in a boarding-house, and devotes all his working hours to his business away from her. Thus each develops apart from the other, she with her friends, he with his. A young French couple of corresponding position pursues precisely the opposite course. If the husband keeps a shop, the wife is cashier and book-keeper. Thus the young couple draw closer together daily, and become really one.

Erroneous notions regarding Frenchwomen have been impressed on the American mind by catch-penny novels published in Paris. According to these books, there are few virtuous women in France, and none at all in Paris. Every woman has a lover, and every man keeps a mistress. The fact is that sexual irregularities are not commoner in France than in this country; as a rule, the middle class of Frenchwomen are severely virtuous. In high social circles, there are ladies who are a law unto themselves; but so there are here, and for one who really sins, ten are unjustly accused. The first concern of a young married woman in France is to begin the accumulation of a dowry for the daughter who has been or who may be born to her. That thought absorbs her mind to the exclusion of lover, society, pleasure, and even dress. To be an old-maid is the one unforgivable sin for a French girl, and men will not marry unless the woman brings into the firm a sum of money equivalent to a fair capitalization of the husband's earning capacity. Hence every mother's wits are sharpened to build up her daughter's dowry, and an education which will increase her ability to accumulate will be welcomed.

One of the points in this education for young women proposed by the French Government is dietetics. It is important. It is most important. There is nothing more important to a human being, male or female, than a sound mind in a sound body. It is even more important to the female than to the male, because one of her functions is the bringing of human beings into the world. The possession of a sound mind, working sanely in a sound body, depends entirely upon what food is put into that body. Yet few young women know anything at all about dietetics, which is the science of food, or even about the art of preparing it. Young women of good family generally speak jestingly of their ignorance of matters culinary, as if it were a praiseworthy thing. It is not. Ignorance of such matters speaks well for no young woman. She expects, as a rule, to marry, and she expects that her husband will be able to manage his share of the joint conjugal duties. She ought to be able to manage hers. But in nine cases out of ten she is not. And as to the higher science of dietetics, which bears the same relation to cookery that astronomy does to star-gazing, the young woman of the day is densely ignorant. She knows so little about it that when she marries she generally allows ignorant domestics to poison her husband and herself with bad food badly cooked; she partially poisons her breeding infant through her dietetic errors before it is born, and then finishes it off completely by further dietetic ignorance after it is born. She ruins her husband's health and her own; she loses her complexion, her youth, and her beauty; through her ignorance of cookery and dietetics she lays the foundation of many grave and frequently fatal organic diseases.

Yet what young woman does not secretly think a knowledge of cookery beneath her? And what young woman who reads these lines knows anything at all about dietetics?

That there is nothing new under the sun—not even a plea in a criminal case—has been proved again in a California court on the trial of one Livernash for attempt at murder. The trial took place at Santa Rosa, and the plea was that the accused was in a condition of "auto-hypnotic somnambulism."

This plea is old—more than half a century old. It was first used at the trial in Boston, fifty years ago, of young Tirrell, charged with the crime of murder, and defended by that eminent lawyer Rufus Choate, the successor to Daniel Webster in the United States Senate in 1841, and the acknowledged leader of the Massachusetts bar in his time. Tirrell was a young man of good family and large wealth. His crime was the killing of a frail young woman in her own room in the city of Boston by shooting her. There was no denial of the facts—the shooting was confessed by Tirrell. Mr. Choate defended the case upon the extraordinary plea of somnambulism. It was proved that Tirrell had risen from his bed, near midnight, visited a livery-stable

which he frequently patronized, ordered a horse and buggy for an immediate drive, and designated a particular horse; that on being told that this horse was already engaged, he named another for the drive; that he drove to Roxbury that night—only a few miles—and returned the horse and buggy at the Boston stable at an early hour of the morning, and committed the murder the same morning before dawn.

The links in the chain of direct proof were beyond successful denial. At that time the statements of defendants charged with capital crimes were not allowed on trial. Choate comprehended the desperate dilemma of his client. The plea of self-defense was preposterous; that of insanity was without reasonable pretence. The facts were so clear, and the proof so direct and strong, that the community looked for the conviction of the accused, notwithstanding the prominence of his family and his own social standing and wealth. But by masterly argument and matchless pleading with a jury, Rufus Choate succeeded in convincing the twelve Boston jurors that during the hours in which Tirrell had been absent from his room on his drive to Roxbury and back, and in the killing by shooting, the young man had been all the time in somnambulant trance, utterly unconscious of his actions and therefore irresponsible. The verdict of acquittal startled Boston and shocked the country. The audacity of the brilliant lawyer amazed all.

Years before, the great New York lawyer, Ogden Hoffman, had succeeded in the acquittal of Richard P. Robinson, a handsome and dashing young man, who had murdered the beautiful Helen Jewett, another frail siren, by cruel blows with a hatchet; but the impassioned plea of Hoffman to the jury was simply against the conviction of "this poor boy." The argument was that Robinson could not have committed so cruel a crime.

Since the Tirrell trial and the extraordinary defense of Choate, strange and surprising pleas by celebrated counsel, in capital cases, have occurred. It was the genius of an eminent California lawyer that devised the plea of emotional insanity and gained acquittal for his client charged with murder. A late plea is that of hypnotism. Just what hypnotism is, nobody knows.

In the case before the Sonoma court, the jury disagreed. From the facts it appeared that the defendant had prepared a bottle of quick poison and endeavored to persuade an intended victim to drink of it; that he had gone from his room at a late hour of night to the office of this victim, and there demanded that he make a will in the defendant's favor; and that on the refusal of the victim to comply on the instant with this extraordinary demand, the defendant drew a revolver and fired several shots, severely wounding the assailed person. The plea set up in exculpation of the defendant is that he was self-hypnotized, in somnambulant trance, unconscious, and not responsible for any of his acts. On the trial, medical experts gave testimony upon the issue, for and against the novel plea. An extraordinary feature of the trial was the clearing of the court-room, at the request of the defense, in order that the defendant should be subjected to hypnotic influence by one of the medical experts who was present as a witness for the defense, and the court ordered the exclusion from the hall meantime of the press reporters and every one except the court officers and counsel.

This was a most remarkable proceeding. We hope it will never be repeated. Our courts of justice must not degenerate into raree shows. As for this hypnotic business, it is dangerous. It is calculated to weaken our good old-fashioned ideas of right and wrong. Every cashier who steals from his employer will claim that he did it under hypnotic influence. Every burglar will plead somnambulism when detected in your plate-closet at three A. M. Every young woman who has been seduced will claim that her lover hypnotized her. And gentlemen like Mr. Livernash who proffer poison, ready-made wills, and revolvers to wealthy citizens, will maintain that they are merely suffering from "auto-hypnotic somnambulism."

Within the last few days several steamers carrying emigrants have been detained at the New York quarantine station. This is due to the fact that the President's proclamation as to emigrant ships still holds, although the daily journals have stopped talking about the cholera. Newspaper-readers must have been surprised at the sudden silence of their favorite journals. The cause is extremely ludicrous. Here it is: The large retail tradesmen of New York city, who are heavy advertisers, became exasperated at the sensational "scare-heads" of the New York dailies and the general whoop-up which those voracious sheets were indulging in, for the purpose of gathering pennies from cholera-scarred burghers. It was ruining the retail trade and keeping visitors away from the city. The tradesmen, therefore, threatened to discontinue all their advertising unless the newspapers were "called down." It is needless to state that those fearless and powerful journals, the daily press of New York city, came down with the utmost alacrity, and each

molder of public opinion, so far as cholera was concerned, remained as silent as a clam.

But although, for these very peculiar reasons, the press of New York is silent about the matter, the danger of cholera invasion is still menaced. The prompt and vigorous methods adopted in New York harbor and at other quarantine stations of the Atlantic Coast have been effectual for the present; but the danger still lurks. Some of the countries of continental Europe are saturated with the germs of cholera. It is the nature of the terrible infection to lie fallow from one year to another and then to break out afresh with corresponding violence and fatality. The cholera of 1832 again raged in 1834; the cholera of 1848 was followed by the more dreadful attack of 1850-51, which ravaged the American continent and caused the death of thousands on the plains and in California. The danger still is threatened that cholera will spread and rage in the coming year throughout the East and also on the Pacific Coast. Over land and by sea the pestilence is to be dreaded and guarded against. But the danger is greatest from the Atlantic Coast, from the great receiving ports of the motley European immigration which daily swarms in thousands by emigrant steamers crowded with the destitute and filthy, the refuse and dregs of the vilest of the congested districts of Europe. During the recent cholera excitement, the emigrant steamship companies suspended the dangerous traffic. The vigorous American quarantine in New York and other Atlantic ports forced the suspension. But now that the excitement is generally allayed, these same steamship companies are resuming the pestilential traffic to unload upon American shores hundreds of thousands of the worst types of emigrants. Cholera germs linger on these poor wretches' persons and in their tatters, to be carried and to break forth wherever they go. Quarantine and fumigation are alike unable to assure positive and strict prevention against the danger of the disease. The only security is that of absolute prohibition of their presence. It will be a fearful calamity to undergo another outbreak of cholera like that which raged early in the decade of 1850-60, and that has scourged European countries within the year, especially in view of the great fair at Chicago and the millions interested in our own country and abroad. The Congress to meet early in December should act with promptness in such amendment of the immigration laws as will adequately provide a remedy against the dangers of the vicious foreign influx from which to breed pestilence. The gates should be closed.

The conjectures as to the cause of the recent Republican disaster are endless. While they are profitless, they are interesting. The most probable, in our opinion, is that the silent vote of the workingmen has caused the revolution. It is impossible to guess at the views of the workingmen of this country on great questions. The "labor organs" are few, and read only by their believers. The workingmen have no forum in which to voice their views. It is evident that they have come to believe that protection works them harm. It is difficult to see how they can reach this conclusion, but they have done so. Take the workingmen of Homestead, for example. The very town in which they live is a creature of protection—it did not exist fifteen years ago. The industry in which they are employed could not exist without protection. Were English iron and steel to be laid down free of duty in this country, not a pound of steel rails would be rolled in Pennsylvania. Yet workingmen in Homestead, who have been receiving as high as eighteen dollars a day for their labor, have voted for free trade. It is difficult to understand their frame of mind. Devoutly we hope that the Democrats will have the courage of their convictions, and give us absolute free trade. If they do, the next four years will be a bitter lesson for the workingmen of America, but one that they will remember.

The Third Congressional is the banner Republican district of California. Hence the Democratic statesmen of Alameda County do not yearn for the Congressional nomination. When it is about to be made, the war-horses take to the woods. This year Warren English was told that he ought to take it for the good of the party, and lead the forlorn hope. Mr. English took the nomination with the enthusiasm of a child taking ipecac. But the corner of the Democratic cyclone struck Alameda County. As we go to press, it has apparently elected Mr. English, who is the most amazed man in California. The Democratic war-horses meanwhile are slowly returning from the tall timber.

The percentage of fools in San Francisco is large. Fortunately, however, they are not in a majority. Ellert has been elected over O'Donnell, beating him about fifteen hundred votes. Out of fifty-five thousand voters, about fifteen thousand voted for O'Donnell. This would seem to show that the percentage of fools in San Francisco is about twenty-seven and five-tenths per cent.



## THE HEART OF A STATUE.

Under the spell of mystical tales and of the eventful history of the past, I became, in early childhood, a victim to that love for antiquity which touches youth as with the silencing finger of age. As the ancient times sleep in the forgetfulness of the present busy world, so, in my childish mind, never awoke a wholesome interest in the activities of to-day; and so, too, as this tale will show, has this influence put into an unwaking sleep of mystery all that my life held dear. How fortunate, I thought, that a safe age for traveling and sufficient means came together! How differently I think now!

In my twentieth year, I left home to visit in body the scenes through which print had enabled my mind to rove. With the details, the discoveries, the delving joys of my fifteen years' tour, this narrative has naught to do; but in a seemingly trivial incident of my sojourn in the Upper Valley of the Nile, it has its fateful beginning. One wanders through that lovely vale, in which the many monuments seem but detached parts of the skeleton of a gigantic past, as a dreamer, and now, in the shadows cast by the events I am to relate, it, indeed, floats in my memory as the frightful visions which through a sleep induced by an oriental drug.

One day, toward the close of my wanderings, I stood before the white rock-hewn temple of Abou-Simbul, or Abu-Simbel, in Nubia, gazing in rapt meditation upon one of the huge stone figures which for two thousand years have quietly sat by its portal. It was my second visit to the place, charmed back by the face of this one figure. Originally there were four colossi, two on each side of the entrance; but the upper portion of the one next the door on the left has broken and slipped away. This fracture, I may say, is strikingly noticeable here, for the ancient tomb is wonderfully preserved. The carvings are still so sharply outlined and so fresh that, gazing upon them at those places which show that the work was suddenly discontinued, one is almost deluded into the belief that the sculptors are only away at their meal, or enjoying a holiday, and will soon resume their labors.

It was the serene face of the companion to this shattered statue which had charmed me back from Alexandria. It was more beautiful than those still preserved on the other side of the entrance, and, on my first visit, I had stood for hours trying to analyze its expression and to fix in words what state of mind it showed. I had returned to solve the puzzle, and, as I stood there, it seemed to me that I caught a change in its ancient countenance, as if longing for its companion had crept into its stony heart. Whether this was my imagination, wrought up by years of reading and delving into the obscurities of antiquity, or whether it was erosion of the elements, certain is it that the face, which had lured my interest, haunted my sleep, and intruded upon my study, was changed. I felt that it could not be the latter cause, for the climate of Egypt is highly preservative. Relics transported to other climates have speedily crumbled. This figure, with hands resting idly by its side, had sat unchanged through twenty centuries; certainly, in the two months between my first and second visit, the elements could not have altered the lines of its quiet face.

As I thus, in perplexed inquiry, studied the face of Rameses, a movement near the ground caught my eyes, and looking down, I saw an Egyptian leaning against the ankle of the broken statue. Seeing that I noticed him, he immediately advanced and silently waited until my scrutiny ended. His dress, which showed him to be of the higher class, consisted of a striped silk *kufan*, or vest, extending to his ankles and held to his waist by a fine muslin girdle. Over this was the *gibbeh*, or outer coat, of fine texture, and upon his head was gracefully wound a beautifully figured turban. He was probably fifty years of age, sternly dignified in bearing, and as I looked upon his bronzed face, I lifted my eyes instinctively to the statue's countenance above me, and started, amazed at the likeness.

He smiled a moment, and, throwing the long, slit sleeves of his *kufan* from his right hand, he reached toward me a small oval casket. Upon my inquiry as to what it was, he turned with a reverent motion and pointed upward at the stony face. Asking his meaning, he replied, in his own tongue, which I will translate:

"Allah be praised, I have made this casket from a stone fragment of the broken image. It had broken from the place which in a man is the heart. As I examined the piece, lo! I discovered a small opening, and as I scraped the stone, I found it led into a tiny hollow into which Nile moisture evaporated from the last overflow had collected. I cut carefully around this hollow, leaving a thin wall of stone, thus forming a little bottle. With what remained of the fragment I fashioned this box, inlaying it with the devices you see. I now offer it for sale to you as a curious relic of this land and of this, the most wonderful of the monuments of the valley. I call it the heart of the statue, and it still holds the liquid. Besides the curiosity of it, it has a potent charm, which I know not. I have examined all the writings and I find no light, but I fancy its potency must in some way influence the affections—a philter likely, for you must know that Rameses the Strong and Great built the tombs in memory of his love for his wife Nefertari."

He slipped the lid from the casket and disclosed a tiny bottle, gracefully shaped and elaborately carved, resting in a bed of perfumed reeds from the Nile. The strange article caught my fancy as a souvenir of my rambles, then nearing their close, and I bought it. The Egyptian bent to me with an oriental salutation, returned to the ankle of the statue, repeated it, and disappeared into the temple.

My parents and a young brother having died in my absence, no one welcomed me home but my sister Agnes, whom I found winning and beautiful far beyond her girlhood promise. She lived in the sombre homestead, with no company save a long-trusted woman-servant, and I saw, with satisfaction, that my return had brought light into the gloom of her life. From the extreme loneliness of the old home,

and from the fact that all but one of the few friends of my early manhood were scattered or dead, my visit promised little pleasure. How fatefully different from even this promise was the result! Immeasurably better would it have been had I dreamed on amid the tombs of the past!

The one remaining friend mentioned was Foster Marlow, the most lavishly gifted young man, mentally and physically, I had ever known. He was one of those rare persons who have no fault except it be that of perfection. Handsome, vivacious, and witty, his companionship, apart from my sister's loving attention, was the brightness of my homecoming. From him I learned what, both grave and gay, had happened in my absence, and in him I found my most attentive listener to my descriptions of ancient lands and to the wonder-tales I had gathered.

One evening—how terribly is that evening branded upon my memory! It was a soft June twilight when Marlow came to the house. The air was cloyed with the roses and honeysuckles that clambered over the house, and heavy with that summer languor which impels some natures toward the mournful in life. I saw at once that he was despondent when he entered. He sank into an easy-chair by the window and sat silent for a long time, with his head in his hands, while I, in a similar chair not far from him, watched the moonlight effects among the ivy leaves upon the eastern gable. It was not the first time I had noticed the cloud upon his sunny nature; but it seemed now to have shut out all the light. Few men are so despondent over a general weight of trouble—Marlow was oppressed by one particular grief. I did not obtrude a question, but waited until he chose to speak, which was not long delayed.

"Andrew," he said, raising his head, "you do not know what unrequited love is, do you?"

"No," I answered; "do you?"

"Know it," he repeated, gripping his hands—a movement which the diffused moonlight showed me; "I know nothing else now."

"Do you *know* that your love is unrequited," I asked, "or have you only a lover's fear that it is not?"

"I know it only too well."

"And the lady?" I ventured, yielding slightly to a spirit of jollity; "is she so handsome, so charming, so talented, so everything lovely, that a man like you, Foster, can not seek elsewhere?"

He glanced quickly, with the air of a determination to confide. It was a peculiar look he wore and one which I interpreted only too fully afterward. But changing his mind, upon reflection, he reclined again in the chair, and responded:

"All men may not think so, but I do, Andrew. I believe you would, too. No other woman in this world can be to me as—she is."

"Won't you tell me all about it? Perhaps I may help you, and the telling may cheer you."

He hesitated a moment, then answered:

"No, not now. I am too blue. I will tell you all again."

"Well, then, what can I do to cheer you? It is no use reminding a man of your convictions of the old adage of the fish and the sea. Do you think it would help drive away your mood if I tell you a strange thing that happened to me at the tomb of Abou-Simbul, in Nubia?"

"Perhaps it would. Please try it."

In my effort to cheer him I entered minutely into the details of the incident at the tomb, and concluded with a fanciful speculation as to the charm which the Egyptian said the liquid in the bottle possessed.

"Suppose," I said, "it really is one of the old philters we have both read of. Suppose one drop of it placed on the brow or the palm of your adored one should cause her to love you. Would you try it?"

"No, I would not. I want her to love me of her own will."

"On the other hand, suppose that a drop of it placed on your palm or your tongue would drive the love for her from your heart or bring about some remarkable transformation, would you try it then?"

He looked up at me, and I saw desperation settle upon his face as he answered:

"I don't know. I'm afraid I should be greatly tempted. It seems to me sometimes that I would do anything to escape the torture I now suffer. But, of course, this is all supposition. I am interested, though, in the occurrence. Have you the casket here?"

I lighted the gas and took the casket from my oak cabinet. Sliding off the lid, I handed it to Marlow, who gazed curiously at the little bottle in its bed of Nile rushes. He lifted it out and examined it closely in the light, remarking on the skill displayed in its carving and the strangeness of the fact that it was made from the heart-stone of a statue.

"The idea at least is odd," he said, as he placed it on the table, "that this liquid should be impregnated with the longing of that broken statue for its old place by the other's side. But turn out the gas again, please, and let us sit in the dark. It accords so much better with my feelings."

I complied, and we resumed our chairs. How despairingly I remember now the despondency into which he sank. I was at a loss to know how to entertain him. I thought of some merry tale to read to cheer him and to avoid the possibility, which came fearfully to my mind, that he might be desperate enough to try the power of the liquid. I turned my head toward the book-case in a far corner, trying to decide upon the story for my purpose.

I could have looked away but a moment, when I felt a sudden change in the air, not a chilliness or a heat, but a difference in the air—the difference between the air of one land and another. Then I became aware that a soft odor was stealing into the room, and with that quickness with which the sense of smell darts the memory into the past, my mind recognized it as the faint odor I had detected in the Nile Valley. The strangeness of it kept me still for a few moments. Then, throwing off the spell, I turned to ask Marlow if he had noticed it, when, with a startled cry, I

leaped from my chair, for his place by the window was vacant. The window was clearly outlined, with a square of moonlight upon the floor, illuminating the damask curtain and glistening from the gilt fastenings.

But clearly and certainly as I saw this and his vacant chair, there rose between me and it, like a transparent veil, the towering white tomb of Abou-Simbul, with the broken statue by its portal, and beside it the perfect one upon whose face was the unsolvable expression. I could but look upon it, spectrally visible as I had often seen it in the soft moonlight of the valley. And as I looked, from the ankle of the broken statue I saw the same Egyptian, in his striped *kufan* and flowered turban, walk forward and look at me. A smile of derision seemed to play over his swarthy face. With a low bow, then, he turned and vanished into the door of the tomb, and slowly the vision faded, leaving me standing in the dark room, gazing bewildered upon Marlow's vacant chair by the lighted window.

Recovering slowly, as from a dream, I lighted the gas and looked around. Marlow had vanished; his hat was still upon the table, while on the floor, by the leg of his chair, stood the little bottle. It had been constructed to right itself upon a fall, and I found it still held some of the liquid. I stood a moment, tempted to toss it through the window; but reflection showed me the necessity of keeping it, for the conviction was now fixed in my mind that Marlow, hopeless in his love, had deliberately risked the charm and had been transported, perhaps beyond recall, to some mysterious region.

Who was the woman he had loved, whose coldness had driven him to desperation? He had never told me. Was it my duty to find her and tell her what had happened to him? In what legal responsibility did this terrible affair place me? These queries kept me motionless, and only the thought that possibly he had run from the room in his agony, or even jumped from the window, roused me to hopeful action. I hurried around into the grounds, and in the moonlight looked for footsteps under the window, but found none. Still influenced by hope, I rushed to his home, but was told that he was not there, and had not been since the early evening. The little doubt still remaining was then speedily driven away by a chilling recollection of the vision of the towering walls of Abou-Simbul and of the hated Egyptian.

I had grown to love young Marlow, and the following days were dark with a grief which was sharpened by the perplexities of my position. I suffered alone, for Agnes had gone away to visit a schoolmate in a neighboring city. The news of the disappearance had spread rapidly and widely, and I soon learned that suspicion was directed toward me. I had previously known that, because of its sordidness, our house was looked upon with ill-favor by those prone to superstition, and that, because of my long absence abroad and of my absorbed interest in the lore of the ancient lands, I myself was regarded with distrust. Suspicion naturally tends toward such a man, so that I was not surprised to know that upon the law officers Marlow's father was urging a search of our home and my arrest.

Under these circumstances, I decided to invite Marlow's father and the district-attorney of the county to my home, show them the bottle, and fully explain the occurrence. Toward evening of a day just a week after the disappearance they came, and I had them shown into my study, from which the charm had spirited my friend. Just as I began to tell my strange story, I was summoned to another room, and there I found Agnes in distress. She had just returned.

"What is this," she asked, "about Mr. Marlow's disappearance?"

"He has been charmed away," I replied, scanning her face in some wonder.

"But how?" she demanded.

"Come with me into the study. I am about to tell it all to the officers who are here to arrest me."

"Andrew!" she cried, with increased agitation, "this is horrible. What is this charm? Where is it? Tell me—tell me!"

I caught the hands extended imploringly toward me, and, wishing to know if her emotion sprang from my own peril or from the fact, which I had suddenly come to fear, that she was the woman Marlow had loved, I asked:

"Agnes, do you know the woman whom Marlow loved?"

"Know her," she repeated—"know her? Yes—yes, I know her well."

"And why did she not love him? He was desperate in his hopelessness the night he tried the charm. Has she told you why?"

"She has not told me why she did not love him," she answered, with an effort at restraint; "for she loves him with all the devotion of a woman's heart. She is desperate herself. It was a misunderstanding between them. It will kill her."

"You must go to her and tell her of it gently," I said, believing now that Agnes's emotion was but sympathy for her friend and deep sorrow for this woman, which had grown during the dreadful days, welling up.

"If she knows how he has gone," Agnes said, "she will come to you and demand to know where your devilish charm has sent him. It is a judgment on you for meddling in these unhallowed studies. If you know where he has gone, you must tell her. I myself will compel you. I—but where is the charm? Show it to me. Give it to me that I may go to her and let her go where she is. She will not be denied. She will risk anything to be with him. Where is it?"

With great difficulty I pacified her and induced her to go with me to the study. Her outbreak had set me doubting again. Could it be that it was Agnes poor Marlow had loved? I shuddered at this new horror—the tragedy I had brought into her life. Why had I not remained and died in the East?

We found Marlow's father and the district-attorney impatiently waiting. By a strange chance, Agnes took the chair Marlow had occupied on the fatal night; and with a look of desperate determination and censure, which pained



me beyond words, she fixed her large eyes upon me. The shadows were falling quietly as I began my story. How fitting it was they should fall then. I saw disbelief growing upon the faces of the two men. Concluding, I took the stone casket and, handing it to the attorney, told him to examine it. He and Mr. Marlow complied incredulously, and when they returned it to me, and I had placed it on the table, I said:

"You do not believe me?"

"I do not, for one," answered Mr. Marlow, "and I shall demand an examination of these accursed premises. The body of my murdered boy will be found here."

"And I do not believe this wild tale," echoed the district attorney. "We will have the place thoroughly searched."

"Gentlemen," I cried, "I do not wonder at your disbelief. It is natural. But there is one way to prove my assertions. That is for me to put myself voluntarily under this charm. Let it spirit me away. My unwitting instrumentality in bringing about this terrible calamity has made my life unbearable. If you say so, I am ready."

The two men looked inquiringly at each other, and I waited a few moments. Then I turned toward the table to take up the bottle, determined to make the sacrificial proof; but, with a scream of terror, I sprang toward the window, for Agnes was standing up, moving the bottle toward her lips. Before I could prevent, some of the liquid was upon her tongue, and, with an eager cry, "Foster, Foster, I am coming," she vanished from my sight.

Instantly the same change I had felt before stole into the air of the room. The two men uttered a sharp, frightened cry, and, in the fading light of the evening, the three of us stood looking at the vision of the tomb of Abou-Simbel towering up, distinctly as I had ever seen it, with the broken image at the door, and its companion wearing the same serene look it had maintained through twenty centuries. From the foot of the shattered one again walked the Egyptian, and, with a mocking bow, he turned and disappeared. Then slowly the great statues and the tomb faded away, leaving us standing in the darkness of a night which, to me, has never gone.

HOWARD M. HOKE.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892.

## OLD FAVORITES.

M. nuela.

From the doorway, Manuela, in the sunny April morn,  
Southward looks, along the valley, ve leagues of gleaming corn;  
Where the mountain's misty ramparts like the wall of Eden towers,  
And the isles of oak are sleeping on a painted sea of flowers.

All the air is full of music, for the winter rains are o'er,  
And the noisy magpies chatter from the budding sycamore;  
Blithely frisk unnumbered squirrels, over all the grassy slope;  
Where the airy summits brighten, nimbly leaps the antelope.

Gentle eyes of Manuela! tell me wherefore do ye rest  
On the oak's enchanted islands and the flowery ocean's breast?  
Tell me wherefore, down the valley, ye have traced the highway's mark  
Far beyond the belts of timber, to the mountain-shadows dark?

Ah, the fragrant bay may blossom and the sprouting verdure shine  
With the tears of amber dropping from the tassels of the pine,  
And the morning's breath of balsam lightly brush her sunny cheek—  
Little recketh Manuela of the tales of spring they speak.

When the summer's burning solstice on the mountain-harvests glowed,  
She had watched a gallant horseman riding down the valley road;  
Many times she saw him turning, looking back with parting thrills,  
Till amid her tears she lost him, in the shadow of the hills.

Ere the cloudless moons were over, he had passed the Desert's sand,  
Crossed the rushing Colorado and the wild Apache Land,  
And his laden mules were driven, when the time of rains began,  
With the traders of Chihuahua, to the Fair of San Juan.

Thereafter watches Manuela—therefore lightly doth she start,  
When the sound of distant footsteps seems the beating of her heart;  
Not a wind the green oak rustles or the redwood branches stirs,  
But she hears the silver jingle of his ringing bit and spurs.

Often, out the hazy distance, come the horsemen, day by day,  
But they come not as Bernardo—she can see it, far away;  
Well she knows the airy gallop of his mettled alazan,  
Light as any antelope upon the Hills of Gavilan.

She would know him 'mid a thousand, by his free and gallant air;  
By the fealty-knit serape, such as wealthy traders wear;  
By his brodered calzoneros and his saddle, gayly spread,  
With its cantele rimmed with silver, and its horn a lion's head.

None like him the light riata on the maddened bull can throw;  
None amid the mountain-canyons track like him the stealthy doe;  
And at all the Mission festivals, few indeed the revelers are  
Who can dance with him the jota, touch with him the gay guitar.

He has said to Manuela, and the echoes linger still  
In the cloisters of her bosom, with a secret, tender thrill,  
When the bay again has blossomed, and the valley stands in corn,  
Shall the bells of Santa Clara usher in the wedding morn.

He has pictured the procession, all in holiday attire,  
And the laugh of bridal gladness, when they see the distant spire;  
Then their love shall kindle newly, and the world be doubly fair  
In the cool, delicious crystal of the summer morning air.

Tender eyes of Manuela! what has dimmed your lustrous beam?  
'Tis a tear that falls to glitter on the casket of her dream.  
Ah, the eye of Love must brighten, if its watches would be true,  
For the star is falsely mirrored in the rose's drop of dew!

But her eager eyes rekindle, and her breathless bosom thrills,  
As she sees a horseman moving in the shadow of the hills:  
Now in love and fond thanksgiving they may lose their partly ties—  
'Tis the alazan that gallops, 'tis Bernardo's self that rides!

—Bayard Taylor.

The second son of the Czar, the Grand Duke George, continues his peculiar course of treatment for pulmonary disease. In accordance with his physician's theory that a low temperature tends to destroy the consumption bacillus and to prevent the growth of tubercles, the room of the royal patient is unpapered and bare, the mattress on his bed thin, and the fires moderate in the coldest weather. The progress of the disease is said to have been checked; but his attendants suffer extremely from the cold.

Sir Archibald Gerkie, of the British Association, after much careful thought and patient investigation, together with a deal of figuring, has come to the conclusion that the world is between 73,000,000 and 650,000,000 years old.

## GIRL STUDENTS IN PARIS.

"Sibylla" on the Fair Americans of the Quartier Latin.

"God bless the American girl!" I exclaimed, as I jumped into an open cab that had long been waiting for me in an out-of-the-way corner of the Quartier Latin, at the door of the "American Girls' Club." The red-faced coachman stared stupidly down at me through his blood-shot eyes, as he sat top-heavy on the high seat of his rickety victoria, and wondered how anybody could talk such a barbarous language in the very heart of his dear old Paris.

But "God bless the American girl!" I could not help repeating, with exultation, as I rattled off through the ugly streets of that part of the city where students and savants, in their ancient schools and modern universities, brew all the learning that France keeps on ever showering over every clime and country of this wide world, and spreading the sacred fire of scientific passion with that apostolic vitality peculiar to the French. How different are the provincial-looking streets of the Quartier Latin from the new Paris that surrounds Napoleon's "Arch of Triumph"! There do all foreigners seem to live; there all is light and space; everything breathes wealth and luxury, and art and pleasure go hand in hand. But in the old quarter—where genius is conceived and art is born, where poetry stammers its first rhymes—the streets are narrow and the houses inartistic, the shops are poor and their contents cheap, the pavements are badly kept, and barrels of dirt are often left standing on the door-step till late in the day. The very people over there look old and dusty, as they toil on in their endless struggle.

The university students alone give a touch of youth and life to the scene, and it is always pleasant to meet the graceful *beret*—the cap they have adopted to distinguish themselves as a class, and whose different colors designate the various schools to which their owners belong. Thoughtless, as regards all future trouble, yet living ever in dreams of future glory, the student believes in ultimate success, and fills this dark corner of the city with a halo of genius which is far more attractive to noble minds than the glitter of the new boulevards. The poor city is separated from its rich sister by the ever-winding river, where, as life runs on, the disappointed and heart-broken of both sides of its banks often find rest at last by drowning their despair.

The reader is certainly not prepared to believe that pleasure-loving Americans live in the Quartier Latin, with the Champs-Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne so near at hand, and will probably be surprised to learn that no less than two thousand American art-students have taken up their abode there, occupying, for the most part, a single bedroom overlooking the roofs or a forlorn corner opening on to a back courtyard, for the double reason that here they pay very little rent and find themselves within a few steps of the different art-schools they are in the habit of attending. Of these two thousand students, three or four hundred, at least, belong to the tender sex. These adventurous young persons seldom stay more than a year or two at a time in Europe, thus breaking up their home studies and not furnishing themselves with sufficient time or opportunity to follow a requisite European course. They are generally poor, besides which they invariably come over expecting to live on far less than they find it possible to do, and are consequently exposed to many unlooked-for privations. Living—bare living—costs pretty much the same in all great cities; but people in America are convinced that a franc is worth a dollar in France, simply because their rich cousins are always carrying home quantities of goods and chattels from the "Bon Marché" or the "Louvre," bought at absurdly low prices during their summer tours. But the American girl, however prone to extravagance when possessing the means thereof, knows how to sacrifice pleasure if her personal dignity is involved. An artist, who has lived in this little world for the last sixteen years, has assured me that he has seen much poverty, even misery, among some of the members of this small American colony, yet he has never heard of one begging. On three or four occasions at most he has been able to help one to return home, and has been invariably paid back as soon as his protégée reached America.

The greater part of these students are devoted to painting; musical adepts follow in point of number; then come sculptors; then medical students; and finally, we have a few architectural pupils. The American medical girl student is a heroine. No one who has not gone through the ordeal can imagine the amount of *sang-froid* required to mix with young Frenchmen at a medical *clinique*. I have seen girls driven nearly to desperation from injured pride at the shameful mockeries purposely carried on to insult their modesty by these young men. But these brave-hearted creatures usually end by winning the respect of both teachers and companions, after many long and painful experiences. The Délécluge Art School, No. 84 Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs for painting; Collarossi's for sculpture, No. 100 Rue de la Grande Chaumière for men—a No. 18 in the same street for girls; M. Collin's, No. 14 Impasse du Maine, and Contin's Plein-Air (out-door school), No. 100 Rue d'Ossos, are all favorites with American students. As for music, Massenet has deigned to accept a few pupils; Delléside has always had a great many; and finally, Mme. Marchesi, Mme. Lagrange, Mlle. Augusta Holmes—the most gifted female musical composer of the present day in Europe, who is a veritable genius—and Mme. Colonne, seem to have monopolized the remaining number.

These musical students are, for the majority, teachers in America who have worked hard for several years at home in order to save up sufficient money to pay the expenses of this great journey and the boon of uninterrupted study for a comparatively short time. Many come from the Far West, where their meagre talents are often mistaken for genius by doting parents; girls who have painted a flower or a passing landscape, and who have come to Paris with visions as vast as their own boundless prairies, while the old people at

home continue saving and sending every penny to pave their prodigy's way to fortune and celebrity; the poor prodigy, eating, meanwhile, mostly of that delectable viand known in French slang as *la vache enragée*, until at last, with all illusions lost, the child goes back with a long experience of trouble and an insight into her own and her country's ignorance regarding art matters. Not a few of these young girls come over with their mothers, and lead perfectly ideal lives dedicated to art and to study, totally unconscious of the pleasures tasted by their fashionable compatriots on the fashionable "right bank," where precious time is spent in buying new gowns or flirting with French noblemen, who have taken good care to ascertain the amount of the fortunes of their American friends before being presented. Thus, at the farewell reception given by Mrs. Newall to Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, on the eve of her departure, we counted no less than seventy ladies, mothers all to the brave girls who are hoarding up this old world's treasures and secrets with tenacious perseverance. As teachers in schools and in private families "out West" and "down South," they will soon be replanting the precious seed of artistic tradition in the great, striving, hard-working, go-ahead continent, where, if it be true that science overcometh matter, woman seems called upon to lead the way in a day not far distant.

But the greater number of these girl students have come alone, and live in single bedrooms, as has been already mentioned, going out in all weathers to take their frugal meals at forlorn little cheap restaurants known as *crémeries*, where the food is the reverse of nourishing, or else when they can not even afford this, cooking eggs, etc., over a spirit lamp and living on canned meats and vegetables. To meet this class especially—to give these girls a passing home, to be a friend to them in need—has this American Girls' Art Club been founded. The members themselves pretend, however, that it is not a club at all, because there is no register kept, there are no fees to pay, and there seem to be no regulation to follow. Yet, for all this, it is a club, because it procures all the advantages of one, though governed by the kindest of practical rules that were ever invented by Christian hearts.

The club such as it is, covers the entire first floor of No. 19 Rue Vavin. It is composed of three bright, pleasant rooms—a reading-room, a sitting-room, and a cloak-room; the whole forms a triangular apartment that overlooks a long, narrow garden, running out into one of those irregular squares so common in Paris, which are formed by the re-union of several converging streets. The walls of the apartment are covered with light-colored paper, the windows opening on to more air and space than is usual in this part of the city. The reading-room contains a small book-case and a large table covered with newspapers and magazines (and here I would fain open a parenthesis and make an appeal to the kind hearts of editors and publishers in the Golden City and to private individuals who do not know what to do with books they have read, to send a few contributions to their poor young compatriots at No. 19 Rue Vavin). Besides, there are two or three writing-tables, with plenty of paper, blotting-paper, pens, and ink. The sitting-room looks rather bare, notwithstanding its new piano, when not filled with groups of young, bright American faces; and finally, the cloak-room is the most useful of rooms, where as many as a hundred young women assemble daily, and in all seasons.

Every day, five-o'clock tea is served, and this hospitable act, taking place just as the studios close, when the young students are wearied and worn from hard and long work, becomes naturally the rallying point of the day. Ladies may receive their friends in the sitting-room, and, on Friday afternoons, Mrs. Newall presides. On Sunday evenings, the Rev. Mr. Newall holds a short service, and the evening ends like any social gathering. Young men are admitted on Friday afternoons and on Sunday evenings, thus affording ladies means of receiving their gentlemen friends and relatives with becoming dignity. No one belongs to the club by right, yet all American ladies have a right to share the pleasant hospitality offered therein, while English and foreign ladies who visit the club are warmly welcomed. The club has not yet celebrated its second anniversary, and counts already an hundred habituées, to say nothing of passing visitors.

The English colony in Paris is so impressed with the usefulness of the institution, that it is organizing one, though on a different basis. It will require yearly fees from all members, and references before admitting new ones, and there will probably exist a committee of inspectors and no end of cumbersome rules and regulations, which will make it very comfortable for well-to-do members, but will not be likely to offer the pleasant home-feeling to the poor, struggling artist as does the practical American organization.

At the club lives Miss Bradbury, who attends a morning studio herself, and during the afternoon hours is at the disposal of all the students who need advice or safe addresses, from the doctor to the dressmaker. Although the generosity and kind interest of one of California's daughters—Mrs. Whitelaw Reid—was of the greatest help at the beginning, and who, in a most large-hearted manner, covers the entire expenses of the club ever since she left Paris, the real founder of this kind, modest, and unpretending institution is Mrs. Newall, whose husband may be considered the Christian apostle of the American art-student colony. Mr. Newall came to Paris some fifteen years ago, and is the head of the little American church in the Quartier Latin.

As to the reports that have circulated in the States concerning loose habits contracted by American girls in Europe, they are false. I have collected sufficient evidence to prove that the American girl student seldom, if ever, forfeits her right to the respect of womankind. Yet heaven knows that her path is set with difficulties in the corrupt influences of European art studios. And, therefore, it is that I would fain end my letter with the words that began it: "God bless the American girl!"

SIBYLLA.

PARIS, October 19, 1892.



## PHILOSOPHICAL DUELISTS.

A Comedy in Three Acts.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Anywhere. Two gentlemen. As the curtain rises, the sound of a blow is heard.*FIRST GENTLEMAN [*with a red spot on his cheek, otherwise very pale*].—You have struck me.SECOND GENTLEMAN [*gayly*].—I intended to.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—I demand satisfaction.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Very well.

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—Here is my card.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—Here is mine.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Early morning in the smoking-room of a club. At one end are the two friends of the Challenger, at the other, those of the Challenged.*FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*in an undertone to second*].—Well, you know what we are to do—the affair must be arranged amicably, if possible.SECOND FRIEND [*contemptuously*].—Oh, no! impossible. We can not ignore the blow altogether.FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGED [*in same tone, to second*].—I have always thought our friend a big coward! What do you think he told me this morning? That he was ready to apologize.

SECOND FRIEND.—I never heard of such a thing! It's quite ridiculous! Besides I have never yet been second in a duel, and I certainly am not going to allow this chance to slip. I want my name in the newspapers.

[*The four advance toward each other.*]FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*solemnly*].—I deem it somewhat superfluous to recall to you, gentlemen, the incidents of the affair to arrange the preliminaries of which we are now met. My friend, as insulted, demands—SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED [*interrupting, hotly*].—An apology? Never!

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—Not at all, sir. The choice of weapons.

FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*softly*].—Do not forget, gentlemen, that we are here to settle matters in a friendly way—SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Exactly so. [*Continuing*]. A duel to the death, I suppose?

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—With rifles.

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Across a handkerchief.

FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*conciliatingly*].—Pistols, I think, at a hundred yards, would be quite sufficient.

FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Just as you please, but let us get the business over, for I have no time to spare to-day.

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Then it is with rifles.

FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—No; not at all. How tiresome you are with your rifle.

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Excuse me, but if you do not resent the injury, we do!

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—How can you? You did not receive the blow.

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Quite so, but we know it was well deserved.

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—Well, if the rifle is not to your taste, you can make it knives, for all I care.

FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Why not say the guillotine at once? Nonsense! Pistols at twenty paces is quite near enough. Two shots, and then shake hands. Is that satisfactory? Don't let us waste any more time, at any rate [*grumbling*], I am beginning to feel hungry.THE OTHER THREE [*in chorus*].—Agreed.

## ACT III.

A FOREST.—*The two principals in black coats, closely buttoned up to the chin, are casting glances at each other stealthily. The seconds, in a circle, are drawing lots for choice of pistols.*THE CHALLENGED [*aside*].—He ought to be a good shot. How foolish of me to have been so free with my hands.THE CHALLENGER [*aside, sorrowfully*].—He has got the better of me. A blow yesterday, and to-day he is going to shoot me like a dog. How fierce he looks!FIRST FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*loading a pistol*].—Sapristi, what a mistake! I have loaded with a double charge of powder!

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Oh, never mind, I'll put two balls into my pistol, and we'll cry quits. There! mine is loaded. Where are the caps?

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*innocently extracting a card-board box from his pocket*].—Here they are!

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—Why, what have we here? Quinine capsules?

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER [*wishing to regain the box*].—Oh, that's not it.SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED [*provokingly*].—An altogether unnecessary prediction.SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—Prediction of what? Of the courage of your friend? [*Pointing to the CHALLENGED, whose teeth are chattering with fright.*] He needs quinine, or some tonic.

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGED.—An insult! Sir, you are a fool!

SECOND FRIEND OF CHALLENGER.—And you—a clown!

[*They exchange blows. The two others come to their assistance, and the fight becomes a mêlée. It continues, and the two principals, tired of their solitary promenade backwards and forwards, approach each other.*]THE CHALLENGED [*to his adversary, very politely*].—This incident is most annoying.THE CHALLENGER [*no less politely*].—I am in no hurry; but if it is inconvenient for you— [*He makes the motion of taking aim.*]THE CHALLENGED.—I? Oh, not at all! [*After reflection.*] Quite the reverse.

THE CHALLENGER.—Just as I feel.

THE CHALLENGED [*eagerly*].—Really! Then why should we fight at all? In my opinion, it's absurd! Two heads of families—for you have some children, have you not?

THE CHALLENGER.—Not yet, but when I get married—

THE CHALLENGED.—Just my case! Besides, I must admit, I was too hasty the other day.

THE CHALLENGER [*generously*].—Please do not mention it.THE CHALLENGED [*gushingly*].—Yes! Yes, I conducted myself like a brute!

THE CHALLENGER.—Allow me. It was I, on the contrary—

THE CHALLENGED [*conclusively*].—You are a brave man! Let us go, if you will allow me [*with some hesitation*] to invite you to breakfast.THE CHALLENGER.—I was going to propose it to you. However— [*He stops, and then adds, undeterminedly*] And our duel?THE CHALLENGED.—Ah, yes, our duel! [*Very seriously*] Do you know what a duel is, sir?

THE CHALLENGER.—Well, to me it appears a sort of performance in which men fight against one another.

THE CHALLENGED.—Good! [*Pointing to the four seconds, who still continue to tear the hair from each other's heads.*] Are not they fighting for us? [*with perfect serenity*]. Honor is satisfied.[*Exeunt the principals arm-in-arm.*]

—Adapted for the Argonaut from the French.

According to a writer in the New York Times, the purchase of a valuable piece of property in Nassau Street, made about a year ago by a foreign banking house, was an investment of Queen Victoria's. "The queen owns other real estate in this city," he learned from a well-posted man, "and she has bought thousands of acres of land out West. The royal family of Germany has extensive investments in this city and elsewhere, and so has the King of Sweden. The ex-Empress Isabella of Spain owns several pieces of property in this city and in other parts of the United States. She is a woman of great foresight. The land on which the Western Union Building stands was once the property of the Empress Eugénie, and I presume that she still has some investments here. King Humbert of Italy is reputed to be a judicious buyer of property in this country, and persons suspected of being agents of the Czar of Russia have been looking about on this side of the water for first-class investments."

The mention, in some gossip from London, of Vicomte d'Harcourt's name recalls an interesting story of Marshal MacMahon's ignorance of geography. When Henri Rochefort escaped from New Caledonia, the news of his landing at Sydney was conveyed to Marshal MacMahon by D'Harcourt, who was generally supposed to be the real president of the French Republic. The marshal, much concerned by this news, said: "This is very serious; we must telegraph at once to the United States Government and see if extradition can not be obtained." The faithful vicomte whispered to his master: "But, Monsieur le Maréchal, Sydney is not in the United States; it is in Australia." Whereupon the marshal, whose knowledge of geography had never been very extensive, threw up his arms and exclaimed, in admiration: "That devil of a Harcourt, he knows everything."

The room in which Renan died was very simply furnished. A wooden bedstead stood by the single window, near which was the desk at which he usually wrote. There was a chest of drawers near the fire-place and a small table to the right, and these, with a few chairs, were the sole articles of furniture in the room. Shortly before his death, the great savant was asked if he understood Hebrew, and he replied: "Mon Dieu! I have been teaching it at the College de France for twenty-five years, but I can not flatter myself that I know it."

Persons who recall the furore created in 1859 by Blondin's crossing of Niagara on a tight-rope, may be surprised to learn that the great acrobat is still alive, and, although he is sixty-eight years of age, gives occasional exhibitions of tight-rope walking. He was the son of a gymnast, and began his rope-walking when only five years old. He has crossed Niagara three hundred times. He never uses a safety net. He is paid five hundred dollars a night for his performances.

It is not generally known that six of the famous Beecher family are still living, and that the oldest, Dr. Edward Beecher, recently celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday in a quiet way at his home in Brooklyn. His surviving sisters are Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, and Mrs. Mary Beecher Perkins; and the brothers are the Rev. Charles Beecher, of Pennsylvania, and the Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira.

The demoralizing effect upon youngsters of the "Peck's Bad Boy" stories was sharply emphasized in the *Lutheranische Schulzeitung*, a Wisconsin paper, as long ago as 1884. The article embodying this disapproval has been figuring in the campaign, as Peck is a candidate for reelection as governor.

The cost of shouting "Vive la France!" one time in Alsace-Lorraine has been fixed at twenty marks. Joseph Eugène Lemoine, a journalist, who lives in France but gave utterance to his patriotic feeling in Metz, has just found this out.

## RICH YOUNG BACHELORS.

"Fleaneur" discusses the Nets Spread for them by Willy Maidens.

The wedding of Eddie Gould, son of Jay Gould, to Miss Shady, daughter of Dr. Shady, was a pleasant but not an ostentatious affair. Neither the Goulds nor the Shadys are in the *Four Hundred*, and the invitations were limited. But if the *billets doux faire part* were few, the diamonds were many, and the coupons on the bonds which on that day passed into the ownership of the happy couple were past counting. In order to circumvent a premature escape of Eddie and the bride, the front door had been locked, and when they attempted a secret exodus, a shower of rice and old slippers overwhelmed them in the porch. People became so excited in their desire to contribute to the avalanche that they tumbled over each other, and an aunt of the bride broke her leg.

Mrs. Eddie Gould was seventeen on her last birthday. She caught her man at a dancing-class which used to meet at her house; wherefore let no man say hereafter that dancing is a frivolous and idle pursuit. She is rather handsome than a beauty; but she has a good color, with brown hair and hazel eyes, and a sweet disposition. Her mother was twice married, once to a man named Canteen, and then to Dr. Shady. The groom is a tall, lanky young man, who is not a success at small talk, but is very attentive to business, and knows all about stocks. He will, of course, presently become a millionaire, like his brother George, who married Edith Kingdon, the actress, and has been so happy with her that they have had four children in five years.

In these days, when it seems to be the destiny of the son of a rich man to become a spendthrift and a profligate, the family of Jay Gould do credit to "the Wizard." The girls are modest, retiring young ladies, who devote their lives to works of intelligent benevolence. They are not in society or their brothers, either. But that is because they do not choose to belong to it. Wherever money or counsel will relieve distress, soothe sorrow, or alleviate suffering, one of the Miss Goulds is sure to be found with open purse and kindly hand. The young men are as hard workers as if their *pot-au-feu* depended on their putting in eight hours at the office. One never hears of their getting into scrapes or taking a lead in the wild vagaries of fashion. They are supposed to speculate assiduously in stocks, and to lose in their operations a large proportion of the gains of their legitimate business. But their father did that before them. *Du reste*, who knows?

Not many of the rich youths of the period lead lives of work. With the exception of George Vanderbilt and Archie Huntington, none of them are studiously inclined. George Vanderbilt, the younger brother of Cornelius and William K., who has been for some years the greatest catch in the New York matrimonial market, has collected in his North Carolina palace the finest private library in America, and is never so happy as when he is shut up with his books. At one time, it is said he thought the books would be better reading if the fair daughter of Robert B. Minturn were there to turn the page; but the vision vanished into air, and he reads alone, a melancholy man. Archie Huntington, the adopted son of Collis P., was offered by his father the shipyard at Newport News—which is said to be the largest in the world—on coming of age, three years ago. He declined it with thanks, saying that money bored him, and that his aim in life was to write a book. So he learned Arabic, went to Madrid and Cordova, and is busy deciphering Arabic manuscripts with a view to the composition of a history of the moon which shall supersede Dozy's learned compilation.

John Jacob Astor, who has never been able to determine whether the man-hunt of which he was the object ended happily or wearily for him in his capture of Miss Willing, of Philadelphia, does nothing; for, after all, the begetting of a young Astor can hardly be considered an unexampled exploit. Sherman Martin, who is heir to the Bradley-Martin estate, fell from grace a few years ago by marrying a girl from a London music-hall; he is understood to have separated from his wife, and to be living somewhere on your side of the continent. Another of the *jeunesse dorée*, Lisenard Stewart, has varied the monotony of fashionable life by going into politics. He is a State senator, and has a good deal to say on the issues of the day. As he is the surviving representative of the great Rhinelander family, and is a millionaire in his own right, he has been assiduously stalked by every débutante for the last fifteen years. But he has had two guardian angels in the persons of his maiden aunts, the Miss Rhinelanders, who secretly believe that if divine Providence had foreseen his case, a woman would have been created specially for the honor of his espousal.

As he is one of the best leaders of the german in the city, he has, times without number, passed through the fiery furnace of flirtation, and the story goes that, on one of these occasions, he was badly hit. The successful archer was Miss Leiter, of Chicago, the daughter of the great dry-goods man. As in duty bound, he confided the fact of his wound—which was bleeding—to his aunts. They demanded that the lady be trotted out before them for inspection. A meeting was arranged. Miss Leiter bore the ordeal successfully. There was no fault to be found either with her face, or with her figure, or with her breeding, or with her wit. The maiden ladies groaned in spirit at the admixture of the pure Rhinelander blood with the common fluid which fills the veins of dry-goods dealers and Chicagoans. But they accepted the decree of fate, and cried, with one voice: "Stewart, you may propose." He did propose, and—was refused.

Our gilded youth are not so dissolute as the corresponding class in England. But neither do they furnish as many examples of young men who, being under no necessity to work for a living, devote their time and their abilities to the pursuit of politics, or letters, or science.

NEW YORK, November 2, 1892.



## "THE DUSKY ONE."

"Piccadilly" writes of Lady Randolph Churchill's English Home.

In these our days American women have become a distinct feature in English society. The "stranger" is always well dressed, nearly always rich, often very pretty, and generally amusing, and, as such, has appealed irresistibly to our aristocrats, many of whom, beginning with our dukes, have been drawn as prizes by their transatlantic cousins. A few years ago, when Lord Abinger and Sir William Harcourt took unto themselves American wives, Americans were looked upon as curious beings who had come to upset all the equilibrium of domestic happiness, but now one can hardly number the pretty, clever, and fashionable American hostesses of this country, among whom, perhaps, none are more handsome or more clever than Lord Randolph Churchill's wife.

The present residence of the Churchills is in Connaught Place, but they have often thought of changing their locale, as it is in rather an ordinary quarter, lying far beyond the bounds of Mayfair, to the north of Hyde Park. Again, situated as it is within the ward of Paddington, they are placed absolutely at the mercy of the constituency which Lord Randolph represents in Parliament, and so very accessible that excuses are of no avail; but, nevertheless, there are advantages, and the trees and flowers of the park, the warm southern exposure, and the wide view across London to the Crystal Palace have always proved powerful attractions and forcible temptations to retain their abode.

The gloomy, almost forbidding, outward aspect of the house materially belies the coziness and brightness of the interior. In fact, one is far from being prepared for the look of homeliness and comfort that greets you as the door opens upon a vestibule and hall hung with portières and furnished with old oak cabinets, chests, and chairs, with here and there some quaint foreign curio or trophy from lands unknown to the commonplace traveler. Many souvenirs of Lady Randolph's Russian tour are displayed, too—one of the most noticeable being a large trunk, or box, with a high, rounded top, painted a bright sea-green, and secured by gilt straps and buckles. To the right is a small snugery, or morning room, bearing conspicuous signs of daily occupancy and constant use by the mistress of the house. The walls, curtains, and furniture are of a light olive-green; a bright fire burns in the low grate, before which stands an old Chippendale screen, and, in all probability, within the fender will repose a most unsociable Skye terrier, in whose long, silken, hairy coat, were it not for its method of progression, it would be impossible to discern "the pother end from which." The floor of the apartment is of polished parquetry, and is covered with valuable Persian rugs and mats of all sorts. At right angles with the fireplace stands a substantial-looking writing-table, which is flanked by a tall three-fold screen of blue plush, fitted with a copper-wired letter-rack, generally filled with Primrose League documents or Parliamentary papers, while in the opposite corner is a palette-table well stocked with brushes, tubes, and all the working paraphernalia of an artist. A low, two-cornered couch fills one angle of the room, above which is a swinging canopy of black silk, embroidered with gold—of Japanese origin—and a second writing-table is pushed away to the left, upon which stands a large Mendelssohn photograph of Lady Randolph and her sister, Mrs. Moreton Frewen. The door is draped in oriental silk—a white ground, embroidered in birds and flowers in pale shades of blue and pink—and above the mantel-shelf hangs Carlo Dolce's "Reading Magdalen," with a remarkable portrait of two Marlborough relatives—a boy and a girl in the costume of last century—above it. On the wall opposite the window are suspended two scarlet silk panels, heavily ornamented in Japanese gold, and between them a long mirror and the picture of a favorite racer. Advantageous accessories are introduced, here and there, in the shape of old bronzes, oriental jars, Eastern curios, books, magazines, lithographs, caricatures from *Punch* and *Vanity Fair*, and a curious set of German etchings, printed in blue and framed in crimson mounts.

Passing through the hall, the walls of the wide staircase which leads to the first floor are found to be lined with etchings, engravings, mezzotints, and photographs. The drawing-room is then reached. It is a long, pleasant room, with three large windows commanding a view of the Ladies' Mile and the Serpentine further off. The walls are hung in pale amber-tinted paper, the draperies being of a deeper shade of the same color, with undercurtains of faint sea-green "Liberty" silk, while some of the many old paintings that adorn the room look as though they had but left the stately galleries at palatial Blenheim. One end is occupied by a grand piano, covered with a dull pink silk cloth, richly embroidered by Eastern experts, and upon it stands a copy of the famous Ansidei Madonna—once the glory of Blenheim, but sold to the nation by its dual owner—with a cabinet photograph of the Prince of Wales beside it. In one corner is a marqueterie escritoire, and behind it, at right angles, is placed an Empire screen of glass framed in silk, making a cozy corner on either side. Another large folding screen stands against the wall, covered in dull-blue plush, upon which is arranged a very rare collection of old colored prints, replicas in miniature of the "Rubenses" of the Louvre. There are two portraits of Lady Randolph on easels in the room. For one, which was exhibited at the Academy exhibition of 1890, she sat to the young artist, Mezzara, whose studio in Paris is already an established art-centre, while the other, for which Lady Randolph gave no sittings, is a water-color sketch in a costume of the Watteau period, by another favorite French portrait-painter. In regard to the furniture of the salon—the chairs, couches, sofas, ottomans, and the like—it is of no special period or *sicile*, but comprises many varied shapes, textures, and hues, and as each article has been selected personally by the lady of the house in her many wanderings, the pieces partake

of the nature of pleasing souvenirs. Lady Randolph is the daughter of the late Mr. Leonard Jerome, of New York. In personal appearance she is very distinguished—tall, graceful, and dignified. Of decidedly a Southern type, her coloring is warm, though lacking in any vivid tints. She has soft, dusky hair which rolls back in natural waves from a well-modeled forehead; her eyes are dark and expressive; the lines of mouth and lips are cleanly cut, and her chin short, round, and determined. Like many other American girls, Miss Jerome's education was completed at Paris, but the family's stay there was cut short by the outbreak of the Commune, and they decided to come to England at a moment's warning. The autumn season was spent at Cowes, and there Miss Jerome met her husband. The acquaintance soon led to an engagement and marriage, since which event Lady Randolph has paid only occasional flying visits to her native country.

Although not actually a leader of society, there is, perhaps, no one more popular, at all events, in the lively set, than "Jenny Jerome," or, as she is more universally called, "the dusky one." Still she has now given up society in the general sense of the term—that is, she never appears at large social gatherings, unless it is a political one that may be of some use to "Randolph"; but, all the same, very few, smart, small dinners are considered perfect without her; and her set is certainly the most sparkling, the most amusing, the best dressed, and the most *chic* in town. She is quite happy in her husband's position, her own fortune and personality, takes no trouble to make friends, and trips merrily along that path of pleasure which makes up the life of so many of her countrywomen.

It must not, however, be for a moment supposed she is a frivolous, empty-headed pleasure-seeker. She is a perfect pianist, and an excellent painter, and one of the cleverest of her set, though without a touch of the "blue-stocking." She repudiates the idea of being at all a female politician; but she exercises, nevertheless, some influence in political circles, and has more than once done loyal service to the Conservative party at contested elections. Her exertions, abetted by her personal appearance, were distinct and telling factors in returning her husband, a year after their marriage, as Member for Woodstock, and since the critical time in 1885—which followed closely on her husband's appointment as Secretary of State for India—she has been recognized throughout all England as one of the most indefatigable of the "Primrose Dames."

Like all very pretty women, she is by far a greater favorite with men than with her envying sisters, and her unconventionality may present opportunities for invidious remark. The heir-apparent once admired her most enthusiastically—if he does not do so still—and, naturally, scandal-mongers made the most of it. They said, indeed, that it was on this account that Lord Randolph so suddenly accepted the commission that took him to Africa, and that Lady Randolph Churchill thereupon dispelled suspicion by favoring an intimacy with her future sovereign's son and heir, Prince Eddie, Duke of Clarence and Avondale, who became madly infatuated with her. But that did not hurt her reputation very much, and as an especial favorite with the queen—who, by the way, invested her with the Order of the Crown of India seven years ago—she has as yet very little to fear from any outside calumniators.

LONDON, October 18, 1892.

Two of the most prominent and learned professors of the University of Budapest came very near engaging in a duel over a very strange and senseless cause. Dr. Heinrich and Dr. Ballagi differed in opinion as to the correct way in which to spell the name of the famous prince of the Huns, the former maintaining that it should be spelled Attila, while the latter insisted that it should have but one "t"—Atilla. The controversy became very warm and personalities were dragged in. Finally Dr. Ballagi sent a challenge to Dr. Heinrich, and each appointed two friends to meet and decide how, when, and where the controversy should be settled in accordance with the code of honor. The four gentlemen met, and, after investigating the facts, decided that Dr. Heinrich had said nothing reflecting upon the honor of Dr. Ballagi, and that a personal encounter was uncalled for.

The Dowager-Duchess of Sutherland is at daggers drawn with her step-children. The present duke has turned her "bag and baggage" out of the dower house near Trentham, and, considering all things, it is not to be wondered that he did. The dowager's visit to this country evidently taught her to regard the interviewer with less horror than most English people do, for she has been pouring her woes into the ears of a reporter on a provincial paper, and has told him she intends to wash the dirty linen of the Leverton-Gower family in a court of law.

Colonel Cody, with his Indians and cowboys, has sailed for the United States. His tour in Europe began five years ago, and has brought him in a net gain of about sixty thousand dollars. Cody and his troupe will appear in Chicago next year, and then he proposes to retire from public life, as also does his business partner, Nate Salsbury, who at one time was a clever comedian.

In the introduction to the newly published book of stories by the Russian poet Pushkin, there is a detailed account of the poet's last moments as he lay dying after his duel with Dantes, the officer who had insulted his wife. Pushkin has been called the Byron of Russia. He died young—early in the century—and left behind him poems much in the style of the British bard's.

Mrs. Elizabeth Osby-Hunter, an eccentric old lady who died recently in London, forgot to leave anything substantial for her relatives, but bequeathed five hundred pounds per year to be held in trust for her parrot. In a codicil, five hundred pounds were added with which to buy the parrot a new cage.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mrs. Macbeth, an Englishwoman and the wife of a member of the Royal Academy, practices riding after fox-hounds astride of her horse, clad in knee-breeches, gaiters, and a divided skirt.

Mr. Labouchère is authority for the statement that the late Lord Tennyson destroyed a mass of his letters and manuscripts a few years ago in a fit of alarm caused by his reading Professor Froude's "Reminiscences of Thomas Carlyle."

The French papers have been full of accounts of an engagement between the Duc d'Orleans and one of Queen Victoria's granddaughters, these reports having arisen in consequence of his "forthcoming visit to Balmoral"; but there is no truth in them.

Mme. Patti, it is said, will sign her name for collectors only at the very top of the page. Once she signed right in the middle of a page, and soon afterward the leaf was further embellished with the words, "I promise to pay at sight the sum of one thousand pounds."

John Brisben Walker, the magazine owner and editor, is said to have sold recently a piece of Denver property for two million five hundred thousand dollars, for which less than ten years ago he paid only one thousand five hundred. Some thirteen years or so ago Mr. Walker edited a small weekly newspaper in Colorado, and was not rich.

Verdi, the composer, has set his heart on having the great French baritone, Maurel, for the leading rôle in his new opera, "Falstaff." But it is reported in Rome that Signor Ricordi, the publisher, who was delegated to conduct the necessary negotiations, finds that the Frenchman will charge a fabulous price for his services, and it does not seem practicable to agree to the terms demanded. In consequence, Verdi is said to be much depressed in spirits.

One of the penalties of the poet Whittier's fame was that people persisted in naming towns, and streets, and children after him, despite his gentle protest. When, some years ago, the poet received word from a friend in Virginia, a lady, that she had named a street in a new town for him, and had set aside a plot of ground for his use, he replied that during the same week three streets or villages had been given his name, and each had been accompanied by a gift of town-lots. "If this sort of thing goes on much longer," added the poet, "I shall be land poet."

One of the souvenirs Mrs. James Brown Potter brought back from her Oriental tour is a sword which was presented to her, dripping with blood, at Canton. It was used by the Chinese executioner, during Mrs. Potter's stay in Canton, to cut off the heads of nineteen pirates, and though the actress refused a pressing invitation to witness the act of execution, she accepted the weapon as a rare trophy of mandarin methods of justice. It hangs above her mantel now, in company with an Australian boomerang and a Turkish scimitar.

The Czar's physical strength, like his gigantic stature, is greater than that of any other European monarch. He is especially fond of boxing, at which he is very skillful, but he finds it difficult to induce any member of the court circle to stand up before his sledge-hammer pounding. The possibility of offending his imperial majesty by returning his heavy blows with interest prevents those who might do so from accepting his challenges, and others are probably mindful of the fate of the young aide-de-camp whom the Czar knocked down and killed with his fists because he suspected the youth of murderous designs.

Of Sir Andrew Clark, Tennyson's physician, it is related that, when thirty years ago the apparently very delicate young doctor applied for appointment on the staff of the London Hospital, the grayheads of that institution said among each other: "Let us give the place to the poor devil of a Scot; he won't last long, and it will please him." Now, all the medical men, all the nurses, all the attendants, who were Sir Andrew's contemporaries at the London Hospital are dead, and the "poor devil of a Scot" is a jovial, healthy-looking man, who has worked harder than most, and who still upholds, with boundless enthusiasm, his chosen motto, "Labor Vitæ Vita Est."

Albert Millaud, who died suddenly in Paris the other day, will be long remembered in that city and among lovers of wit and humor everywhere. He was the son of the celebrated banker, Millaud, who founded the *Petit Journal*, and began his literary career with some volumes of clever verse. But his celebrity is mainly due to his collaboration with Offenbach, for whom he wrote the librettos of "The Creole" and "Madame l'Archiduc," and, later on, for the delightfully amusing plays which he contrived for Mme. Judic. In latter years he was a constant contributor of sparkling satiric verse on local subjects and people to the columns of the sprightly *Figaro*. It is said that much of the money which he and Mme. Judic made by their plays was recently lost in an unfortunate mining-stock speculation.

One noteworthy feature of the recent general convention of Episcopalians, at Baltimore, was that most of the bishops present possessed the size and stature that usually characterize members of the episcopate. This fact recalled to one of the delegates the story of the embarrassing position in which an English lecturer once found himself. He was lecturing, before a Yorkshire audience, on American characteristics, and dilated on the small physique of Americans. It happened that Bishop Phillips Brooks, Mr. Robinson, of Boston, and Rev. Dr. McVicker, of Philadelphia, were present, and each of these gentlemen rose and exhibited himself as an American whose stature did not excite remark among his countrymen. As the shortest of them, Mr. Robinson was six feet tall, and Dr. McVicker nearly half a foot taller, this visible proof of the inaccuracy of his remarks disconcerted the speaker, and he left the platform in confusion.



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VANITY FAIR.

Three young men sat about a round table smoking and sipping after-dinner coffee, and their talk fell upon women. It is thus reported in the *New York World*: "I read in a paper, the other day," said one, "that young men don't marry as much now as they used to. What do you think about that?" "They don't marry as young now as they used to, because—oh, well, because it costs more to live, and a man hasn't made enough for two until he has reached thirty-three or four, and the girls have too good a time at home to want to marry until they have had their fling. Don't you think so? Girls have just as good a time as we do, you know, and everything is paid for—no debts, or notes, or duns, or anything of that sort." "Well, now," said the first speaker to the second, "why don't you marry? You have a pretty decent income—quite enough for two. The waste would never get beyond the threshold, at all events, and you just said, a few minutes ago, that you were sick and tired of knocking about; that you had done it all, and that there was nothing new to do, and that you were tired of clubs, hated restaurants and apartments, and were generally bored to death. Now, why not marry and have a house and home of your own and be a useful member of society?" "To tell you the truth," said the one addressed, "I'm afraid to. I'm afraid that I shouldn't like it. That if my wife was very good, and very loving, and of the clinging-vine kind, that I should be worried and bored; and, then, if she was handsome, and extravagant, and accustomed to a lot of society and admiration, why she would want to keep it up, and dine out all the time, and go to dances. I don't say I'd blame her, only I should be of no importance. I should simply develop into a supporter of a family, a man who went down-town every day and did some mysterious thing called 'business,' and then came home with some money at night. Now, if I could find some nice companionable—" "That's it," broke in the third, who had not yet spoken; "that's what I want—a companionable girl, a good feller, one who has had brothers, and knows what men are, and how they will smoke all over the house, and don't always come home at half-past nine o'clock; and will see the funny side of things, and not be hysterical, and fussy, and complaining, or haughty and superior. When you find that sort of a girl, just tell me."

Mrs. John Sherwood, in a recent lecture in New York on "The Tendencies of Modern Society," paid her respects to Lady Jeune's attacks on English society and the American girls who are noticed by the Prince of Wales. Mrs. Sherwood declared that, while money bought entrance for Americans in England sometimes, it also did the same for English people in England. If an American girl—bright, witty, wealthy, and well educated—sometimes enlivened the faded taste of the Prince of Wales, and an invitation to Marlborough House resulted, there was no reason to cry out against it. Then, if smart enough, the girl certainly had a right to make use of the acquaintances she made there to gain other friends. Mrs. Sherwood declared there were no such scandals in America as in England. Society here—real society—was composed of the best educated and most refined people, and because there were some snobs, that was no reason to conclude that society was composed of them. Society should not be judged by the snobs any more than an ocean should be judged by the drift thrown up on the shore. In England there was a set—exclusive, dignified, wealthy—where entrance could not be purchased by money. There was a corresponding set here in America that was gradually growing greater. Mrs. Sherwood declared that one of the greatest evils was the constant depreciation of society by itself—the epigrammatic, clever-tongued depreciation that found utterance in thousands of *bon-mots* from witty women. It was becoming the style, since young women were expected to be bright and witty, for young men to appear stupid. In regard to scandals in New York and Washington, Mrs. Sherwood declared her belief that in the capitals of no other country of the world was there to be found a society so free from rottenness and vice as in the United States. Abroad, women of rank had their circles of admirers openly.

There was never a great man yet, perhaps, except Napoleon the Great (declares a writer in *Black and White*), to whom his clothes were not a great deal more trouble than pleasure or profit. Napoleon, it is well known, made political capital out of the *Redingote gris*; and his gorgeous and effective coronation robes were the result of a council of state at which great painters and great actors were his counselors. Lord Tennyson studied comfort, but secured a certain dignity and picturesqueness with his slouched hat, cloak, and falling collar. Renan considered comfort alone, and comfort with him often carried shabbiness in its train. He wore a coat when he worked in his library which was rather a collection of tatters than a coat. When the news came to Renan that the Duke of Aumale had become his colleague at the Academy, the great French author was among his books and wearing this extremely ragged coat. He did not stay to change it, but carried his congratulations and his coat straight to the duke. "I could

not make out," he said to his wife when he came back, "how it was I attracted so much attention at the duke's." Madame Renan thought she could guess. A somewhat similar story is told of Dean Stanley, but it testifies rather to this good man's simplicity than his indifference to dress and appearance. "I never in my life," he told his wife after a sermon in Westminster Abbey, "so touched the congregation. They were entranced; every eye was upon me from the first word to the last." "No wonder," said Lady Augusta; "your gloves were inside your hat, and when you took it off they remained on the top of your head all through the sermon." The dean was remarkable for a very scanty use of action in preaching.

This article, by Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent, is on the same topic as one of the *Argonaut's* editorials in this issue; but it came to hand after the editorial was written. It is reproduced here as being strongly corroborative of the *Argonaut's* views: "Englishmen in business do not let their wives know what trade risks they are running, or what dangers are ahead," she says. "Nothing of this kind is kept from the Frenchwoman by her matrimonial partner. She is, in many cases, the chief business person of the firm. Thus, the wife of the artist takes upon herself the whole commercial work of the association, drawing buyers to the studio, calling on journalists who may help him to climb to fame, making out bills, and to the best of her ability freeing her partner from the prose of life to allow him to devote himself entirely to his art. Her diplomatic cleverness is taxed in hunting after the Cross of the Legion of Honor for him. Sir Joshua Reynolds regarded a promising painter who got married as lost to art, or, at any rate, certain never to be famous. The converse view is taken in Paris. The wife looks better than the husband could for investments for his earnings. Mme. Coquelin invests all the money made by the famous actor, who calls her his chancellor of the exchequer. The Frenchwoman can *finesse*, and understands that every truth is not to be blurted out. Still, there is a splendid frankness in the way in which she goes forward on whatever path she is following. That sort of snobishness that Thackeray tried to write down has no hold on her. No attempt is made by her to pass herself off for having a larger income than she really enjoys. I have often admired the freedom from snobbish pretension of the wife of many a young professional man, and have known some such who were qualified by good looks, education, and fairly good dowries to play ornamental parts in life. But they preferred to throw in their lots with those of struggling men of ability, who, if rich in well-founded hopes of succeeding in their respective walks of life, were far too poor to keep up a genteel establishment. What do you think of the highly accomplished wife of a rising young barrister preparing and serving a dinner for a dozen friends, and playing the part of hostess with a good grace? There was no hunching in either the cooking or the service, nor any crossness or flurry. The husband, I may add, helped in many ways before the guests arrived. I was asked for a particular reason to come early, and found him laying the cloth. He arranged the butter and radishes and went out on errands. Some of the most famous persons in Europe were expected. One was the illustrious German chemist Hoffman and another an Italian statesman. Men in France go in for high art; women for art applied to industry. If one looks into the reason why the French and the American women are the best dressed, one must trace it to their clear perceptions and strong purpose. Neatness is significant of a well-braced will, as shown in attention to dress and in keeping it in conformity with a given standard. Slipshod shoes, crumpled skirts, and untidiness are an evidence of moral flabbiness which one rarely finds in the garments of the Frenchwoman."

English ladies, who have had occasion to reside in the Australian colonies, complain bitterly of the want of gentlemanly courtesy and deference to woman-kind which characterizes the native Australian. It is not denied by any one, male or female, who has lived in the colonies, that the conduct of the men, especially the young men, is characterized by an offensive boorishness that is utterly unknown either in Europe or America. Ladies complain that men, rushing hurriedly along the street, come into collision with them and knock them on one side without a word of apology. If there is the slightest pressure for entrance into a railway train, the men push in before the women, using their superior strength in the most unmanly manner. This is not only recognized by European visitors, but is the subject of indignant comment by the better class of colonists and the papers which represent them. The Melbourne *Star*, writing on this subject, laments that the emancipated woman of the nineteenth century, with all the advantages of her position, should be treated with the degree of rudeness which marks the typical young Australian. Speaking of women, it says: "She meets him—and beats him—in class and college, in literary and artistic circles, in office and mart, and then, as a rival, forfeits the claim to special consideration which she enjoyed as a dependent." But, on the other hand, it is to be remarked that nowhere is a woman pressed to the front more successfully than in

America, and yet in no part of the world are they accorded so much respect and deference.

There is a shrewd suspicion that the love-letters of actresses, like their costumes and scandals, are largely imaginary, and are conceived for the highly necessary purpose of revenue only. This suspicion will not be removed (says the *Philadelphia Bulletin*) by what Miss Johnstone Bennett says on this subject. In an experience of some years on the stage, she says that none of those tender missives have reached her, which is a remarkable confession for any actress to make. It might easily be explained by some of the others on the ground that Miss Bennett has not had the reputation of being a remarkable beauty or one who sedulously catered to the class that rush into poetry whenever they behold a pretty neck or a graceful ankle; but she does not stop with the declaration that she has never received such a letter herself. In all the time that she has been on the stage she says she never actually came in contact with anything of the kind, although her acquaintance with actresses is naturally very wide. Some inquiry into the subject would in all probability lead to the conclusion that there is a great deal of truth in what this young woman says. There are many actresses who receive amatory letters from scatter-brained men and doubtless many others who receive similar missives from dudes and other harmless people. The burden of most of the letters which reputable actresses receive does not relate to the tender passion. Mme. Modjeska, Mary Anderson, Julia Marlowe, and others of that class find their mails heavy very many times with messages from strangers of both sexes; but it is with communications of a different sort. They are overrun with appeals for advice as to what must be done in order to become successful stars, and that is about all they are troubled with.

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The Letters of GENERAL SHERMAN and SENATOR JOHN SHERMAN, written just before the War. Edited by General Sherman's daughter. DOES THE BIBLE CONTAIN SCIENTIFIC ERRORS? By Professor Shields of Princeton. This is the first of an important series of papers on the Bible and Science.

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BISHOP POTTER writes on what should be done with the World's Fair on Sunday, the best solution of the problem yet offered. EDGAR WILSON NYE ("BILL NYE") contributes an amusing "Autobiography of an Editor" illustrated.

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"HE IS WAITING FOR ME."  
From "Sweet Bells Out of Tune."



## SOCIETY.

## The Pilcher-Bissell Wedding.

A pretty wedding took place last Wednesday noon, at the Hotel Pleasanton, when Miss Julia Bissell, daughter of Mrs. Henry B. Bissell, was married to Mr. William Pilcher, a wealthy retired barrister of London, who has large landed interests in this country. The bride came to this city from Cincinnati several years ago, and has a large number of friends here in society circles. A limited number of very intimate friends were invited to witness the ceremony. As the guests stood in the front parlor, the portières, dividing the suite of rooms, were lifted and a charming tableau was seen. The bridal party stood in their proper positions amid an array of tropical plants, and the ceremony was performed by Rev. W. W. Davis, of St. Luke's Church. Misses Therese and Elise Bissell, sisters of the bride, acted as bridesmaids; two little cousins of the bride, Misses Edith and Josephine Marshall, were the flower-bearers; and Mr. James Brett Stokes was best man. The bride's mother gave her into the keeping of the groom. The dresses worn by the ladies in the bridal party are described as follows:

The bride wore a most becoming gown of white Louis Quinze broadcloth, with a Directoire coat and a front of white chiffon. She carried a handsome prayer-book. Miss Therese Bissell appeared in an Empire gown of white mousseline de soie, en demi train, trimmed with ribbons of blue silk. Miss Elise Bissell's gown was fashioned in the same style, with trimmings of pink-silk ribbons. Miss Josephine Marshall wore a pretty gown of pink silk and Miss Edith wore blue silk. Both carried bouquets of fragrant flowers.

Mrs. H. B. Bissell wore a rich robe of black faille Française en train, with a front of pink and white striped silk.

After the ceremony came the congratulations, and then a sumptuous breakfast was served. Many beautiful presents were sent to the bride, and a number of felicitous cablegrams and telegrams were received. In the evening Mr. and Mrs. Pilcher left for Vancouver, B. C., to take the steamer *Empress of China* for Japan. They will remain in the Orient until March 1st, when they will go to India and proceed on a general tour of the world. Their future residence is somewhat indefinite, as they will travel for a couple of years.

## The Berger Reception.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and her daughter, Miss Hélène Berger, gave a delightful reception last Monday evening in their parlors at the Palace Hotel. Conversation was varied by several songs that were charmingly given by Miss Berger and Miss Marie Ponton de Arce, and an interesting recitation, "The Painter of Seville," by Miss Emily Sieberst. Mrs. Caldwell also played several instrumental selections in excellent style, and a number of dances were enjoyed. Light refreshments were served throughout the evening, and the affair was made pleasant in every way. Among those present were:

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, Consul and Mrs. Henry Lund, Mrs. H. B. Berger, Mrs. D. E. Friede, Mrs. Caldwell, Mrs. Laura Bufandeau, Miss Hélène Berger, Miss Marie Ponton de Arce, Miss Genevieve Mee, Miss Emily Sieberst, Colonel Charles Sonntag, Mr. C. Thore, Mr. William H. Chambliss, Dr. Harvey Holmgren, Mr. Hubert Mee, and others.

## The Launch of the Olympia.

The launch of the twenty-knot protected cruiser, No. 6, *Olympia*, took place from the Union Iron Works at twenty-five minutes past eleven o'clock last Saturday morning. This was the fourth affair of the kind that San Franciscans have witnessed, and it was quite as interesting as its predecessors. The ceremonies were commenced by a prayer by Rev. W. W. Davis, at the conclusion of which Miss Elsie Lilienthal raised the silver hatchet, and by a quick cut severed the rope and the new cruiser glided down the ways to the water. At the same instant, Miss Annabel Dickie broke a bottle of champagne on the bow of the cruiser saying: "I christen thee *Olympia*." That was all of the official ceremony. It was viewed by thousands of people, some of whom were on the grand stand and scattered around the works, others on shore, and hundreds in all manner of sailing craft. The flotilla in the vicinity of the cruiser made an interesting and picturesque sight, especially when, amid the din of blowing whistles, the fair sex waved a greeting to the vessel with kerchiefs and parasols. Most of the tug-boats, steamers, and yachts had private parties on board, and the guests subsequently enjoyed a cruise around the bay.

Those on the tug-boat *Fearless*, which came down from Mare Island early, comprised:

Admiral John Irwin; U. S. N., Rear-Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., Captain C. S. Colton, U. S. N., Chief Engineer J. W. Moore, U. S. N., Lieutenant George M. Stoney, U. S. N., Paymaster J. R. Stanton, U. S. N., Naval Constructor J. H. Linnard, U. S. N., Major H. A. Bartlett, U. S. M. C., and several other naval officers.

As the guests of Lieutenant-Commander Thomas W. Perry, U. S. N., on the *Madroño*, there were:

Lieutenant and Mrs. Holly, U. S. N., Miss Catherine Wood, Miss Ashe, Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey K. Window, Mrs. William Hulbert Morrow, Miss Maud Morrow, Mrs. Nat. T. Mee, Mrs. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. Sprague, Misses Sprague, Mrs. Commander Kempff, U. S. N., Colonel W. H. Benyard, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. H. Carlin, U. S. N., Lieutenant Parmenter, U. S. N., Mr. Joseph M. Quay, Mr. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. Alfred S. Tubbs, Mr. John T. Lloyd, and others.

Colonel Charles Sonntag had a large party of friends out on the steamer *Caroline*, and among them were the following:

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Sieberst, Mrs. B. F. Sherwood, Mrs. William T. Wallace, Mrs. E. P. Robinson, Mrs. A. D. Sharon, Mrs. Friede, Mrs. Bean, Miss Grace M. Spencer, Miss Ada Sullivan, Mrs. Ada Trevelyan, Miss Adèle Martel, Miss Ethel Martel, Miss Hélène Berger, Miss Naude Berry, Miss May Sharon, Miss Birdie Rice, Miss Emily Sieberst, Miss Sherwood, Miss Sadie M. Austin, Miss Romie Wallace, Miss

Ada Dougherty, Miss Edna Robinson, Judge F. E. Spencer, Colonel Thornton, Mr. George S. Mearns, Dr. Frank H. Fisher, Mr. William H. Chambliss, Dr. Harvey Holmgren, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Dr. W. H. Sieberst, Mr. R. G. Mackay, Mr. William Cameron, Mr. Harper, and others.

The steamer *Dora*, of the Alaska Commercial Company, in command of Captain C. J. Hague, had on board the following gentlemen as the guests of the company:

Mr. Leon Sloss, Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., Captain Niebaum, Mr. Joseph Sloss, Mr. Marcus L. Gerstle, Mr. William Gerstle, Mr. Rudolph Neumann, Mr. B. Arnold, Captain J. M. Hays, Mr. John A. Mason, Mr. Albert Gerberding, Mr. Fassett, of the *Albatross*, Mr. F. J. Batchelor, Mr. Leon Blum, Captain Newt, Mr. Charles Hirsch, Mr. William Haas, Colonel Barry, Mr. J. B. Levinson, Captain F. P. Anderson, and others.

In addition to these Captain Marshall had the tug-boat *Active*, Captain J. N. Knowles the *Sea Queen*, Captain Rasmussen the *Sea King*, with Mr. Henry T. Scott and a party of friends, Captain Harvey the *Rescue*, and Lieutenant-Commander Goodall of the Naval Reserve was out on the launch *Weihle* with his staff.

## Notes and Gossip.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Isabel Chipman, niece of General N. P. Chipman, of Red Bluff, and Mr. James Finnell, of Tebama County, which will take place in St. Peter's Church, at Red Bluff, on December 7th, and will be followed by a reception at the residence of General Bidwell.

There will be a brilliant wedding at Redondo Beach, at six o'clock, on Thursday evening, November 30th, when Miss Cathleen McCook, daughter of General A. D. McCook, U. S. A., will be united in marriage to Mr. Charles A. Craighead, of Dayton, O.

Miss Eugenia Chapin gave a very pleasant informal tea recently at The Colonial in honor of Miss Jennie Catherwood and Miss McKinnin, of St. Joseph, Mo. Among those who called to meet the young ladies were: Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. William Ellicott, Mrs. Charles Mason, Mrs. Wyman, Mrs. Fearon, Mrs. Frank T. Hoburg, Mrs. W. R. Quinan, Mrs. Josephine A. de Greayer, Miss Wilson, Misses Merry, Miss Jennie Watson, Misses Castle, Miss Dutton, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Moulder, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Sherwood, Miss Torbert, Miss Williams, Miss Irwin, and Miss Riordan.

Miss Wilsoo gave an enjoyable lunch-party at The Colonial recently in honor of Miss Jennie Catherwood. The others present were: Mrs. Charles Wilson, Mrs. Wyman, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Mamie Burling, Miss Juliet Smith, and Miss Strain.

Mme. B. Ziska and her daughter, Miss Alice Ziska, gave a most pleasant "at home" last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1606 Van Ness Avenue. Quite a number of their friends were present, and passed the hours most agreeably. Mrs. Frances Edgerton was present and delivered several recitations in her usual finished manner. In addition to this there were some musical numbers of interest, a few dances, and a delicious supper.

The third and decisive game of foot-ball between the eleven of the Olympic Club and the University of California will be played at Central Park this afternoon. The tickets cost fifty cents each, and the proceeds have been promised to Mrs. Ben Morgan, of Berkeley, for the Surgical Ward Fund of the Children's Hospital of San Francisco.

A bazaar for the benefit of the Children's Hospital will be held this afternoon and evening at the residence of Mrs. John F. Merrill, corner of Van Ness Avenue and Washington Street. There will be dancing in the evening.

The first cotillion of the Friday Night Club will be held on the evening of December 2d, and in all probability Mr. Edward H. Sheldon will be induced to act as leader. Mr. E. M. Greenway has just met with a sad bereavement in the death of his mother, in the East, and that of course, will prevent his participation in the cotillions. It is expected that there will be a large number of débutantes at the first meeting of the club and all of the season's newest gowns will be displayed. Miss Hager will lead the leap-year cotillion, which will take place late in December.

The popular fad now is Edmund Russell, whom the Eastern press term the Prince of Delsarteans. The Century Club has taken him up, and he has been the chief factor at several of its gatherings. Now we hear that Miss Lake is going to give a number of her friends the pleasure of hearing him at her school in a series of three subscription lectures on Tuesday afternoons, November 15th, 22d, and 29th. The topics to be discussed are "The Art of Dress," "The Art of Art," and "The Art of the Home." There will be a limited number of tickets, which may be secured by application to Miss Lake, at 1534 Sutter Street.

A veritable family medicine-box, BERCHAM'S PILLS.

The Latest Discovery and Craze in Paris. Gray hair restored to all shades; perfectly harmless. Face cream, powder, and lotion, indorsed by Dr. Dennis of this city; also the only emporium for "Henna leaves and powder" to produce reddish tinge in hair. Great reduction in prices at Strozynski's, cor. of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS received his winter invoices of underwear and hosiery.

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## MUSICAL NOTES.

## A Saturday Popular Concert.

The twenty-fourth Saturday Popular Concert was held in Irving Hall last Saturday afternoon, and the usual large and appreciative audience was entertained by the following programme:

Trio for flute, violin, and viola, Beethoven, Messrs. Neubauer, Peel, and Jaulus; songs, Mackenzie, Mrs. L. Brechman; viola solo, Joachim, Mr. Fernat Jaulus; song, Kellie, Mrs. L. Brechman; trio, Tschaiakowsky, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Peel and Heine.

"Baroness Meta" will be presented next Friday evening at the Grand Opera House, under the direction of Mr. J. H. Rosewald, for the benefit of the Woman's Exchange. On Monday evening, November 14th, the seats will be sold at auction at the Woman's Exchange, 26 Post Street. This is done to save patrons the annoyance of standing in line. In the cast there will be Miss Maude Berry, Miss Alvina Heuer, Miss Frida Sylvester, Mrs. Charles Dickman, Mr. Valentine Gadesden, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mr. A. M. Thornton, and Mr. Solly H. Walter, assisted by a large and efficient chorus. Mr. Rosewald will direct the orchestra, and Mr. Fred Urban will have the stage-management, while the scenery and costumes have been designed by Mr. S. H. Walter. Those who have attended the rehearsals speak very highly of the opera.

Owing to the Yale-Harvard baseball game, the next Saturday Popular Concert has been postponed until Saturday afternoon, November 26th. The "Kreutzer Sonata," the Godard trio, and the flute and string trio, having received the largest number of votes, will be given that day. Mr. Donald de V. Graham will sing Beethoven's "Adelaide." The next series of concerts will take place on January 7th and 21st, and February 4, 1893.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will repeat its last concert next Saturday evening, in Oakland, for the benefit of the kindergartens there. Mr. J. H. Rosewald will be the musical director, and the vocalists will be Mrs. Birmingham and Miss Katherine Kimball.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give a series of four subscription concerts in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel, commencing about November 22d, and continuing at intervals of two weeks.

The second concert of the Polyphonic Club, under the direction of Professor R. A. Lucchesi, will be held in Metropolitan Hall next Wednesday evening.

The Loring Club will give its second concert of the sixteenth season next Thursday evening, instead of on Wednesday evening as has been the rule.

The final concert of the Hermann Brandt Quartet will take place on Friday evening, November 25th.

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SOCIETY.

The Suburban Tea.

The suburban tea is now a certainty, and there is no doubt but that the Ingleside will be the scene of a fashionable gathering to-day. Through the combined efforts of the patronesses, with the assistance of Colonel C. F. Crocker, the secretary, and Mr. F. P. Deering, the treasurer, every difficulty has been overcome. Nearly three hundred people signified their intention of going up to yesterday morning, and for the convenience of those who will attend we append their names. A number of coaching-parties will take the drive out through the park and over the Alms House road, and, of course, all of the private teams possible will be there. Those who prefer other means of conveyance can go out on the steam cars, and at the Olympic Club grounds vehicles will be in attendance to take them, free of charge, to the Ingleside. Only those who have received invitations will be expected, as the house and grounds will be closed to the general public. The visitors will be received by the patronesses, who comprise Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mrs. Henry T. Scott, and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr. A string orchestra will be in attendance, and Ludwig will provide the refreshments. The names of those who have accepted and are expected to be present are:

Mr. and Mrs. William Alvord, Dr. and Mrs. Beverly Mac Monagle, Mr. and Mrs. John Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne, Captain and Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. R. V. Hayne, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Grant, Mr. and Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Moody, Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Henry T. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donohoe, Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. Walter E. Dean, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Earl, Mr. and Mrs. Horace B. Chase, Rev. and Mrs. C. Foute, Mr. and Mrs. George W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Bowie, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tubbs, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Lieutenant and Mrs. Joseph S. Oyster, Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Hooker, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Captain and Mrs. William H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Dr. and Mrs. J. D. Whitney, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lincoln, Dr. and Mrs. O. O. Burgess, Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Huntington, Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Dr. and Mrs. Paul de Vecchi, Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Percy P. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston M. Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. George Loomis, Mr. and Mrs. Wilfrid B. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. George Audenreid, Judge and Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman, Colonel and Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Alderson, Mr. and Mrs. William Ashe, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Moody, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Delafield, Mr. and Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel T. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Bourn, Count and Countess Festetic, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Center, Dr. and Mrs. McNutt, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph B. Crockett, Lieutenant and Mrs. C. G. Lyman, U. S. A., General and Mrs. T. H. Ruger, U. S. A., Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Wigmore, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Schmiedel, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Mullins, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Mr. and Mrs. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. Fred H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Donohoe, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Wallace.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mrs. William Norris, Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. William Kohl, Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. R. E. Faye, Mrs. N. G. Kittle, Mrs. F. E. Taylor, Mrs. Ira Pierce, Mrs. J. S. Hager, Mrs. Lily H. Coit, Mrs. Gordon Blanding, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. F. F. Low, Mrs. George M. Pullman, Mrs. Horace Davis, Mrs. A. Page Brown, Mrs. Dibble, Mrs. Charles Simpkins, Mrs. Charles J. Torbert, Mrs. Fearon, Mrs. Irving M. Scott, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. Thomas H. Scott, Mrs. B. F. Sherwood, Mrs. George C. Shreve, Mrs. Thomas Breeze, Mrs. D. J. Tallant, Mrs. J. R. Rising, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. L. B. Mizner, Mrs. Alfred Shaw Moore, Mrs. C. P. Eells.

Miss Loughborough, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Dimond, Miss Cunningham, Miss Mamie Kohl, Miss Ella Goad, Miss Ashe, Miss Elizabeth Ashe, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Emily Hager, Miss Ethel Lincoln, Miss Adeline Taylor, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Flora Low, Miss Gerald, Miss Pullman, Miss Dibble, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss Mollie Torbert, Miss Scott, Miss Helen Otis, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Miss Mary B. West, Miss Selby, Miss Brooks, Miss Lucy Brooks, Miss Shedd, Miss Alexina M. Wright, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Esther N. Dorst, Miss Breeze, Miss Adelle Perrin, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Lottie Clarke, Miss Rising, Miss Ruger, Miss Jennie Catherwood.

Mr. Arthur Rodgers, Mr. Henry Reddington, Dr. George M. Richardson, Mr. E. D. Kays, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, General William H. Dimond, Mr. William Babcock, Mr. Harry Babcock, Mr. W. H. Magee, Mr. Horace G. Platt, Consul Vladimir A. Artemovitch, Mr. F. C. Beasley, Mr. A. Z. Loughborough, Mr. George A. Loughborough, Mr. James D. Phelan, Mr. John W. Twigg, Mr. Ward McAllister, Mr. F. W. Ludovici, Mr. Jerome A. Hart, Mr. Alfred Tubbs, Mr. Winfield S. Jones, Mr. Southard Hoffman, Jr., Mr. Charles N. Felton, Jr., Mr. W. Frank Goad, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. George de K. Foute, Mr. Cutler Paige, Mr. E. M. Greenway, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. Fred H. Cooe, Dr. Parsons, Mr. E. T. Messersmith, Mr. C.

The Crocker Dancing-Party.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker gave a delightful dancing-party, at their home on California Street, last Tuesday evening as a compliment to Miss Jennie Catherwood, who recently returned from Europe. No married people were invited, and there were only about forty guests present in all. Dancing, to excellent music, was the feature of the evening, and it was enjoyed until quite a late hour, with an intermission for the service of supper. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Beth Sperry, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Scott, Miss Lena Blanding, Miss Carolan, Miss Tobin, Miss Ashe, Miss Block, Mr. William H. Sherwood, Mr. Edward M. Greenway, Mr. Joseph D. Grant, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Elliott McAllister, Mr. Milton S. Latham, Mr. Herbert E. Carolan, Mr. Harry M. Holbrook, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. Alfred T. Jones, Mr. George A. Newhall, Mr. Maxwell McNutt, and others.

The Jarboe Matinée Tea.

Mrs. John R. Jarboe and her daughter, Miss Kate Jarboe, gave a charming matinée tea last Saturday at their residence, 917 Pine Street. The hours of the reception were from four until seven o'clock, and during that time they hospitably entertained about one hundred and fifty of their friends in the tastefully decorated rooms. The hostesses were assisted in receiving by a number of ladies, including Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Horace Blanchard Chase, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Mercado, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Mamie Deming, Miss Julia Peyton, Miss Evelyn Carolan, Miss Emilie Carolan, and Miss Umy. Musical selections were played at intervals and delicious light refreshments were served. After the tea about forty friends were entertained at dinner, which made a delightful finale to an afternoon of pleasure.

Living Whist for Charity.

The entertainment to be given at the Grand Opera House next Thursday evening for the benefit of the Mission Unitarian Church promises to be a great success. Particular interest is being taken in the novelty called "Living Whist," which will be presented by fifty-six young society people. The fifty-two cards will be represented, and there will be four players. There will also be fancy dances, recitations, and an interesting musical programme. In the game of whist, the six of hearts will be trumps, and the players will be Dr. Frank H. Fisher and Dr. Thomas L. Hill against Mr. George S. Mearns and Mr. James Goewey. The cards will be represented as follows:

Hearts.—Ace, Miss B. C. Shepard; king, Mr. B. D. Dean; queen, Miss Mabel Love; knave, Mr. W. J. L. Kierulff; ten, Mr. Olo Eastwood; nine, Mr. W. S. Hildebrandt; eight, Miss Agnes Sadler; seven, Mr. E. H. Parrish; six, Mr. C. F. Saege; five, Mr. W. G. Kalish; four, Miss Emma Fraser; three, Miss Abbie Edwards; two, Miss Lillian Dean.

Diamonds.—Ace, Miss Hattie C. Loring; king, Mr. Redick McKee Duperu; queen, Miss Helen Cohen; knave, Mr. F. D. P. Thayer; ten, Miss Helen Crocker; nine, Mr. Walter Van Bergen; eight, Miss Blanche Baldwin; seven, Mr. F. E. Cook; six, Mr. Leonard Everett; five, Mr. James Hobbs; four, Miss Emma Fisher; three, Miss Ida Hibbons; two, Miss Madeline McKissick.

Spades.—Ace, Miss Bertha Bellow; king, Mr. L. C. Kays; queen, Mrs. F. C. Cook; knave, Mr. E. H. Plummer; ten, Miss H. C. Jackson; nine, Mrs. E. H. Parrish; eight, Mrs. W. L. Campbell; seven, Mr. F. M. Martin; six, Miss Lizzie Jackson; five, Mr. W. L. Campbell; four, Miss Helen Nickerson; three, Dr. Prosser; two, Miss Florence Warden.

Clubs.—Ace, Miss Dora Medau; king, Mr. B. A. Harrison; queen, Miss Kate Paddock; knave, Mr. Edward S. Peck; ten, Miss Helen Andros; nine, Mr. Frank P. Langdon; eight, Mr. Ralph Hoyt; seven, Mr. John A. Shepard; six, Mr. Sewell Dolliver; five, Mr. J. H. Newkirk; four, Miss Gertrude Peck; three, Mr. James Dean; two, Miss Annie Searles.

The tickets are one dollar each, and they may be obtained from Mr. H. C. Bunker, 400 Front Street, Mr. J. K. C. Hobbs, 314 Spear Street, the Hastings, or any of the committee which comprises Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, Mrs. J. K. C. Hobbs, Mrs. H. C. Bunker, Mrs. D. I. Newkirk, Miss Emmons, and Miss Schlueter. The reserved seat plan will open at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s on Monday morning.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. Frank M. Pixley and Mrs. Herbert Bird Weller will not commence to receive until the fourth Friday in November, as Mrs. Pixley has not yet returned from Owl's Wood.

Mr. and Mrs. James B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Miss Nellie Jolliffe are in New York city.

Mrs. Philip Cadue, Miss Cora Cadue, and Miss Cecil Burke are in London.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers have arrived in New York city after a long absence in Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Emma Spreckels have arrived in New York, after their European tour, and are en route here via the Southern route.

Miss McDowell, daughter of the late General McDowell, arrived here last Saturday from New York, and is visiting Mrs. Sidney Smith at her home in San Rafael.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick have arrived from England, and will pass the winter at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigne, in San Mateo.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair has arrived in Paris.

General John T. Cutting is in New York city.

Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones are in London.

Mrs. William Willis, who has been passing several months in San José, has returned to the city, and will re-

ceive at her residence, 1504 California Street, on the second and fourth Fridays of each month.

Mr. Joseph May has arrived in New York city, and will remain there about a month.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have arrived in New York, and are expected here in a fortnight.

Miss Louise Moulder will pass the season in Washington, D. C.

Captain Millen Griffith and family were in Baltimore when last heard from.

Miss Irene Fay has returned from a visit to friends in the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Parker Currier are occupying their new residence on the north-west corner of California and Devisadero Streets, and will receive on the first and third Fridays of each month.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar W. Walz, Jr., are staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York city.

Mr. Harry Bissell is residing permanently in Phoenix, Ariz.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holbrook, Miss Mamie Holbrook, and Mr. H. M. Holbrook are occupying their home on Van Ness Avenue, after passing several months in their villa at Menlo Park.

Miss Adele Martel has gone to New Orleans on a prolonged visit to friends.

Miss Ada Sullivan has decided not to visit Japan this season.

Mr. E. Y. Judd is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York city.

Miss Ryland has returned to San José, after a pleasant visit to Mrs. J. M. Burnett.

Mrs. Samuel G. Murphy and the Misses Murphy are expected to return from their European trip early in December.

Mr. Everett N. Bee has gone to Central America and will be away several months.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Bruguère are going East on a prolonged visit.

Rev. and Mrs. R. C. Foute have returned from their visit to Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sanford Taylor have returned from their Eastern trip, and are staying at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. James L. Flood is in New York city.

Miss Alice Decker, who has been paying an extended visit to relatives in Salt Lake City, will return here early in December.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Hotaling will return from New York in about two weeks.

Mrs. M. S. Sperry and Miss Bertha Simpson, of Stockton, left last Tuesday for Europe, where they will travel for about a year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sanderson have been passing the week in Los Angeles.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker and Miss Julia Crocker are at the Grand Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. L. G. Nesmith, of San José, visited here last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Andrew Jackson is here from Napa on a brief visit to relatives.

Mr. M. B. Mihan, of Constantinople, returned last week from his trip to the Orient.

Mr. C. M. Bruce and Mr. Philip B. Thornton arrived in town on a business trip last Monday, and return to their cattle ranch in Arizona today.

Mr. and Mrs. James Lawson are located at 600 Bush Street for the winter.

Mrs. William Archibald Wilson, formerly Miss Ida Mansfield, who has been traveling in Europe during the past year, is now in Paris, where she will pass the winter.

Mr. William H. Magee and his brother, Mr. John Magee, of Paris, will sail next Tuesday for Central America, to visit their coffee plantation, and will be absent about two months.

Dr. W. S. Thorne has returned from an enjoyable visit to San José.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Kittle and Miss Lucia Kittle are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Hon. and Mrs. Stephen M. White were the guests recently of Miss Morrison at her home in San José.

Mrs. A. D. Moore and the Misses Moore are at the Hotel Gerlach in New York city.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant-Commander Thomas W. Perry, U. S. N., of the *Madrona*, has been appointed captain of the gun-boat *Cassidy*.

Lieutenant-Colonel Edgar R. Kellogg, Tenth Infantry, U. S. A., has been assigned to duty at San Diego Barracks.

Lieutenant and Mrs. McKinstry, U. S. A., left West Point, N. Y., on November 2d, for Europe, and will not return until January 15, 1893.

General and Mrs. M. D. L. Simpson, U. S. A. (retired), have arrived here from Chicago, and will soon leave to make a tour of the world.

Lieutenant William H. Coffin, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

The Empress of Germany, who gave birth recently to her seventh child, is one of the youngest-looking women of her age in Germany.

"WINTER FURS" HAS A VERY COMFORTABLE sound, and the articles themselves will feel even more comfortable in a few days, when the cold weather sets in. Those who are wise enough to take time by the forelock are already looking about for their furs, and the wisest are delighted at having gone for theirs to The Maze, the modern department store at Market and Taylor Streets. The supply of hand-some furs for ladies' wear at The Maze includes every variety, and ranges in price from \$1.98 to \$20.00. The simplest are the fur boas that fasten snugly about the neck, being of French seal, silver-gray cone, mink, and other beautiful furs, decorated with the head, paws, and tail of the animal; and from these they run up to luxurious sets of muff and collar in gray and black bear-skin and black hair.

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Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Strozyński! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices.

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Fine Work Only.  
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Pimples, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin, red, rough hands with shapeless nails and painful flaking ends, dry, thin, and falling hair, and simple baby blemishes are prevented and cured by the celebrated



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Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 28 Davis St., S. F., Cal. ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

## THE CAPTAIN'S DREAM.

An Idyl of a Sham Battle.

"But, sir," said the orderly, in respectful remonstrance, "you are annihilated."

"Annihilated!" echoed the captain, in indignation.

"Yes, sir; the umpire sent word as you and all your company was swept away by the last discharge of the millishy."

"By the militia, too!" exclaimed the captain; "well, I'm d—d. Here, give me my flask and sandwiches and take the horse."

The captain sat watching the fight as it rolled over to the opposite hill and consuming his sandwiches. He was, of course, annoyed at being annihilated; but, after all, he was saved some marching in the sun, and the day was hot. He wondered where he should be likely to find his wife, who had expressed her intention of trying to see something of the manoeuvres. By the time, however, that he had finished his lunch and lit his cigar, he decided that he did not much want to find his wife, and he lay back and smoked in luxurious ease.

"Talk about meeting death with resignation!" mused he; "why it's splendid; I'm sorry it was the militia, though. I suppose our charge was rather rash—a Balacava sort of—"

He nodded off, and his cigar fell from his lips. Hardly had this happened when he was roused by a sweet voice. Opening his eyes he saw before him a lovely girl.

"I beg your pardon, sir," she said, "but could you tell me where to find mamma?"

The captain looked at the lady. "I am dead," he said; "dead men can't find mammas."

"You don't look very dead," she answered, smiling.

"An Englishman never knows when he is dead," said the captain, in hazy reminiscence; "but I have it on the authority of the umpire, if that will do."

"I left mamma just about here," remarked the lady.

"Then she's undoubtedly annihilated also. Nothing bigger than a mouse could have lived through that fire."

"Mamma is much larger than a mouse," said the lady, smiling.

"Won't you sit down?" asked the captain.

The lady, smiling again, sat down. She wore a simple dress of white, and the blue ribbon round her waist was rivalled by the blue of her eyes.

"I mustn't stay long," she said.

"At a moment like this," remarked the captain, "a man's memory wanders free through the delightful labyrinths of youth and love."

"Love! Are you married?"

"I was married," answered the captain.

"And you were thinking of your wife?"

"—while his fancy," pursued the captain, "pictures joys yet in the future—perhaps the near future."

The lady was picking a daisy to pieces. She raised her eyes for a moment and looked at the captain.

"But if you are dead—" she suggested.

"Now, you," the captain continued, raising himself on his elbow, "are too young even to have thought of a kiss!"

"I have certainly never thought much of a kiss," said the lady.

"The thought does not fill you with delicious trepidation?"

"Oh, no."

"I thought not," said the captain, in a gratified tone. "It does me, you know."

"Ah!" said the lady.

"You can't know what it's like."

"I've often kissed mamma."

"It's not quite the same thing; still, show me how you kiss mamma."

"Well, supposing my hand was mamma, I should go like that."

"I see. And what would mamma do?"

"Oh, I can't show you that. My hand can't kiss me, you know."

"But supposing I were your hand—"

"That's nonsense, isn't it? I couldn't suppose that."

"Well, then, supposing I were mamma—"

"But you're not a bit like mamma."

"I have it. Suppose you were mamma, and I were you—"

"That would do capitally; but we need not trouble, I see mamma coming now."

She pointed, and, at the foot of the hill, the captain also saw mamma.

"Has she good sight?" asked the captain.

"No, she is near-sighted. I'm afraid she'll not see us."

"Ah!" said the captain, and he kissed the lady.

With a little cry and a little laugh she sprang up and ran down the hill.

The captain closed his eyes; but in a moment a well-known voice made him open them again. His wife stood before him. She was looking very handsome, the captain thought. By her side stood young Jocelyn—Beauty Jocelyn, as they called him—the last-joined comer. The captain's wife and Beauty Jocelyn stood just in front of the captain, some six feet from him.

"I don't see why not," said the captain's wife to Beauty Jocelyn; and, to the captain's horror, Beauty Jocelyn kissed his wife.

"Another?" asked Beauty Jocelyn.

"I should like it," said the captain's wife.

"This is a hideous nightmare!" thought the captain.

"Just one more!" pleaded Beauty Jocelyn.

"Well, if you—" began the captain's wife.

But the captain leaped to his feet. "The devil!" he cried.

"Oh, you are awake now, dear, are you?" said his wife. "How imprudent to sleep in the sun! I met Mr. Jocelyn, and he kindly helped me to find you."

"I was delighted," murmured Beauty Jocelyn.

"Delighted, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the captain.

"You dare to kiss my wife before my very eyes!—and she—she permits it!" and the captain groaned.

"My dear captain! I kiss your wife!" expostulated Beauty Jocelyn, with raised eyebrows.

"Charles! How dare you?" said the captain's wife.

"You deny it? You have the audacity to deny it? Just now, this very moment, you kissed her twice."

"You must have been dreaming, Charles."

"At first I thought I was," said the captain, bitterly, "but I am awake now."

"Ah! but you were dreaming," insisted his wife; and her eyes wandered from his face and looked down the hillside.

Near the foot of the hill, side by side with a stout woman in black, the captain saw a white muslin dress and a blue sash. The eyes of the captain's wife rested an instant on the white and blue; then they traveled back and dwelt upon the captain's face.

"You were certainly dreaming," said the captain's wife; and Beauty Jocelyn smiled.

A pause followed. The captain thought he heard a light laugh wafted by the breeze from the foot of the hill. He looked again at his wife. His wife smiled.

"I must have been dreaming," said the captain.

Beauty Jocelyn laughed.

"But you are awake now?" asked his wife.

"Well, you woke me," said the captain.

"I thought we should," said his wife; "shall we go home now, Charles?"

"Perhaps we had better."

"You don't want to sleep any more?"

"No; I think, on the whole, I have slept enough."

"On the whole, perhaps you have."

His wife took the captain's arm and bowed to Beauty Jocelyn.

"Au revoir!" said Beauty Jocelyn; and when the captain saw him last, he was tacking warily down the hill in the wake of the white and blue.

"I think Mr. Jocelyn likes dreams, too," said the captain's wife.—*St. James's Gazette.*

## A Constant Plague.

Indigestion is, in many instances, a constant plague, giving the sufferer no peace night or day. To banish the tormentor, don't deluge your stomach with pepsins and sour or acidulous tonics. Use the genuine invigorant and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, approved and recommended by physicians of distinction. Use it, too, for malaria, rheumatism, constipation, liver complaint, and nervousness.

*Blimber*—"What a wonderful stage setting!" *Peebles*—"Yes, I never saw so many old hens in a ballet before."—*Truth.*

## Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A deaf man went to law with a deaf man, and the judge was a long way deaf than both. The one claimed that the other owed him five months' rent, and the second replied that he had ground his corn by night. Then the judge, looking down on them, said: "Why quarrel? She is your mother; keep her between you."

A disappointed fish-peddler was helaboring his slow hut patient horse in a Boston street the other day, and calling out his wares at intervals, as "Herrin', herrin', fresh herrin'!" A tender-hearted lady, seeing the act of cruelty to the horse, called out sternly from an upper window: "Have you no mercy?" "No, nuni," was the reply; "nothin' hut herrin'."

The clerk of a country church was once much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman, who, when the sermon was about to begin, took a trumpet (in two parts) out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The clerk watched him till the process was completed, and then, going stealthily up, whispered: "Yeow marn't play that here; do, I'll turn yo' out."

Mr. Wade, a husband who deserves canonization, once mentioned to his wife a tragic circumstance that he had read that day in the newspaper. A passenger on a transatlantic steamer had fallen overboard in mid-ocean, and had never been seen again. "Was he drowned?" asked Mrs. Wade. "Oh, no; of course not," said Mr. Wade; "but he sprained his ankle, I believe."

A young woman in St. Paul, Minn., recently distinguished herself at a fancy-dress party by appearing as "Hester Prynne." She had never read the "Scarlet Letter," but the name pleased her fancy, and without asking advice she hastily read up a description of Hester's appearance and duplicated the same even to the scarlet "A," which she innocently caused to be embroidered on the breast of her gown.

A head-master of Harrow had a way essentially his own of getting rid of little boys whom he invited to breakfast. You know, little boys have a peculiar habit of becoming inconveniently glued to a chair. The hospitable "head" would quietly go up to the youngster—who was perhaps in the middle of another muffin—and say very gently, and with paternal kindness: "And must you really go?" The little boy invariably went.

John Horne Tooke had a strong repugnance to matrimony. He once advised a friend who was about to marry to obtain from reliable sources every possible detail of his intended wife's antecedents, then the only allowable course for him was to provide himself with a fleet horse, to be ready saddled and bridled on the wedding-day, and to ride away from the church as swiftly as possible before the ceremony took place.

A witty individual one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each (says the Cincinnati Enquirer). The wit went to first one and then to another, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet. He whispered, half-audibly, to each: "I say, have you heard that Smith has failed?" "What Smith?" queried the whole fifty, one after another; and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.

Bishop Wilson, of Calcutta, was a very eccentric divine. His sermons were very racy. Preaching against dishonesty, especially in horseflesh, as one of the great English failings in India, he went on: "Nor are we, servants of the altar, free from yielding to this temptation." Pointing to the occupant of the reading-desk below him: "There is my dear and venerable brother, the archdeacon, sitting down there; he is an instance of it. He once sold me a horse; it was unsound. 'I was a stranger, and he took me in.'"

Tennyson was once reading his poem, "Maud," to an assembled company in the twilight, and when he got to "the birds in the high hall garden calling Maud, Maud, Maud," he stopped short and asked an authoress who happened to be present what birds these were. The authoress, much alarmed, and feeling that she must speak, and that the eyes of the whole company were upon her, faltered out, "Nightingales, sir." "Pooh," replied Tennyson, "what a cockney you are. Nightingales don't say Maud. Rooks do, or something like it. Caw, caw, caw, caw, caw!"

During the Columbus celebration in New York, a reporter did not have his card sufficiently exposed. Without the card, of course, he had no business outside the lines. A policeman grabbed him by the collar, and with a dexterous twist swung him around and landed him three deep in the crowd. "You have made a mistake," suggested the reporter, holding up his card. The policeman reached over the

heads of the outside of the crowd, got another grip on the reporter's collar, and, with another dexterous twist, put him back where he got him from, at the same time saying, with the utmost courtesy: "I beg your pardon, sir."

A man who was up too late Saturday night saw a large building that he took for a hotel (says the New York Sun). He went in. The superintendent thinking he had come to visit the Sunday-school, asked him to address the children. Some reminiscences were stirred within him, and he told them of a little boy who was once as good and innocent as any little boy before him. Then one Sunday he did not go to Sunday-school. Then he kept on staying away from Sunday-school, and he grew worse and worse as he grew up, until at last he fell into a drunkard's grave. Here the man paused. "And the drunkard let him lie there."

At the surrender of Lee's army, when General Gordon determined to send a flag of truce to General Sheridan, he summoned Major Hunter of his staff, and ordered him to carry a flag of truce forward. "General, I have no flag of truce," replied Major Hunter. "Get one," said the general, curtly. "General," he replied again, "we have no flag of truce in our command." "Take your handkerchief and put it on a stick, and go forward." "I have no handkerchief, general." "Borrow one, and go forward with it." "General, there is no handkerchief in the staff." "Then, major, use your shirt." "You see, general, that we all have on flannel shirts." At last, one man was found who still had a white shirt; a part of it was torn off, and with this remarkable emblem tied on a stick, the major went forward toward the enemy's lines.

Lord Tennyson was sociable with a few intimate friends; but he always entertained a profound contempt for bores. This trait was illustrated one day when two ladies, who had made a pilgrimage to see his home, approached his gate. They saw the poet walking. Although they were strangers, they finally plucked up courage and entered the grounds. The old man frowned when they approached. "Lord Tennyson?" said one of the ladies, in her softest tones. "Yes," he responded. "Oh, we are so glad to see you. We have come from afar to see you. We have read your poems, and wanted to see the writer. I know it is unwarranted; but really you understand—the temptation was too great. I fear that we are great intruders." Here the poet blew a whiff from his pipe. "Well, why don't you go, then?" he remarked. It is needless to say that the ladies departed.

The Duke of Brunswick, brother of Queen Caroline, and son of "Brunswick's fated chieftain," who, at Waterloo, "Rushed to the field, and, foremost fighting, fell," was an eccentric specimen. He possessed a collection of silk wigs of various hues, but all consisting of *fire-bouche* curls; his face was liberally painted with both red and white, and his toilet was painfully elaborated, while diamonds of the finest water glittered upon his garments wherever they could possibly be applied. It is said that one night, in Paris, being at a fashionable soiree, the ladies crowded around him to an extent which at first flattered his vanity considerably; but at last their persistent curiosity became troublesome, and to one of the fair bevy, who remarked: "Mais, mon Dieu, monseigneur, vous en avez partout!" he replied: "Oui, madame, j'usque sur mon caleçon; voulez vous que je vous les fasse voir?"

## Eve's Daughters.

Marion Harland, on pages 103 and 445 of her popular work, "Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife, and Mother," says:

"For the aching back—should it be slow in recovering its normal strength—AN ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER is an excellent comforter, combining the sensation of the sustained pressure of a strong, warm hand with certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for several days—in obstinate cases, for perhaps a fortnight."

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29 Broadway, New York.

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For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Taking butter from milk was known in the earliest times. It was left for our time to make a milk of cod-liver oil.

Milk, the emulsion of butter, is an easier food than butter. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is an easier food than cod liver oil. It is rest for digestion. It stimulates, helps, restores, digestion; and, at the same time, supplies the body a kind of nourishment it can get in no other way.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD  
VIA  
SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12:40, 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:50, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Totaloma, Point Reyes, Tomaes, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 12:15 P. M. except Mondays 6:10 P. M. Daily

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduced.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Totaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomaes, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00. Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomaes, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 15th, 18th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Nov. 15th, SS. City of New York; Nov. 25th, SS. San Elias; Dec. 5th, SS. City of Sydney.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas. Way line sailings—November 18th, SS. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc. City of Peking.....Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M. China.....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892. Gaelic.....Wednesday, November 16  
Belgie.....Thursday, December 16  
Oceanic (via Honolulu), Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, January 24

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco. T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Gro. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Nov. 1, 1892.	ARRIVE
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Elgin, Freese, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.	9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	8:05 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

Advertisers who prepare their own announcements should state in a brief, concise manner what they have to offer, avoiding exaggerations, giving facts, and making no promises or inducements inconsistent with truth, avoiding tedious details.—William Hicks.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY  
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:25 P. M. From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:20, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M. From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M. Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

Leave San Francisco, DESTINATION, Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	3:50 P. M.	Santa Rosa	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:05 P. M.	Santa Rosa	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
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7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:05 P. M.	Glen Ellen	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:05 P. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport and Bartlett Springs; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.70; to Guerneville, \$17.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager, PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, New Montgomery Street.





It is rather a pity that Miss Julia Marlowe chose to open her season here with such a drama as "Ingomar." It is a play that the fashion has passed. The procession has moved on and left it behind.

In its day it was a great play. When its brilliant success forced its author—Münch-Bellinghausen, a baron and a diplomat—to declare himself responsible for it, all Europe was under the spell of its fiery romanticism. It was done into other languages. Its patrician author lived to see it enrapture Europe as far north as Denmark, then cross the Atlantic and charm the American audiences of the times of Forrest and Laura Keane.

But its day is over. Plays of antiquity, unless the work of the great masters, pass out of fashion as a hat or a coat may. Excepting Shakespeare's, the only English dramas or tragedies that hold the stage are those of Bulwer. "Richelieu" will last as long as actors of the Booth class do, and "The Lady of Lyons" will be played while there are women on the stage who are beautiful and just sufficiently talented to be tolerated by intelligent audiences.

But "Ingomar" is very much of a "back number," and, it is probable, will not long survive the century. It has been kept alive, as such plays are, by single individuals who thought the parts suited them. John McCullough kept "Spartacus" alive because he looked like a gladiator, and because he could roll out the rounded sentences of the brawny warrior with a sonorous majesty. No one who has ever seen him can forget him as he stood with his head sunk on his breast, and, in his deep voice—as richly melodious as the tones of a cello—made the heart-broken query: "How many thousand leagues from here to Thrace?" Lawrence Barrett kept "Francesca di Rimini" on the stage because the part of Lanciotto suited him. With Booth's retirement who will dare to revive "The Fool's Revenge"? When Henry Irving gives up the stage, where will there be another who will follow in his footsteps and produce "The Bells"? These men have forced these plays to hold the stage by their own extraordinary fitness for the leading rôles. Once death or oblivion claims them, the dramas that they made their own will crumble into nothing, as the unrolled mummy does when the outside air strikes upon it.

The person who was responsible for keeping "Ingomar" on the boards was Mary Anderson. As all the world knows, Miss Anderson was always beautiful, with a cold, noble beauty, and never, till the end of her histrionic career, in the least degree a genius. We never appreciated Our Mary, the English say. They are mistaken. We never thought her a genius, but we were always proud of her beauty, as we are proud of Niagara, and Pike's Peak, and the Yosemite, and Old Faithful in the Yellowstone Park. She was a national glory, and a glory of a purely classic type.

With the beauty of the Greeks—some English artist said of her that she was the only living representative of the purest form of Greek beauty—Miss Anderson always sought for parts that would show her off in all the splendid majesty of the robes that women wore in the times when the gods ruled in Olympus and art and the world were young. To the severe dignity of those loose-flowing draperies, with a golden fillet binding her low-browed head, she was as absolutely beautiful as the armless Venus that lay for uncounted centuries under the mold at Melos. She was one of the goddesses of the Olympian hierarchy come down to wander in the glades and vales of earth.

Parthenia was particularly adapted to her, as Parthenia is not an exacting part, and, having beauty, grace, and a sweet voice, an actress can always make something of it. Her appearance when she put Ingomar's golden helmet on her head, took his great, steel-tipped spear in her hand, and slung his shield of ox-hide on her smooth, white arm, was dazzling. As a woman, she was beautiful. It did not matter what she was as an artist.

Miss Marlowe makes her claim to the public's consideration from quite a different standpoint. This young girl, who looks almost a child in years, comes to us heralded by the approbation of great people and great cities. No one has said she was ravishly beautiful. No one has stolen her diamonds. No duke, or crown prince, or Russian grand duke has threatened to commit suicide, because she would not marry him. We have not heard that Worth has taxed the resources of his great establishment, or borrowed from the looms of the farthest Occident in making her stage outfit. She has not written a sensational novel. We have never heard that she practices skirt-dancing in her *heures perdues*. She does not tell reporters that she is supporting an invalid

mother and educating fourteen helpless brothers and sisters. But Sarah Bernhardt has praised her, and Boston has approved of her.

Boston, in fact, is rather proud of itself, alleging that it "discovered" Miss Marlowe. Boston is prone to looking down on New York stars as vulgar and meretricious; and when it starts up a star of its own, one may be sure that whatever that star may be, it will be neither one of those two things. Miss Marlowe is neither. One might imagine that she suits the Boston ideal. For she is retiring, conservative, and essentially averse to capturing the public by clatrap. In truth, she is so little striking or startling that one feels as if one ought to see her several times before an opinion of her talents can be formed.

As the only rising young actress of the legitimate drama now on the American stage, Miss Marlowe is, speaking from a histrionic point of view, a very important person. It may devolve on her to keep Viola, and Rosalind, and Juliet, and Imogen before our eyes in their habits as they lived. There are many actresses who fairly pant to portray the sickly heart-breakings of Camille, the paroxysms of La Tosca, the unhealthy sentimentalities of Denise, the whining sorrows of Odette. The painted faces of this drearily morbid crew, whose moral sense is hopelessly dead, whose sentiments are false, whose passion is only caprice, whose love is merely a fitful fancy stimulated by the idleness and ennui that prey upon fine ladies, greet us continually from beyond the footlights. But the great heroines of the great dramas—where are they? With their beautiful, true, and tender eyes fixed upon us in sad reproach, they seem to be fading out of sight. Where is Juliet, the dark, the beautiful, the passionate? Where is Imogen, the most perfect woman in the whole range of dramatic literature? Where is Viola, true, patient, and tender? Unless Miss Marlowe can call these lovely spirits back to earth, it would seem that they must for us have no more existence in the flesh, but live on only in the imagination as unseen phantoms of delight.

Whether Miss Marlowe has sufficient talent to portray these great heroines successfully is something that no one can decide in a hurry, and that no one can decide now. She is and looks very young. She leaves upon one's mind the impression that she is almost a child, and that she is a child who has not yet realized the extent of her talents or been able to gain control of them. She is undoubtedly more talented than her predecessor, Mary Anderson, was in her early days. But she has not the great beauty that gave Mary Anderson and Adelaide Neilson their high prestige.

And yet she is lovely to look at. If she were five or six inches taller, she would be beautiful—not beautiful as they were, but softly and pensively beautiful. She has the face of Viola rather than of Beatrice or Rosalind—the face with the low, broad brow, the dreaming, liquid eyes, the round, full chin that denote the intellectual and reflective temperament. Swathed in limp, white draperies, moving gracefully, but with a childish spontaneity and impulsiveness, she now and then fell into poses of exquisite picturesqueness, and startled the spectator with the sudden beauty of her expressive face. When beside a classic head finely set on a full, round throat, an actress can boast a pair of superb, dark eyes and the lovely lines of cheek and chin that George Eliot was fond of terming "flower-like," she may consider herself pretty enough to be Juliet, whose beauty hung upon the cheek of night like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear, or Beatrice, whom Benedick commended—"they say the lady is fair; 'tis truth; I can hear them witness"—or Viola, who was "a lady, sir, of many accounted beautiful."

As an artist, Miss Marlowe is original. She has no stage tricks; she speaks naturally, but too indistinctly. She is not like other people; her style is peculiarly her own. She, evidently, in her portrayals, aims to create the effect of a character and let detail go. She even neglects making her points; and when one looks for a dramatic crisis, she never rises to it in the style of the ordinary actress.

But in Parthenia she created a perfectly human and natural character. The performance was keyed low, but was in exquisite harmony. This Parthenia was a young girl—simple, faithful, affectionate, and self-contained. The gentle dignity of the Greek maiden stood out in artistic contrast beside the untamed impetuosity of the barbarian. Parthenia was brave and serene, with that charming serenity of heart that the Italians love. She was, also, somewhat cold, but was tender and true.

In the last act, when she got the poor barbarian safe home, cut off his long red hair and his big red beard, made him dress himself up in the fashions of the best society of Massilia, she was inclined to treat him quite cavalierly, as women will treat the men who sincerely love them. She became gently coquettish, and the unhappy barbarian must more than once have sighed for the lightness of heart that was his in the old glad days when he weltered in the gore of vanquished enemies.

The declaration of love that Parthenia finally makes to him was delivered by Miss Marlowe with the simple frankness with which she endows the character. There was little or no intensity in her manner of expressing her determination to follow Ingomar through the world. True to her treatment of the character, she told her love with a delightful, quiet sincerity that was very sweet.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing November 14th: "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief" at the Tivoli; Julian Marlowe in Shakespearean plays; "Skipped by the Light of the Moon"; "The Shaughraun"; and "The Still Alarm."

The new tenor, Ferdinand Schütze, and the new contralto, Lizzie Annandale, have proved a decidedly popular acquisition to the Tivoli's company.

Julia Marlowe will appear in "Much Ado About Nothing" on Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday evenings and on Saturday afternoon; in "Romeo and Juliet" on Wednesday; and in "Cymbeline" on Thursday and Friday.

The one-act play that Richard Harding Davis wrote for E. H. Sothern is called "The Disreputable Mr. Reagan," and is founded on Davis's story of similar name. The play took nearly forty minutes in its enactment, and it is almost a monologue; but the audience called Sothern out three times at its conclusion.

Ada Rehan has become a rival of Lottie Collins. That is to say, she has taken the song of "Miss Jennie O'Jones" from some other part of the Daly repertoire and put it in "Dollars and Sense," where it lacks only one minute of being as long as Miss Collins's "Ta-ra-ra" act. It comes in where the heroine enacts the silly hoyden, with the intention of shocking the father of an unwelcome suitor. The *Sun* describes Miss Rehan's performance thus:

"It was reached at ten o'clock. Miss Rehan wore a loose, long-sleeved wrapper, with lace skirts, black stockings, and gaiters, with red tops turned down. Her hair was puffed and disheveled. She began with rapid, erratic gyrations, and at each revolution she kicked up front and rear—not very high—not quite to a waist level. At the same time she flung her arms about loosely. She looked like a howling dervish who could not howl."

"Miss Collins seeks to express unbounded friskiness in 'Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay.' Miss Rehan undertakes to depict idleness in 'Jenny O'Jones.' Each is triumphant."

Della Fox, too, has gone in for eccentric dancing. She has nothing much to do in "The Lady or the Tiger," so they gave her a dance in the second act.

The same authority describes this dance as follows: "Miss Fox was a curious object to look at, even before she began to dance. It seemed as though she had determined that her skirts should make up in length for their previous absence from her stage costumes. Her Grecian gown had no bodice at all. The skirt reached from her feet clear to her breast, and there the garment ceased entirely. Her face was painted crimson and white, except where her deeply black-edged eyes looked out. Flaxen hair topped a figure that looked like nothing else so much as a Dutch doll. The dance began with all hands round, change partners, and other rapid evolutions, in companionship with Jefferson D'Angelis and Samuel Reed. Then came something like a cancan by Miss Fox, with quick turnings and kicks, and finally, for a climax, a skip, hop, and long jump, landing in a seat on Mr. Reed's knee. Mr. Reed, in the guise of a Grecian warrior, was a solid man, and once the impact of the plump Miss Fox did not disturb him. A second time he received her without loss of equisipe; but in the next repetition, which had been demanded by the delighted spectators, Miss Fox leaped higher and further, and came down harder. Mr. Reed was overbalanced, and the two went sprawling on the stage together. If laughter could raise a roof, the Broadway Theatre building required attention."

"'Twould be money in your pocket to enrich your blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

#### The Opening of the Social Season.

The "Subscription Tea" this afternoon opens the social season of this winter in San Francisco, and soon the mails will be freighted with dainty missives inviting friends to dinner and party and all the infinity of letters that figure in the social life. To be correct in her or his note-paper is one of the requisites of the votary of fashion, and the variety to choose from and the difference between "good form" and "bad form" are so great that the only safe way is to buy your stationery only from the leading stationers.

The leading stationers in San Francisco are Sabor, Vail & Co., whose tremendous establishment is on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue, and though they have all the latest styles that obtain in the East, each kind is distinctly new and fashionable. Of course, too, they keep all the stationery goods that business houses use.

The stationery, however, is only one department of Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s business. They do the finest engraving and copper-plate work in the city; they keep leather purses and silver-mounted desk furniture; they make mirror-frames and screens in the most artistic styles; they have an enormous trade, wholesale and retail, in artists' materials, decorators' paints, and architects' supplies; and they control the business of the entire Pacific Coast in picture-frames, engravings, etchings, photogravures, etc. With their houses in Los Angeles and Portland they have an enormous business, and whoever deals with them may be sure of getting the benefit of the cheap prices and experience their large trade secures.

—AN ESPECIALLY FINE OPPORTUNITY FOR INVESTMENT is afforded by the credit auction sale of real estate to be held by Baldwin & Hammond at the Real Estate Exchange at twelve o'clock M., Thursday, November 17th. The location of the property and the terms of the sale are advertised in another column, and further particulars may be obtained of Baldwin & Hammond, at 10 Montgomery Street.

—H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

#### TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.

KRELING BROS., PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.

Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of Florentine Lyric Opera.

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First Appearance of FERDINAND SCHÜTZE, Tenor, and LIZZIE ANNANDALE, Contralto.

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Sale of seats by AUCTION, at the Woman's Exchange, MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 14th, after which the remaining seats will be on sale at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s.

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Reserved Seats.....50 cents extra

#### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

THURSDAY.....NOVEMBER 17, 1892

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PROF. O. A. LUNT, Director.

Under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary, Mission Unitarian Church.

One of the most brilliant novelties ever presented in San Francisco will be the game of "Living Whist," assisted by THE BANDURRIA CLUB, Under direction of Professors Sancho and Lombardero.

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THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"Man proposes—" "Yes; but he needs encouragement."—Puck.

Flyme—"What do you do to cure the blues?" Flamme—"Paint everything red."—Ex.

"I've been to see an old flame," remarked the young man, who had recently journeyed to see Vesuvius.—Yonkers Statesman.

She—"I honestly believe the love-making on his part is real." He—"I shouldn't wonder. I bear that her diamonds are genuine."—Indianapolis Journal.

"In days gone by the business man used to take his pen in hand," began Snooper. "And nowadays he takes his typewriter in his arms," added Skidmore.—Ex.

"I am to be married on the sixteenth," said Maude. "To whom?" "I don't know. Harry wants me to elope with him, but I am engaged to George."—Puck.

Tanks—"Did you bear about Toots losing last night at loaded dice?" Banks—"I beard be lost at dice, but that it was Toots who was loaded."—S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.

"I think our soprano must understand baseball," said the organist to the minister. "What makes you think that?" asked the Rev. Dr. Tbirdly. "She has stolen a bass from the alto."—Truth.

Tailor—"Mr. Overdue, I bear that you are about to be married to Miss Bullion. Allow me to congratulate you." Overdue (extending his band)—"Allow me to congratulate you!"—S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.

"Ha, ba, ha!" roared Mr. Nupop, as he looked his baby in the eye. "What are you laughing at?" asked Mrs. Nupop. "At the bright things that boy would say if he could only talk," said Mr. Nupop.—Bazar.

Stranger—"There used to be a firm of clothiers here—Slamm, Bang & Co. Are they still running?" Citizen—"I guess they are; haven't beard of their creditors catching them yet."—S. G. & Co.'s Monthly.

Mr. Bragg A. Docio (of Chicago)—"Yes, sir; when we people attempt to do anything we roll up our sleeves and pitch in." Mr. Fulton (of New York)—"Yes, I have noticed it; I took dinner in your town once."—Puck.

Boswell—"I find that I have omitted to make a note of your very felicitous definition of a picnic. Will you oblige me by repeating it?" The doctor—"Sir, with pleasure. A picnic is the stupidity of several and the misery of all."—Puck.

Mr. Plummer—"I just found my bat on the refrigerator. I wonder on what ridiculous thing I will find it next?" Mrs. Plummer—"Probably on your head, dear." And Mrs. Plummer smiled sweetly as Mr. Plummer slammed the door and rusbed downstairs.—Judge.

Mrs. Upton—"Who are those men staggering along?" Mr. Upton—"Mr. Richman and his coachman, Mike." Mrs. Upton—"What is the matter with them?" Mr. Upton—"Mr. Richman has evidently been dining, and Mike has been drinking."—New York Weekly.

Sister—"What! Do you mean to say you have engaged yourself to that Belle Blondie, and intend to bring the horrid thing into the family?" Brother—"Horrid thing! I beard you tell her you loved her dearly." Sister—"Huh! You never beard me tell any one else so."—New York Weekly.

First citizen—"I don't like that younger Miss Gramercy's style. I mean to cut her." Second citizen—"Oh, I wouldn't do that." First citizen—"Well, fortunately, I have not had to do so as yet, for, as it happens, whenever I've met her, she's been looking the other way."—Harper's Weekly.

"It is reported, colonel," said Caraway, the other morning, "that you were full as a lord last night." "Possibly, sah, possibly," the colonel acknowledged, genially; "at the present moment, however," the colonel went on, in an airy fashion, "I am as vacuous, sab, as a House of Lords, sah."—Truth.

Parental joys: Fond father—"Why, Tom, what have you got there—my watch?" Tom—"Yes." Fond father—"And what is that in your other hand?" Tom—"The can-opener. I wanted to open the watch. I blew on it several times, and I'm 'fraid it's broke, 'cause it wouldn't open."—Bazar.

Wife—"I know I am rather late in getting dressed; but we can reach the theatre before the overture is over, can't we?" Husband (gloomily)—"Y-e-s, if there's a fire down-town." Wife—"A fire! What earthly good would that do?" Husband—"We might get a chance to ride down on a fire-engine."—New York Weekly.

Housekeeper—"Now, you clear out right square off, or I'll call the hired man." Tramp—"Please, mum, I only wanted to borrow a Bible, if you have one to spare." Housekeeper—"Bibles? I've got about

forty." Tramp—"Well, mum, will ye please lend me one a few minutes. I want to read about Belshazzar's feast. Mebby it will stay me appetite till I git to some town where folks has fewer Bibles an' more pies."—New York Weekly.

She on the sofa—"It was a nice enough affair, but I had to dance with Henry all the time, and I must say I like variety." She in the chair—"An engaged girl can't expect variety." She on the sofa—"Well, I suppose not. But there's one thing certain, if Henry takes me to another, I shall break off our engagement the afternoon before."—Bazar.

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Why She Smiled.

She smiled at him so much he thought She loved him. Oh, how simple! Because the truth was that she had Upon her cheek a dimple. —New York Herald.

Reverses of Fortune.

A kindly fate his cause espouses To whom reverses bring no shocks, Who, building now a block of houses, In childhood built a house of blocks. —Puck.

A Fact From Fiji.

It would seem that they who lead Christian lives should win the meed Of all Christians' approbation—hut one shivers To reflect that, after all, 'Tis the heathen cannibal Who appreciates most keenly Christian lives. —Puck.

It Had to Come Out.

They walked along in the twilight dim, When rather abruptly, she said to him: "Oh, prithee stop this hasty'ing gait And just one little moment wait— My shoe-string's loose." "I'll tie it for you," he quickly cried. But the maiden back to the lamp-post shied. "You know not how to make it stay; So, sir, if you'll kindly get out of my way, I'll fix it myself." The man insisted; the girl showed fears Of hursting out into fearful tears. Till at last she yelled in a manner shocking: "It's not my shoe-string; it's my stocking. So it is."—Chicago News Record.

At the Sunday-School.

In the infant class there's a falling off; There's a dearth of reformed young sinners; 'Tis a little too late for picnics now, And too early for Christmas dinners. —Chicago Tribune.

The American Cæsus.

He started life without a red, Worked hard, and now his check, 'tis said, For millions he can draw; And with the wealth for which he wrought So many years he just has hought A titled son-in-law. —New York Press.

Told in the Letters.

'Twas in a breach of promise suit, the letters all were read, And here is what the opening words of each epistle said: "Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John," "My Dearest Owney Splendid," "My Darling Love," "Dear Jack," "Dear Sir"—and then it all was ended.—Drake's Magazine.

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There are numbers of good things in the fifth volume of Moltke's memoirs, which has just appeared. It is told, for instance, that as the king's birthdays successively approached, there used to be bets among the officers and the general staff as to how many words Moltke would use in proposing the toast of the day. Some backed a nine-word speech, others put their money on eight words. Moltke's habit was to say: "To the health of his majesty, emperor and king," or, "To his imperial majesty's health." In 1884, an oyster breakfast was staked on the marshal's not using more than nine words. But, because he began with the word "Gentlemen," the bet was lost. The loser comforted himself by saying: "He's aging, is Moltke; he's getting loquacious!"

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Tallemant des Réaux describes a beautiful but very foolish woman. One of her fancies was to have pillows of every size in her bed—even for her thumbs—for she prided herself on her beautiful hands, and slept with them open to keep the joints small.

—A COLLECTION OF JAPANESE CURIOS, VALUED at \$100,000, has just been received by Percy L. Davis & Co., and will be sold at auction by them at their salesroom at 110 Montgomery Street. An exhibition of the goods commenced on Friday and will be continued until this (Saturday) evening, and the sale will commence on Monday, November 14th.

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DCLXXXI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 13, 1892.  
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Lobster Croquettes.  
Lamb Chops. Lyonnaise Potatoes.  
String Beans. Baked Tomatoes.  
Roast Mallard Ducks, with Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.  
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ORANGE SHERBET.—Soak one tablespoonful of Knox's Gelatine in half a cup of cold water ten minutes; add half a cup of boiling water, and, when dissolved, add one cup of sugar, one cup of cold water, and one pint of orange juice. When sugar is dissolved, strain and freeze.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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There are in San Francisco something over fifteen thousand grown males, outwardly resembling human beings, who can not but find our institutions, our social organization, civilization itself, intensely antipathetic. They are strange creatures these, and the processes of their rudimentary, or decayed, or arrested faculties are beyond the comprehension of the human mind, no matter how highly it may be endowed with that form of imagination which enables one to put himself in another's place. These fifteen thousand creatures are not monkeys, yet they are hardly men. They speak our language after a fashion, eat, dress, and lodge like the rest of us; they work side by side with ordinary people, share our amusements, pay taxes, and beget offspring—numerously. Nevertheless as insuperable a barrier separates them from rational humanity as divides us from the four-footed and equally soulful donkey. But a single test is required to detect one of this tribe of bipeds whose mentality has escaped the effects of the evolutionary forces which have so nobly differentiated the remainder of mankind from the

other branches of the simian family. This test is: "Did you vote for O'Donnell?" If the answer be in the affirmative, the Idiot stands revealed. The Idiot is not necessarily a drooling animal, repulsive to the sight, but in every case he fulfills to the letter Webster's definition of his species: "A natural fool, or a fool from his birth; a human being in form, but destitute of reason, or the ordinary intellectual powers of man." The Idiot himself, like the supreme object of his admiration, excites in the human breast neither hatred nor fear, but when the Idiot manifests himself in politics and proves that he casts at least a quarter of the votes of San Francisco, solicitude for their own interests moves men to wish the Idiot were not, or anywhere save here.

Some years ago, we all raised a mighty pother because the Southern Pacific Railroad Company wanted to buy Goat Island from the government. It is certain, however, that no objection would rise from the non-Idiotic three-quarters of this town's voters were Congress to bestow the island as a free gift upon Dr. O'Donnell. Then he might gather his hapless worshipers about him and depart in power, and pomp, and peace, escorted by the infantry and cavalry of the Salvation Army, to found the City of Idiocy. It would be well to make the gift of the island outright and unconditioned to the doctor individually. Were it community property, the Idiot population, having acquired here the voting habit, might conceive that they should be given a voice in its government. Perhaps a considerable proportion of the Idiots might object to emigration to Goat Island, in which case they should be forcibly deported thence. These doubtful ones constitute a peculiarly unfortunate class among the Idiots. They live under the hallucination that they are human, and not Idiots at all, but fancy they merely amuse themselves by voting as a joke with the Idiots. They say that they know that Dr. O'Donnell is the Prince of Idiots, a quack, a crank, a mountebank, a charlatan, an ignoramus, a pest, and no more fitted to be mayor of a great city than is any inmate of our lunatic asylums. Yet, such is the keenness of their sense of humor, it tickles them to burst the ballot-box with their merry jests. The Idiot who sees wit in a vote for Dr. O'Donnell is as safe and agreeable a member of a civilized community as his brother Idiot who should have fun by loading his household pie with cholera germs. Goat Island, even under the rule by divine right of King O'Donnell, would be too good for these acephalous Bill Nyes, and since they can not be taken to the pound, they should be made to go.

The idea of the City of Idiocy fascinates. Once established, it would attract both popular and scientific attention throughout the world, which never yet has seen such an experiment in social organization. The principal occupation of the inhabitants, numbering with the females and young from twenty to twenty-five thousand, would, of course, be attending mass-meetings during the early hours of the day and going through the forms of an election in the afternoons. Though their ballots would be of no political effect in an absolute despotism, the voting would be necessary to engage the brute energies of the Idiots, and to supply their king with the only activity, except the slaughter of infants, of which he seems capable. Ceaselessly his majesty would parade the streets of Idiocy in his barouche, followed by wagons packed with Idiots banging gongs, ringing barbarous bells, and filling the air with their strident ululations. Banners bearing the injunction to "Vote for O'Donnell!" would wave from every window and flutter on the countless flag-staffs, which the first royal decree would erect. No other orator than O'Donnell would be permitted to exist, and he would make speeches from the rising of the sun until long after the going down thereof, daily. In the intervals between listening to these inspiring addresses and voting, the populace would find sufficient mental occupation in mumble-peg, jackstones, tag, and puss-in-the-corner. The problem of subsistence need present no difficulties. San Francisco would willingly ration Idiocy on condition that none of its inhabitants should ever set foot on the mainland without written permission from our authorities.

The natural increase of the Idiotic herd would be at least

four thousand a year by births, should Dr. O'Donnell, engrossed by the cares of state, cease from his surgical labors. Disease, accident, and the other misfortunes to which the Idiots are subject, in common with the human race, would kill off half the whelpage. This would leave an increase of two thousand per annum, or, allowing for deaths among the adults, say, fifteen hundred a year. In half a century, therefore, Goat Island would be the home of no fewer than one hundred thousand Idiots. It is profoundly interesting to speculate, even superficially, on the possible results of inbreeding and heredity. Would a race of O'Donnells be evolved, or would the Idiots gradually rise in the scale until the original animal which formed the point of separation between the monkeys and the human race reappear? Or would isolation, and a steady diet of stump-speeches, and the meaningless exercise of the franchise, produce a class of dazed and harmless creatures, who should prove serviceable to humanity on the mainland (if deprived of the voting privilege) as household servants, counter-jumpers, society reporters, preachers of the Talmage type, editorial writers for the daily press, actors in drawing-room dramas, leaders of the german in society, and beasts of burden? Men of science are reverently aware that no limit can be put to the wonders that may be worked by the mysterious law of natural selection, and it is, therefore, not too much to hope that, with a purely O'Donnellesque environment, secured by the elimination, through segregation, of all disturbing social elements, the San Francisco Idiots who vote for O'Donnell might in time father a race of innocuous fools. The gain to the world, and particularly to this harassed corner of it, would obviously be so enormous that we shall not be unprepared for a widespread and enthusiastic movement, in accordance with the *Argonaut's* suggestion, for the cession of Goat Island to Dr. O'Donnell, whose congenital claim to be the Emperor of All the Idiots none will rise to dispute.

By their decisive verdict of November 8th, 1892, the people of the United States have decreed a sweeping and radical change from the Republican system of protection. It is the bounden duty of the victorious Democratic party to conform to this dominant demand, and, under the incoming Democratic administration, to make all the changes required. The Democratic national platform proclaims for free trade; it does not quibble with the undefined euphemism of "tariff reform." There is no pretence at juggling with the question. The meaning is bold and plain: free trade, as it is meant by the Cobden Club; free trade, as it is established in England; free trade, as it was proclaimed in the Confederate Constitution of 1861, to wit: "*Duties and excises for revenue only; but no duties or taxes on importation from foreign nations shall be laid to protect or foster any branch of industry.*" The American people have ordered free trade by their own sovereign and supreme command by a sweeping majority, and the popular will must be obeyed. There must be no protection to any American product; the government must not foster any branch of home industry. Free trade, pure and simple, no matter how disastrous, must be the rule. The California producers of grapes and wines, of prunes, and figs, and raisins, of citrus fruits, and nuts, and honey, the wool-growers and lumbermen of California, all must abandon the duties levied on the importations from abroad of any of these products, at present protected and fostered by tariff duties, and must submit to the inexorable exaction and command of free trade. Farmers and manufacturers, producers and toilers, mechanics and laborers, the rich and the poor, all alike, must now bow to the imperative rule of absolute free trade, imposed and to be enforced by their own imperious decree at the polls.

During the past twenty years strikers of labor unions have been in the enjoyment of the high rates of wages which enabled them to strike and to remain idle during many consecutive months, supported and encouraged all the time by their working brethren in near and remote districts, whose daily wages were from threefold to fivefold in excess of



wages paid to similar laborers in any part of the globe, while their individual conditions, rights, and privileges were far in advance of any of their class in Europe. Fifty years ago, wages of mechanics in this country were so low as to forbid the workers in the shops of industry to furnish aid and support to strikers from other shops, and the wages of laborers barely sufficed for the daily subsistence of the workmen who came from English-speaking European nations. Under the prosperous times due to protection, the present condition has been wrought from the former condition of fifty years ago under Democratic administration of the government, with approximate free trade. To that condition the country will approximately return.

Before the great Civil War, the Democratic party opposed internal improvements and advocated low tariff, for revenue only. It was not the party of progress and protection, as the Republican party is. President Buchanan vetoed the Homestead Bill, which Abraham Lincoln subsequently approved. During the war, the Democrats denounced internal revenue and the income tax, the issue of greenbacks and of national bank-notes. Since the war, the party has adopted the policy of internal improvements and favors treasury-notes. Many of the party, in the recent campaign, declared in favor of restoring the income tax—the tax which they had so vehemently condemned as a Republican iniquity. Except free trade alone, there is not a leading issue of the country on which the Democratic party has adhered to its record of the ante-war period, and on the tariff and free trade it departed from the principles and policy of Jefferson and Jackson, and embraced the doctrines of Calhoun and the South, in which it persists, as the paramount policy of the government. Accordingly, it is by record and duty bound to abolish the Republican protective tariff and to adopt free trade.

The people of the United States have ordered; those to whom the government is committed must obey. All classes must submit to the inevitable consequences. Contemplating the changed condition to befall the country and directly to affect the condition of the people—of producers, manufacturers, the industrial classes, and laboring masses—the conviction can not be resisted that, in the wild rage for a change, the people have lost their safe balance and missed the substance in grasping the shadow. The increasing influx of destitute immigrants from Europe, crowding to America to find work at higher wages, may decline, and the menace of their swarming in the country will be decreased. The United States may cease to be a land of indiscriminate refuge for the dregs and off-scouring of infected and congested Europe. The workmen in this country will find their wages reduced to a European level. Their fat and juicy living will disappear. They will no longer be the envy of foreign toilers, for their conditions will be similar. Foreign immigration will cease. That, at all events, is a benefit to be derived from free trade.

An effort is being made in New York to establish another woman's club. Several have been started in the past twenty-five years, but they have none of them been a success. The Sorosis Club, which was established over twenty years ago, has degenerated into a mutual admiration society, which would be puzzled to give a reason for its existence. A club which was started two or three years ago by ladies prominent in society and which to the unobserving appeared to possess indications of vitality, went to pieces on the rock on which so many new men's clubs are wrecked—want of funds. Among clubs which are common to both sexes, the Art Students' League may be mentioned as an institution which has demonstrated the clubability of women. But members who are neither professionals nor devotees of art find themselves somewhat out of place there, and the management, as might be supposed, has devolved on the male members. The present endeavor of the advanced thinkers among New York ladies is to establish a place of gathering for the sex which shall contain a restaurant, a reading-room, a library, dressing-rooms, bedrooms, a hall for meetings or concerts, a billiard-room, and a gymnasium, and which shall be self-supporting.

The New York *Herald* encourages the scheme, and it will probably be tried. Whether it will succeed or not is another question. The trouble with women's clubs seems to be that no woman wants to haunt a resort where she will meet no men, while many men enjoy a place of meeting from which women are excluded. They show bad taste, of course. But as the poet says: "Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," and when he adds, "'Tis woman's whole existence," sufficient reason is shown why women do not banker after a place where loves can neither be born, nor live, nor even die. Not to put too fine a point upon it, a woman's club always degenerates into a henery, and is deserted by all hens, except those which despair of attracting the attention of Sir Chanticleer.

Almost every young woman, at some time of her life, joins a Dorcas Society, and concentrates her energies on sewing

flannel petticoats for rheumatic old women. But from the hour that a young man begins to call at regular intervals, she sews no more flannel petticoats. Her attention is diverted from the rheumatic old women, and can find better opportunities for usefulness in bestowing upon one favored male a wealth of tenderness which was wasted when it was distributed among mankind. The Dorcas Society was the ancestor of the Woman's Club, and it is to be feared that the child will be as short-lived as the parent.

There is a variety of woman's clubs which deserves encouragement. That is the Working-Woman's Club. Through the energy of Miss Dodge, who has devoted her time and her fortune to the work, every quarter in New York contains some of these clubs. They are exclusively designed for women who earn their living—seamstresses, shop-girls, factory-girls, milliners, and the like—girls whose hours of labor end at or shortly after dark, and who have nowhere to go between that hour and bed-time. The trouble with the first of these clubs which were started was that they could not be made self-supporting. Members did not join in sufficient numbers to contribute the monthly sum which was required to defray the cost of rent, fuel, lights, reading-room, library, and piano. When this difficulty was ascertained, Miss Dodge came forward and advanced the money needed to keep a certain number of clubs going. Other benevolent and wealthy ladies followed her example, and now no decent working-girl need frequent low balls or seek refuge in resorts where the sexes meet unless she chooses. A small monthly payment secures for her membership in a club where she will meet good girls like herself; where she can read papers and books and listen to music; where, on stated days, she can hear lectures on interesting topics by persons of culture. Some clubs furnish supper at actual cost; but this is not the rule. It takes genius to run a cheap eating-house without loss. At latest dates it was evident that a number of these Working-Women's Clubs were in a position to dispense with outside support; while the number of ladies who stood ready to make up deficiencies was increasing.

As the best club for a man is the drawing-room of a refined and cultured family, where there are young girls, so the best club for a woman is in her own home. There she can soften the asperities of life for some care-worn member of the wrong sex; there she can speak kind, generous words, which are, as Thackeray said, a liberal education.

What do women talk to each other about, when there are no men round? A very frank lady, who had been in society all her life and had eaten many dinners, declared, on her honor, that the after-dinner talk of women, when the men were still at their wine, was on three subjects—dress, babies, and servants. Such conversation may convey hints regarding the treatment of teething babies or the cut of a gown. But it is thin gruel for a girl who has a mind above buttons and chamomile tea.

But what will the women talk about in their clubs? They should enlarge their repertoire of topics. For if they do not, we fear that in those clubs will be observed that well-bred torpor which seems to brood over the ladies after dinner when they are together—that post-prandial languor which apparently vanishes only with the appearance of the first straggling male, be he only a hobble-de-hoy.

So cordial are the relations which exist between the *Argonaut* and the brethren of the Romish communion, that we are nearly always supplied with specimens of new publications intended to extend the faith. When the authorities of the church happen to be remiss in this regard, as sometimes they unaccountably are, Providence provides a friendly hand and a postage-stamp. It is to the interposition of Providence that we ascribe the receipt of the *Colored Harvester*, a Baltimore monthly, "published with the approbation of his eminence, Cardinal Gibbons," and devoted more particularly to the glory of St. Joseph through the conversion of the American negro. Why Joseph should derive more credit and pleasure from the salvation of an African than any other of the vast and emulous concourse of saints in heaven is not obvious, but since, in accordance with Roman Catholic custom, everything has to be done under the patronage of some saint, no doubt Joseph serves as well as another for spiritual backer of the *Colored Harvester*. As for financial backing, that is to be obtained in the good old way from the zealous servant-girl, the saloon-keeper willing to cast a prudent anchor to windward, the bead-counting hodster, and the rich Hibernian, whose early education, or want of it, forces fear of the devil upon him as a companion through life. The nickel-enlisting drum of the *Colored Harvester* is beaten with that priestly energy which never fails, and we may be certain that, whether Saubö shall be rescued from his hallelujah condition or not, the books of the church will show a handsome balance on the credit side.

It needs not this messenger from Baltimore to inform us that, in our Southern States, the field is white, or black, unto the harvest. The accurate figures of the negro population,

and their varieties of religious preference, are not important. We know that the colored people number millions, and that while some of them are Roman Catholics, more are shouting evangelicals, still more of no faith at all, and that through the whole mass runs a vein of superstition due in part to African tradition and in part to Democratic prejudice against education. The *Colored Harvester* is the gonfalon of a systematic crusade for the conquest of this host. There is every reason why it should be a successful one. The ground which the blacks offer for the sowing of the seeds of Roman Catholicism is ideal ground. The negroes constitute the least intelligent, most illiterate, and, barring the Irish immigrants, the most credulous elements in the population. Moreover, these children of Africa are, like all other children, pleased with gaudy show and entranced by mystery and the harder a thing may be to believe, the easier it is for them to believe it. The practice of the secret rites of the voodoo, their pervasive faith in witchcraft, their profound ignorance as to all things worth knowing, must make proselyting work among this amiable and emotional race intensely agreeable to any priest, and if he be sufficiently well read to know anything of the past, he will have the joy of feeling, that in the mentally undeveloped field-hand of Alabama and Mississippi he comes in contact with the intellectual brother of the Spanish gentleman of Philip and Isabella's time, and in touch with all Europe as it was when Mother Church dominated the world. But the attractions of the colored brother as a possible convert are not all intrinsic. The whites of the South, independently of their own religious predilections, no doubt would view a Roman Catholic propaganda with satisfaction. Whatever tends to raise the black in the scale of intelligence militates against their continued industrial and political subjection. The negro once brought into the bosom of the church would be safe from mental development, and his absorption of the doctrine of obedience would happily abate strikes and keep down wages.

But while our Roman Catholic friends are preparing, for the honor of St. Joseph and the good of the treasure chest to bring Pompey, Caesar, and Cicero to their knees before the only true altar, we venture to note with only tentative approval some of the methods to be employed toward those glorious and heaven-pleasing ends. Our esteemed contemporary, the *Colored Harvester*, remarking that there are eight millions of white Roman Catholics in the United States, and setting aside half of these as too young or old to be workable, submits for the behoof of the remaining four million "a litany in subtraction and division." One cent a day from these four millions, it is pointed out, would be \$14,600,000 in a year. Roman Catholic smokers and moderate drinkers are estimated at the ridiculously moderate number of 200,000. "If every smoker," urges the *Harvester*, "would drop a cigar a week for a year, the result would be \$520,000. In addition to the weekly cigar, they would forego a weekly drink, there would be saved the great sum of \$1,040,000. These self-denials are all suggested in order to get funds to build a seminary for the education of priests to work among the negroes. And these proposed deprivations are not all. The *Harvester* goes on:

Let us put our novel-readers at 300,000 men and women, boys and girls:  
One novel a year, selling for a quarter, there would be forthcoming for the new seminary ..... \$750,000  
Again, of our 8,000,000 let us put down 500,000 as accustomed to use the horse-cars:  
A car-fare saved every week would foot up ..... \$25,000  
And one year's persistence in the little denial would realize ..... 1,300,000  
Say there are 1,000,000 Catholics who read the newspapers:  
Let them save the price (three cents) of a paper every week.  
Behold ..... \$30,000  
And at the year's end the amount would reach ..... 1,560,000  
A long pull, a steady pull, and a pull altogether. Keep the ball a-rolling!

The saving on newspapers would doubtless be a permanent Roman Catholic advantage, and novels are, it has to be confessed, too apt to curse the mind with a deplorable modern atmosphere. The moderation of the *Harvester*, considering the possibilities of the revenue-raising devices it favors, is truly astounding. It will occur, even to the heretical mind that further vast sums for the conversion of the negro might readily be obtained thus:

Of the 8,000,000 Roman Catholics, 2,000,000 are adult males, who are accustomed to pay the barber 15 cents for a shave, twice a week, and 25 cents for a hair-cut every two months. Let them save the price of shaving for a month and we should have \$1.20 for each of the 2,000,000, which would give ..... \$2,400,000  
And the saving on hair-cutting for a year would be \$1.50 for each of the 2,000,000, or ..... 3,000,000  
Say there are 1,000,000 Roman Catholics who use tooth-brushes, and buy two per annum at a total cost of 50 cents. By denying themselves this American luxury they would supply the church with ..... 500,000  
Of the 8,000,000 Roman Catholics, 1,000,000 perhaps patronize the bath-houses twice a month, at an expenditure of 50 cents. By remaining as God made them for one year they could contribute to the church. .... 6,000,000  
And so on. Possibly at the end of the year the self



denying Roman Catholic—unshaven, unshorn, unwashed, and tooth-brushless—would not present an advantageous contrast outwardly to the most obdurate, unconverted African, but inwardly he would, it is to be presumed, enjoy an enviable state of solidity with St. Joseph, which is the main thing.

The *Argonaut* has placed the valued *Colored Harvester* on its exchange list, and not only shall we follow with absorbing interest the progress of the great cause which it represents, but we humbly hope to offer from time to time suggestions of equal merit to those which have been submitted herewith. Nor is this intention wholly selfish. Surely it ought to be permitted us to trust that St. Joseph (to whom we reverently bend the knee) will not exhaust all his puissant mediatory influence in behalf of our fellow-sinner Sambo.

Practical experience now enables us to forecast the future working of the so-called Australian ballot. It has many faults; it is cumbersome, and operates to disfranchise citizens who are unwilling to devote an hour to the business of voting; it is clumsy, and throws needless obstacles in the way of counting the vote. But the merits of the plan outweigh its demerits, and, though the law will need amendment at the hands of the next legislature, it will not be repealed.

Two advantages which it possesses alone suffice to atone for its defects. It much impairs the power of nominating conventions, and consequently it abolishes bosses as dispensers of patronage. Any man may nominate himself for office, and if he can get the support of the small percentage of voters which the law requires, the officers of election are bound to print his name on the general ticket, so as to place him on an equality with the regular party nominees.

Second, under the decision of the supreme court, there will be a marked falling-off in the practice of voting the straight party ticket. It was this practice which did the mischief in the past. A voter who wanted to vote for the governor, or congressman, or mayor of his choice, found himself tempted to vote the whole ticket on which their names figured, and thus actually voted for many candidates whom he did not know, and of whose election he did not knowingly approve. It was by this contrivance, adroitly handled by the bosses, that so many unfit persons got elected to office. The "straight ticket" was the parent of corrupt office-holders.

If we have got rid of these two evils, we are in a fair way to set practical politics on a new plane. When the Kelleys, and the Crimmines, and the Buckleys have no more power than other citizens, their capacity for mischief will be minimized, and what is good in them may be utilized. In our modern politics, by the use of money and of the party machinery, bosses have ruled instead of counseling; latterly they have carried corruption to such a point that they have sold nominations and laws. When they reached this point, their abolition was a forced conclusion, and it seems to have been attained through the working of the so-called Australian ballot system.

The Spring Valley Water Company has about determined to make a new reservoir by damming Calaveras Creek about ten miles from the bay. The conformation of the country is such that the construction of a dam about as large as the one at San Mateo will create a twin reservoir to that at San Mateo, having, like its mate, a capacity of about twenty-nine thousand millions of gallons. Such a calamity as a water-famine will then be an impossibility, for the two reservoirs will hold enough water to keep San Francisco supplied, in the same rate of consumption as it is at present, for a period of two and one-half years, and the supply would be ample for a city as large as New York.

Pursuing the same far-sighted policy that the Spring Valley Company has followed in the case of the San Mateo reservoir and its other stores of water, the company has acquired thousands of acres in the water-shed which supplies Calaveras Creek, and has taken precautions to keep the source free from all impurities. Human habitations and even the grazing of cattle will not be allowed where they could be a source of contamination, and the water will be piped around the lower end of the bay, as clear and limpid as it springs from the hills.

We in San Francisco can find an abiding satisfaction with this one of our institutions when we look abroad and see the constant terror of typhoid in which citizens of other great cities live. Chicago is forever driving its water-pipes further and further out into Lake Michigan to get beyond the contamination of its own sewage. Philadelphia drinks the waste products of the tanneries that line the Schuylkill, "with water on the side," so to speak. New York is coming nearer every day to the necessity of expending some millions in the purchase and purification of the Croton Valley. The cholera has shown what the water of Hamburg, Paris, and other European cities is, and London escapes a high mortality only by a complicated and expensive, but efficient, system

of purification. Fifty per cent. of the London water-supply is drawn from the Thames and thirty per cent. from the Lea, and these drain an area inhabited by five and one-half millions of souls, while the remainder is drawn from cisterns and wells. To purify this water, there are required fifty-three subsiding reservoirs, covering four hundred and eighty acres of ground, and one hundred and seven filter-beds, covering one hundred and ten acres, and these have constantly to be cleansed and even remade. Taking it for all in all, San Francisco is certainly fortunate in its water-supply, for it is fresh, and clean, and absolutely free from all injurious impurities.

As the time approaches for the punishment of the murderers at Homestead, Pa., the class to which they belong begins to ferment. A riot broke out on Sunday, and a number of negroes, who had been guilty of the crime of working at the iron-mills without joining a union, were set upon and beaten. Some of them would probably have been killed but for the alacrity with which they escaped to their boarding-house, where they barricaded the doors. It is evident, now that the troops have been removed, that the cause of the unions is dominant. In the language of a press reporter: "The feeling against the non-unionists is becoming so bitter that further violence is feared."

It looks as if the lesson of last July was not sharp enough to educate the foreigners who inhabit Homestead. Further lessons seem to be necessary. Mr. Terence Powderly, Master Workman of the Knights of Labor, undertakes to correct the chief-justice of Pennsylvania on a matter of law, and declares that if the Irishmen he leads knew their rights, no judge would dare to charge treason against workmen struggling for recognition. The idea of this modern Jack Cade is that it is not treason for workmen to levy war upon the commonwealth, to take lives, and to destroy property. Because they are workmen, enrolled in a labor union, they rise superior to the laws of the land. Such popular leaders need a strong dose of correction. Nothing will bring them to their senses but a knowledge of the sensations caused by the halter when it draws.

The late election in this city furnished a striking illustration of the manner in which labor-unionism warps the mind. There were two leading candidates for one of the vacant police justiceships. In a controversy between the Employers' Association and one of the labor unions, one candidate had rendered a decision, in accordance with law, against the union; five thousand copies of this decision were printed by his opponent and scattered through the labor unions. The consequence was that the unionists voted to a man against this honest judge.

When Aranda signed the decree for the expulsion of the Jesuits from Spain, a friend of the order expostulated with him, saying that the Jesuits were good churchmen. "That," replied the statesman, "is just the fault I find in them; they are such good churchmen that they are bad Spaniards."

The Eastern literary world is in hysterics over a rather bumptious refusal of Mr. Rudyard Kipling to be interviewed by a reporter of the Boston *Globe*. The reporter tracked the gifted author of "Tales from the Hills" to his home in the suburbs of Brattleborough, Vt., and insisted on getting answers to certain questions on the subject of his birth, parentage, early adventures, and present purposes. To all which Mr. Kipling replied: "I decline to be interviewed. American interviewing is brutal and immoral. It is an outrage to be assaulted on the public highway and asked to give the details of one's private life. I am a boor, and am glad of it."

Mr. Kipling's social status has long been fixed. He is a delightful story-teller, but he is not a gentleman. He was entertained here at clubs, and afterward, in English newspapers, he described the clubs and his entertainers with savage satire. That is not the act of a gentleman. No one who can claim that title accepts hospitality and then reviles his hosts. Dickens, who did so in his callow youth, lived to repent his mistake bitterly, and published a full and frank apology for the misdemeanor. Kipling shows no sign of repentance or of consciousness that he has offended against social laws.

All the same, it is well that he has furnished one more example of the proper way to treat an impertinent newspaper interviewer. It is, as he says, intolerable that a private individual should be called upon to stand and deliver the secrets of his life for the gratification of gossip-mongers. It is an invasion of private life which nothing can justify.

Interviewing, as a branch of journalism, is a modern improvement which has its merits. When a probably erroneous statement on a question of science is published, it is wholesome that a journal should elicit from a master of the science the truth of the matter. When a public man has a notion which he desires to lay before the public, it is convenient that he should be enabled to do so in the form of an interview which he solicits. When a distinguished stranger

lands, there is no impropriety in asking him, for publication, what his first impressions are. When a man runs for Congress, it is in order for a reporter to ask him what he thinks about the tariff. But to hound a private individual for information about himself which is of no public value, and only interests gossips, is in the highest degree impertinent, and no self-respecting reporter will accept an assignment to perform so degrading a duty.

During the campaign in this State, the *Argonaut* has laid more stress on the passage or defeat of certain amendments than on the election of candidates. We are much gratified to see that every amendment we recommended to our readers has been passed and every amendment we opposed has been defeated.

Most important of all is the educational qualification for voters. The *Argonaut* devoted much space to that measure, and rejoices at its passage. It is true it is only a preliminary proposition designed to obtain the sense of the people on this question. But it has been passed by an overwhelming vote of three to one. This answer comes from the people with no uncertain sound. It is the duty of the dominant party to frame at once a law which shall carry into effect the manifestation of the people's will.

The amendment extending the legislative session to one hundred days has been beaten eight to one.

The amendment extending the term of city and county bonds from twenty to forty years has been carried by a handsome majority.

The amendment increasing the pay and duties of the lieutenant-governor has been snowed under.

The amendment providing ways and means for State officers to increase their deficiencies has been voted down.

The amendment giving charters to towns of three thousand five hundred inhabitants has been carried.

The proposition to refund the State debt has apparently been voted down.

The proposition in favor of a popular vote for United States Senators has been carried by an overwhelming majority, at least twelve to one.

The fate of the San Francisco depot act is unsettled as we write, but it is believed that it is carried.

The *Argonaut* congratulates all honest men of all parties on the passage and defeat of these various amendments. We think we are entitled to some credit in this matter, for we received hundreds of letters from voters all over the State, asking information on all these points, which were answered in the *Argonaut's* editorial columns.

Most important of all these proposed changes is the one demanding that every voter shall be able to read the constitution in the English language. It overtops even that which requires the election of United States senators to be by popular vote—a measure which will put a stop to the open shame of selling votes at auction in our legislative halls. But that affects only the degradation of legislative votes. Under the educational qualification, not an ignorant ballot can be polled in the State of California. God speed the day!

A striking evidence of the workings of the Anglo-Saxon mind in a republic was that presented at the chamber of commerce banquet in New York last week. Around the board were gathered the notables of the two great political parties. Grover Cleveland was there, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency, and victor in the great but bloodless revolution of 1892. Whitelaw Reid was there, candidate for the Vice-Presidency on the defeated ticket. Chauncey Depew was there, an unsuccessful candidate for the Republican nomination, and one of the leaders of the party which has just met defeat. There, too, were several members of the Cabinet of President Harrison, the defeated Republican candidate. Yet with all these apparently discordant elements, the utmost good humor and good feeling prevailed. Had such a sweeping revolution taken place in Spanish America, President Harrison and his Cabinet, Reid, Depew, and other Republican leaders would be fleeing for their lives. At this moment they would probably be aboard of some foreign man-of-war in New York harbor, seeking the protection of a foreign flag, and begging for safe conduct to a foreign country.

An Associated Press dispatch from Rome says that a Papal legation will be established at Washington and a Papal Nuncio sent to this country as soon as Mr. Cleveland is inaugurated. It is a striking and significant fact that the Vatican should not attempt this move until the Democratic party was in power. Did not the Papal Government recognize the Southern Confederacy during our Civil War? If the Democrats remain in power, it is probable that the Cardinal Prefect of the Roman Propaganda will be made a Cabinet officer of the United States.



## A PULLMAN EPISODE.

John Boswell was eccentric. If he had been poor, or in moderate circumstances, merely, he would, for some of his numerous freaks, have been called an egregious ass or a fool by undiscerning persons. But he was neither poor nor afflicted with mental incapacity. It was only "his way," his friends said, and if he chose to be unconventional, even to the point of shocking the proprieties, that was his own affair. So, being young and foot-loose, with more money than he knew what to do with, he indulged his freakish tendencies to his heart's content. He had always had his own way, anyhow, even during his minority, when he was under the charge of a careless, indulgent old bachelor uncle; so it is quite safe to say that even had there been any one to question or protest against some of his queer actions, it would have made no difference with Jack. He had always had everything he wanted, and had always done as he chose, and firmly believed that money would do anything; so had any one suggested the possibility of defeat in anything he undertook, Jack would have been more than astonished.

At one forty-five P. M., one hot day in July, Jack, who had made a few flying visits to the watering-places and summer resorts, and, tired of this, had drifted back to town to see who was there, took a notion to go and see his deceased uncle's old gardener, who lived on a farm near a little Pennsylvania town. He took this notion semi-occasionally; it was really enjoyable to go once in a while—where "there wasn't anybody"—to get fresh-laid eggs, and cream, and fresh-picked fruit, and to go to bed in an airy, sweet-smelling, neat little room at nine o'clock, and get up when old Sol did. It was restful.

As I said, it was a quarter of two when Jack took it into his head that he would go and visit the ancient Watts and his cheery old spouse; and it was just three-quarters of an hour after this that he found himself in the sleeper of a through train (Jack never liked stuffy day-coaches, and would not travel in one if he had only ten miles to go), bound for the Watts homestead, where he was always sure of a hearty welcome.

He was very well satisfied with himself this afternoon. He was not only irreproachably dressed, but was comfortably dressed, as well, which is much more to the point, in July. He had had an excellent lunch and a faultless cigar after it. He looked well, and knew it; he had always considered himself little less than handsome, and to-day, somehow, he felt as though he were completely so. And thus, with a full stomach, a full purse, and an extremely good opinion of himself, Mr. Jack Boswell, despite the weather, felt satisfied, and self-complacent, and at peace with all mankind.

It was a dreamy kind of day. Jack looked lazily at the scenes without—an occasional herd of cattle, standing idly in the shallow water of some sluggish little stream—a flock of crows in full pursuit of a fleeing hawk—the pretty, snug farm-houses, the orchards and meadows, and the soft, fluffy clouds on the horizon. But all this became tiresome soon—Jack was never interested in anything for very long—and he turned his attention, idly, to his fellow-passengers.

There were only three or four of them. The one across the aisle from him was a fat, bald-headed old gentleman, who, with a newspaper over his face, was trying to take a nap. Once in a while his gentle snore would cease, and the old fellow would start up with a terrific snort and mutter about the "pesky flies"; then he would drop off again. Back in the corner was a fussy individual of Semitic cast of countenance, who talked loud to the trainmen and who retired to the wash-room every now and then to consult an oxidized silver flask he had with him. Then there was a prim, severe-looking lady in black, who sat bolt upright in her seat and looked stonily out of the window. Jack was sure she carried peppermint drops and tracts, and talked through her nose. Lastly, there was some one whom Jack could not see—a woman, he was sure, for he could see part of a blue flannel dress-skirt peeping into the aisle; but that was all, excepting an occasional glimpse he caught of a few stray curls of gold-brown hair next the window. Presently the owner of the gold-brown hair and the blue flannel skirt spoke to the porter, as that functionary passed through, and Jack noticed she had a very sweet contralto voice.

Jack had a theory that contralto voices accompanied dark hair, and here, obviously, was a direct refutation of this theory. So, presently, he pretended to have business in the day-coach, and, assuming as graceful a gait as the circumstances would permit, he sauntered forward.

The owner of the skirt and locks was very pretty. She had a sweet, rosy, demure mouth, a lovely milk-and-white complexion, perfect teeth, and a charmingly straight little Greek nose. All this Jack noted at a glance. For the rest of it, he noted that she had a small, slight, but rounded figure, and a pair of roguish dark-blue eyes. She looked at him in a mildly curious way as he passed by, as though idly wondering where he came from; but as he returned, she actually smiled—yes, smiled—and Jack Boswell, being only an ordinary young man, and, as I have said, being also somewhat conceited, took it for granted that he had made an impression, and smiled in return, whereupon the young lady's smile instantly froze, and that person turned her face frigidly toward the window. It was not until young Mr. Boswell reached his seat and glanced at his reflection in the little mirror that he understood why the young lady had smiled at him. There was a large daub of soot right where it would disfigure his appearance most—from the side of his nose to a point under his right eye.

Mr. Boswell was disconcerted. He did not feel half so well satisfied with himself as he had fifteen minutes since. He sat quite still for some time, staring at the scenery and feeling that he had made himself supremely ridiculous, and had been snubbed into the bargain. And he thought and thought, and somehow the dark-blue eyes and the gold-brown hair kept mixing themselves with his reflections, until, presently, another eccentric notion popped into his head; the

result being that when the conductor came through, Jack asked him what the young lady's destination was.

The conductor glanced at him quizzically, but Jack looked him straight in the eye, and he answered:

"Why—er—she's going to Los Angeles, I believe. Yes."

Jack's mind was made up. With the few things in his little grip, and what money he had with him—barely sufficient for a trip across the continent—he would go clear to California to efface from Blue-Eyes' mind the ridiculous impression he was sure he had made with that disgusting smooch on his nose and cheek. A little further questioning elicited the information that Blue-Eyes had a wait of several hours in Chicago, and would take the Santa Fé road from there; and this decided the plans of the eccentric Mr. Boswell. He would, on reaching Chicago, lay in a supply of such articles as he might need, arm himself with credentials, business and social, and draw enough money to last awhile. Good! And Jack leaned back in his seat, with a sigh that indicated he felt better.

Several times before reaching Chicago, young Mr. Boswell (having first assured himself that no vagrant daub of soot had played pranks with his countenance, and that he was otherwise presentable) endeavored, in various unobtrusive ways, to draw the fair stranger's attention to himself; but she seemed as entirely oblivious of his presence as if he had been in another car. Jack did not like this; he was used to being noticed, and to be treated thus was a new and entirely unpalatable sensation.

At Chicago, however, by a lucky chance, he was able to get some assistance with her luggage, and received therefor a smile and a sweet "Thank you!" that made him feel very much better indeed, although he was too much of a gentleman to endeavor to make capital out of such slight services.

The few hours of waiting were over, and, in the evening, Jack found his way to the sleeper of the Santa Fé train. Blue-Eyes was already there, all alone. As Jack entered, she raised her eyebrows, ever so slightly, then cast her eyes down, in distant recognition of his polite salutation. He found, much to his satisfaction, that his section was directly opposite the one Blue-Eyes occupied.

A man and a woman, without doubt constituting a bridal couple and a mutual-admiration society, entered the car and took possession of the section away back in the corner, after which the train pulled out, and Jack Boswell settled himself in his seat, evening paper in hand, in a position to command the best possible view of the young person opposite. Then he proceeded—with shame, be it confessed—to stare, deluding himself, meanwhile, with the idea that Blue-Eyes did not know what he was doing.

This idea, of course, was incorrect, and the actions of the starrer indicated as much. First, she blushed deeply, and, Jack thought, most becomingly; then she shifted nervously in her seat, and gazed at the ceiling decorations of the car; then she sorted her stock of reading matter, and, finally, turned to the readjustment of her numerous parcels and other belongings, in the midst of which she started to her feet with a sudden agonized "Oh-h-h-h!"

"I beg your pardon—" ejaculated Mr. Boswell, startled from his reverie.

"Why, I—I forgot to have my trunk transferred and rechecked at Chicago. Oh, what shall I do?" In her agitation, Blue-Eyes forgot conventionalities and the fact that she was addressing a person whose slightest advances she had taken pains to discourage. "Oh, dear, how silly of me!" And Jack thought she was going to cry.

The turtle-doves stopped billing and cooing; the bride murmured something about its being "too bad," and seemed so glad that she had some one to look after her baggage for her, and the groom looked, for an instant, as if he were going to offer to be of any possible assistance. But Jack was equal—more than equal—to the emergency.

"It isn't so bad, maybe, as you think," he interposed, blandly. "If you will permit me, I think I can get the trunk. Will you give me the number of the check? Thanks." And he went out to find the conductor, leaving Miss Blue-Eyes in a flutter of nervous excitement.

"It's all right," he announced, a few moments later, as he returned from his quest. "Your trunk will follow by the next train."

"Oh, thank you, so much! You are very kind," chirped Blue-Eyes, in a plaintively thankful tone. Whereupon Jack assured her that it had been no trouble—no trouble whatever—and resumed his seat, feeling himself master of the situation. Drawing himself figuratively into his shell, he now proceeded to perfect his plan of campaign, while Blue-Eyes, across the aisle, got hopelessly entangled in one of those voluminous folders which railroad companies publish for the mystification of the uninitiated. Jack was not unaware that he was the object of an occasional fleeting, timid glance, but he felt it to be good policy to look nonchalant, so he pretended to be busy reading, looking the while very manly and capable of protecting the whole female sex.

But as may be imagined, this condition of affairs could not last long. Presently, drawn by an irresistible impulse, Jack leaned over and inquired:

"Are you going far?"

"Ye-es, rather," answered Blue-Eyes, evidently glad to have the constrained silence broken; "I'm going to California—to Los Angeles."

"Indeed? How odd! I'm bound for California myself."

"Oh, I'm so glad! It's so stupid, traveling all alone, don't you think?" And here Blue-Eyes blushed again, to think of her temerity in talking so freely with an entire stranger.

"Yes, indeed, I think it's simply frightful." With this Jack rose, and, with an unspoken "May I?" in his dark eyes, which was responded to by a slight withdrawal of the young lady's skirts, possessed himself of the vacant seat in front of her.

"Let's be unconventional," said he, "considering we are

to see so much of each other. I am Mr. Boswell, of New York." And he presented his card.

Blue-Eyes laughed rather bashfully as she responded, "And I am Miss Graham, of California."

In the two-hours' chat which followed, Boswell learned that Miss Graham was an orphan, dependent upon a wealthy and indulgent, but disagreeable, relative, whose ward she was, and whom she thoroughly detested, for no apparent reason except the traditional feminine "because"; that she had just finished a course at a fashionable school for young ladies in New York city; and that she was somewhat unsophisticated and decidedly romantic. She knew who Jack was, and, before bed-time, they were chatting and laughing together as if they had become acquainted in orthodox fashion and had known each other for months. So, when Jack, after meditating over an excellent cigar, turned in, he felt that first impressions were eliminated from Blue-Eyes' mind, and that he had "squared himself," as he expressed it, royally. But, now he had come so far, he was not going to turn back. No, he would go through and see what the end might be. And he went to sleep and dreamed dreams in which, somehow, Miss Graham seemed to be the principal feature. Silly boy! He who had prided himself—albeit, unwarrantably—on being a woman-hater, to follow a golden head and a pair of blue eyes (which he had always considered, taken together, a badge of frivolity) clear across the continent, for no other reason than that the blue eyes had first beheld him with a daub of soot alongside his eminently aristocratic nose!

Jack arose, next morning, in a mood which is the maturational ailment of half his sex—he was disgusted with himself, and half decided to turn back from Kansas City; but when he returned from the dressing-room, the greeting he received from Miss Graham's bright eyes, and the cheery "Good-morning!" vouchsafed him by her rosy lips (what a sweet mouth she had, to be sure!), entirely sufficed to drive away his ill-humor, as well as his half-formed ideas of turning back; and, in five minutes, he found himself wondering if he really had contemplated giving up his transcontinental journey.

Miss Graham had struck up a little acquaintance with the bride and groom, and they all ate breakfast together at Kansas City. Two or three other passengers had places in the car from Kansas City out—a newly arrived English baronet, going to visit a friend who owned a sheep-ranch in New Mexico; a newspaper man, going to the South-West to write up the country; and a boy from Arizona, returning from school in St. Louis. Before very long, everybody was on speaking terms with everybody else, even the baronet coming out of his shell of insular prejudice, and showing himself to be a jolly good fellow beneath his outer veneer of frigidity; and they managed, among them, to make a merry day of it, although it is more than likely that Jack and the groom did not enjoy themselves so much as the others did.

In the afternoon, the bride, who seemed never at a loss for ways of amusement, suggested that they tell fortunes, and for over an hour they sat together and acted like a lot of half-grown children. Jack enjoyed this, for he had a happy knack at fortune-telling by palmistry; and if he did hold Miss Graham's soft little hand quite a good deal longer than was absolutely necessary, and press it as if by accident several times, who, he thought, was the wiser? He thought, but was not certain, that the pressure was returned once or twice, ever so gently, but he was not quite sure of anything, except that Blue-Eyes blushed furiously several times while he was telling her fortune. And he was happily oblivious of the action of the baronet and the journalist, who retired to the other end of the car and slapped each other on the back, almost hysterical with laughter as they voted him the "spooniest ass" they had seen for many a day.

It was Sunday, and in the evening they all sat out on the rear platform and admired the moonlight and sang hymns until nearly midnight. Miss Graham and Jack sat in the doorway, where they were in shadow, as the lamp was not lighted. Everything tended to romance; and, when after a bit they dropped the hymns and the baronet and the bridegroom sang love-songs, Jack could not resist, even had he wished to, taking in his own little white hand that lay so temptingly near, and giving it a tender squeeze. And, oh, delight! The little hand squeezed in return! And there, hand in hand, they sat for two hours, with an occasional glance at each other and a spiritless attempt, now and then, to help keep up the music. Two or three times Jack spoke to his companion, in a tender, low voice, about the moonlight, the music, and various other things, but, for the most part, that pregnant silence prevailed between them.

At La Junta next morning (oh, happy chance!), Miss Graham's purse was found to be missing. Of course they searched high and low for it, until Miss Graham remembered that she had left it on the counter at the eating-house where they took supper the night before—or, at least, she was quite sure that was what had become of it, and such proved later to be the case. Then, as she entered the telegraph-office to send a message to her guardian asking that funds be telegraphed to her at Rincon, Miss Graham fell and sprained her ankle quite badly. Poor child! Jack wished he had the right to take her in his arms and soothe her—but he hadn't; so he was obliged to content himself with the proffer of his brandy-flask and an offer of financial aid, which latter was kindly refused, Miss Graham assuring him that she had sufficient money to last until they should reach Rincon. However, she said, were not that the case, she would have no hesitation in accepting his kind offer—which, it may be remarked, was made with the want of tact born of eagerness.

Miss Graham's ankle felt better, after a time, and the day passed quite pleasantly, especially for Jack Boswell, who had the blue-eyed cripple much to himself. They grew very confidential—at least Jack did—as the hours passed. He told her of his life, his friends, his fortune; of his dislike for womankind in general, and his pleasure at finding one whose society he could enjoy; and all this led to more tender confidences—not too daring, for, somehow, the hand-squeezing



of the evening previous seemed too distant and unreal to be made a basis of further advances. And thus it came about that before the sun set that day, Jack Boswell became possessed of another eccentric notion which made his heart thump wildly; and the events of the evening, which was passed in much the same way as that of Sunday had been, served only to strengthen the idea. A traveling acquaintance ripens so quickly that it seemed impossible that only forty-eight hours ago they had hardly spoken to each other.

Before he retired that night, Jack Boswell felt that he had made great progress, and he spent the time over his last cigar in thinking what a clever fellow he was, and what a lady-killer he could be if he tried.

At Rincon, next morning, Boswell and Miss Graham parted from the bride and groom, who were going to the City of Mexico; the others had dropped off at Albuquerque and Socorro. Here a disagreeable surprise was in store for Miss Graham—her money had failed to come, and she was very much agitated, fearing her guardian might be absent from home, and that there was no one left who could respond to her request in his absence.

"Never mind," said Jack, soothingly. "You can wire again from Deming, and if you don't hear from your guardian there, it won't make any difference."

For answer, he got a grateful look that made his heart beat faster, and he felt, somehow, that he looked noble and magnanimous.

"Take good care of her!" called the bride, as she and the groom waved a smiling adieu from the platform of the departing Pullman.

"I will!" shouted Jack, with a tender glance at Blue-Eyes, who was standing very close to him. There was a trace of proprietorship in his manner, and Miss Graham blushed and turned away in some confusion.

At Deming, Miss Graham telegraphed again, and then, perforce, for she was entirely "busted," as she naively expressed it in the vernacular, accepted Jack's invitation to dinner. They had seven hours to wait. One, two, three, four of these passed, with no response from "Guardy." Miss Graham was growing nervous, and Jack, meanly enough, was becoming correspondingly elated. Everything was working in his favor. He devoutly hoped she would be obliged to accept his assistance.

It was nearly six o'clock, and they wandered, for the twentieth time, into the telegraph-office, which is in the station building. No word yet. Miss Graham bit her quivering lip and turned away, Jack following. They turned a corner of the building, where, sheltered from observation, Blue-Eyes burst into tears.

"The hateful, hateful old thing!" she sobbed. "Oh, I wish I were dead! How can he be so mean?"

Here was the opportunity Jack had wanted. He had resolved last night to ask her, some time, to become Mrs. Boswell, and when would such another chance offer? She was frightened and discouraged, and needed protection; he knew she hated her guardian, and he was quite sure that she was in love with himself, to say nothing of the impression his fortune had made upon her. Of course this was premature, and all that, but—she would probably jump at such a chance.

Just here the operator appeared with the looked-for telegram, handed it to Miss Graham, and left. Blue-Eyes tore it open eagerly, with a firm-set mouth and flashing eyes.

"Mean old thing! He just waited, I know, to frighten me and give me a lesson for my carelessness. Oh, I wish I never, never had to go back to him!"

"You don't!" ejaculated Jack, fiercely; whereat Miss Graham looked up at him, startled. "You don't! All you need do is to say the word, and I'll make you Mrs. Jack Boswell in ten minutes! Miss Graham—Eleanore—will you be my wife?"

She had turned from him, her form quivering with emotion, and he felt that he had won, and was about to put his arm around her in a masterful way, when she faced him, her hand slightly uplifted.

"Why, certainly not, Mr. Boswell. How can I?"

Jack was dazed. For the first time in his life he had met with an obstacle. He opened his mouth to say something, he knew not what, but Blue-Eyes went on, sweetly:

"You have been very, very kind and thoughtful, and I thought we were having such a perfectly lovely flirtation. I do like you very much, but really, I can't marry you." (This last in a regretful tone, and spoken with her face averted.)

Jack couldn't think of anything more original to say, so he stammered just as a school-boy might have done:

"Wh—why?"

"Because," answered Miss Graham, as she turned to him again, her face wreathed in smiles—"because, as you might have seen by this ring, I am engaged to marry another man, and because—forgive me—but, oh, Mr. Boswell, you are such a prig!" And Miss Eleanore Graham laughed uncontrollably, until the tears again came into her merry blue eyes.

Jack Boswell, eccentric, took a notion to go back to New York by the first train from Deming.

R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892.

There was a flavor of humor and gallantry combined in a remark made by Judge Wilson to a middle-aged woman in court the other day (says the Cincinnati *Times-Star*). She told Judge Wilson she never would appear as a witness for fear the attorneys would ask her age. "Leave that to me, madam," said the judge, with his most courtly air; "if any lawyer in my presence asks your age, I'll send him to jail for contempt."

A city of twenty thousand inhabitants, the name of which has never appeared on any map, has been brought to public attention recently by a St. Petersburg journal. It is in the extreme eastern part of Siberia, upon the border of Tobol.

## OLD FAVORITES.

### The Last Carouse.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafters,  
And the walls around are bare;  
As they shout back our peals of laughter  
It seems that the dead are there.  
Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
We drink to our comrades' eyes;  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets glowing,  
Not here is the vintage sweet;  
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,  
And dark as the doom we meet.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
And soon shall our pulses rise;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,  
And many a cheek that's sunk;  
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,  
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.  
Then stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis here the revival lies;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we laughed at others;  
We thought we were wiser then;  
Ha! ha! let them think of their mothers,  
Who hope to see them again.  
No! stand to your glasses, steady!  
The thoughtless are here the wise;  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkies,  
Not a tear for the friends that sink;  
We'll fall 'midst the wine-cup's sparkles,  
As mute as the wine we drink.  
Come stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis this that the respite buys;  
A cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,  
'Tis the hurricane's sultry breath;  
And thus does the warmth of feeling  
Turn ice in the grasp of Death.  
But stand to your glasses, steady!  
For a moment the vapor flies;  
Quaff a cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?  
Who shrinks from the sable shore,  
Where the high and haughty yearning  
Of the soul can sting no more?  
No, stand to your glasses, steady!  
The world is a world of lies;  
A cup to the dead already—  
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,  
Betrayed by the land we find,  
When the brightest have gone before us,  
And the dullest are most behind—  
Stand, stand to your glasses, steady!  
'Tis all we have left to prize;  
One cup to the dead already—  
Hurrah for the next that dies!

—Bartholomew Dowling.

### Orgia—a Song of Ruin.

Who cares for nothing alone is free—  
Sit down, good fellow, and drink with me!

With a careless heart and a merry eye,  
He laughs at the world, as the world goes by.  
He laughs at power, and wealth, and fame;  
He laughs at virtue, he laughs at shame;  
He laughs at hope, and he laughs at fear;  
At memory's dead leaves, crisp and sere;  
He laughs at the future, cold and dim—  
Nor earth nor heaven is dear to him.  
Oh! that is the comrade fit for me!  
He cares for nothing, his soul is free,  
Free as the soul of the fragrant wine—  
Sit down, good fellow, my heart is thine!  
For I heed not custom, creed, nor law;  
I care for nothing that ever I saw.

In every city my cups I quaff,  
And over the chalice I riot and laugh.  
I laugh, like the cruel and turbulent wave;  
I laugh at the church, and I laugh at the grave.  
I laugh at joy, and well I know,  
That I merrily, merrily laugh at woe!  
I terribly laugh, with an oath and a sneer,  
When I think that the hour of death is near.  
For I know that Death is a guest divine  
Who shall drink my blood as I drink this wine.  
And he cares for nothing! a king is he—  
Come on, old fellow, and drink with me!

With you I will drink to the solemn Past,  
Though the cup that I drain should be my last.  
I will drink to the phantoms of love and truth;  
To ruined hopes and a wasted youth.  
I will drink to the woman who wrought my woe.  
In the diamond morning of Long Ago.  
To a heavenly face, in sweet repose,  
To the lily's snow, and the blood of the rose;  
To the splendor, caught from Orient skies,  
That thrilled in the dark of her hazel eyes—  
Her large eyes, wild with the fire of the south—  
And the dewy wine of her warm, red mouth.

I will drink to the thought of a better time;  
To innocence, gone like a death-bell chime.  
I will drink to the shadow of coming doom;  
To the phantoms that wait in my lonely tomb.  
I will drink to my soul, in its terrible mood,  
Dimly and solemnly understood.  
And, last of all, to the Monarch of Sin,  
Who has conquered that palace, and reigns within.

My sight is fading—it dies away—  
I can not tell it is night or day.  
My heart is burnt and blackened with pain,  
And a horrible darkness crushes my brain.  
I can not see you—the end is nigh—  
But we'll laugh together before I die.  
Through awful chasms I plunge and fall—  
Your hand, good fellow—I die—that's all.

—William Winter.

The Emperor of Austria has presented a silver medal *pour le mérite* to a female servant who remained seventy years in the employ of one family.

## THE OLDEST AMERICAN FAMILY.

"Flaneur" discusses it, apropos of Miss Gardiner's Marriage.

The winter season really opens with the horse show, on Tuesday, though some social authorities insist that it should date from the chrysanthemum show, which is in full blast, or from the most notable of the fall weddings. But the horse show seems at a convenient date, and is gaining in popularity each year, so that it will probably be accepted as marking the transition from fall to winter festivity. This year, the sale of the boxes realized fifty-two thousand dollars; the number of entries is fifteen hundred, as against less than five hundred a few years ago; the sum to be distributed in prizes is thirty-five thousand dollars, the largest sum ever awarded at any horse show in the world. Votaries of fashion have paid six hundred and six hundred and fifty dollars for a central box; that is to say, as the show lasts five days, about one hundred and twenty dollars a day for the delight of seeing the horses and of being seen. The young married women say it is worth the money.

Two notable weddings are town-talk. One is the wedding of Sir Philip Grey Egerton, of the Fourth Cheshire Yeomanry, to the daughter of Captain Cuyler, of the army; the other, which is attracting attention, is the wedding of Alexander R. Cox, of England, to Coralie Livingston Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island. On this occasion the man brings money, the woman lineage, and both good looks. Everything was arranged to satisfy the most exacting anglo-maniac. The invitations were printed in English style, and the whole performance was ordered in accordance with the rules which are promulgated from St. George's, Hanover Square. A four-o'clock marriage is hardly the thing one expects; but British law rules. The bride's costume—white satin, covered with old point lace—drew tears from the eyes of every female connoisseur. It was priceless.

Miss Gardiner comes of the very oldest family of white people in the United States. The first piece of real estate in New York which passed into white ownership was Gardiner's Island—situate in one of the bays at the east end of Long Island. It was bought from the Indians by Lion Gardiner, who came here to look after the patents of Lords Brooke and Say and Seal. It was subsequently incorporated into the State of New York, but with all the reservations of an English manor; and these have never been surrendered, so that it is actually a question whether the Gardiners do not to this day enjoy the prerogative of *la haute et la basse justice* on their estate. Lion Gardiner's purchase was in 1635. For two hundred and fifty years his family have owned and lived on Gardiner's Island—mighty proud but mighty land poor. For the soil of East Long Island possesses little agricultural value. The migration of people from Europe and from New England has passed Gardiner's Island by. There are villages on Gardiner's Bay, and on the adjacent south side of Long Island where there has not been a house built in a hundred years. The bay itself is large, like the great South Bay; and, like that, it is shallow. It is full of great, lazy sharks, which the boys harpoon when they get in the way of the boats.

Half a century ago, the belle of the Gardiner family was named Juliana, or Julia. Unlike the present bride—Coralie Livingston Gardiner—Juliana was more remarkable for vigor than for sweetness. She was hardly the kind of belle who melts in your arms, but rather the strong woman, with an eye like Ma's—to threaten and command. In those days, feeling ran pretty high on the slavery question. You could not monkey with free soil. You had to take your side, one way or the other, and Miss Juliana took hers. She believed that slavery was an institution sanctioned by religion, and that Abolitionists were the spawn of Beelzebub. Such views commended her to the Southern aristocracy which ruled the Federal capital; and in June, 1844, she was married to the widower President, John Tyler. The wedding was a quiet one; it took place at the old Church of St. Paul's in lower Broadway, and no one was present but a few Southern friends of the President. After the close of Tyler's term she accompanied him to his Virginian home, but does not seem to have liked the place; for, before the war, she came to live with her mother on Staten Island. There she distinguished herself by her demonstrative sympathy with the South. This was so marked that, after the firing on Sumter, she was visited by a committee of young men, who demanded the surrender of a Confederate flag which she was said to have hoisted in her drawing-room. She had brought the annoyance on herself by writing a public letter denouncing Mrs. Stowe's appeal to the women of England for sympathy for the slaves. She had a son, who bore the family name of Lion Gardiner Tyler; he is president of the Virginia College of William and Mary.

Coralie Livingston Gardiner, who will be known in England by the plebeian name of Mrs. Cox, is a second cousin of this Mrs. Tyler. What her views on slavery are no one has cared to inquire; a girl who is as pretty as she is and whose blood runs with the blood of the Gardiners and the Livingstons, has a right to hold any views she pleases on that or any other subject. Her groom brought over from England a swarm of Coxes and other Britsers, who, strange to say, are not impecunious, and are not for sale to American beiresses. They are being trotted out in view of the Four Hundred by the Van Rensselaer girls, Miss Winthrop, Miss de Peyster, Miss Williams, and others, and it is thought that the foreign barbarians are in any degree open to conviction, these are the apostles who are fitted to carry it to their souls. A brother of the groom, who is said to have millions in perspective, has been an object of much prayerful solicitude.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 12, 1892.

The Automatic Library Company, for the supplying of books to railway travelers in England on a penny-in-the-slot plan, has failed and taken \$350,000 of good money.



## THE COUNTESS OF BELLARMINE.

By Arthur T. Quiller-Couch.

Few rivers in England are without their "Lovers' Leap"; but the tradition of this one is singular, I believe. It overhangs a dark pool, midway down a west country valley—a sheer escarpment of granite, its lip lying but a stone's throw from the high-road, that here finds its descent broken by a stiff knoll, over which it rises and topples again like a wave.

I had drawn two shining fish out of the pool, and sat eating my lunch on the edge of the Leap, with my back to the road. Forty feet beneath me the water lay black and glossy, behind the dotted foliage of a birch-tree. My rod stuck upright from the turf at my elbow, and, whenever I turned my head, neatly bisected the countenance and upper half of Seth Truscott, an indigenous gentleman of miscellaneous habits and a predatory past, who had followed me that morning to carry the landing-net.

It was he who, after lunch, imparted the story of the rock on which we sat, and as it seemed at the time to gain somewhat by the telling, I will not risk defacing it by meddling with his dialect.

"I reckon, sir," he began, with an upward nod at a belt of larches, the fringe of a great estate that closed the view at the head of the vale, "you'm too young to mind th' ould Earl o' Bellarmine, that owned Castle Cannick, up yonder, in my growin' days. 'Ould Wounds' he was nick-named—a crabbage-faced, what-the-blazes kind o' varmint, wi' a gossan wig an' a tongue like oil o' vitriol. He'd a-led the fore-half o' his life, I b'lieve, in London church-town, by reason that he an' his father couldn't be left in a room together wi'out comin' to fisticuffs; an' by all accounts was fashion's favorite in the naughty city, doin' his duty in that state o' life an' playing Hamlet's ghost among the Ten Commandments.

"The upshot was that he killed a young gentleman over a game o' whist, an' that was too much even for the Londoners. So he packed up and sailed for furrin' parts, an' didn't show his face in England till th' ould man, his father, was took wi' a seizure an' went dead, bein' palsied down half his face, but workin' away to the end at the most lift-your-hair wickedness wi' the sound side of his mouth.

"Then the new earl turned up an' settled at Castle Cannick. He was a wifeless man, an', by the look o't, had given up all wish to coax the female eye; for he dressed no better 'n a jockey, an' all his diversion was to ride in to Tregarrick Market o' Saturdays, an' bang round the doorway o' the Pack-Horse Inn, by A. Walters, and glower at the men an' women passin' up and down the Fore Street, an' stand drinkin' brandy an' water while the horse-jockeys there my-lord'ed 'em. Two an' twenty glasses, they say, was his quantum between noon an' nine o'clock; an' then he'd climb into saddle an' ride home to his jeweled four-poster, cursin' an' muterin', but sittin' his mare like a man of iron.

"But one o' these fine market-days he did a thing that filled the mouths o' the country-side.

"He was loafin' by the Pack-Horse door, just as usual, at two o'clock, rappin' the head o' his crop on the side o' his ridin' boots, drawin' his brows down an' lookin' out curses from under 'em across the street to the saddler's opposite, when two drover-chaps came up the pavement wi' a woman atween 'em.

"The woman—or maid, to call her by her proper title—was a dark-browed slut, wi' eyes like sloes, an' hair dragged over her face till she looked like an owl in an ivy-bush. As for the gown o' her, 'twas no better 'n a sack tied round the middle, wi' a brave piece torn away by the shoulder, where one o' the men bad clawed her.

"There was a pretty dido goin' on atween the dree, an' all talkin' together—the two men mobbin' each other, an' the girl i' the middle callin' 'em every name but what they was christened, wi'out distinction o' persons, as the word goes.

"'What's the uproar?' asks Ould Wounds, stoppin' the tap-tap o' his crop, as they comes up.

"'The woman b'longs to me,' says the first. 'I've engaged to make her my lawful wife; an' I won't go from my word under two gallon o' fourpenny.'

"'You agreed to band her over for one gallon, first along,' says t'other, 'an' a bargain's a bargain.'

"Says the woman: 'You're a pair o' hair-splittin' sham-nicks, the pair o' 'ee. An' how much beer be I to have for my weddin' portion?' says she; 'for that's all I care about, one way or t'other.'

"Now Ould Wounds looked at the woman; an' 'tis to be thought he found her eyeable, for he axed up sharp:

"'Would 'ee kick over these two, an' marry me, for a bottle o' gin?'

"'That would I.'

"'An' to be called my lady—Countess o' Bellarmine?'

"'Better an' better.'

"'I shall whack 'ee.'

"'I don't care.'

"'I shall kick, an' cuff, an' flog 'ee, like a spaniel dog,' says he; 'by my body! I shall make 'ee repent.'

"'Give 'ee leave to try,' says she.

"'An' that's how th' Earl o' Bellarmine courted his wife.

He took her into the bar an' treated her to a bottle o' gin on the spot. At nine o'clock that evenin', she tuk hold of his stirrup-leather an' walked beside 'em, afoot, up to Castle Cannick. Next day their banns were axed in church, an' in dree weeks she was his ladyship.

"'Twas a battle-royal that began then. Ould Wounds dressed the woman up to the nines, an' forced all the bettermost folk i' the county to pay their calls an' treat her like one o' the blood; and then, when the proud guests stepped into their chariots an' druv away, he'd fall to an' lick her across the shoulders wi' his ridin'-whip, to break her spirit. 'Twas the happiest while o' th' ould curmudgeon's life, I do b'lieve; for he'd found summat he cudn' tame in a hurry. There was a noble pond afore the house i' those days, wi' urns an' heathen gods around the brim, an' twice he dragged

her through it in her night-gown, I've heerd, an' always dined wi' a pistol laid by his plate, alongside the knives an' prongs, to scare her. But not she!

"An' next he tried to burn her in her bed—an' that wasn't no good.

"An' last of all he fell i' love wi' her—an' that broke her.

"One day—the tale goes—she made up her mind an' ordered a shay an' pair from the Pack-Horse. The postilion was to be waitin' by the gate o' the deer-park—the only gate that hadn't a lodge to it—at ten o'clock that night. 'Twas past nine afore dinner was done, an' she got up from her end o' the table an' walked across to kiss th' ould fellow. He, 'pon his side, smiled on her, pleased as Punch; for 'twas little more'n a fortnit since he'd discovered she was the yapple of his eye. She said 'Good-night,' an' went upstairs to pack a few things in a bag, he openin' the door and shuttin' it upon her. Then he outs wi' his watch, waits a couple o' minutes, an' slips out o' the house.

"At five minutes to ten comes my ladyship, glidin' over the short turf o' the deer-park, an' glancin' over her shoulder at the light in his lordship's libery window. 'Twas burnin' in true watch-an'-fear-nothin' style, an' there, by the gate, was the shay and horses, and postilion, wrapped up and flapping his arms for warmth, who touched his cap and put down the steps for her.

"Drive through Tregarrick,' says she, 'an' don't spare whip-cord.'

"Slam went the door, up climbed the postilion, an' away they went like a house a-fire. There was half a moon up an' a hoar frost gatherin', an' my lady, leanin' back on the cushions, could see the head and shoulders of the postilion bob-bobbing, till it seemed his head must work loose and tumble out of his collar.

"The road they took, sir, is the same that runs down the valley afore our very eyes. An' 'pon the brow o't, just when it comes in sight, the off horse turned restive. In a minute 'twas as much as the post-boy could ha' done to hold 'em. But he didn't try. Instead, he fell to floggin' harder, workin' his arm up an' down like a steam-engine.

"What the jiminy are 'ee doin'?' calls out her ladyship—or words to that effect—clutchin' at the side o' the shay, an' tryin' to stiddy herself.

"I thought I wasn't to spare whip-cord,' calls back the post-boy.

"An' with that he turned i' the saddle; an' 'twas the face o' her own wedded husband, as ghastly white as if 't burned a'ready i' the underground fires.

"Seein' it, her joints were loosed, an' she sat back white as he; an' down over the hill they swung at a break-neck gallop, shay lurchin' and stones flyin'.

"About thirty yards from where we'm sittin', sir, Ould Wounds caught the near rein twice round his wrist an' lean't back, slowly pullin' it, till his face was slewed round over his left shoulder an' lookin' in my lady's face.

"An' that was the last look that passed atween 'em. For now feeling the wheels on grass and the end near, he loosed the rein and fetched the borse he rode a cut atween the ears—an' that's how 'twas," concluded Seth, lamely.

Like most inferior narrators, he shied at the big fence, flinched before the climax. But as he ended, I flung a short glance downward: far below lay the dark pool at the foot of the sheer cliff of granite at whose lip we sat. I took up my rod again with a shiver.

## COMMUNICATIONS.

## A Revival of the American Party.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 16, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Now that the great political battle has been fought and won, and the Republican party suffered total annihilation, necessitating a new political organization in its stead, why may not the American party be revived? The name should certainly be an attraction, and its principles as heretofore promulgated commend themselves to every true patriot, native and naturalized, as well as the great army of labor. Unlike the People's party and Farmers' Alliance, it has no socialistic dogmas or pessimistic ideas of constitutional government; but while pointing out a practical political pathway, differentiated from demagogical ethics, offers an easy solution of the labor problem which now confronts us. The Democratic party has been swept into power upon a tidal wave of popular dissent from existing governmental methods, the result of unjust and vicious legislation enacted in the interest of the few against the many. It will be powerless to give redress, because dominated by the same influences as was its late opponent, and, while making a feint in favor of the oppressed, will stand guardian of the oppressor.

The real contest is between capital and labor, good government and bad. Capital, that needs no protection, will still be protected; labor, that needs it, will receive none. Capital will still buy labor in the cheapest market so long as immigration flows unchecked from Europe to America; and, while this condition exists, just so long must American laborers suffer by reason of competition, and an adamant wall against commerce can never give it relief. Again, our municipalities, where foreign criminals and paupers all do congregate, can never be cleansed, politically, until they have—by the aid of the better element of native and naturalized voters—been Americanized.

The best material of the old Republican party will, I believe, now join the American party, together with many Democrats and all the intelligent laborers, and I therefore suggest the reorganization of the American party.

HEN MORGAN.

## He Renews his Subscription.

[The Argonaut is not in the habit of printing the eulogistic remarks that frequently accompany its subscribers' letters of renewal; but the one herewith is so tersely put that we repress our modesty and print it.—Eds.]

CORTLANDT PARKER, RICHARD WAYNE PARKER, CORTLANDT PARKER, JR., LAW OFFICE, NO. 800 BROAD STREET.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Yours is the only journal which I read through from the beginning to the end, whenever I receive it, and I let no one in my family have it till I have done so.

First—You are generally right. You hit the nail always on the head. You are almost always original. You are fearless, and do not consider your pecuniary interests.

Second—I like the paper as a source of amusement, whether through the unique tales you print, the well-selected poetry, the bits of wit, sentiment, and sometimes gossip to be found in it.

I send my subscription for next year, and remain, Yours very truly,

CORTLANDT PARKER.

## From the Silent Army.

HEAD-QUARTERS SILENT ARMY DEAF SOLDIERS, SAILORS, AND MARINES, 1050 NORTH TENNESSEE STREET, INDIANAPOLIS, IND., October 26, 1892. EDITORS ARGONAUT: That was a very striking editorial that appeared in your publication August 22, 1892. I am so pleased with your comments on "Cathecism and the Catholic Church in America," that I want some copies of the publication to send to friends. Please find inclosed stamps for same.

Respectfully yours,

WALLACE FOSTER, Secretary of the Silent Army.

## MY LADY SPINSTER.

A Woman discusses Double and Single Blessedness.

Nature and art, society and civilization, combine to render the condition of a single man not only tolerable, but even fascinating. For him (writes Helen Marshall North in the *Bazar*), elegant bachelor apartments rise, filled with every luxury. For him, tailor and laundress, caterer and messenger, telegraph and telephone, and special aids of every sort, lubricate the wheels of life to an idyllic condition of smoothness. Despite the Scriptural injunction, outward comfort and inward peace are the usual lot of the modern bachelor, and the option of a change of condition is also his.

It is often very good for her own well-being and for the world that a woman also should pass her life unmarried.

That the cases of single blessedness are not in the ascendancy; that marriage is so universally desired; that men so inferior in appearance, ability, and general intelligence and many virtues that if clothed in feminine form they would pass unnoticed, are accepted as husbands—these facts are only a few of many that might be offered in proof that, as a rule, it is not good for woman to be alone.

It is distinctly good and desirable for a woman to marry a worthy man and create a home which shall be a centre of beautiful influence, widening as the years go by, and forever remembered by children and grandchildren as a haven of peace, and an active, unflinching incentive and example to noble living and thinking. No school of art or music can so truly develop those womanly virtues which the world is always needing as the home circle. Literature and science may hold out beckoning hands to the young girl, and display the glittering rewards which the world bestows on genius, but the maiden's instinct is invariably true. The home, with all its cares, offering at the outset, it may be, little besides the companionship and sympathy of a loving heart, and with ample prospect of years of struggle with poverty, is almost sure to win the day.

No discipline equals that of the daily, hourly conflict with the petty annoyances of housekeeping cares, childish inconsistencies and vagaries, and, perhaps, the presence of an irritable, exacting husband. The wife learns her lessons of patience and love in a school where her beneficiaries become her instructors. The discipline of midnight watchings, of daily acts of service and enforced self-denial and self-forgetfulness, convert by sure alchemy all that is selfish and ignoble into pure motherly and wifely love. The sanctifying process is not always recognized, neither can it be truthfully asserted that sanctification is an invariable result of home discipline.

In general, it is not best for a woman to be alone, because every womanly heart naturally seeks some other as a complement to its own, and failing to find it, for any reason, is compelled to turn aside from the ordinary round of womanly life and follow a path which at first seems unnatural.

Perhaps the chief reason why a woman generally chooses a life of double blessedness, even when the election implies great care and responsibility, is beyond the power of any one but herself to explain, it is so largely a matter of intuition, a natural consequence of being a woman. And however deeply a girl may be steeped in worldliness and selfishness, however her friends or she herself may calculate her chances of marriage, the girl knows that it is all a matter as much in the way of nature as is the upspringing of the grass or the shining of the sun. The wedding robe and veil mean more to her than to any other. Underneath satin bodice or the plainest bridal garment ever fashioned beats the heart of a woman who, for a time at least, realizes the supreme meaning of her life, and looks forward with truthful love to the home which she longs to bless.

Hundreds of women marry every year for shelter, for support, for position, for freedom from irksome cares, for the title of a married woman, and to avoid the reproach of their friends. Many marry for reasons which they would not admit to their friends, and scarcely to themselves. A maiden brought up in a comfortable home suddenly finds herself deprived of resources. Marriage is an open door through which she may escape the drudgery of the only sort of toil possible to her inexperienced hands, and she therefore accepts the first respectable offer that falls to her. A cluster of feminine olive-plants in a single household find quite too many inducements, besides the highest one, to matrimony. The oldest hastens to fix a wedding-day lest her younger sister should win the honor of the first marriage in the family.

The plain sister does not wish to become an object of commiseration, and dares not let her first opportunity to make a settlement pass by, lest it should also prove the last. One sister weds a man of wealth, who does not naturally attract her, because another sister has set up a handsome establishment, and she does not choose to be considered less fortunate in the social world.

Many a woman whose early opportunities for marriage have been numerous, but not to her taste, dreads the reproach of her young married friends, and, as the years go on, accepts a husband who is a life-long disappointment. Wealth influences many, and when one considers all the luxuries and pleasures that money will bring in our day, and sets over against them the lonely life of ill-paid toil which is the alternative in so many instances, it is not surprising that untrained or thoughtless girls should sometimes accept that which seems to them a refuge from care. Fame and social position throw their glittering mantles over the deficiencies of many men and win for them wives of superior merit. Many a girl whose heart has awakened to love for some manly young fellow, sees him turning not towards her shrine but to another, and in maidenly shame lest her secret be discovered, accepts the addresses of another whom she may reward with the calm affection of maturer years, but who never quite fills her inmost heart. The secret of many a maiden is never suspected or even dreamed of by friend or lover.

A single life nobly lived, with its advantages properly regarded, often yields a far greater measure of personal happiness.



## PARISIAN NOTES.

"Parisina's" Budget of Gossip from Lutetia.

I, for one, have never been able to resist the attraction of the book-stalls on the quays. You may have hundreds of volumes on your shelves at home, and, while they gather dust from disuse, you will stand handling the octavos and duodecimos, laid out so temptingly on the parapet, hunting among them for that *rara avis*—the first edition of some favorite author. The inherent love of bargains may have something to do with the pleasure we all experience in turning over the musty volumes, though these are not so common as they were formerly. How delightful to walk home with a fair prize, bound in much-thumbed calf, purchased for a franc or two, or may be a few cents—I once got a Plato for two cents a volume—and the less it has cost the more it is valued. All sorts and conditions of persons linger about the stalls—not only students and book-worms, whose particular haunt it is, but every manner of idler. I have been told that unsuccessful authors rummage there for copies of their own books. Many of those who stand turning over the volumes never buy; some will take up a book and read it as tranquilly as if they were by their own fire-side, putting in a private mark, when they go away, that they may find their place next time. This category includes the out-at-elbows generally. Sometimes the trim little figure of a *grisette* will be seen, intent on the page of a sensational novel; and schoolboys will gloat over Rabelais and other forbidden literary fruit. These stalls are, doubtless, the last vestiges of the *al fresco* marts that formerly used to be held on the old bridges, and all visitors to Paris note them as a special feature of the Rive Gauche. Why I speak of them now is, that the Academician, Xavier Armier—who died the other day—bequeathed a sum of money in his will to the bookstall-keepers of the left bank of the Seine, to be expended in a banquet in affectionate remembrance—so the testator puts it—of the many happy hours he had spent there. As was natural, some little trouble was experienced in limiting the number of guests—stall-keepers suddenly cropped up in unlikely places—and then came the question whether or no females should be included. Well, matters are about straight now, and the banquet is ordered in a restaurant of "The Quartier," as the students affectionately call the Latin Quarter, and it has been decided that the somewhat frumpy "ladies," who are actual proprietors of half a dozen well-worn boxes and a few feet of parapet, are to grace the feast. There is something philosophic in this idea of a man bidding humble folk eat and drink and be merry after he himself has shifted off this mortal coil.

The schools of the Beaux-Arts, closed during the long vacation, have just reopened, and the quays are crowded with young men carrying big portfolios. They will feel strange enough in their new quarters, for their old studios are to be taken down, converted or rebuilt—I hardly know which—and, in the meantime, they are to use the new studios temporarily arranged for their accommodation in the Hôtel de Chimay next door. A curious sight some of the old walls present, and it is a pity the leveling hand of the plasterer should wipe out the old record. In the *loges*, or boxes, wherein the aspirants for the Prix de Rome work in cloistered solitude, are many really clever studies it were a shame to efface. I was taken there once on the sly by an official connected with the place, and was so much amused I forgot to be shocked. Studies of the nude met the eye at every turn, and not always the classic nude by any means. One young lady depicted stepping out of a cupboard in the garb of innocence, has so much the effect of reality that it is told in the schools (though I will not vouch for the truth of the anecdote) that M. Ferry, going over the palace, started back on perceiving her, ejaculating: "Pardon! mademoiselle!" The best caricature is signed Chartran (you remember Chartran painted Leo the Thirteenth for the last Salon); the year he went up for the prize, the competitors were under the guard of an old disciplinarian, who allowed no infringement of the rules and threatened them whenever they gave him cause for complaint—which, I daresay, was often enough. So Chartran had his revenge by depicting their tormentor life-size, rolling goggle eyes, and flourishing a bloody cutlass, the heads of his victims rolling at his feet. A story is told of an American artist, whom the authorities allowed to paint in one of the unused *loges* because he was too poor to hire a studio for himself, but their generosity stopped short of a fire. So his model—an old man—complained bitterly of cold. "I'll have the stove lighted to-morrow," said our artist; but as he had no money to buy coals, he painted a thermometer on the wall which marked a summer heat. "See, Père Banville, it's nice and warm to-day," and he pointed to the thermometer; and, in the course of the sitting, as the old man continued to shiver and dart furtive glances toward the lying counterfeit, he would add: "Oh! we are quite cozy and comfortable, are we not?" I do not know that American artist's name, but I have an idea he made his way in the world.

Art students are proverbially gay and given to jokes and caricatures. It is partly on account of their known proclivities that the administration of the Beaux-Arts refuses to entertain the possibility of admitting females into the school until it can afford to build a special wing for their accommodation, with a private entrance round the corner. But they are not so wild, by a good way, as the medical students. They, too, resumed work again this week, and did honor to the occasion, as usual, by giving a ball at Bullier's. It would go bard with any man, who was not either a student of the Ecole de Medicine or the Ecole de Pharmacie, who would venture that night into the precincts. Horse-play, even among themselves, is the rule. Whosoever comes in a "topper" is immediately extinguished; the least they can do to a bat is to sit on it. Old birds come in shocking bad hats, a freshman's *tuyau de poêle* is a target for missiles. As no ball can be complete without ladies, there is always a

good sprinkling of *étudiantes*, and I daresay it is hardly necessary to explain that this name is not here applied to the masculine-minded young women who take such voluminous notes in the lecture halls, but to the Mimi Pinsons of the "Quartier." Nowadays they may frequent this ball without running the risk of getting a broken head, but I am sorry to say that formerly part of the fun consisted in "chucking" these females from the galleries into the arms of the fellows below. Medical students of the present day are more gallant, and although the stalwart arms are always open to receive a pretty girl, she is not obliged to make *le saut périlleux* beforehand. It is only on such particular occasions as this that Bullier shines out in its old glory, long ago eclipsed by that of Le Moulin Rouge. Every dog has its day, and if you want to see the cancan danced its best you must go to the Red Mill; of course you will prepare to be shocked—that goes without saying.

I know nothing sadder than a farce or a burlesque that is not funny. The most heart-rending melodrama is a gay affair compared to that most tragic performance—the antiquated farce. French dramatic literature is not at present at its best. It might safely be affirmed, moreover, that it is rapidly becoming poorer and poorer. Nor do dramatists seem to have the heart left in them to arrest its downward course. Such a saddening succession of so-called operettas we have had inflicted upon us within the last fortnight! Accumulated masses of jokes that have seen Louis Philippe, the Empire, the Commune—and are still surviving. The music, too, of four successive dismal operettas was mostly painful from its uniformity of mold. The only original operetta is one to which Hervé (of "Cil Crève") fame, a glorious but now antique vaudeville) has written the saddest music I ever heard from his pen. That, at least, is new, which is an adjective that hardly applies to the libretto, though. The first in date of production is about a waitress in one of the famous Duval restaurants. She does not do much but fascinate the audience, in a most becoming white cap. So far as I remember, she is courted by a marquis, who dresses up as his own groom, in hopes of an easier conquest. But his servant puts on his master's clothes with a like purpose—and here the real piece begins. The muddle becomes so great, the meshes of the plot so fearfully interwoven, that one's only idea for the remainder of the evening is how on earth will the poor author get out of it? He *does* get out of it—and if he did stick half-way the audience would never know, but go home quite as happy. To continue: Another of these productions is styled "Le Brillant Achille," and hardly justifies its name, for the Achilles of the piece—not an ancient Greek warrior, but a very modern and Parisian breaker of hearts, whom a girl has at last entrapped into marrying her—is peculiarly dull. I forget the details of the plot, if I ever knew them. I know that a duel occurs (the weapons are a pack of cards, and the loser is to poison himself by swallowing sulphur matches—a time-honored joke), because Rose is found in Belami's room, the latter being in a bathing costume—quite innocently, though. Achille, Rose's husband—a husband in name alone, though they were married ten days ago, for Rose is avenging herself on her inconstant lover—loses, but does not swallow the poison; Belami marries some one else, Rose gives in to Achilles, and all ends happily and lamely. The third operetta of the fortnight is pompously entitled "Bacchanalia." Does not such a title call up to the imagination wild scenes of Roman orgies under the latter-day emperors?—scenes of frantic richness and luxury, feasts, dancing, debauchery of the most refined yet most gorgeous kind? And what a fall from those heights of imagination to the mask ball given by a pretty, fashionable artist, Melanor, at which appear heroic characters as an old provincial scapegrace, with puffy cheeks and scanty gray locks, Montsoleil out on the "speer"—and what a "speer"! His wife Gilberte, who has fallen unawares on his track, and who exactly resembles a certain Aiglouette, both model and mistress to Melanor. Of course the whole plot turns on this extraordinarily original idea. Montsoleil takes Gilberte for Aiglouette, or *vice versa*, and Melanor does likewise. However, everything comes right at last. By the bye, this is the piece of which the music is so lamentably sad. Altogether, that tame Bacchanalian ball, with its despairing airs, is a woeful scene. Perhaps the best is "La Tournée Ernestin," played at the old-fashioned Quartier Latin little theatre of Cluny. But its success is due merely to the fact that it is an admirable satire on the "touring" of a certain actor of the Français and a certain actress who belongs to no theatre in particular, whose thirst for gold impels them to rush round the world from one town to another, earning five thousand dollars an evening, but destroying the voice and debasing the genius nature has lavished upon them. It is high time for some Thackeray to go forth into the world and write "The Book of Cabotins." PARISINA.

PARIS, October 28, 1892.

The Berlin *Freisinniger Zeitung*, commenting upon recent army legislation, says there are officers of the German army who go so far as to demand that Germany shall be able to place in the field a force equal to the combined armies of France and Russia. In other words, a population of 50,000,000 must turn out as many soldiers as a population of 130,000,000. The *Freisinniger* also says that if these enthusiasts could have their way, all of the old women would be called into service, and it thinks they would prove about as effective as the old men recently added to the reserve.

A well-known physician said recently in conversation: "Of course I believe in the Keeley cure. I believe in anything that will make people well. I believe in Father Mollinger cures, and the shrine, and spring, and miraculous vision cures. And the Keeley cure is just like them—purely a matter of faith. There may be gold in it, and there may not. My own impression is that there isn't an atom. But gold or not, the thing that cures the patient is the belief that he is being cured."

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Marshal MacMahon so earnestly resents certain passages in Zola's book, "La Débâcle," that he thinks of publishing the five volumes of his memoirs—memoirs which he had not intended should see the light until after his death.

The Princess Stephanie, widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria, recently created a tremendous sensation in Vienna by horsewhipping Count Chotek, a leader of the Viennese aristocracy and a major in the Austrian army.

Dr. Conan Doyle, of detective-story fame, is, it is said, to be associated with Mr. Barrie in a new light opera, for which Mr. Ernest Ford will write the music. It would not be surprising if the work were ultimately seen at the Savoy.

Among the official announcements of divorces asked for, which appeared in a recent number of *Petites Affiches*, was this one: "Mme. Bernhardt, née Jablonovska, against her husband, No. 14 Rue Crevaux." The husband in this case is Maurice Bernhardt, the son of the famous actress. The wife was formerly known as the Princess Jablonovska.

Votes for a new poet laureate, solicited by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, show this percentage of votes: C. A. Swinburne, 36; Sir E. Arnold, 9; A. Dobson, 9; L. Morris, 8; W. Morris, 7; G. Meredith, 7; C. Patmore, 4; R. Kipling, 4; Christina Rossetti, 2; George Macdonald, 2; G. Waddington, 2; W. Watson, 2; Professor Blackie, 1; Jean Ingelow, 1.

Richard Croker, who rose from a machinist's bench to be the powerful head of Tammany Hall, was engineer of the first steam fire-engine used in New York. He afterward became foreman of Engine Company 28, a position of influence and importance in politics, and his election as alderman, a few years later—in 1867—gave him a start in the career he has since followed.

The King of Italy has issued a proclamation, stating that it is the wish of the queen and himself that no money should be spent on presents for them in honor of their silver wedding-day, but that any money collected should be devoted to charity. The king and queen will celebrate their silver wedding on April 22, 1893. The German Emperor and Empress have accepted an invitation to the festivities.

John C. Eno, the most distinguished of the American exiles in Canada, lives comfortably in Quebec, in a handsome mansion, and is frequently seen in society. He is said to be the life of the luxurious Union Club, which owes its existence in great part to his efforts, and is popular and contented. He has grown stout in recent years, his cheeks are rosy, and there is every physical evidence that existence is agreeable to him.

A good story is going the rounds concerning the preliminary examinations of pupils at the London Guildhall School of Music. A young and pretty girl presented herself, and modestly asked the highly respected principal whether the ordeal could not be dealt with by the lady superintendent. It was then Sir Joseph Barnby's task to explain to the blushing damsel that the much-feared "examination" was not a physical affair, but was merely one in the elements of music, in order to determine in which class she should be placed.

Rumors are flying about that the Princess Colonna, daughter of John W. Mackay, is about to apply for a divorce. The trouble, it is alleged, began at Aix-les-Bains, and the occasion was the finding, by the princess, of a letter from a celebrated prima of an opera company making a rendezvous with the prince for supper. The Duke de Marino, son of the old Prince Colonna, has just published a notice in the Italian papers to the effect that no person is entitled to use the designation of Prince Colonna except his father. This shot is also aimed at the son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Mackay, who is a distant relative of the old prince, and whose proper title is Prince of Velaco. This news can not be welcome to Mrs. Mackay, who will probably repair to the Riviera, and may probably succeed in setting this tangled matter right again.

An anecdote that is going the rounds of the English press shows how highly the late poet laureate was esteemed at court. A favorite amusement within the queen's home circle is what the French call the game of *petits papiers*. A few years ago, the Princess Beatrice propounded this question: "If you were not to be yourself, what Englishman or Englishwoman would you rather be?" Among the little slips of paper containing the answers of those present, there were two which bore simply the name "Tennyson." The queen wrote one, and her faithful friend, Lady Ely, since dead, the other. This reminds us of a distinguished Philadelphia lawyer, who, when his wife asked him, in company, when the question was going round: "Who would you rather be if not yourself?" made the gallant reply: "Your second husband, dear."

Mr. Reginald de Koven has been made musical and theatrical critic of *Harper's Weekly*. Mr. de Koven has produced three operas of the lighter sort, all of which have met with eminent success, and this latest, which is a more serious effort. Still another opera is to be produced within a few months. The first three were "The Begum," first produced by the McCaull Company in Philadelphia in 1887; "Don Quixote," in Boston in 1889; and "Robin Hood," which, having first seen the footlights in Boston, became immensely popular at the Prince of Wales Theatre, in London, under the name of "Maid Marian." Mr. de Koven, who is still a young man to have done so much, is a native of Chicago, but was educated in England, taking his degree at St. John's, Oxford, in 1879—his twentieth year. His professional education, since he has for love of it made music a profession, began with two years, from 1873 to 1875, at the Stuttgart Conservatoire, and was resumed at the same place for two more years in 1879. After the production of his first opera he studied certain details, particularly orchestration, with Mr. Richard Genée for some months, since which time he has been pushing on along his own way to fame.



## LITERARY NOTES.

## Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

How rich the literature of music has become in recent years is illustrated by a little catalogue of the books relating to this art just issued by a New York house. The list covers sixty-four pages. There are five books on Chopin, twelve on Beethoven, forty-one by or on some phase of Wagner's genius, twenty-five on Hymnology and Sacred Music, twenty-one histories of music, etc. The book is a convenient guide for any one interested in musical literature.

Marion Crawford's new novel, "Don Orsino," has just been issued by Macmillan & Co., uniformly with their "dollar edition" of his other works. They have also published Tennyson's new volume, "Oenone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems"; Sir John Lubbock's "Beauties of Nature"; and "Student and Singer," the reminiscences of Charles Santley.

Only a few weeks before Tennyson died, he made many additions to and corrections of the acting version of "Becket." Among these additions was a long, new speech by Becket.

Mr. Theodore Child's "The Desire of Beauty; Being Indications for Aesthetic Culture," published by the Harpers, treats of criticism, the joy of art, the errors of realism, the education of the eye, and kindred subjects.

"The Story of the Life of William H. Seward," by Frederick W. Seward, has been issued in three handsome volumes by Derby & Miller, of New York.

"Q," otherwise Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, is about to issue a small volume of verses entitled "Green Bays."

Mrs. Clifford, who wrote "The Love-Letters of a Worldly Woman," has in press, with the Macmillans, a volume of short stories called "The Last Touches and Other Stories."

The forthcoming International Humor Series will consist of illustrated volumes of three hundred and fifty to four hundred pages, each volume containing an anthology of the humorous literature of the particular nation dealt with. The series will begin at the early period of Italian humorous stories, and each volume will have a critical introduction.

Dr. Charles Eliot Norton's forthcoming *Harper* article on James Russell Lowell will be accompanied by a new portrait of Lowell.

It is said Tennyson considered that the best line he ever wrote was one in "The Gardener's Daughter":

"The mellow ouzel fluted in the elm."

*Peterson's Magazine*, of Philadelphia, passing under a new management, is to be converted into an illustrated periodical devoted to literature and art, under the title of the *New Peterson Magazine*. It will have as its editor Frank Lee Benedict, and as its associate editors Octave Tbanet, M. G. McClelland, and Howard Seely.

Mr. Hamerton will publish through the Macmillans a holiday book called "Man in Art," with etchings and photogravures from the works of Murillo, Botticelli, Alma-Tadema, Fra Angelico, Dürer, Rembrandt, and others.

"At the Gates of Light and Other Poems," by Mrs. E. Amie S. Page, will be published by William Doxey, San Francisco, in time for the holidays.

"Fortunatus the Pessimist" is the title of Mr. Alfred Austin's new volume of poetry.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins's colonial play, "Giles Corey, Yeoman," is to appear in full in the Christmas number of *Harper's*.

Charles Santley's "Reminiscences," a third edition, revised and enlarged, of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," and "The Inns of Court," by the Rev. W. J. Lofie, illustrated by Herbert Railton and other artists, are among the new and forthcoming Macmillan books.

William Morris asserts, in relation to two brother-poets, that Tennyson's poetry is incomparably superior to Browning's.

## New Publications.

"A Sister's Sin," by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, has been issued in the Series of Select Novels published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents; for sale by the booksellers.

"An Exquisite Fool," a novel of English life, by an author who prefers the sweet shades of anonymity to the bright light that beats about successful authorship, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Return of The O'Mahony," by Harold Frederic, is a story of an Irishman who gets hold of some important documents during the Civil War in America and goes to Ireland to impersonate The O'Mahony. Published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"His Life Magnet," by Theodora Elmslie, is an English story in which the hero is doomed by a family curse to die in his twenty-third year. Strange

to say, the hero does succumb to the hereditary doom, but quite a story is told before he does so. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Calidore and Miscellanea" is the last volume of the new edition of Thomas Love Peacock's works edited by Dr. Richard Garnett. It contains Sir Edward Strachey's recollections of Peacock, "Calidore" and other fragments, and an index of first lines of lyrics in the nine volumes. Published by J. M. Dent & Co., London (Macmillan, New York); price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"In Old St. Stephen's," by Jeanie Drake, is a very moving tale of life in South Carolina in the post-Revolutionary days. The story is one of absorbing interest, the personages are distinctly drawn and life-like, and the picture of patrician life on the old South Carolinian plantation is very vivid. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Green Tea," by V. Schallenger, a story of a girl lost in a California wood who is rescued by a man whom she takes for a "road agent" and with whom she nevertheless falls in love; and "A New England Cactus and Other Tales," by Frank Pope Humphrey, are the latest issues of the Unknown Library published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents each; for sale at the Popular Bookstore.

"Mansfield Park" is the latest of Jane Austen's novels to appear in the dainty new edition put forth by J. M. Dent & Co., of London. The editor of the edition, Reginald Brimley Johnson, in a brief preface, describes the circumstances in which the book was first published and gives interesting extracts from Miss Austen's letters, and each of the two volumes is illustrated with three etchings. Published in America by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00 for the two volumes; for sale by William Doxey.

"Helen Treveryan; or, The Ruling Race," by John Roy, is a military novel, the action taking place during the English advance to Afghanistan in 1876-7. The politics of the time and place and official life in India are minutely described, and there is a double love story in which Helen, an English-bred girl left an orphan in India, is a happy wife in spite of opposition from her husband's relatives, and, when he is killed, becomes again a bride. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"Along New England Roads," by W. C. Prime, is a book of pleasant little essays of country life, originally written for newspaper publication, but well deserving the greater permanence this publication in book-form gives them. There are twenty of them in all, and some typical ones are entitled "In Southern Vermont," "An Angler's August Day," "Epitaphs and Names," "Boys with Standing-up Collars," and "Hints for Carriage Travel." Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mrs. Burton Harrison's latest book of short stories is "Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales," and it con-

tains, in addition to these, "Una and King David," The Belhaven tales, of which there are four, are preceded by a pleasant essay on Alexandria, the little town on the Potomac that the Virginia planters of the beginning of the century knew as Belhaven, which prepares the reader for the atmosphere in which Mrs. Harrison's heroes and heroines live and move. Published by The Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by the booksellers.

The initial volume of a new series of Great Commanders, edited by James Grant Wilson, is "Admiral Farragut," by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N., the author of "The Influence of Sea Power upon History." It is an admirable biography, relating the public career of the old hero in a spirited manner and presenting a clear-cut picture of the man. A portrait serves as frontispiece and there are other illustrations; the work is indexed; and the clear type, good paper, broad margins, and uncut, gilt-tipped leaves make it a handsome book. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company and by Payot, Upham & Co.

"A Tour Around New York" and "My Summer Acre," by "Felix Oldboy" (Colonel John Flavel Mines), are two series of newspaper articles made into one handsome and entertaining book. The papers are such as would be suggested by current events to a man who has an intimate knowledge of historic scenes and incidents in New York, and, these being genially narrated and described, the book is one that those interested in old New York will welcome heartily. The illustrations are particularly numerous and good, and the text has been carefully edited and annotated by James E. Learned. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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VANITY FAIR.

It is estimated that there are three million young men of marriageable age in the United States who obstinately neglect to provide themselves with wives, and this implies the existence of at least an equal number of young women of marriageable age who are waiting for proposals that never come. The fact is important (says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*) as indicating one of the social tendencies of the period. It can not be doubted that the popularity of matrimony has materially declined in recent years, and that a kind of general hesitancy seems to prevail respecting the negotiation of such alliances. There was a time when the young people of the country hastened to pair themselves with bird-like eagerness and delight as soon as they were out of school, and society not only encouraged them, but practically commanded them to take that course. They were considered superfluous and burdensome until they got married. The true work of life could not begin with them, they were taught, so long as they remained single; it was their duty to become yoked without unnecessary delay, and it was a disgrace to miss reasonable opportunities in that relation. But it is decidedly different at the present day. The practice of wedlock is no longer imperative, nor does discredit attend the unmarried state, even when prolonged into the thirties. There is as much advice given against marriage as in favor of it by the wise and experienced of both sexes, and the result is a steady decrease in the proportion of actual weddings to possible ones. The causes which have produced this marked change are not sufficiently definite for satisfactory analysis. It is probably true that our extravagant style of living, as compared with that of former times, is one of the effective influences. The cost of supporting a wife and raising a family is much larger than it used to be, and this feature of the matter often gives pause on both sides. We have come to measure so many other things by money that matrimony has not escaped the rule. The young people are disinclined to start in a humble way and gradually improve their situation; they want all that their parents have without waiting and striving for it. Many proposals are unquestionably delayed or rejected on this account. Then it is well known that the new avenues of employment open to women have made them more independent, and probably also more exacting as to the qualifications of husbands. It is not nearly so common as it once was for girls to marry simply in order to secure a home and a living; they are able now to earn good wages and to take their time about assuming the duties of wives and mothers. We may safely believe, moreover, that the progress of women in education and in social power has led them to look less favorably upon the connubial condition by subordinating their hearts to their heads, so to speak. And finally, it can not be that the abundance of criticism to which the married system has been subjected by writers of pronounced vigor and skill has served to weaken it in the popular estimation and to disparage the quality of sacredness that is its highest claim to respect and honor.

Mrs. Burton Harrison, the well-known novelist, has written an interesting article on "The Young Girl and Dancing" for the *Ladies' Home Journal*, from which we make the following extracts, prefacing them with Mrs. Harrison's definition of the modern debutante as "the home-bred maiden, who, arriving at the age of eighteen or thereabout, is introduced by her parents to their acquaintances, thenceforth to take her place beside her mother as hostess, and as participant in hospitalities extended to the family": "If we look up the specific definition of society, it will be found to be not only 'the more cultivated portion of any community in its social relations and influences,' but also 'those who mutually give and receive formal entertainments.' The first step in the conventional exchange of town life is either an evening party or a general 'tea' in the afternoon—the latter the more common—given by the mother of the new-comer in society. To the greater portion of the company expected to be present, the debutante is practically a stranger. With the parents of the young people of her age and set she may have been familiar more or less, and her progress may have been by them watched out of that 'difficult' period that is sometimes the despair of guardians, who know not what manner of thing it will bring forth. For the crucial test of her introduction into full-fledged society, the poor girl must needs equip herself in a shining armor of conventionality; must step neither to the right nor to the left of the line prescribed by custom; must, above all, repress her preferences in the matter of companionship, and mete out civility in equal share to all who are presented to her. What wonder that she often dreads, rather than welcomes, her great occasion? That it is an experience to be endured, even though her way be strewn, as it generally is, with flowers, must be admitted.

"The next ordeal, and this, especially in New York, is a serious one, to which many an eye-witness may be summoned, is the first large ball. Old-fashioned girls in the less conventional portions of our country used to be spoken of as finding the occasion a scene of dazzling gaiety that sent them reluctantly homeward after dancing out the stars. The *fin-de-siècle* maiden of our large cities has another tale to

tell. Unless, indeed, she shall have been brought out with extraordinary forethought and diplomatic preparation; unless her family is known as one profuse in giving entertainments of the 'smart' sort; or she is heralded as the heiress of many shakels; or unless the fates have gifted her with the beauty that strikes all beholders speechless—a prize mostly appropriated by heroines of fairy tales—the debutante is apt to feel more pang than pleasure while standing with reluctant feet where the brook and river meet. Take her, arrived in the dressing-room at the ball, a room crowded with strange faces, or unfamiliar ones. She sees the breaking up into cliques of women and girls who have interests in common which she does not share. The conviction that her lovely new frock, praised to the echo by home admirers, is but a pale glimmer in all this splendor, depresses her at the outset. She recalls the bustle and flutter, the confidences and chatter of the girls' dressing-room at the dancing-class last year. There she knew every one, had her own little ring of satellites, and feared not to relax into mischief and merriment. The grave countenances of her fellow-debutantes reflect her own. It seems to all of them so vast, so business-like, so self-absorbed, this struggle for pleasure they call society. How can a timid maiden assert herself in such a multitude? What can she do or be, to justify her introduction to the scene? Above all, how maintain herself, not to reveal her faint heart in the fray? As well may a blossom dropped into a mill-stream try to push its way against the current. By and bye, out of chaos emerges order in her ideas, and the plunge made, she tries to adapt herself to the requirements of the hour. She finds that, once in the ball-room, many of the confident ones, who have on its threshold looked her over and tried to look her down, have no better chance than she. The occasion becomes an universal exchange, a market in which wares are offered and accepted or passed by for whatever is more attractive to the seeker. Oftentimes a girl's youth and freshness and her readiness to be amused attract when self-consciousness and labored vivacity send men to the right-about. But to give points in the art of pleasing is beyond the scope of this paper.

"A feature of ball-room life, which, in the eyes of debutantes and chaperon alike, calls aloud for redress, is in order of discussion here. One hears everywhere the complaint that a woman, old or young, may not stir from her seat to get supper, or to avoid a draught, or to change places for a better point of view, without being annexed to the arm of some member of the selecting sex, for whom she must wait, or whistle, to use the ancient, pungent phrase. Hard as this unwritten law is to the elders, who see themselves doomed to dependence on callow youths, the age, it may be, of their sons, for the privilege of crossing a crowded bit of parquet floor, it is doubly so to the girls who must wait the pleasure of these sultans of the hour to rise from the seats into which their healthy activity has been chained. If they might only fraternize with each other, cross the ball-room hand in hand, go into supper likewise, and, better than all, dance together, without proclaiming themselves wall-flowers, what a merry set our debutantes would be. Untrammelled by absurd necessity, the girls who now sit, often grave and spiritless, beside their protectors, would then take flight, chirping and chattering like a flock of birds. As it is, who has not seen the unnatural spectacle of these young creatures holding back from conversation with each other, bravely suppressing yawns, waiting and gazing with sad eyes upon the pageant of a dance which they are not bidden to join because the men are not so plentiful as the women! During a recent season of revelry in New York, it was no uncommon incident for girls whose carriages had been ordered late to be seen retiring to the dressing-room to wait, because partners were not forthcoming for the cotillon. And it is in New York, especially, that this lack of dancing men is patent. Numbers of young fellows, forced by the nature of their employment to keep early hours, make no pretence to keep up with the mad rush of society after midnight. The oldsters, who have danced down the generations, with a limited supply of very youthful supporters of the salutary art, carry the burden of the ball.

"A great and most patent error in taste is the habit of monopolizing the man who has tarried to pay his compliments to a girl in passing, until he and all lookers-on are made aware of a certain apprehension on her part lest he escape. A severe, but useful, lesson was conveyed to a very young girl recently, who to an old friend of her father's family approaching under these conditions to give her gracious salutation, exhibited such evident nervousness in answer, that the gentleman laid a hand on the young fellow's arm and remarked, with pleasant emphasis: 'There, my dear, I have him safe, and he can not get away. Now you may go on telling me what you began to say.' A fashion safe to strap a young girl in general society as but ill-equipped with knowledge of good form, is that of 'vanishing' in company with her attendant after a dance, and remaining in unfrequented corners until remark is thereby created. Such is the young woman whose chaperon is in continual speculation as to her whereabouts, or else in active exercise to find her. She is, no doubt, often innocent of intention to offend; but at large and mixed entertainments the

better part of wisdom in a woman is to keep in view of her fellows. A witty Frenchwoman, Mme de Girardin, once wrote: 'Amuse yourselves, oh, young beauties; but flutter your wings in the broad light of day. Avoid shadows in which suspicion hides.' The 'vanishing-woman' act should be limited in performance to a platform in full view of the audience. The prompt return of a young woman to the side or vicinity of her chaperon after dancing is not only a graceful and well-bred action, but affords an opportunity to the man, who too often is embarrassed in this respect, to withdraw and fulfill some other engagement.

"Conspicuous mannerisms in dancing are offensive to good form. I refer to certain tricks of holding the left arm and hand, of carrying the train of the dress (which should be of what is called 'dancing length' and then be forgotten utterly), of dipping the knees when waltzing, etc. These habits, contracted through heedlessness, perhaps, have been seen to mar the otherwise charming grace of maidens whose youth and beauty called attention to their movements on the floor. A dancing-master in New York, whose pupils are known throughout Europe for their admirable form, would never tolerate an approach to either affectation or hoydenism among the young ladies of his classes. Most of these girls had afterward occasion to discover that what he thus taught them was of the first importance in shaping the verdict of the jury of chaperons, who, sitting on the benches around ball-room walls, make or mar a maiden's claim to place in the front ranks of good society. One can touch here with but the dip of a swallow upon the matter of gowns worn unduly low-cut in dancing. So obvious is the offense of this fashion against a woman's finest feelings of propriety that it would seem hardly requisite to lay down laws by which to control it. A girl so equipped in dancing, appears, more than at any other time, to the eye of the casual looker-on, to challenge criticism that, could she read minds, would dye her cheek with maidenly blushes. The dressmakers, often to blame in sending home at the last moment bodices so tightened in the seams as to make the wearers miserable with the consciousness of unintended display, should be controlled in this respect more stringently by their customers. It is quite possible, by a judicious management of darts and seams, to obviate this most inartistic as well as offensive cut of décolleté gowns.

"Small talk in a ball-room, so often decried, would seem to be as much in place there as music, lights, and evening clothes. Subjected to the interruptions of greeting friends and changing partners, a girl can hardly be asked to key her conversation to a very intellectual pitch. An effort in this direction might run the risk of meeting the misinterpretation of the undergraduate from New York, in response to an inquiry, during a pause in dancing, of a young lady from Boston: 'Have you read "Kant"?' she asked. 'You mean "Don't," don't you?' was the artless answer. That, on such occasions, small talk may be bandied lightly and entertainingly, without frivolity or ill-nature in personalities, is the golden mean we may safely strive to reach."

The streets of the old city of Venice were often extremely thick in mud, in spite of the great sewers which dated from the tenth century. To combat this the ladies took to high-heeled shoes. As the mud grew worse, the heels became taller and taller, until, at length, they were half a yard high, and as difficult to control as a pair of stilts without handles. The consequence was that a lady in full dress, obliged to walk but a few yards, had to be supported on both sides. This was the task for the black pages, or for the lovers, who had become a very conventional part of Venetian society.

Professor Jowett was at a dinner in London the other day. He said to a young man who was one of the guests: "What was the saddest event in history?" The young man, much taken aback, stammered out, "Robert Elsmere." "No," said the master, regarding him compassionately, "it was the death of Falstaff."

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## SOCIETY.

## A Rehearsal of "Baroness Meta."

An audience of about two hundred people sat in the Grand Opera House, last Wednesday evening, in semi-darkness, while witnessing the final rehearsal of Mr. J. H. Rosewald's new comic opera, "Baroness Meta." A rehearsal was a novelty to the majority of the auditors, so they were only too glad to be present. Many of them will, doubtless, never care to hear a rehearsal again. The glamor of a regular performance was missing; the lights were dim—the principal illumination being an immense bunch-light behind Mr. Rosewald; the gas-men and scene-shifters ran hither and thither without apparent purpose; the janitor was omnipresent and almost omnipotent; the musicians sat with their hats on; the stage-manager was nervous; and all of the participants wore their every-day clothes. It was to have been a full-dress rehearsal, but the Musicians' Union decided that if the participants appeared in costume they would charge full rates, so the fancy dresses were not worn. That was a disappointment. Still there were redeeming features that kept the audience in their seats until midnight. The music was bright and interesting, and the vocalists were in good voice, so every one was pleased. As the first public presentation took place on Friday evening, we reserve a critical review of the opera until our next issue. The names of the participants in the opera are as follows:

Baroness Meta, Sister to the Count, Miss Maude L. Berry; Madge, betrothed of Phineas, Miss Alvina Heuer; Countess Amalia, the Count's Wife, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; Nina, Baroness's Maid, Miss Frida Sylvester; Baron Roland, the Count's Friend, Mr. Valentine Gadesden; Count Hugo, Lord of the Domain, Mr. Victor Carroll; Phineas Pophill, Village Teacher, Mr. A. M. Thornton; Squeaky, Steward at the Castle, Mr. Solly Walter.

Chorus—Male and Female Peasantry, Male and Female Domestic in Castle, Huntsmen, Followers to the Count. Pages, Village School Children: Miss Julia Barnard, Miss L. Brophy, Miss Louise Burks, Miss Sadie Bishop, Miss Rose Frederick, Miss Helen Coffin, Miss Lou Classen, Mrs. Vera Cameron, Miss M. Dworzek, Miss Jennie Eastman, Miss Millie Flynn, Miss Eugenie Gonzales, Mrs. J. Gonzales, Miss Kitty Hopkins, Mrs. E. C. Hassett, Miss Minnie Jellinek, Miss M. A. Lind, Miss E. Lelan, Miss Maude E. Langton, Miss Caroline W. Langton, Mrs. May Liddle, Miss Henrietta Madison, Mrs. J. W. Madden, Miss C. Maddox, Miss Nydia Moore, Miss Pearl Noble, Miss Isabelle Nolte, Miss Etta C. Otto, Miss Frances Otto, Mrs. C. L. Parent, Miss Mamie Shea, Miss Mamie Schmalling, Miss Clara Schmalling, Miss Emma Smith, Mrs. C. H. Van Orden, Mrs. C. A. Wainwright, Miss Blanche Wicks, Miss Esther Warner, Miss E. D. White, Miss Mary Zibin.

Mr. John Belton, Mr. John Braid, Dr. J. M. Curragh, Mr. F. M. Coffin, Mr. J. A. Christie, Mr. D. B. Crane, Mr. H. Chisholm, Mr. M. S. de Roco, Mr. Joseph de Roco, Mr. Luke A. Flynn, Mr. M. Feig, Mr. G. Gould, Mr. Charles Cocker, Mr. P. L. Gallick, Mr. W. T. Hoake, Mr. W. Heilman, Mr. Charles Lelong, Mr. J. W. Madden, Mr. R. A. Morrissey, Mr. A. T. Medley, Mr. A. E. J. Nye, Mr. B. Noble, Mr. H. B. Paddock, Mr. H. P. Pearlman, Mr. C. L. Parent, Mr. Charles L. Quast, Mr. Bert Somers, Mr. Howard Somers, Mr. B. M. Stich, Mr. A. F. Schleicher, Mr. F. C. W. Thompson, Mr. C. H. Van Orden, Mr. William M. Wood, Mr. A. Y. Wood, Mr. D. W. Wise, Mr. C. A. Wainwright.

Mr. J. H. Rosewald directed the orchestra, Mr. Fred Urban was the stage manager, Mr. Solly Walter designed the scenery and costumes, and Mr. W. T. Porter was the scenic artist. The beneficiary was the Women's Exchange, and its profit must have been quite large. The amount will be known in a few days.

## Yale versus Harvard.

There will be a match game of base-ball at Central Park this (Saturday) afternoon between the Yale and Harvard nines, for the benefit of the Doctor's Daughters, the Hahnemann Hospital, and the Fabiola Hospital. Almost every one will remember the exciting game played between these two nines last year for charity's sake, and the same large and fashionable attendance is expected this time. The price of admission will be fifty cents, and game will be called at two o'clock. The coaches will start from Montgomery Street at one o'clock, and it is expected that there will be about fifteen in line. Many prominent society people are arranging coaching parties, so the scene at the grounds will be a gay one. Mr. Frank Owen will be captain of the Yale nine and Mr. Alfred Cohen will act in that capacity for the Harvard contingent. The catchers will, of course, be professionals. The nines will be constituted as follows:

Yale nine.—Pitcher, Mr. Frank Owen; catcher, Mr. Sweet; first base, Mr. James T. Booth; second base, Mr. H. H. Haight; third base, Mr. William Goodwin; short stop, Mr. Wallace Alexander; right field, Mr. Samuel Knight; left field, Mr. Paul R. Jarboe; centre field, Mr. Benjamin Romaine; substitutes, Mr. William H. Crocker, Mr. Frederick Folia, Mr. Lansing O. Klogg, Mr. Donald Y. Campbell, and Mr. William S. Tevis.

Harvard nine.—Pitcher, Mr. Frank de Long; catcher, Mr. Loman; first base, Mr. F. Paxton Howard; second base, Mr. Alfred Cohen; third base, Mr. George Greenwood; short stop, Mr. Percival W. Selby; right field, Mr. M. Hall McAllister; left field, Mr. Patrick Grant; centre field, Mr. Delafield; substitutes, Mr. William Randol, Mr. O. Shafter Howard, Mr. Gaston M. Ashie, and Mr. Charles Petrick.

## The Suburban Tea.

The suburban tea was held at the Ingleside last Saturday afternoon, and, in the opinion of the many who were present—nearly three hundred in number—it was a decided success. A more perfect day could hardly have been selected. It was, possibly, a little cool for an airing, but scarcely enough for discomfort. The Ingleside was dressed in gala attire, within and without, and the floral treasures in the parlors rivalled those that bloomed in profusion around the grounds. Carriages, with finely groomed horses and invited attendants, began to arrive about two o'clock, and for a couple of hours afterward there was a constant stream of vehicles arriving and departing.

Every possible arrangement for the comfort of the subscribers had been carefully made. A string

orchestra was in attendance, playing enlivening melodies at intervals, and a corps of waiters served punch and light refreshments under the direction of Ludwig. The people did what they generally do at teas, chatted, gossiped, and walked about. There was a noticeable absence of the light-hued gowns that are affected at Eastern all fresco teas; but that was due to the fact that summer is passed and autumnal tints are now in vogue. The patronesses, and Colonel C. F. Crocker, and Mr. F. P. Deering are certainly entitled to much credit for the successful result of the affair, especially as it is known that they labored under many disadvantages.

The projectors of the tea are so enthusiastic over its success that they now talk about erecting, in the suburbs, a club-house similar to others of the kind near New York and Boston, where these affairs may be given in the full privacy of a limited and select membership. The idea, as expressed, is to have a picturesque and commodious building, with attractively laid-out grounds and tennis courts; a place where ladies and gentlemen, alike, may drive and have breakfast, lunch, or dinner served, and on nights when the moon will permit of safe driving, to make it a rendezvous for supper-parties. Teas may be held occasionally and an autumnal ball may form another attraction.

In our last issue we published the names of the patronesses and subscribers to the tea.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Loughborough have issued invitations for a reception which they will give next Wednesday evening, at their residence on the north-west corner of Franklin and O'Farrell Streets.

Colonel and Mrs. Richard H. Savage recently gave a tea in honor of Mrs. J. W. Gashwiler and the Misses Gashwiler, at the Hotel Rockington, in New York city. Mrs. Gashwiler has taken a house in New York, at 182 West Eightieth Street, and receives on Mondays.

Cards have been received announcing that the wedding of Miss Aimée Gérardin, daughter of Mrs. Louise Gérardin, and Mr. William Budd Gillmore will take place next Tuesday afternoon in St. Mary's Church, Jersey City, N. J. Miss Gérardin passed several months here last winter and was extensively entertained.

Miss Una Hawthorne Handy, daughter of the late Dr. George W. Handy, of Oakland, and Mr. Frank G. Hume, son of Mr. George W. Hume, of Piedmont, were married last Thursday at Glen Una. Only relatives were present.

The ladies' restaurant of the University Club was formally opened on Friday, and a number of parties lunch there to-day (Saturday) before going to the Harvard-Yale ball game. It will be open from noon to midnight, hereafter, for the use of members accompanied by ladies and of certain ladies whom the members designate, these latter having all the privileges of membership of the club so far as concerns the ladies' restaurant.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a pleasant dinner-party last Wednesday evening, in honor of Mr. A. T. Vogelsang.

Mrs. Clara Catherwood gave a theatre-party during the week, and afterward entertained her guests with a delicious supper at her residence on Pacific Avenue. Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Hastings, the Misses Wilson, Mr. Callaghan Byrne, and Mr. Leland Stanford Lathrop were in the party.

Mrs. George W. Childs recently entertained Bishop and Mrs. W. F. Nichols at her country home, Wotton, at Bryn Mawr, Pa.

## An Intercepted Letter.

DEAR MAUDE:

I have just had some of the loveliest photos taken, and I had a terrible time getting a frame for one to send to George. I went all over town, and saw lots and lots of frames, but there wasn't a thing that was really nice until I got to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s big store on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. They had all kinds of silver frames and some lovely big gold ones, made in Florence, and it took me ever so long to decide which I looked best in. I finally took the gold Florentine style, and I don't mind telling you I look simply lovely in it. There were some real cute ones—just a circle of enameled flowers set about a heavy beveled glass plate, and I got one to send you. You will get it by this mail.

As I was coming out, I stopped to get some note-paper. This is some of it I'm writing on now. Isn't it too swell? They had no end of new styles, all in the most perfect taste, but I think these long sheets with the funny square envelopes are the nicest. I have cream, and pink, and egg-shell blue, and a lot of other lovely shades, but I like this pale olive the best. And isn't the embossed head at the top of the sheet too sweet? They did it for me at the store, and I am having some new cards engraved there, too.

I didn't have time to go upstairs to the art-rooms; but if you come to town Thursday, we can go up to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s after luncheon, and have a jolly half-hour or so looking at their etchings, engravings, and all that. Be sure and come, because I have lots to tell you, and you will enjoy the pictures if my chatter bores you.

Your loving GLADYS.

—HOLIDAY PRESENTS—BAROMETERS, COMPASSES, MICROSCOPES, MAGIC-LANTERNS, SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS of all kinds. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

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—GUMS' NEW ART GALLERIES at 113 GEARY Street are now thrown open to the public.

## A WORD BEFORE THANKSGIVING.

We were reminded, this week, by a deputation from the San Francisco Fruit and Flower Mission, No. 420 Post Street, that Thanksgiving day approaches, and that with it comes the only period in the year when the young ladies comprising it permit themselves to ask alms; that this day is for them the opportunity of especial exertion. On the few days before Thanksgiving they embrace the opportunity of reminding their old friends, and suggesting to new ones, that their exertions in aid of the poor and sick still continue; that the San Francisco Mission works all the twelve months around to carry cheer to desolate hearts, courage to desponding ones, endeavors to minister creature comforts to the poor, with delicacies to the sick, and to carry sunlight and joy to cheerless homes and chambers, and that it makes a special effort on Thanksgiving day. The Mission can only perform this work and its other charitable labors by the aid of the generous, whose almoners it would become in distributing gifts. We have written often for these young girls, and our efforts in behalf of the Fruit and Flower Mission have met with generous response. Again we make for them our annual appeal. Their wants are now so well known that the merchant, grocer, fruit-grower, the business man, and the matron, need only to be reminded that Thanksgiving day approaches. Those who are not in position to dispense gifts from their stores will not need the hint that money will purchase all that is purchasable in alleviation of the sick and suffering poor. This is the kind of charity performed by the ladies of this mission—a delicate, kindly, unobtrusive charity, which falls like refreshing dew upon the bruised and broken plant. We hope our readers will not let it languish for want of dollars and good things to fill Thanksgiving baskets, sent before Thanksgiving day to No. 420 Post Street. Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express will carry donations free from the country, and the Mission will send to any address in the city on notification before Wednesday, November 23d.

—THE VERY LATEST HAT FROM PARIS IS EVEN more bizarre than any that have come here yet, and it is still more chic. It is called the "plaque," because the foundation is simply a flat disk of cloth, plush of one shade on one side and velvet of another shade on top. In making it up, a piece is cut out to make the crown, and the brim is then gathered in three or four places to give it a wavy outline. When it is trimmed effectively it makes a very artistic hat, and, moreover, it is becoming to almost any style of beauty. The "plaque" is just out from Paris, and there is only one place in town where it is to be had—The Maze, the modern department store on Market and Taylor Streets. The Maze leads all the millinery stores in town in having the very latest Paris fashions, and the milliners there make up a hat or bonnet as artistically as any Virot ever sent from her work-rooms in Paris.

## What Every Lady Should Know.

Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Strozynski! Latest novelties and finest hair-work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices.

S. STROZYSKI,  
Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

—GOLD SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES FOR the old folks. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market St.

PHOTOS, ETCHINGS, ETC., FOR CHRISTMAS, NEATLY and cheaply mounted. Robt. Hill, 724½ Market.

THE FAMOUS  
Hungarian Orchestra

Furnishes the most exquisite Music for

CONCERT AND DANCE.

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Musical Director and Manager of the  
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Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

GOODYEAR'S  
Mackintosh Coats

Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

Goodyear Rubber Co. R. H. PEASE, Agents,  
S. M. RUNYON, S. F.  
577 and 579 MARKET STREET.

## NO IMITATION GOODS.

Therefore the question: "Is it genuine?" is never raised concerning any article purchased from

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—JEWELLER—

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(UNDER MASONIC TEMPLE.)

DIAMONDS and Other Precious Stones,  
AMERICAN and SWISS WATCHES,  
AND STYLISH NEW DESIGNS IN  
GOLD and SILVER JEWELLERY

Of High Grade, at surprisingly LOW PRICES.

SMOKE THE BEST

LINCOLN'S CABINET

CIGARS



SOCIETY.

Living Whist.

The Living Whist entertainment at the Grand Opera House last Thursday evening, for the benefit of the Mission Unitarian Church, was an unqualified success. Every seat was occupied, and the fashionable element was in attendance en masse. The affair was given under the auspices of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Mission Unitarian Church and was directed by Professor O. A. Lunt. The executive committee, to whom great credit is due, comprised Mrs. Thomas Van Ness, Mrs. J. C. K. Hobbs, Mrs. H. C. Bunker, Mrs. D. I. Newkirk, Miss Enmons, and Miss Schleuter. The officers of the auxiliary are: President, Mrs. George H. Morrison; vice-president, Mrs. Charles H. Mann; secretary, Mrs. J. L. Clark; treasurer, Mrs. Dorville Lihby. Rev. Thomas Van Ness is the pastor, and for lack of accommodations the congregation now meets in a hall. The object of the entertainment was to obtain funds to commence on the erection of a church. The indications are that a large sum was realized.

The entertainment was commenced at eight o'clock, and the following programme was presented:

Overture, "Raymond," orchestra; juvenile minuet, Misses Bernice Wilson, Bessie Wilson, Ellen Stadtmuller, and Helen Halliwell, and Masters Daniel Stadtmuller, Edward Jones, Harry Robertson, and John Saunders; sailor's hornpipe, Master Hollister Staniels; selection, "Mia Patria," the Bandurria Club, comprising—bandurrias, Señor José Sancho, Señor José Lombardero, Señor Cabrera, Mr. George Wellington, Mr. George A. James, Mr. Hallock Wright, Mr. Irving Lundberg; guitars, Mr. H. Rethers and Mr. Paxton Wright; violin, Mr. Wilcox; violoncello, Mr. Dinkelspiel; song, "My Love will Come Today," Reginald de Koven, Miss Anna Miller Wood; "Living Whist," selections from "Carmen," orchestra; scarf dance, Miss Madeline McKissick; menuet de la cour, by the kings and queens; song, "Protestations," Homer H. Norris, Miss Anna Miller Wood; dance, Alpine Bells, Miss Helen Halliwell; selection, "Mazatlan," the Bandurria Club; finale, orchestra.

Every number on the programme won unlimited applause, which was worthily bestowed. The little ones danced well, Miss Wood was in excellent voice, and the Bandurria Club excelled itself. Of course particular interest was centered on the game of whist. Briefly explained, it was as follows: The four players entered slowly, saluted, and took positions at the four corners of the stage; then the fifty-two ladies and gentlemen, handsomely costumed, marched in, and following this they were shuffled and dealt to the players. The hands were then played in a systematic manner, and the cards in each trick executed a fancy dance. The game resulted in a victory for Mr. Mearns and Mr. Goewey. It was quite a pleasing novelty, and was carried out perfectly in every way. The hands played were as follows:

First hand (played by Dr. F. H. Fisher).—Ace of diamonds, Miss Hattie C. Loring; knave of diamonds, Mr. F. D. P. Theller; ten of diamonds, Miss Helen Crocker; eight of diamonds, Miss Blanche Baldwin; four of hearts, Miss Emma Frazer; three of hearts, Miss Abbie Edwards; two of hearts, Miss Little Dean; four of spades, Miss Helen Nickerson; ten of spades, Miss H. C. Jackson; knave of spades, Mr. H. E. Plummer; king of spades, Mr. L. C. Kelton; queen of clubs, Miss Kate Paddock; nine of clubs, Mr. Frank P. Landon.

Second hand (played by Mr. George S. Mearns).—Ace of spades, Miss Bertha Beshlow; eight of spades, Mrs. W. L. Campbell; six of spades, Miss Lizzy F. Jackson; five of spades, Mr. W. L. Campbell; queen of hearts, Miss Mabel Love; king of hearts, Mr. B. D. Dean; eight of hearts, Miss Agnes Sadler; nine of hearts, Mr. W. S. Hilderbrand; seven of clubs, Mr. John A. Shephard; four of clubs, Miss Gertrude Peck; ten of clubs, Miss Helen Andrus; ace of clubs, Miss Dora Medau; seven of diamonds, Mr. F. R. Cook.

Third hand (played by Dr. T. L. Hill).—Knave of clubs, Mr. Edward S. Peck; six of clubs, Mr. Sewell Doliver; five of clubs, Mr. J. H. Newkirk; seven of spades, Mr. F. M. Martin; three of spades, Dr. Prosser; two of spades, Miss Florence Vorden; four of diamonds, Miss Emma Fisher; three of diamonds, Miss Ida Gibbons; two of diamonds, Miss Madeline McKissick; queen of diamonds, Miss Ethel Cohen; ten of hearts, Mr. Otto Eastwood; knave of hearts, Mr. W. J. L. Kierulf; ace of hearts, Miss B. C. Shephard.

Fourth hand (played by Mr. James Goewey).—King of clubs, Mr. E. A. Harrison; eight of clubs, Mr. Ralph Hoyt; three of clubs, Mr. James Dean; two of clubs, Miss Annie Seales; queen of spades, Mrs. F. R. Cook; nine of spades, Mrs. E. H. Parrish; seven of hearts, Mr. E. H. Parrish; six of hearts, Mr. C. F. Sage; five of hearts, Mr. W. G. Kalish; five of diamonds, Mr. James Hobbs; six of diamonds, Mr. Leon Everett; nine of diamonds, Mr. Walter F. van Bergen; king of diamonds, Mr. R. McK. Duperu.

Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, née Hopkins, have returned from the East.

Mr. Robert A. Irving will leave in a few days for Los Angeles, en route to Denver, where he will visit for a month.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head are in New York city. They are expected here during the coming week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank are at the Hotel Holland in New York city.

Mrs. J. R. Deane has returned from an extended Eastern visit to Mrs. E. W. Sanderson.

Mrs. A. S. Hallide has returned from the East.

Consul and Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Donahoe, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Montagu Hankins have returned from San Rafael and are residing at 1710 Bush Street. They will receive on Thursdays.

Mr. Ralph Neumann and Mr. Louis Sloss, Jr., will leave in a few days to accompany Mr. Paul Neumann to Honolulu, and will be away several weeks.

Mrs. George M. Pullman and Miss Pullman returned to Chicago last Tuesday, after a brief visit to Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Carolan.

Mrs. Leocadia Acosta, Miss Clotilde Acosta, Mr. Alonso Acosta, and Mr. Amadeo Acosta sailed yesterday for Mazatlan, where they will remain about seven months.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Slater, of Los Angeles, are passing a few months at the Everett House in Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and the Misses Helen and Elsie Hecht will leave in a few days to visit the southern part of the State, where they will visit various points of interest for several weeks.

Judge and Mrs. John H. Boalt are at the Palace Hotel. Mrs. Charles Denby, wife of the United States Minister to China, is here on a visit, and is stopping at the Palace Hotel.

Mr. Paul Neumann is here from Honolulu on a visit of a few weeks' duration, and is at the Palace Hotel. His daughter, Miss Anita Neumann, has just arrived here from Europe, where she has been studying, and will return to Honolulu with her father next week.

Mr. and Mrs. N. P. Ferrie have gone to New Jersey to reside permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, and Miss Nellie Jolliffe are at the Hotel Albemarle in New York city.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Mabel Yost have returned from a visit to Mrs. E. W. Sanderson, in Paris, and are at the Murray Hill Hotel in New York city.

Mr. George Steckel has returned to Los Angeles after a pleasant visit to Mr. R. A. Irving. Several dinner-parties were given in his honor during his visit.

Mrs. A. W. Scott is now convalescent after her prolonged illness, and will be able to receive her friends in a few weeks.

Miss Laura McKinstry has returned from her Eastern and European trip.

Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Bender and Miss Bender, of Nevada, are passing a week at the Palace Hotel.

Miss Jennie Denver has returned from a visit to friends in Yolo County.

Miss Eleanor Wood, who is now in London with Senator and Mrs. John P. Jones, will soon go to Florence, Italy, to remain during the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer S. King are en route home from the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Philip Smith and Miss Anita Gonzales have gone to Los Angeles, en route to the City of Mexico, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. Charles Webb Howard has arrived in New York from Europe, and is en route here.

Mme. Giffard and Miss Ernestine Giffard have removed to 1239 Pine Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Maldonado, née Acosta, are at The Colonial, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stubbs have removed to 2519 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. G. T. Folsom is the guest of General and Mrs. Walter Turnbull at their ranch "Bayou Vista," near Tule Lake.

Mrs. W. H. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are residing at 203 Geary Street for the season.

Mrs. Byron G. Crane and Miss Edith Crane are visiting in Sacramento.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. W. Cryan have returned from a prolonged tour, and have taken the residence of Mr. and Mrs. H. M. A. Miller, 1111 Pine Street, for the winter. Mrs. Cryan will receive on Fridays.

Mr. Fred M. Somers will leave for the East this week via the Northern route.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant went East a week ago, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. Alexander Forbes and the Misses Forbes are occupying their new residence, corner of Jackson and Pierce Streets.

Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Lieutenant C. H. Bonesteel, Twenty-First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence.

Lieutenant-Colonel George H. Burton, Inspector General, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for four months.

Major Marcus P. Miller, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant Albert C. Blunt, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been granted leave of absence for two months, to take effect early in December.

Captain Joshua A. Fessenden, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is temporarily in charge of the recruiting rendezvous at Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lieutenant Charles G. Starr, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on general recruiting service at Columbus Barracks, Ohio.

Captain Francis E. Pierce, First Infantry, U. S. A., is absent on general recruiting service at Chicago, Ill.

Lieutenant Nat P. Phister, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.

Lieutenant Cecil Stewart, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Military Academy, in West Point, N. Y.

Captain Edmund L. Zalinski, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is still absent on sick leave, and will not return to duty until next March.

Lieutenant Garland N. Whistler, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on a leave of absence until April 22, 1893.

Lieutenant John M. Neill, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., is on duty at the Nevada State University, Reno, Nev.

Lieutenant Elbridge R. Hills, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is on duty at the University of Illinois, Champaign, Ill.

Lieutenant Robert H. Noble, First Infantry, U. S. A., is on duty at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.

Lieutenant Samuel E. Allen, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is now on duty at West Point.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., and Lieutenant William E. Homer, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., are absent on duty at Fort Monroe, Va.

Lieutenant David D. Johnson, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., is absent on duty at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana.

Lieutenant E. K. Moore, U. S. N., of the U. S. steamer Boston, gave an elaborate dinner-party on that vessel at Honolulu on November 3d, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. G. C. Hepburn.

Fashions for Fall and Winter.

Nothing has ever so completely captivated society in the East as the new Russian Blue writing-paper, and San Franciscoans will readily appreciate its artistic merit. Pure white is used at all times by the more conservative and is at all times proper, but none of the tinted papers has met with such popular favor, according to Cooper. It is very unlike the title designates and very difficult to describe, but of a soft, delicate shade, which Shakespeare might have described as "such stuff as dreams are made of." It comes in a number of new shapes, and when stamped with the monogram or crest in silver makes a very pretty effect. There will no doubt be many imitations on the market labeled Russian Blue, but the genuine can easily be recognized, as each envelope is stamped under the flap with the name of the importer, J. K. Cooper & Co., 746 Market Street, who, by so soon introducing this new paper, have gained for themselves another laurel as art-stationers.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Loring Club.

The Loring Club gave its second concert of the sixteenth season last Thursday evening, under the direction of Mr. David W. Loring, and was greeted by a large and fashionable audience. The club was assisted by Miss Ruth W. Loring, Mr. Samuel D. Mayer, and the Hermann Brandt Quartet, comprising Mr. Hermann Brandt, Mr. John Josephs, Mr. Louis Heine, and Mr. Louis Schmidt. The following excellent programme was presented:

"May Song," Schumann; "Night-Fall," Schumann; quartet—selection from Grieg; "O Time of Blooming Roses," Rudolph Wagner; "Longbeard's Saga," Lloyd; "Drinking Song," Chadwick; "Oh! Blessed Angel, Dregert, quartet—selection from Dvák; "Love's Bliss," Dregert; "King Olaf's Christmas," Buck.

The final Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert of this season will be given at Irving Hall next Friday evening. Miss Etta Bayly will be the vocalist, Miss Alice Bacon the pianist, and Mr. Louis Schmidt the viola soloist. Schumann's string quartet in A minor and Saint-Saën's quintet for piano and strings will be the principal instrumental numbers. If a sufficient sum of money be subscribed by December 15th, another series of these concerts will be commenced in January.

The Philharmonic Society of San Francisco, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt, gave a concert last Tuesday evening in the First Congregational Church, in Oakland, under the auspices of the Sunday-School Orchestra of that church. The society was assisted by Mrs. Lena Carroll Nicholson, contralto; Miss Florence Fletcher, violinist; Signor Ursomondo, pianist; and Miss Constance Jordan, accompanist. The orchestral numbers were the same as those given at the recent concert here.

The Saturday Morning Orchestra will give a concert this evening, in Oakland, for the benefit of the kindergartens there. The instrumental numbers will be the same as those given at its last concert here. Mr. J. H. Rosewald will act as musical director, and the vocalists will be Mrs. Birmingham and Miss Katherine Kimball.

The final Saturday Popular Concert of this season will take place next Saturday afternoon in Irving Hall. Three instrumental favorites will be given, the flute and string trio, the Godard trio, and the "Kreutzer Sonata," in its entirety. Mr. Donald de V. Graham will sing Beethoven's "Adelaide."

Mr. Donald de V. Graham will give his annual concert, for the benefit of the endowment fund of the Children's Hospital, on Monday evening, December 19th, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give the first of his series of ballad concerts in the Maple Room, at the Palace Hotel, on Tuesday evening, November 29th, instead of next Tuesday evening.

Miss Bisland, now Mrs. Charles Wetmore—whom Brisbane Walker sent around the world to beat Nellie Bly, and who had she not been sold out by a tourist's agency which was managing Nellie Bly's tour for the paper which sent her out, would have come in some days ahead of her competitor—secured through her pluck and her charming descriptions of her journey a lucrative position with a large publishing house in New York, who sent her to England. There she went largely into society and was wooed and won by Mr. Wetmore, who made her acquaintance when she was a newspaper worker on this side.

Fashion in Champagne.

When the Prince of Wales suddenly decided several years ago that no wine was suitable for the royal palate but Pomery Sec, all other wines were banished from the little suppers which the prince gave to his friends, and "Pomery" became the proper thing. If a nobleman prepared a banquet, Pomery was the first consideration. The London dealers were so surprised that, until they communicated with the French head-quarters, they could hardly supply the demand. It was the same way in America: New York society was seized with the craze, and in every fashionable novel of the season, Pomery Sec figures prominently.—Eastern Exchange.

The Latest Discovery and Craze in Paris. Gray hair restored to all shades; perfectly harmless. Face cream, powder, and lotion, indorsed by Dr. Dennis of this city; also the only emporium for "Henna leaves and powder" to produce reddish tint in hair. Great reduction in prices at Strozynski's, cor. of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, displays the most fashionable underwear and hosiery.

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Properly Engraved

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Torturing, disfiguring eczemas, and every species of itching, burning, scaly, crusted, and pimply skin, and scalp diseases, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in most cases by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the



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PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough, and oily skin prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM. In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.



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Private or class lessons. All the latest Ball-room, Fancy, and Stage Dances.

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Wednesday, Nov. 23, 1892, at 10 A. M.

No postponement on account of weather, and every one looked out for if it rains.

Sale includes well-bred Colts and Fillies, and many good Road and Carriage Animals, all of which will be sold in the Southern Farm way.

Catalogues (ready Nov. 5th) of  
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Or of  
GILBERT TOMPKINS,  
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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.  
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This company is authorized by law to act as administrator, executor, guardian, assignee, receiver, and trustee, under the supervision and direction of the courts. Executes trusts for married women, in respect to their separate property, and acts as agent for them in the management of such property.

Receives deposits subject to check and allows interest at the rate of two per cent. per annum on daily balances. Issues certificates of deposit bearing fixed rates of interest.

Receives deposits in its savings department from \$1.00 upwards, and allows the usual rates of interest thereon.

Rents safes inside its burglar-proof vaults at prices from \$5.00 per annum upwards, according to size. Valuables of all kinds may be stored at low rates.

Wills drawn and taken care of Without Charge.

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"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:  
JAMES EPPS & CO., Homoeopathic Chemists  
London, England.

## BABIES NOT IN THE BARGAIN.

The Decline and Fall of a Matrimonial Scheme.

Ted and Tib can not be said to have "fallen in love." The cohesion and amalgamation of two such spirits can not be defined by an ordinary, every-day, vulgar expression. They formed a classic comradeship at the Art School, established a bond of mutual sympathy under the benignant, silly-smiling auspices of a Hermes holding an infant Love, or an immature Dionysius on his strong, beautiful, mutilated left arm. The tall, burly young man and the slim, little young woman calculated his angles with the plumb-line and blocked out his outlines with charcoal; rubbed in his shadows with black crayon-powder, and picked out his high lights with bread pills; and by the time they had done with him, they had begun to believe that they were admirably well fitted to pass their lives together. So, when they left the school, they married. Then they set up at No. 4, North-West Studios, and began to design in black and white for cakes and ale, doing well and getting a great many commissions. Editors of domestic magazines rejoice greatly in Ted's work, it is so neat, so sweet—so exactly calculated to please ninety-nine subscribers out of a hundred. To be sure, the hundredth will be like to scream with agony and gnash his teeth over Ted's pretty, boneless, large-eyed young ladies, who are invariably attired in the newest fashions, and as invariably sit upon prostrate tree-trunks or lean against garden-gates, looking at nothing in particular; while young men with Grecian profiles, heavy mustaches, extraordinarily broad shoulders, and impossibly small feet totter toweringly above them, with nostrils blown out widely by the identical gales of passion which bestrew the opposing pages of type with points of exclamation, stars, dots, dashes, and so forth, thickly as Vallobrasan leaves.

Tib's style is altogether different. She works in tint rather than line, and uses her Chinese-white and India-ink with a frank impressionistic brutality, of which she is not a little vain. She is never so completely in her element as when she is depicting some scene of murder or violence for the illustrated weekly paper of which she is the chief support and stay.

It was Ted's boast that Tib never required at his hands those *petits soins* which may be regarded as the foetus and jetsum of the shipwrecked Age of Chivalry. It was Tib's pride that she had never yet waited dinner for Ted, or sat up for him in company with a cat and a candle, when business detained him at the Apelles Club, or sewn a lutton on his shirt or darned a sock for him since they were made one. At breakfast, she took coffee, while Ted drank tea; at dinner, she had claret, while he drank beer. They used to go away on little visits to friends and relatives at home and abroad, without consulting each other, and the one who was inclined to be saving went about in street-cars, while the other had cabs. As to religion, both Ted and Tib were ardent Agnostics; but the ground for doubt was identical with neither. They believed in different ways; it would have been uncharacteristic had they trodden the same path of heresy together. One antipathy, indeed, the couple held in common—an intense disapprobation of, an enthusiastic objection to, the immature young of the human race. Babies had never been in the bargain—and both felt hurt and vexed when it became apparent that their matter-of-fact, unemotional, busily-employed matrimonial duet was about to be turned into a trio.

To begin with, there was no nursery accommodation at No. 4 North-West Studios, under the existing régime. The independent plan of existence pursued by its proprietors naturally included separate studios; and Tib was not going to part with her beloved working-den. Ted would see himself something before he parted with his—at the dictation of a mere child. Besides, the loathly paraphernalia inseparable from extreme infancy—the nurses, the cradles, the pap-saucepans, the feeding-bottles, last, but not least, the vocal demonstrations of their owner—would forever banish inspiration from the right hand of either artist and rob life of all æsthetic exquisiteness. No, indeed! That baby was not going to be harbored on the premises at all! A quiet lodging in the neighborhood was obtained, where the infant, under the care of a respectable nurse, might be reared until it was old enough to be sent to school out of the way.

It happened a few weeks later, a friend, calling in at No. 4, found Tib pretending to be at work upon a vivid piece of realism of the blood-and-thunder school. She looked very pretty—pink-cheeked and bright-eyed—as she bestowed the finishing touches on a gentleman—arrayed in accurate evening-dress, with high Japan-lacquer lights about the creases of his knees and elbows—who, with gleaming teeth and starting eyeballs, was actively engaged in performing upon a young lady (also in gala attire) the operation of asphyxiation. The underline ran as follows:

"Devil, confess!" He grasped her white throat with nervous, sinewy fingers. A hoarse gurgle was her only answer.

"A hoarse gurgle," Tib quoted, appealing to me. "There is nothing more difficult to draw than a

hoarse gurgle. What do you say? 'Where is Ted?' I had peeped into the room on the other side of the passage, and found it empty. 'He has gone'—she put her brush between her lips and turned her head critically upon one side as she thoughtfully gazed at her struggling couple: 'He has gone over to Acacia Crescent—to see his baby,' almost an exaggeration of disdain accentuating the ultimate pronoun.

A heavy footstep sounded in the passage. Ted popped his head in, looking rather red and conscious. He greeted me shortly, and said to Tib:

"You'd better get over to Acacia Crescent as quick as you can. That baby of yours"—with a laboriously scornful stress upon the words—"seems to want you."

Before the full-blown dramatic contempt of Tib's regard the man quailed and fled, taking me with him. It struck me, as I turned over the drawings that lay scattered on his easel-desk, that the boneless young lady was less obtrusive than usual, and that her delineator was beginning to develop quite a considerable faculty for the sympathetic delineation of babies.

As I looked up, with a question on my lips, there was a frou-frou of skirts along the passage parquetry—a tread of hasty light footsteps, followed by the bang of the outward door and an unmistakable grunt of relief from Ted. Tib had gone! He worked on in silence for a little while, and then observed:

"Don't seem to come back, does she?" I returned the irrelative but customary negative. A moment later Ted volunteered another observation.

"It was a splendid idea, that Acacia Crescent one. But put into actual practice, it doesn't seem to work. For one thing, the rooms are ten minutes' walk from here. That is one disadvantage."

"I remember your saying so when you engaged them," I returned. "You thought them a great deal too near."

Ted coughed noisily. I remarked that he appeared to have something of a cold.

"The fact is," he explained, "that I have been rather exposed to draughts and things during the last few weeks. The accommodation is rather limited over at Acacia Crescent—confined to two small bedrooms and a landing; and, as the nurse occupies one room, and Tib and the baby another, I have been obliged to put up, in fact, with a shake-down on the landing. Of course I could stop over here in perfect comfort—I felt I had made a false step in suggesting that too obvious course—but, under the circumstances—he blushed and stuttered—"one naturally likes to be at hand. In the case of such a very young baby one never knows what will happen. By the way, if you don't mind—as my—as she—as its mother does not seem to be coming back, I will take my work over and finish it—at Acacia Crescent." Then he filled his pockets with bottles, tubes, and brushes, shut up his double palette and tucked it, with a sheaf of Newman's hot-pressed fourteen-inch boards, under one velvet elbow, and hospitably showed me out. I stood in the quadrangle of North-West Studios and watched him trudging away in the direction of Acacia Crescent.

It needed no gift of prophecy to be able to foretell that it was, in a certain sense of the word, all over with Ted and Tib; that, after three years of married life, conducted on the New Rational Principle, they had retrograded, fallen away—would ultimately demoralize into an ordinary, commonplace, spoony, domestic couple. To-day (six months since the event recorded) they occupy a residence of red brick in a semi-artistic suburb. They share one studio—the dining-room proper; the large room with the lofty ceiling and the north light has been set apart for the use of the baby. They adore this baby—an animated lump of pinkish putty, with indeterminate features and round staring eyes; they admire each other, openly and unashamed. They go about arm-in-arm. They are rent with spasms of wrath and indignation when publishers refuse to pay one or the other premium prices for the other or the one's feeblest work. Need one say more? And Edward the Elder continues to flood the illustrated magazines with babies of every imaginable brand and in every imaginable attitude—nor is he likely to stop short, it is said, for lack of fresh models.—*St. James's Gazette.*

Have you taken a cold? You can cure it promptly with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The safest remedy for throat and lung troubles.

—EXTRA MINCE PIES, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

**"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"**  
A box of  
**BEECHAM'S PILLS**  
constitutes a family medicine chest.  
**Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Loss of Appetite, Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Giddiness, Fullness, Swelling after meals, Dizziness, Browsiness, Cold Chills, Flushing of the Face, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Batches on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, and all nervous and trembling sensations are relieved by using these Pills.**  
Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.  
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**Unlike the Dutch Process**  
**No Alkalies**  
—OR—  
**Other Chemicals**  
are used in the preparation of  
**W. BAKER & CO.'S**  
**Breakfast Cocoa**  
which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.  
Sold by Grocers everywhere.  
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**FERRUGINOUS TONIC**  
CONTAINING  
Peruvian Bark, Iron and  
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**GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600 FRANCS.**  
Used with entire success in Hospitals of Paris for the cure of  
**ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DISEASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE, and POORNESS of the BLOOD.**  
**Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.**  
This invigorating tonic is powerful, but gentle, in its effect, is easily administered, assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the gastric juices, without deranging the action of the stomach.  
Iron and Cinchona are the most powerful weapons employed in the art of curing. Iron is the principal of our blood, and forms its force and richness. Cinchona affords life to the organs and activity to their functions.  
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**GALVANIZED**  
**GEARED AERMOTOR**  
Re-designed and much improved, furnishes power to  
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Price Cut to **\$75**  
For 15-ft. Steel G geared Aermotor.  
Does the work of 4 horses at half the cost of one, and is always harnessed and never gets tired. With our Steel Stub Tower it is easy to put on turn. Send for elaborate designs for putting power in barns.  
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**COMPLEXION**  
**POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3.**  
**THREE** **POZZONI'S** **TINTS**  
White, 11  
Flask, 13  
Brunette, 13  
All Druggists and Fancy Stores.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

Mr. A. K. H. Boyd, the Scotch "meenister," is, fortunately for his readers, blessed with some sense of humor. He tells us of a Scotch advocate who, while discussing with a judge the question of a vacancy on the bench, said: "I think, my lord, they might find worse than myself," and the judge replied: "What?"

A Mississippi Valley Churchman—that is the name now given to the Western Ritualists—in talking about the Episcopalians of Massachusetts, one evening, summed them up in this way: "In the old days of Bishop Eastburn, when the churchmen of the Bay State were a select remnant, they thought they were too good for God to damn; now they think that God is too good to damn them, thus proving that the hard churchman and the loose churchman finally reach the same point."

A British humorist named Lockwood often visits extremely wealthy and hospitable friends in the country. These friends have a room ready for him whenever he cares to occupy it. The house is seven miles from a railway-station or telegraph-office. He once telegraphed them from London: "May I stay over Sunday?" His host paid ten or twelve shillings to the messenger, and replied: "Of course; but don't telegraph." To this Lockwood innocently replied, by telegraph: "Why not?"

A few years ago a Boston physician encountered a romance in his own family which excited his amusement, says the *Mahogany Tree*. An aged relative, a woman of eighty-eight, married a man a few years her junior. It was a love match. Dr. C—met Dr. Holmes, and related the incident to the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. Holmes chuckled. "I have been intensely interested in that little tale," he said slowly; "of course, at their age, they didn't have any children; but, tell me, did they have any grandchildren?"

A Harvard boy outran his allowance and other resources so much that he was in imminent need of aid. So he sat down and wrote to his father thus: "DEAR PA: I had the misfortune to be upset in a boat while out on the Charles River, and lost the beautiful watch you gave me. I would like some money to employ a diver to recover it. Your affectionate son, THOMAS." The old gentleman was no fool. He replied: "It is not worth while diving for it. It might as well be in soak in one place as in another."

A neat example of the royal retort courteous was that on the occasion of the king's visit to Dublin in 1821. "At a court held there, Lord Kinsale thought fit to air his ancient hereditary privilege of remaining covered when before the sovereign. George the Fourth, whose sense of propriety was wounded by this breach of good taste on the part of the Irish peer, said to him, 'My Lord of Kinsale, we recognize your privilege to wear your hat in the presence of your king; but it does not appear whence you draw your authority for covering your head in the company of ladies.'"

Here is a campaign story used to illustrate General Weaver's position if elected President. A railroad was built through some of the back counties of Georgia, and an old farmer and his wife, who then saw a locomotive for the first time, stood in the doorway of their cabin, watching a train whiz by. Their dog, being also an amateur in the railway business, was running after the train barking furiously. "Do you think he'll catch the train?" asked the old woman. "I dunno," replied the old man, meditatively; "that ain't what's worrying me. I'm wonderin' what the darn fool'll do if he does catch it."

At the end of one of Lord Palmerston's speeches, a butcher called out: "Lord Palmerston, will you give me a plain answer to a plain question?" After a slight pause, Lord Palmerston replied, "I will." The butcher then asked: "Will you or will you not support this measure?"—a Radical bill. Lord Palmerston hesitated, and then, with a twinkle in his eye, replied: "I will—." Then he stopped. Immediately the Radicals cheered tremendously. "Not"—continued his lordship. (Loud Conservative cheers.) When these ceased, Lord Palmerston finished his sentence—"tell you." Then he immediately retired.

In a very crowded meeting, where the audience could scarcely breathe, a man exclaimed: "I want to put a question to Mr. Binks" (the candidate). "Well, sir," replied he; "I am here to answer all questions." "Then, what did Mr. Gladstone say in 1862?" "That is an absurd question, he has said so many things." "Never mind; what did he say in 1862?" Here there was "great disapprobation" and tumultuous cries of "Turn him out!" "I again repeat," exclaimed the irrepressible one, "what did Mr. Gladstone—" Here he was seized with difficulty showed from one to the other out of the hall. A friend accompanied him and loaded him with reproaches. "Why did you make such a fool of yourself by repeating that

idiotic question?" "Because I wanted a little fresh air, and didn't know how else to get out of the place."

Professor Huxley was once sitting at dinner beside a lady who, in impassioned tones, asked him whether he did not think it a very terrible thing that the Rev. Mr. Jones, the vicar, should have adopted the eastward position in administering the sacrament. "My dear lady," he replied, "I am told by Sir John Herschel that to drop a pea at the end of every mile of a voyage on a limitless ocean to the distance of the nearest fixed star would require a fleet of ten thousand ships, each of six hundred tons burden, all starting with a full cargo of peas. Now, do you really suppose that the maker of the fixed stars considers, this new position of Mr. Jones a serious thing?"

The orthodox clergyman of a New England village, recently placed in a trying position, acquitted himself with unusual caution, if not with perfect success. The occasion was the funeral of a Mr. Follet, the third husband of Mrs. Follet, a woman much younger than he. The Follets' regular clergyman was away at the time of Mr. Follet's death. In this emergency the family called upon the orthodox clergyman, who was almost a stranger. A neighbor instructed him hastily as to the admirable qualities of the deceased and his family relations. During the funeral discourse no outsider would have suspected that the clergyman had not been a life-long friend of the late Mr. Follet. When he came to mention the widow in his prayer, however, it was evident that his data had become somewhat confused. He said: "And now we commend to Thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again, and again, and again"—then, hesitating an instant, he added, "and perhaps again."

What is much needed for persons "in trouble," and especially for those caught in *flagrante delicto*, is a good excuse, an explanation on the spur of the moment for their each having, for example, three gold watches about them. An instance of this kind occurred only the other morning in London. A gentleman was stopped by a policeman at two A. M., and requested to explain the fact of his carrying four umbrellas. It had been a fine day, so that even one seemed unnecessary. The best account he could give of himself was that his mistress had been out at a party and he was carrying her property home. The inefficiency of an excuse of this sort is really lamentable. In no society do ladies take four umbrellas to an evening party. It would have been better for the poor wretch to have announced himself as a "Japanese nobleman of the first class, who, in deference to Western customs, was wearing four umbrellas instead of four swords." This would, at least, have staggered the policeman as being something out of his beat. In another case, three individuals are found, armed to the teeth, under the pantry-table of a gentleman's house, who have no better explanation to give of their position than "they were getting out of the rain." These excuses are pitiful and almost pathetic.

## Skin Diseases.

What spectacle is more disgusting than that of a man or woman with a skin disease which shows itself in pimples or blotches on hands, arms, face, and neck? It is simply impure blood. See what *BRANDRETH'S PILLS* did for a chronic case.

George Chapman, Pincining, Mich., says: "For four years I was in the Mounted Infantry in the U. S. Army, residing during that time principally in Texas. Almost all of that time I had a chronic skin disease, characterized by an eruption over the entire surface of my legs and thighs, arms and chest. The doctors termed it eczema. I had given up all hopes of ever being cured, when *BRANDRETH'S PILLS* were recommended to me. I concluded to try them, and I have thanked God daily since then that I did so. I used them for about three months, and by that time was completely cured and have never had any trouble since."

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist.  
Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty.  
1811 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS FOR TEETHING babies and feverish children.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN S, 213 Sutter St

## WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.  
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:  
Majestic.....November 18th  
Germanic.....November 23d  
Teutonic.....November 30th  
Britannic.....December 7th

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,  
29 Broadway, New York.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 14, 21, 28, 31, Nov. 7, 14, 21, 28, 31, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, stop of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, a New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

lacks of beauty is a little plumpness."

This is a frequent thought, and a wholesome one.

All of a baby's beauty is due to fat, and nearly all of a woman's—we know it as curves and dimples.

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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD  
VIA  
SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:40 A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tacoloma,	12:15 P. M. } except
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, (Wk Days	6:10 P. M. Daily
	Tomales, and Way Stations.	
	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	
7:30 A. M. Week Days		10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Toloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Nov. 25th, SS. San Blas; Dec. 5th, SS. City of Sydney; Dec. 15th, SS. San José.

## Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—November 18th, SS. Acapulco. When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

## Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: City of Peking.....Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M. Peru.....Saturday, December 10, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:

Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai. Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Gaelic.....Wednesday, November 16

Belgie.....Thursday, December 15

Oceanic (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93

Gaelic.....Thursday, January 24, at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Gao, H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Nov. 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:30 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.....	* 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
8:30 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San José, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	* 8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	10:45 A.
5:00 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	* 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo) and principal Way Stations.....	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6:35 A.
* 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	* 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

An advertisement carefully and economically displayed in this newspaper of established reputation and circulation among the right class of people always pays, providing the article advertised is something the people want.—*Farm, Field and Stockman*.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY  
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, April 24, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:20 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:15 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 10:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55, 11:55 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:35, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:50 P. M.

## Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. Arrive San Francisco.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	San Jose	6:05 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Santa Rosa	7:25 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:25 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:25 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.

7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.

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3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	6:05 P. M.





There is probably more difference of opinion about Beatrice than about any other of Shakespeare's women. She has her advocates and she has her detractors. Campbell, that somewhat ill-timed bard, thought her "an odious woman," a compound of tomboy, flirt, and shrew. Ruskin thought her charming. Her bitter tongue will to-day scare the gentle reader, who dreads ridicule, and he will feel glad in the recesses of his heart that Beatrice lives only behind the footlights.

Most men, in fact, would have been afraid of Beatrice. Benedick voiced the sentiments of his sex when he said, "I can not endure my lady's tongue." A tongue such as that possessed by Leonato's niece is as dangerous a possession for a woman as a razor is for a three years' child. Beatrice gloried in her cleverness. She exulted in the joy of being infinitely more brilliant than anybody else. She sat back and admired the flashes of her wit, and if it struck and cut, what mattered?—it was the best wit in Messina. Of all Benedick's gibing remarks to her, the one that struck home was when he said she "had her wit out of the Hundred Merry Tales." That hurt her. All other mocking and critical comment passed unheeded. She only laughed when Leonato—who had not gone through life with his eyes shut—said to her, "Thou wilt never get thee a husband if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue."

Beatrice had no wish to marry. She loved her freedom like a wild bird. She was of the type of woman who can love only the man who can be at once a lover and a master. She had never met such a one. The suitors that her great position and her beauty attracted, she ridiculed and tore to pieces as only a woman can "whose heart is as light as a leaf on a tree," and who values her wit above rubies. One can imagine how these discomfited ones retired crest-fallen before the cruelly mocking brilliancy of Leonato's niece. Talking them over to Hero, she must have been even more bitterly witty at their expense than Portia was when going over her list of suitors to Nerissa. After all, women have not changed in the least since Shakespeare's day.

But the great charm of Beatrice is her dazzling joyousness. She is the happiest woman in the world. "Much Ado" is not one of Shakespeare's merriest comedies. The golden story is held together by a black thread. Hero's accusation and blighted happiness are a dark blot on the smiling picture. It almost touches tragedy. The story is not all sunlight and moonlight, laughter and joy, like "As You Like It." It is not gently gay like "Twelfth Night," or vigorously humorous like "The Taming of the Shrew." It is almost a cruel story, and some of the people in it are horrible. Don John is an average villain, and is as dark and deadly as an honest villain must be. But Claudio, the gallant spark and noble soldier, is certainly one of the most contemptible figures in the whole range of Shakespeare. His treatment of Hero in the cathedral scene is bad; but his attitude toward poor old Leonato, when he comes to challenge him, is worse. "We had like to have had our noses snapped off by an old man without teeth," he observes, jauntily, without any apparent sympathy for the old man's angry distress.

Among these angry people, and sad people, and bitter people, Beatrice is a creature of light, and brilliance, and courage, and resource. She is the woman of energy and action, as Viola in "Twelfth Night" is the woman of reflection and gentle submission. Beatrice sheds a few tears over her cousin's misfortunes; but her rage against Claudio soon dries them. She spends no needless time in fruitless grieving. She wants Claudio killed, and, now, on the spot. To tell truth, her desire to have some one kill Claudio as soon as possible takes the heart out of her love-making with Benedick. There will be time for that later, when Claudio's gore has embraced somebody's rapier. She lets Benedick kiss her hand; but it is only after he has promised to slay the Countess.

But she is "a pleasant-spirited lady!" That is what Shakespeare meant her to be—a great lady, proud, and gay, and fine, and happy, moving through the stately garden in Messina with the grace of a queen and the pride of a high-born maiden who knows herself beautiful and witty. There is about her a suggestion of negligence and consequence that all Shakespeare's heroines do not have. She is a personage, a patrician dame who holds herself high, confident in the knowledge of her beauty, resplendent in her trailing brocades and winking jewels, with her long-handled fan of feathers and her great high-standing collar of pointed lace. Where she goes, laughter breaks out—whether it be as she sweeps back and forth on the long marble terraces with Hero and their gentlewomen, or as they sit in

the flickering shade of those "pleached bowers, where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, forbid the sun to enter," or as she stands in all the bravery of her gayest silks and costliest velvets, very disdainful, very merry, and very lovely, to bid the captains welcome on their return from the wars.

To make Beatrice brilliant without being hard, mocking without being bitter, is what every actress, who has ever essayed the part, attempts to do. Yet she must not be too sweet, must not deliver her cutting jests as if she did not mean them. This is what Marie Wainwright did, and while her Beatrice was pretty and piquant, and, at times, bewitching, it was not the real Beatrice—not the Beatrice of sharp sayings and keen understanding, not the Beatrice who could "see a church by daylight," not the Beatrice who saw the ludicrous in everything, who turned every man to ridicule, who would have jeered the most ardent lover out of his suit and mocked the most impassive courtier out of countenance.

Ellen Terry was all this, and yet in her the charm of the woman overcame and made one forget the sting at the end of her tongue. And that is Beatrice—a girl sparkling with vivacity, running over with high spirits, and fun, and diablerie, who speaks out her thoughts without care or caution and lets every freakish fancy of her brain spring to her lips. This blonde, bejeweled, splendid Beatrice was not cruel, but she was careless. And then, when her words would have wounded deep, the smile that came with them softened them, the side-long, merry glance, so full of gaiety, so free from malice, made them sweet. Helen Fawcett herself, who was at one time accounted very fine as the heroine of "Much Ado," though she admits that she never cared for the part, says that she was perfectly satisfied when a critic characterized her Beatrice as "a creature overflowing with joyousness, raillery being in her nothing but an excess of animal spirits."

As Miss Terry's Beatrice was large, and fair, and stately, and blonde, Miss Marlowe's is small, and dark, and gay, and bewitching. This brunette Beatrice—whose midnight eyes that can look so soulful and dreamy as Viola, are full of an elfish, dancing light—is a very merry lady, who takes a suppressed joy in mocking all ridiculous, vain, and self-sufficient people. There is just a touch of demureness about the way she shoots her arrows at the gay and brilliant soldiers who are staying in Leonato's hospitable house. She can hardly control her laughter when she takes the dandy Prince Don Pedro down so beautifully, yet the jest is so daintily, so delightfully, so archly given that even the prince can laugh at his own expense.

The romantic beauty, dark and liquid-eyed, of Miss Marlowe is set off charmingly by the deeply gathered skirts, the great puffed sleeves, and the antique cut of the clothes of Beatrice—"a very Ate in good apparel." It is good apparel, though very simple and unpretending. And Miss Marlowe, with her diamond star on her forehead, her pale-yellow skirt just bunched up a little, her waist left the size that nature and Boston approve, and her peculiar, rich, and tender voice lending music to gibes that otherwise would prick, is a lady of whom Messina might have boasted, and with whom one is certain Benedick would have fallen in love, even without the aid of the prince's and Claudio's trick.

As Beatrice, one notices more forcibly than ever certain peculiarities of Miss Marlowe's style. The absence of the usual stage methods and manners is very striking, the singularly conservative style of the young lady's art, which is peculiarly reserved and quiet, and the marked manner in which she seems to shun all dramatic points, always preferring to create the impression of a complete character than to dazzle her audience with sudden striking bits of acting.

Her originality is very marked. One notices it in her elocution, or, rather, her absence of elocution. She is natural to a singular degree. If she would speak more distinctly, she would have one of the most charming voices on the stage. It has the enchanting "break" in certain of its tones which is called "the heart-beat in the voice," and which lends to the most clumsily worded sentences pathos, and passion, and tenderness. Where almost all Beatrices laugh loud and gayly on all possible occasions, Miss Marlowe rarely does. She smiles often—a thoroughly amused and somewhat mocking smile; and often suppressed laughter, at the effect of her own witticisms, breaks out between her words in little broken gushes. This is delightfully suggestive of a person who is too well-bred to laugh at her own jokes, but who really would give anything to be able to go off into peals of merriment, especially when she scores one against Benedick.

Her whole performance is distinguished by an air of refinement and good breeding that is, unfortunately, rare on the stage. As the persistent theatre-goer knows, a stage lady is as rare as a pure tenor voice or a good Indian. Miss Marlowe is essentially a lady. Her Beatrice, with all her shrewishness of tongue, is never other than a gentlewoman.

As she brings intelligence, beauty, refinement, and charm to her portrayals, she should endeavor to perfect them by bringing more fire, more force. In the scene in the church these were lacking. The fury of Beatrice against Claudio is like the bursting of water out of a dam. She is beside herself with rage and excitement. Here Miss Marlowe spoke too quickly, and so injured the scene and robbed it of the force and vigor it should have. It

is here that Beatrice's heart breaks into being. It has been sleeping before, and her love for her cousin and her love for Benedick rouse it suddenly from its happy tranquillity. In the love-scene with Benedick, Miss Marlowe was almost indifferent, looking, indeed, as if the proud spirit of independence in her was by no means subdued. When Benedick ventured to put his arm about her waist, she looked as if she would have enjoyed repulsing him with one of her most scathing jests.

The Benedick of Mr. Taber deserves a good deal of praise. It was a good performance—careful, and intelligent, and dashing. His Benedick was a splendid fellow, brave and manly, and with just the touch of swagger that one expects in a soldier. In the challenge scene with Claudio, he was particularly successful, showing the feeling and dignity that were so conspicuously lacking in his two brothers-in-arms.

At the theatres during the week commencing November 21st: Minnie Seligman-Cutting in "My Official Wife"; the Tivoli Company in "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief"; Clara Morris in "Claire"; Henley and Boucicault in "The Two Roses"; and Patti Rosa in "Dolly Varden."

#### For Dyspepsia USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. LORENZO WAITE, Pittsfield, Mass., says: "From its use for a period of about eight weeks, to the exclusion of all other remedies, I attribute the restoration to health of a patient who was emaciated to the last degree, in consequence of nervous prostration and dyspepsia. This patient's stomach was in such an irritable condition that he could not bear either liquid or solid food. An accomplished physician of many years experience, whom I called in consultation, pronounced his case an incurable one. At this stage I decided to use Horsford's Acid Phosphate, which resulted as above mentioned."

Strauss's three-act comic opera, "The Queen's Lace Handkerchief," is to be sung at the Tivoli next week, the cast being as follows:

Donna Irene, Gracie Plaisted; Queen Marie, Lizzie Annandale; Marchioness de Villareal, Grace Vernon; Don Cervantes, Ferdinand Schuetze; King of Portugal, Phil Branson; Prime Minister, George Olmi; Don Sancho, Ferris Hartman; Minister of War, E. N. Knight; Minister of Interior, Ed. Torpi; Minister of Finance, J. P. Wilson; Dancing Master, H. A. Barkalew.

On the following Monday, November 28th, "Il Trovatore" will be revived.

It is now a certainty that the Olympic Club will have its salt-water swimming baths in the new building on Post Street, and the water mains are being laid from the ocean beach. The pumping works will have a capacity of four million gallons per day, and the waste water will be utilized in sewer flushing. The board of supervisors, last Monday evening, denied the club a franchise to supply private residences with salt water for bathing purposes, but this in no way interferes with the original plans to furnish the club with water.

The third Souther Farm sale of well-bred colts and fillies and good road and carriage animals is being much talked of among lovers of horseflesh, and a large attendance is assured, no matter what the state of the weather, for every one will be looked out for if it rains. The catalogues show some excellently bred stock, and a good sale is to be expected. The sale will be conducted at the Souther Farm, San Leandro, on Wednesday, November 23d, commencing at ten A. M.

"Our New Navy" is the title of a pretty little pamphlet just issued by The Bancroft Company, in which the White Squadron is described in a few pages of text, with excellent pictures of the cruisers *Baltimore*, *Chicago*, *Philadelphia*, *Newark*, *San Francisco*, *Charleston*, *Atlanta*, and *Boston*, the gunboat *Yorktown*, the dispatch-boat *Dolphin*, and the dynamite-cruiser *Vesuvius*, and a plan of the United States ship *Monterey*. Price, fifty cents.

Doctors? Pshaw! Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Martin & Ingalsbe, dealers in wall decorations and draperies, and Bruce Porter, designer in stained glass, are moving from their former store at 502 Sutter Street to the new building at 715 Sutter Street, where they will be established by Monday, November 21st.

—MR. M. B. MIHRAN'S COLLECTION OF TURKISH rugs, palace embroideries, etc., including some of the handsomest Oriental art goods ever brought to this coast, will be exhibited at Exchange Hall, 16 Post Street, on Monday and Tuesday, November 21st and 22d, and will be sold at auction by William Butterfield, on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the sale commencing at eleven o'clock each morning.

—H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

**CLOSING OUT SALE.**  
**WHITING'S WRITING PAPERS.** World-wide Reputation for Quality.  
\$1.00 and \$1.50 per Quarter Ream Paper and 125 Envelopes,  
in Bonds, Linens, Parchments, Vellums, etc.  
**DODGE BROS.**  
225 POST STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

**TIVOLI OPERA HOUSE.**  
KRELING BROS., PROPRIETORS AND MANAGERS.  
Saturday and Sunday Evenings, Last Nights of  
**MARTHA!**  
Instantaneous Hit of Ferdinand Schuetze, Lizzie Annandale, Tillie Salinger, Ed. N. Knight, Geo. Olmi.  
Monday, November 21st,  
**THE QUEEN'S LACE HANDKERCHIEF!**  
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents.

## Maria Kip Orphanage.

A regular Annual Meeting of the Maria Kip Orphanage, for the Election of Officers for the ensuing year and for such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the Diocesan House, 731 California Street, on MONDAY, the 28th day of NOVEMBER, 1892, at 2 o'clock P. M.  
E. H. RIXFORD, Secretary.

**Martin & Ingalsbe and Bruce Porter**  
Will Open their New Building,  
**715 SUTTER STREET**  
MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21st.

## Xmas Calendars

—AT—  
**ROBERTSON'S,**  
126 Post St.

**PERCY L. DAVIS & CO.**  
Fine Art Auctioneers, 110 Montgomery St.  
Auction Daily at 1 and 8 P. M., commencing  
**MONDAY, - NOVEMBER 14, 1892**  
**\$100,000 STOCK OF**  
**JAPANESE CURIOS**

Consignment direct from Japan, comprising thousands of Antique and Modern Valuable Articles too numerous to mention.  
The Entire Collection will be Sold Without Reserve or Limit. Chairs provided for Ladies, who are specially invited.  
Terms cash. **PERCY L. DAVIS & CO., Auctioneers.**

**MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE**  
The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

**SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;  
HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;  
DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.**

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

**MURPHY, GRANT & CO.**

# 113 GEARY

**S. & G. GUMP'S**

## ART STORE

Has Removed to Above Address.

**WILLIAMS, DIMOND & CO.,**  
SHIPPING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
Union Block, cor. Pine and Market Sts.  
—AGENTS FOR—  
The California Line of Clipper Ships from New York.

The Cunard Royal Mail Steamship Co.; the Hawaiian Line of Packets to and from Honolulu; the China Traders' Insurance Co. (Limited); Baldwin Locomotive Works; A. Whitney & Sons' Car-Wheels; Vivian & Sons' Yellow Metal Sheathing; Steel Rails and Track Material; Hartmann's Raktjen's Composition.

**ONTARIO COTTON SAIL DUCK.**



**HARTSHORN'S** SELF-ACTING SHADE-ROLLERS  
Beware of Imitations.  
NOTICE  
AUTOGRAPH OF  
*Stewart Hartshorn*  
ON LABEL  
AND GET  
THE GENUINE  
**HARTSHORN**

## SANTA CLAUS HEADQUARTERS.

### READY FOR Christmas!



A  
**GRAND STOCK**  
OF  
**Holiday Goods.**  
DON'T DELAY PURCHASING.  
COME BEFORE THE RUSH  
**GOLDEN RULE**  
**BAZAAR.**  
**DAVIS BROTHERS.**  
715 MARKET ST. AND  
1234 MARKET ST.

## PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.  
**THE PALACE HOTEL,**  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.  
**STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.**  
Central to all lines of cars.

**GUESS**—where you can buy 30 yards of Challi, in good style, not dark, for \$1.00; cheap for quilts, linings, dresses, anything—3½c. **GUESS** where you per yard, by **GUESS** can buy 30-the piece. in Bedford Cords, 15 cent quality, Red-ground, Black-dot or Figure, and other Shades, only 8 cents. No such bargains ever offered. **GUESS** Send for Samples—where you can buy 32-inch Cretonnes, heavy, figured, for chair or lounge covers, or curtains, reduced from 25 cts. to 12½ cts.—Do Tell—Its at Smiths' Cash Store, 414, 416, 418 Front Street, S. F., Cal.

SEND FOR LIST, FREE

### THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

"How prettily this theatre is decorated!" "Yes; it's very handsomely papered out in front."—*Truth.*

A hopeful case: *Dottie*—"Has he proposed?" *Tottie*—"No; but we've just had a severe tiff."—*Truth.*

He—"How formidable that war-ship looks in front!" *She*—"Yes, and how stern behind."—*Truth.*

He—"As a woman you will understand—" *She*—"How dare you? I am not a woman. I am only a girl."—*Life.*

"Don't you and Mawson speak any more, Withrup?" "Nope." "Why not?" "He sold me a horse once."—*Life.*

*Husband*—"I remember the time when you said you wouldn't marry the best man on earth." *Wife*—"Well, I didn't."—*Truth.*

*Brace*—"Why is it you are after me all the time for that bill?" *Taylor*—"I never put off till to-morrow what can be dunned to-day."—*Truth.*

He (letter in hand)—"Humph! I wish Maud would not write that rectangular hand. I can't make out whether she rejects or accepts me."—*Bazar.*

*She*—"Isn't Miss Manning a coy little thing?" *He*—"Yes. Even when she fainted and fell in my arms last night she blushed like a peony."—*Life.*

"He may be dull, but he is wealthy, and he is certainly very attentive to you. Does he say nothing?" "Yes, mamma; every time he talks."—*Life.*

"Hallo, Vanderloin, some of your people coming in on this train?" "Yes; I'm expecting a sister of mine." "Sister, eh! By birth, or refusal?"—*Truth.*

*Friend* (at private ball)—"Why have you stationed the orchestra under the stairs?" *Experienced hostess*—"To drown the noise of the kissing."—*New York Weekly.*

"One more question, sir, before you begin!" "Well, madam?" "Is it possible to distinguish real stones from false ones on the photo?"—*Lustige Blätter.*

*Teacher*—"Now, my boy, tell me what animals are best protected by Nature from the ravages of winter?" *My boy*—"Those that live on the line of the equator, sir!"—*Puck.*

*Shade* (at the gates of Sheol)—"Is my wife in there?" *Guard* (looking up record)—"What's the name?" *Shade*—"Smith." *Guard*—"This is my busy day. Come back in 1992!"—*Truth.*

*Percy Goosehead*—"I don't want to marry a blue-stocking—some girl that knows more than I." *Evelyn Sparks*—"Why don't you say at once that you mean to remain a bachelor?"—*Bazar.*

*She* (to artist)—"So that is your Venus?" *He*—"Yes." "How do you like it?" *She*—"Well, to tell the truth, I am a trifle disappointed. It conveys no idea whatever of the fashions of the time."—*Truth.*

Spiral supposition: *She*—"I want you to answer me one question and then I shall feel sure of you." *He*—"What is it, darling?" *She*—"If you knew that I loved you as much as you do me, would you love me as much as I do you?"—*Truth.*

*Maud*—"I heard a splendid compliment for you last night." *Ethel*—"And I heard one for you." *Maud*—"Mr. de Courcy said at the Joneses' that you were the most elegant woman he knew." *Ethel*—"My mother says you are an awfully healthy-looking girl."—*Bazar.*

*Her mother*—"If you had deliberately picked out the greatest scapegrace in town, Cora, you could not have become engaged to a more disreputable fellow." *Cora*—"But my patient, trusting love will reform him, mamma." *Her mother* (after a pause)—"Perhaps, my dear, it would have been just as well if I had let you read a few French novels, after all."—*Truth.*

*Party with dog*—"Yer see, I had him down, wid my foot on his neck, an' I could ha' kilt him den an' dere, when his wife rushed in an' begged me fer ter spare his life. I wuz jus' goin' ter hit her a clip, when I reckerlected dat it wouldn't do to strike a woman, so I shoved her up agin the mantel-piece jus' easy enough to make her faint, and after I got her pocket-book I lef' the house widout molestin' her, as I wanted to giv' her ter understan' dat a feller could be a prize-fighter an' still be a gentleman."—*Life.*

### Wake Them Up!

That's what should be done with the kidneys when they grow sleepy. Their inaction precedes their disease. That capital diuretic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, gives exactly the right impetus when they become sluggish. Use it and keep out of danger, for you are "in it" if your kidneys don't act. This medicine is also adapted to malarial and rheumatic ailments, want of vigor, and irregularity of bowels, liver, and stomach.

—LORNETTES IN TORTOISE SHELL AND SILVER, with chains. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market St.

### The San Francisco Whist Club.

A meeting of the subscribers to the new San Francisco Whist Club was held in the Mercantile Library Building last Tuesday evening, at which a permanent organization was effected, by-laws adopted, one hundred and fifteen names signed to the roll, and the following officers elected:

H. Payot, president; Dr. Gilbert, first vice-president; A. S. Howard, second vice-president; Mrs. Francis, recording secretary; Mrs. Krebs, corresponding secretary; A. S. Baker, treasurer; governing committee, P. J. Torrey, C. T. Deane, R. Kendrick, J. B. Reinstein, S. Doherty, H. Payot, Dr. Gilbert.

The club starts in with every prospect of success. The list of members, both ladies and gentlemen, is already large, and many applications are being made to the librarian of the Mercantile Library and to the members of the club. It is under the auspices of the Mercantile Library Association, and elegantly furnished quarters have been secured in the library building, on Van Ness and Golden Gate Avenues. During the winter classes will be formed for the various grades of players.

### New Cook-Book Free.

The Price Baking Powder Co., Chicago, has just published its new cook-book, called "Table and Kitchen," compiled with great care. Besides containing over 500 receipts for all kinds of pastry and home cookery, there are valuable hints for the table and kitchen, showing how to set a table, how to enter the dining-room, etc.: a hundred and one hints in every branch of the culinary art. Cookery of the very finest and richest as well as that of the most economical and home-like is provided for.

"Table and Kitchen" will be sent, postage prepaid, to any lady patron sending her address (name, town, and State), plainly given. Postal card is as good as a letter. Address, Price Baking Powder Co., 184, 186, and 188 Michigan Street, Chicago, Ill. (Mention if desired in German.)

The sale of real estate conducted by Baldwin & Hammond in the Real Estate Exchange last Thursday was one of the most successful ever held in the city. The property offered consisted of thirty-six lots, belonging to Andrew McCreary and the estate of the late John Sullivan, situated on improved streets near the pan-handle of the park and easily accessible by cable cars, and was valued before the sale at \$125,000. Six lots on the catalogue were withdrawn by the owners before the sale, and the remaining thirty brought an aggregate sum of \$97,300.

### A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

*Briggs*—"Just for a joke, I told Miss Elderly, the other day, that when she laughed it was all I could do not to kiss her." *Griggs*—"What happened?" *Briggs*—"The next time I saw her she had hysterics."—*Life.*

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—THE ETCHING AND PICTURE DEPARTMENTS at Gump's' new art-store, 113 Geary Street, are now open to the public.

—WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND MONOGRAMS; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbourn Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

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DCLXXXIV. — Bill of Fare for Thanksgiving, November 24, 1892.

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Fillet of Beef with Truffles and Mushrooms.  
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Orange Sherbet.  
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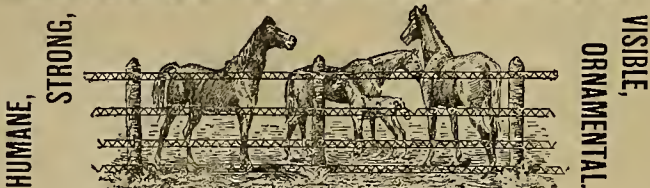
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# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 22.

SAN FRANCISCO, NOVEMBER 28, 1892.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Anthony Comstock has been making himself active again, and New York has gone into the customary fit of exasperation. New York has good reason to be ashamed of Comstock, not for what he is, but for what he implies. If he were not needed, he would not exist, and if much of the work he has done were not necessary work, he would not have had the warm support these twenty years of the moral and religious elements of the vile community wherein he performs his unpleasant functions. It would be fortunate for the sensibilities of all clean-minded people if these functions could be draped in secrecy; but publicity is an unavoidable incident of the Comstock calling. We speak of New York as a vile community, and such it is beyond any other in America. Politically, its rottenness is a national scandal; its masses of cosmopolitan ignorance, dirt, and crime, whence Tammany derives its power, are paralleled nowhere else. But it is not these reeking colonies of deported Irish, Italians, Sicilians, Russian Jews, Hungarians, Croats, and the savages of civilization generally that we have in mind just now. It is the vileness at the upper end of the social scale that Anthony Comstock has drawn attention to by his proceedings against a type of weekly journal which can find a paying

clientèle in no American city save New York. There are scandal-mongering, sewer-fishing newspapers in plenty elsewhere, of course, but they appeal for patronage to the coarse-minded mob and not to the well-to-do and educated, they being as bad in style as foul in matter, whereas the salacious New York weeklies employ clever, if depraved, pens, and garnish the nastiness of their letter-press with a dainty dressing of pictures whose art, diabolical though it be, compels admiration. There is nothing like them outside of Paris. New York, indeed, much resembles Paris in some aspects—needless to say, not in the brilliant intellectuality and joyousness of the French city, but in its pervading animality. In our metropolis there is, happily, the ballasting American good sense, industry, and respectability of the healthful middle class, but the people who have too much money and leisure are altogether Latin in their morals. They are wanting utterly, though, in that vivacity and frivolity which rob the Frenchman's defiance of the Seventh Commandment of the appearance of brutality. When an Anglo-Saxon goes in for vice, he takes it seriously in spite of himself, with the result that he becomes gross instead of gay, loathsome as well as reprehensible. New York—alone among our cities, as yet—has a leisure class, and it is not likely that, when progress in accumulation shall supply other towns with idle rich, the lines of development will be the same. New York is so near France and England, communication is so swift and constant, that the life of the city, and most notably its social life, has been profoundly affected. The war gave rise to great fortunes throughout the country, and the money-making opportunities of the metropolis proved a magnet that attracted to it the new-rich of the '60's, precisely as the financially and socially ambitious are at present drawn thither. The sons and daughters of the wartime millionaires have sons and daughters of their own now. These two generations set the pace for others, and the American tradition that idleness is blameworthy, if not disreputable, has been lost. This plutocracy, which envies and admires the aristocracies on the other side of the Atlantic, copies their worst phases only. Hence the social prodigality, ostentation, and unrelieved vulgarity of fashionable New York. The plutocracy is denied the inspiration and restraint of lineage, title, and fixed caste. Dancing, eating, drinking, and display engage it wholly. Its outside is all there is of it—all that will bear particularization, that is. Opulence and leisure, undisciplined by religion, family pride, or ethics consisting of more than weakened conventional impressions holding over from humbler days, can not but breed license. The domestic scandals which affront decorum so frequently are the inevitable fruit of this mindless existence, to which duty is unknown.

The male wearies sooner than the female of the relatively mild excitements of the fashionable career, and seeks stronger pleasures. Hence it comes that a race of young men peculiar to New York is encountered by the thousand on the promenades, in the clubs, the cafés, on the race-tracks, and wherever else cards, drink, and their accompaniments are to be had. These young men are not wanting in natural ability. They are much the superiors of their fathers in education. Well-dressed, well-mannered, good-humored, luxurious, bored, they saunter through their days and throw away their health and fortune after dark. But for the absence of the spur of need, most of them would have cut a respectable figure in the world. Without this incentive and not being so well endowed with brains as to render a career of some sort an intellectual necessity, they are destitute of ambition, and, naturally taking the line of least resistance, become mere *roués*, gamblers, and drunkards. Their faces sadden. Native intelligence and amiability are overlaid with the fat of laziness, the weariness of self-indulgence, and the hopelessness of satiety. The beast within that every man must hold in leash, if he would escape degradation, is about all that remains of these hapless New Yorkers, who marry when they are worn out, whose cynicism and habits make respect for the conjugal tie seem a primitive and absurd virtue, and who leave the world in the end rather glad that the rest of the yawning must be done by

their sons. It is for these men chiefly that the weekly papers, which transgress even the Comstock standard of decency, are published—for them and the women of their class. These women do not in conduct match their brothers; but in mind and taste they are true sisters—ladies of the caste whose existence palliates the libel that "every woman is a rake at heart." The seizure of an occasional issue of these prints, more indecent than usual, or the prosecution and fining of the publishers, will not avail to purify them, for they are, like Comstock himself, but symptoms of a social disease that permeates New York—a disease whose roots are too deeply sunk to be torn up by any society for the suppression of vice. The prospect for the cure, or even the amelioration, of this disease is not encouraging. The first requisite of reform is a perception of the evil to be removed, and the blindness of the respectable press of New York to the lubricity of its environment is as amazing as it is disheartening. This blindness is primarily due to the deadening effect of familiarity, but more to that village-like conceit which enfeebles the New York mind. Because the city is large, the assumption is made that it is great, whereas mere numbers may mean but a multiplication of unlovely entities. This numerical overgrowth of New York induces the parochial spirit—that absorption in local affairs, that proneness to measure the importance of things by their nearness or farness—which has ever made the self-centred, hamlet-inhabiting yokel so diverting. Even as the cockney, when he travels abroad, decides that what he sees in other lands is good or bad according as it follows or departs from the British model, so the New York journal unconsciously accepts its city as the standard of excellence, and is thereby incapacitated from either seeing, hearing, or smelling the truth when the truth would disturb this easy method of arriving at judgment. Surely one would think that even the most complacent New Yorker, whose eyes are in order and whose olfactory nerves are normal, should be saved from the illusion that his city is handsome or clean, yet the *World* not long ago actually spoke in perfect gravity of "our beautiful metropolis!" If the staring brick and stone and streets of the material city are thus transfigured to the home eye by the lense of provincial vanity, what hope is there that its moral vileness will impinge upon the home consciousness and rouse it to the need for better things? New York is in a bad way, however it may be viewed, politically, socially, or morally, and it is a question if in all the earth there is another spot upon which Satan can look with such completely rounded satisfaction.

While the eleven ex-Confederate States of the South give the Northern Democracy positive and unwavering Democratic support, the tangible success and decisive victories of the party must be won at the North. The late election has strikingly demonstrated the actual source from which the Democratic party derives its ability to achieve victory in national elections. It is the alien vote. This vote is stubbornly directed to the prejudice of American interests and stolidly antagonizes American principles of government. It is the Grecian horse which the Tammany Ulysses has persuaded the native-born of the besieged country to drag within the walls.

An aggregate of four hundred thousand votes was polled in the Northern States at the late election by aliens naturalized since 1888. A considerable proportion of the whole number was rushed through the facile naturalization mills, run upon the Tammany plan, during the current year, in the few months preceding the election, and many of them were freshly arrived steerage emigrants, as fit for powder as were Falstaff's recruits, and equally qualified as voters. Tens of thousands of them could not speak English; they knew nothing of the constitution, had no respect for the laws. Still, they were readily sworn through the courts, as of "good morals and worthy," invested with the sacred franchise of American citizenship, and forthwith armed with the ballot to vote the Tammany-ordered ticket by which to kill the Republican vote of a veteran of native birth. Over sixty thousand of these alien voters were deported



from Europe, many of them fugitives from the land of their nativity, refugees from the cholera or other pestilence; they were manufactured as raw material into job-lot American citizens, in the courts of the Empire City and the Empire State—fitting designations to remind them of the home despotism—and all are reckoned in the count for Cleveland and free trade. Likewise in Chicago and Cincinnati, in Milwaukee and Detroit, and other large cities in which aliens swarm and dominate; in Ohio, Illinois, and Michigan, in Iowa and Kansas, in Minnesota, Nebraska, and the two Dakotas, quite throughout the West and North-West, in the States which qualify the alien resident of a few months or of one year as an eligible voter, and in which naturalization is a superfluous court process and practically a fiction of the law—in all of these cities and States the sacredness of the ballot was polluted by this alien horde, and the majesty of American citizenship was degraded. "Americans to rule America" is an abandoned motto—a rejected plan of home rule. The spirit of Tammany stalks the republic. Free trade and wild-cat banks will succeed to the protected, prosperous, and redeemed land which a Lincoln renewed with greater glory and Republican administration has raised to loftiest credit.

Free trade drags low wages in its train. "Tariff reform" will cheapen labor. Immigration will decline. That which drew as a poultice will pain like a blister. With the return of Republican administration, when the spasm of free trade shall have prostrated the country, the evil spirit of alien domination will be exorcised, and again the genius of American institutions will rehabilitate the Union. With amended laws—the prohibition of pestilent immigration, radical reform of the naturalization, and restoration of sound systems of tariff and revenue, of money and currency—the period of prosperity will be resumed.

During the last week no less than three tales of dramatic divorces have been telegraphed from the East to California. The conjugal woes of actors and actresses are a staple topic of newspaper comment. Almost every paper one picks up contains an account of some actor who has left his wife, or some actress who has left her husband. It would seem as though there was something in the glare of the footlights which was irreconcilable with domestic felicity, and as though the pursuit of high art provoked rebellion against conventional rules. The musician, the poet, the painter, the actor rise superior to the commonplace laws which bind the shoemaker and the tailor, the butcher and the baker; they soar above the doctrines of monogamy and conjugal fidelity, and claim the privilege of genius—to be a law unto themselves. The practice involves inconveniences—to themselves and to the society in which they move. But it is so seductive that it is quite generally adopted—so much so that a leading actor who leads a correct domestic life, with wife and children, is singled out as deserving of especial commendation.

It must always be remembered that members of the dramatic profession are exposed to temptations which people in more prosaic callings escape. A handsome actress, with a fine figure and presence, is seen by a thousand men where an equally attractive woman in private life is seen by ten. The glamour of the stage accentuates her good points. She makes up so as to show herself to the best advantage. In certain rôles she can venture on revelations which in private life propriety forbids. Thus her chances of capturing a victim of her bow and spear in the bonds of lawful matrimony, or otherwise, as it may happen, are far greater than those of her equally charming sister who blooms in the *demi-jour* of a drawing-room; and in like manner, after her prisoner is secured in his cell, her temptations to resume the chase in quest of other captives are more frequent.

That which is true of actresses is equally true of actors. A young fellow with an erect carriage, a good leg, and bright eyes is seen and admired by a thousand women where an equally handsome young fellow in a business office is not noticed by a dozen. We had here the other day, in T. Henry French's troupe, a good-looking singer named Hayden Coffin. This gentleman was the son of an American dentist settled in the aristocratic quarter of Cornwall Gardens, South Kensington, London. Near the dentist lived an elderly citizen named Randegger, who had made a fortune, and, having retired from business, tempted fate by marrying a young and pretty wife. The eyes of Hayden Coffin and Mrs. Randegger met; and one fine morning old Mr. Randegger found himself alone in his house. His pretty wife had fled. She procured an American divorce and last week married Hayden Coffin.

At the feet of Singer Coffin the girls of San Francisco fell down in mute adoration. When he rolled his fine eyes they palpitated. When he closed them they were thrilled. Such was their frenzy that they made him the star, and excited a keen indignation in the adipose bosom of the over-blown prima donna.

When the Attic philosopher contemplates the gorgeous be-

ings who inhabit the stage, and notes their fascination for the young of both sexes, he is inclined to wonder rather at the moderation of the votaries of Thespis than at their social ravages. They might do so much more mischief than they do. There is hardly a pretty actress or a fine young actor who does not receive daily amorous missives. Harry Montague never read love-letters from strange girls. He had a trunk into which he threw them as soon as he had ascertained their purport; sometimes, when the scented paper and the delicate superscription revealed their nature, he tossed them in without opening them. Every now and then he was reminded that his trunk was, in fact, a magazine of high explosives; his conscience then pricked him, and he held an *auto-da-fé* in which many a silly girl's reputation was saved by the flames.

When the bull-fighter Frascuelo, the idol of Madrid, died in that city, not long ago, of a wound from the horns of a bull, he left behind him a trunk. This trunk was filled with letters—letters from ladies—love-letters from ladies. Señora Frascuelo, being of a thrifty temperament, and not jealous *nunc pro tunc*, disposed of the valuable documents to a syndicate of blackmailers. These gentry realized a large sum from their speculation. But there was a great deal of trouble in Madrid families about that time, and a number of high-born and beautiful Madrileñas left town till it blew over.

Does Paterfamilias ever feel uneasy when he hears his girls raving over some stage Apollo? Does the average American middle-aged husband—who is, as a rule, slightly bald, round-shouldered, rather dyspeptic, and subject to maladies so unromantic as rheumatism—does he ever tremble when the wife of his bosom keeps her opera-glass fixed steadily upon the handsome hero, and sighs slightly when she turns and looks at him? Does he? Well, if he does, he never would admit it.

It is fortunate that the Roman Catholic Church in America permits the press to give some news of its official proceedings. To be sure, the censorship is very rigid, and the inhibition of editorial criticism is generally obeyed; nevertheless, the church's close supervision of our daily newspapers confers on the public one great advantage—we can count on such news as is admitted to print being precisely of the character desired by the censors. The punishment that would overtake a journal venturing to take liberties with the sacred outgivings would be certain and severe. The Irish subscriber would stop his paper, under direction, the Irish advertiser withdraw his patronage, and the Irish voter, for the greater glory of God, cast his free and intelligent ballot against the political party represented by the recalcitrant print. Hence the news comes to us pure from its holy source, and undefiled by the guesses, or imaginings, or literary dressing of the secular reporter. The annual conference of the Roman Catholic archbishops of the United States, held this month in the archiepiscopal palace of Patrick Corrigan, of the diocese of New York, presided over by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and attended by Archbishop Satolli, legate from Rome, met behind closed doors, and the only language used, we are told, was Latin. Previous to the meeting, the press received on its knees an announcement of the contemplated results of the council on the school question, as follows:

First—The autonomy of denominational schools; that is, the establishment of the right to choose one's own teachers, but only among those who have qualified before a State or mixed board.

Second—The opening of the doors of the school-room to ecclesiastical and secular inspectors.

Third—Establishing the right of municipal officers to examine schools in their secular branches.

Fourth—The support of the schools by the civil power and the payment of teachers by it, or at least a contribution for the purpose of an amount corresponding to the school tax paid by the parents.

Only on these conditions, it is expected, will the majority of archbishops entertain the proposition to accept aid from the State, and they will simply ask so much per capita of allowance for children in State-assisted schools, and in return will concede the right of the State to examine pupils and teachers in the secular branches, and to pay for the instruction given in purely secular directions.

The cool impudence of all this would be annoying had it not been made familiar by repetition. It is, of course, simply the old contention of the church that it should be allowed to plunge its greedy hands into the public school fund and take from it all that has been paid in by Roman Catholics, with as much more as it may be able to grasp. The insolence of the language is characteristic—what the church will "entertain," the conditions it will "accept" in a treaty with the State, what it will "concede," and the like, as if itself and the government were co-equal powers in the republic. At this day it is scarcely needed to argue the point of school-fund division. The usefulness, the existence of the State system depends upon the integrity of the fund. The pretended question of justice involved in requiring a citizen to pay taxes for the maintenance of schools to which he does not send his children is the same as that involved in compelling the sedentary citizen to contribute for the building

and repair of roads which he never uses. The general good is the complete justification. If the Roman Catholic Church chooses to have separate schools, that is its privilege, but these schools should be under strict State supervision, no matter what conditions the church may be "willing" to "concede" or what "propositions" it would be graciously pleased to "entertain." As the children who attend these parochial schools are to be citizens of the republic, the governmental supervision should go to two objects: First, of keeping up of secular instruction to the public-school standard, and, second, the prohibition of such teaching as does not conform to the facts of history or which is unpatriotic in its tendencies. The church should be held to as severe an accountability in the matter of instruction as the public-schools.

The conference, after completing its labors, gave out but a scanty report of its conclusions, accompanied by the intimation, however, that more might be vouchsafed, if expedient. A resolution, urging the erection of additional schools, was adopted, and another reading thus:

*Resolved*, That as to children who at present do not attend Catholic schools, we direct in addition that provisions be made for them by Sunday-schools, and also by instructions on some other day or days of the week, and by urging parents to teach their children the Christian doctrine in their home. Both Sunday and week-day schools should be under the direct supervision of the clergy, and by intelligent lay teachers, and, when possible, by members of religious orders.

That is not seriously objectionable. If parents wish to place their offspring in schools officered by priests, and, therefore, inherently incapable of imparting as good a secular education as is given in the public schools, that is the misfortune of the children—a misfortune, however, which it is the duty of the State to mitigate so far as possible by insisting on examinations by its agents that shall keep the parochial pupils within hailing distance of the luckier scholars of the public schools in the matter of knowledge.

The arrogant tone of the archbishops' preliminary announcement is encouraging. Let the church but grow bolder all along the line in its warfare upon the public-school system, and it will render a great service to the country. It is only insidious assault that is really to be feared. The press is an abject coward; but the American people have full confidence in their ability to grapple with the church and overthrow it whenever it shall have the blind audacity openly to enter the arena. The newspapers are bullied into a terrified silence, but the people, nevertheless, are wide awake as to the church's desires and intentions. Party lines are not drawn on the school question, and the popular determination to keep the pious hands of the Roman hierarchy out of the educational fund is too firm and widespread to give the brethren much hope of succeeding in their enterprise of division—except in such Irish colonies as New York city, where Archbishop Patrick Corrigan is the real and Richard Croker but the nominal head of Tammany. The church has its arms in the treasury there up to its shoulders, not alone for the enrichment of its schools but of all its institutions, every one of which is a never-wearied cadger. New York, however, serves usefully as a warning of what is to be expected of the church when it gains the upper hand in politics. The example puts American cities on guard.

The disruption of the Transcontinental Pool, occurring simultaneously with the resolve of the French Government to institute criminal proceedings against M. de Lesseps and his associates in the Panama Canal Company, appears to indicate a breakdown in the machinery by which the course of trade has for many years been artificially diverted from its natural channels. The Transcontinental Pool was a combination of carriers to maintain arbitrary rates of freight on interoceanic traffic. It was a device to prevent healthy competition. Under the rules of the pool, all goods carried between San Francisco and Chicago were charged a rate which was higher than they would have paid had the business been governed by the simple laws of supply and demand. The sum of money realized under that rate was divided among the transcontinental lines according to a fixed percentage. In order to carry out this artificial interference with trade, the Transcontinental Pool was compelled to subsidize all possible competitors. Thus it paid, under the guise of a contract for space, seventy-five thousand dollars a month to the Pacific Mail Company, and another less sum to the clipper lines round the Horn; while, on the other hand, it allowed the Canadian Pacific a small share of the receipts of the pool in consideration of its agreement not to cut rates between Pacific Coast points and Mississippi River points.

When this ingenious contrivance to defeat the laws of trade was first devised, it was evident that it could not work for any length of time. Artificial devices to prevent competition never answer, except for brief periods. They are like the tricks of jockeys who agree to hold their horses in so that the slowest horse shall win the race. In all pools, a time comes when some member of the pool thinks he is getting the worst of the bargain, and kicks over the traces.



That time came to the Transcontinental Pool over a year ago. It very nearly went to pieces over a quarrel between the Union and Southern Pacific Companies over coast rates. It had a narrow escape of being disrupted when the Iowa lines refused to pro-rate with their Western connections in fruit freights. It nearly smashed up when the Asiatic tea and silk freights began to take the Northern route to New York and Chicago. The final rupture was precipitated by dissensions between the Eastern lines and the Southern Pacific Company. The Southern Pacific was the only member of the syndicate which had a through line from ocean to ocean; the other members only controlled pieces of the through trip; the Southern Pacific insisted on due allowance being made for its superior position; the other lines refused, and the explosion resulted.

Things now revert to the *status quo ante*, and each road is free to do business as it may. This situation will, of course, not last. The companies will not care to court a cut-throat war. They will come together again and a new pool will be patched up. But it is observed that illegitimate contrivances in restraint of trade can never be completely reconstructed after they have once been upset. A new pool will have to struggle with the law against pooling, and no system of percentages can be devised which will give the Southern Pacific what they think they are entitled to, and at the same time secure to the Atchison, the Union Pacific, and the Northern lines what they regard as their fair proportion of the transcontinental business. When a profit is made, the Southern Pacific wants it all. If they can carry freight over their Sunset route, from ocean to ocean, for half a cent a pound, they will make that the rate for the route via Ogden and Omaha; and as the lines east of Chicago will not pro-rate in any such schedule, the Iowa lines and the Northern lines from this coast will find themselves obliged to do business at rates which, thus far, they have declared involved an actual loss.

On the other hand, the monopoly of the sea which the combined railroads attempted to establish has been destroyed beyond the possibility of resurrection. The permanency of the clipper line round the Horn is assured by the agreement of responsible shippers to make good any loss which may be incurred. It will be throwing money away for the railroad companies to pay subsidies hereafter to clipper lines. San Francisco is pretty well assured of a regular line of clippers which will carry, at moderate rates from this port to New York, freight not requiring dispatch. Then, as to the Pacific Mail, there is no probability that the members of the Transcontinental Pool—in whatever shape they may be resurrected—will renew the subsidy of the past ten years. It has been a steady source of loss. The Pacific Mail will have to depend for income on its legitimate earnings, and it will take freight at the best rates it can get.

With the stoppage of the transcontinental subsidy to the Pacific Mail falls the Pacific Mail subsidy to the Panama Railroad. That arrangement will probably constitute one of the heads of the indictment against De Lesseps in Paris. The French are masters of certain branches of political economy, and are firmly opposed to bargains in restraint of trade. Even if no rupture has occurred in the Transcontinental Pool, the liquidators of the Panama Canal Company, who are officers of the Paris Tribunal of Commerce, would not have dared to renew a contract by virtue of which one line of steamers had superior rights over all others to the use of the railroad. Thus the Panama Railroad will presently become a free avenue of commerce, open to all comers, and the port of San Francisco will benefit accordingly.

The establishment of free transit over this road is of the less importance, as in 1893 the Tehuantepec road will be running. President Diaz spurned Mr. Huntington's proposal to make the road a dependency of the Southern Pacific. He informed the railroad magnate that all carriers and merchants would be allowed to use the road on equal terms. As the voyage to New York via Tehuantepec will be something like two thousand miles shorter than the voyage via Panama, it does not require much foresight to discern that, when the new road is opened, it will become the most popular road to the East for all freights which can be transported by sea. It will not be long before lines of steamers are laid on the berth to ply between San Francisco and New York via Tehuantepec. They will probably be English lines. But, by and bye, under a more liberal system of sea-laws, we shall build steamers as fast as the English, and shall compete with them in all fields where there is money to be made.

Summing up the whole prospect, it must be admitted that the outlook is cheering. Emancipation from the grasping monopoly of the transcontinental railroads is coming from a quarter whence relief was not generally expected. The monopoly has not been broken down by the people; it has gone to pieces through the inherent vice of its construction. A masterly effort was made by some of the ablest men in the country to defeat competition. But able as they were, they have found that they could not achieve impossibilities.

Great markets can not be cornered, except for brief periods of time.

The report comes from Washington that it is the intention of Associate-Justice Stephen J. Field to retire from the Supreme Bench during the winter. He was elevated from the Supreme Bench of California to the United States Supreme Bench in 1863, and is a few days beyond his seventy-sixth birthday; the senior by several years of the eldest of his associates of the Supreme Court. It is further reported that Judge Field will retire during the administration of President Harrison, to enable the Republican incumbent to appoint his successor, and it is premised that the appointment will be made of Joseph N. Dolph, junior United States senator from Oregon, whose term will expire March 3, 1895. The Oregon legislature will meet in January. It is Republican. The governor was elected in 1890 a Democrat, but is a Populist. To avoid devolving upon him the appointment of the succeeding senator, Dolph's resignation will be made in time to enable the legislature to fill the vacancy during the January session, and it is predicted that Solomon Hirsch, lately resigned as United States Minister to Turkey, will be chosen the senator. Already the President has filled the mission to Constantinople by the appointment of David P. Thompson, of Portland, the Republican candidate for governor in 1890. It seems an agreed succession of rotation in office among Oregon notables of the Republican party.

After the death of Chief-Justice Waite, the associate justices of the Supreme Court made petition or recommendation to President Cleveland for the elevation of Judge Field to the place made vacant. Mr. Cleveland refused. It will, therefore, not be a surprise if Judge Field shall fix the time of his resignation so as to deprive President Cleveland of the appointment of his successor. But it is fitting that Judge Field should retire under a Republican President. He received his appointment of associate justice from the hands of the first Republican President—Abraham Lincoln. He will return the place to a Republican President.

For days a raw, cold, and searching north wind has been blowing over this coast. Persons whose respiratory system is weak are suffering from protracted colds. Others complain of depression of spirits and disorders of the vital organs. This wind is going to smooth the way for another epidemic of the gripe.

Every part of the world has its bad wind. In our Atlantic States, where there is no trade wind, north-easters sweep over the ice-laden sea which washes the coast of Labrador and Newfoundland, and chills the New Yorker and the New Englander to the bone. Winter in the Gulf States is made wretched by cold, dry, and furious northers. Englishmen shiver all winter under the blast of keen norwesters which hurry down the North Sea from the Arctic Ocean and the frozen coast of Norway. The balmy Mediterranean is miserable when the cold, dry mistral comes raging down the slopes of the Alps. In Kansas, the farmer places his cattle under shelter when the bitter west wind pours over the prairies in winter, and in summer, when the south-west monsoon rolls up from the burning plains of Texas, he dare not ride his pony against it. Here, our bad wind is northern. It is born somewhere in the Gulf of California and the semi-tropic seas off the coast of Mexico. Rushing to the low pressures of Arizona and Southern Utah and Nevada, it travels northward up the eastern sides of the Sierras and the Rockies; then turning near the Canadian frontier, it returns southward divested of its moisture and of half its strength. It fills man and beast with a sense of discomfort. It is equally harsh to the body and distressing to the mind.

To the grateful west wind, which blows for three-fourths of the time, and whose force constitutes a pretty fair gauge of the temperature of the interior, Californians are accustomed. But they have never taken kindly to the biting north wind, though it is pure enough and quite bracing. Its uniformity annoys them, and when they read of cyclones in the Missouri Valley, and heated terms or cold snaps in New York, they secretly envy the people further east for the meteorological variety they enjoy. In this world no one is ever satisfied with his lot. Probably much domestic dissension in San Francisco is due to the north wind. It disturbs the electrical conditions of the body, dries up the tissues, and makes people irritable—even married people, bappy as they are reputed to be. Doubtless many a quarrel has been caused, not by the bitterness of the lady's tongue, but by the keenness of the dreaded north wind.

The Amalgamated Steel and Iron Workers of Homestead, Pa., have declared the strike off. As the Carnegie mills were running with nearly a full force of non-union labor, the surrender of the strikers is not of prime importance to any one but themselves. Its consequence will be that such of the old hands as were coerced by their comrades into joining the ranks of the strikers will be taken back, if they are

competent workmen, as fast as vacancies occur; while such of the old hands as were active in getting up the strike, or in joining in the murderous attack on the Pinkertons, will be told that there will never be work again for them at Homestead. They will have to seek jobs elsewhere. The worst of it is that the relief funds of the amalgamated workmen are exhausted, and that there is no source from which they can get means to live while they are seeking new jobs, except private benevolence.

Whether the lesson will bear fruit remains to be seen. In Australia, workmen seem to be learning, and propositions for the reorganization of labor are received with scant favor by men who have been on the ragged edge of starvation since November, 1890. On that continent, the sufferings of the working class during the past two years, in consequence of the dislocation of industry by the great strike, have been positively heartrending. Many a child has died from want of proper sustenance; others who survive will remember to the day of their deaths the dreadful "hungry times" of 1891 and 1892.

In this city the workmen have done a good stroke of work in abolishing the Federated Trades, which was nothing but a nest of rascality in which cunning demagogues nursed disputes between employer and workman in order to get money for settling them. People are now curious to see what sort of institution will succeed the defunct body. There is too much money in the demagogue business for it to stop.

The primordial idea of the labor union is excellent. Nothing could be more proper than a combination of workmen for mutual relief and for mutual defense against grasping employers. But in practice the examples, where labor unions have confined themselves within their proper province, are few and far between. The scum of the laboring class always comes to the surface, and there is no intelligence enough in the body to skim the pot and throw the skimmings into the gutter. A man may be an excellent carpenter, or iron-founder, or tailor, or plumber, without understanding political economy or the laws of trade. When some bawling Jack Cade tells him he is wronged and should strike, he does not know enough to take Jack by the nape of the neck and pitch him into the street. And so, at regular intervals, great bodies of women and children go hungry, as now at Homestead, through the folly of their bread-winners.

As we said in last week's issue, it is now probable that the San Francisco Depot Act is carried by about two thousand five hundred majority in the entire State. This completes the list of propositions and amendments on the *Argonaut* ticket—every one we recommended to our readers has been passed, and every one we opposed has been defeated.

As for the candidates, the *Argonaut* devoted more attention to school directors than to any other nominees. This journal is deeply interested in the preservation of the American non-sectarian public school. Out of the twelve nominees on the *Argonaut* ticket, eight were elected. This is very gratifying to us. When it is considered how close, in many cases, the race was between municipal nominees, we think the *Argonaut* may certainly claim to have had much influence in determining the success or non-success of candidates.

There were fifty names on the municipal ticket, and twenty-four of those on the *Argonaut* ticket were elected—a good showing. Annexed is the list:

School Director.....	F. J. FRENCH
School Director.....	F. A. HYDE
School Director.....	PELHAM W. AMES
School Director.....	S. E. DUTTON
School Director.....	J. H. ROSEWALD
School Director.....	J. H. CULVER
School Director.....	C. A. CLINTON
School Director.....	JOHN J. DUNN
Supervisor.....	DANIEL ROGERS
Supervisor.....	P. J. KENNEDY
Supervisor.....	SANDS W. FORMAN
Supervisor.....	ALBERT HEYER
Superior Judge.....	JAMES DENMAN
Superior Judge.....	WILLIAM T. WALLACE
Superior Judge.....	CHARLES W. SLACK
Police Judge.....	H. L. JOACHIMSEN
Justice of the Peace.....	J. E. BARRY
Justice of the Peace.....	W. M. WILLETT
Justice of the Peace.....	FRANK GRAY
Justice of the Peace.....	FRANK H. DUNNE
Treasurer.....	J. H. WIDBER
District Attorney.....	WILLIAM S. BARNES
City and County Attorney.....	H. T. CRESWELL
Public Administrator.....	A. C. FREESE

Since that melancholy day, Tuesday, November 8, 1892, when the *Argonaut* ceased to know where it was at, prolonged and painful silence has brooded over the Republican ranks. Our chieftains are dumb. There has even been no recrimination. No pot has called a kettle black. But at last this silence has been broken. Ex-Speaker Reed, of Maine—whom in our happier days the Democrats were wont to stigmatize as "the Czar"—has emitted speech. When told by a reporter that the official count of Ohio showed that it had gone Republican, he replied: "I'm glad we carried Ohio. It shows what we can do when we are roused."



## THE MATED RUBIES OF KYAT PYEN.

By W. C. Morrow.

("In all sorts of rubies those are taken for the male which show a quick red more fire-like than the rest; and contrariwise female, such as shine not so bright, but after a faint manner. In the male it is observed that some seem to flame more clear and pure; others are darker and blacker; there be again that shine brighter than the rest, yea, and in the sun give a more ardent and burning lustre; but the best simply be those which are called amethystizontes, that is to say, that in the end of their fire resemble the blue violet color of the amethyst."—PLINY.)

The sensation of the day in Paris was the caning received by that distinguished Italian, known as "Conte Alberto d'Azeglio." It took place one afternoon before the astonished eyes of a fashionable crowd; and the fact that many of these witnesses had been flattered to entertain the handsome count in their houses added to the sense of the disgrace which overwhelmed him. Equally well known was the chafestiser—Mr. Richard Harden, a Scotch gentleman of refinement and wealth. The two men had met in the fashionable circles of the French metropolis, and their friendship had been strong. This disgraceful termination of their intimacy set every idle tongue in vibration and uncovered a distressing scandal. More than that, it invited prying into the history of the dashing Italian. Some of the doubts and mysteries which thus came out for solution were never cleared up, partly, perhaps, by reason of the count's disappearance; for after being released from the beating, he arose from the ground a pitiful object, his clothing torn and soiled, his face badly bruised and cut, and his black hair wet with blood; and then, looking about him, despairingly, like a fox before the hounds, he slipped into a little café, said a few words to the frightened restaurateur, disappeared into a private room, and was never seen again in the circles that had known him.

The first guess at the nature of the matter lying behind the thrashing was made by an acquaintance of Harden's, who saw him on a train that was leaving Paris for Calais the morning after the affair. Harden had with him his little daughter (about two years old), a nurse for the child, and a valet. The acquaintance had heard of the whipping. What particularly attracted his notice was the peculiar expression of Harden's face. He was pale, his eyes were bloodshot, and his features were drawn in a way that indicated great suffering. Next he saw that Harden's beautiful young wife was not with him. Observing that everything indicated a removal from Paris, the acquaintance incautiously exclaimed: "Leaving Paris? But where is Mrs. Harden?"

Harden looked at him steadily a moment before replying: "Yes, I am leaving Paris," he said, and that was all; but the acquaintance felt very uncomfortable, and had a great deal to say when he returned to the city.

Harden himself disappeared, though he was known to have taken the boat for Dover, and he had a charming house in London. This house remained closed week after week and month after month. Harden certainly was in existence somewhere, for he transacted business regularly through his solicitor, who did not feel at liberty to disclose his client's whereabouts. Nothing but pity was felt for the unfortunate gentleman, and nothing but surprise and scorn for his wife; for he assured that the stories about her were told in the clubs and homes of London. The strangest part of it all was the extreme vagueness of these rumors. Still, there could be but one conclusion—the whipping of the Italian and the abandonment of the wife by her husband were sufficient. Her family came very near making trouble for the poor solicitor. They made threatening demands, and were distracted with anxiety. They hinted at murder, and really contemplated the arrest of the poor fellow as accessory, or for concealing the murderer. But he remained firm and beld his tongue. Then they employed detectives and scoured Paris and the whole continent. Some people believed that the detectives solved the whole mystery, but if they did they kept the knowledge to themselves. Certain it is that they suddenly discontinued the search for the woman, and the immediate members of her family withdrew from London and spent two years in St. Petersburg. The report came back that they were mourning during the first year.

As for the Italian, although no one made it a business to seek out his history, queer rumors found currency. The D'Azeglios were known to be an old family in Southern Italy, and it was said that they repudiated "Count Alberto" and denounced him as an impostor. Some tried to explain this on the ground that he had been disgraced, and lacked the manhood to retrieve himself—a thing impossible with a true D'Azeglio. Indeed, his submission to the thrashing was cowardly in the extreme. He was a tall, vigorous young man, fully the equal of Harden in strength and agility; yet without any attempt at resistance, he had submitted to the whipping, even showing the most craven fear during the castigation, begging piteously to be spared.

It was rumored, further, that he was a charlatan of a peculiar order; that he had brought trouble to divers women and wealthy young men by means of some strange power he possessed above the attraction which a singularly handsome person and insinuating manner might exercise. He had some fine jewelry, among the articles being a pair of curiously matched rubies, which he wore set as solitaires in rings. It was observed that although these gems appeared to be set in one ring, placed obliquely, there were really two rings, one stone set in each, and the rings so ingeniously made as to fit nicely together, giving the appearance of one when worn together. At times he was seen to wear but one of these rings. It was said that this or that man or woman was seen with the other. The count, when asked about the other ruby, would always parry the question lightly. Certain highly imaginative persons accredited these rings with an occult power, but thoughtful ones would only smile disdainfully when they heard such talk as that. Still it was somewhat strange that when one of the rings was missing from his hand the one that remained was always the same; and this requires mention of their peculiar color. The one which he always wore, and which under no circumstances would he permit to leave his finger, was of a deep, fiery,

lustrous red, clear and dark, and almost sinister and menacing in the steady glow of its brilliancy. The other was of a very different color, and even more beautiful than its mate. It was a pale rose, tinged with purple, giving a cooler, livelier, and more elastic effect, shining with matchless serenity and purity.

Once a Tuscan lapidary visited Paris, and there he learned of these two gems; for it must be supposed that the owner of two rubies so remarkable in size and color—indeed, their value was almost fabulous, being many times greater than that of the finest diamonds of equal size—was conspicuous on that account alone. Being greatly interested in such matters, he found the count at a fashionable club, engaged with a group of gentlemen in conversation. The lapidary addressed his countryman in Italian, and expressed a desire to see the stones. Two or three of the gentlemen present understood the language, and their account of the interview, given after the episode of the cane, excited a great deal of interest. As reported by them, it went about in the following manner:

The lapidary, after some courteous expressions, said: "... And, accordingly, I should be very much pleased to see the beautiful rubies of which I have heard so much"—at the same time eyeing them eagerly as they glistened on the finger of the owner.

The count looked at him sharply and suspiciously, at the first words thrusting his hand into his pocket and thus concealing the gems.

"May I ask for an explanation of this extraordinary and apparently impudent request from a stranger?" asked the count.

"With pleasure," replied the lapidary, much embarrassed. "I am a lapidary from Tuscany. Hearing of the presence of these two rubies here, I conceived a great desire to see them, meaning no impertinence, but moved solely by love of my art and of fine precious stones."

"Sir," said the count, in an overbearing manner, "I insist that your request is an impertinence, and I trust that you will take yourself hence without delay."

The mortification of the stranger quickly turned into rage; and there, before all present, but still in Italian, he hotly said:

"And I insist that my conduct is not impertinent, but that yours is gross and ungentlemanly." Then his eyes brightened suddenly with the recurrence of something he had almost forgotten. He sprang back, with a look both of surprise and alarm, and exclaimed: "What! are those the famous mated rubies of Kyat Pyen, for which the Sultan of Oman was murdered four years ago?" The lapidary gasped for breath, so great was his excitement, and concurrently the count became very pale and seemingly helpless. "Oho!" exclaimed the lapidary; "the famous mated rubies, which, if separated, will come together again—married, as the old Jew dealer at Bagdad said." Then the lapidary, apparently overwhelmed by his discovery, grew bolder. "And you dare to talk in this way to me? I know you now, sir, and, by God! all Europe shall ring with your true name in twenty-four hours—"

What more the man would have said can hardly be guessed; for, at this juncture, the count, changing his manner abruptly, advanced, with a friendly extended hand and a smile, toward his visitor, and said:

"My dear fellow, you and I ought to be friends. Can you not understand a little pleasantry? Come, and I will tell you all about it." With that he led the astonished lapidary away, whispering to one of the gentlemen as he passed: "You see that the poor fellow is insane; I will quietly hand him over to the authorities." Upon that, the two walked out arm-in-arm. Whatever became of the lapidary no one knows, and the incident was forgotten until the whipping revived it. It seems a pity that this clew was not followed to the end. Whether there ever was such a person as the Sultan of Oman, and whether he was murdered for a pair of rubies, was never clearly learned; and as for the lapidary of Tuscany, it was only the unsupported conjecture of certain other lapidaries that a man found floating in the Seine, with his throat cut, was he.

With regard to the whipping, there is only one other established incident to be recorded. This was furnished by the restaurateur of Paris.

"The Italian swore that he would be revenged upon his antagonist in some terrible manner," he said.

\* \* \* \* \*

North of the Firth of Clyde, the western coast of Scotland presents a high breast to the beating waves; and where the coast is not sheltered by the Hebrides, the sea at times runs wild and furious, belaboring the rocky rampart with thundering energy. Upon the extremity of one of the numerous headlands stands an ancient stone house in ruins, and, as it is just upon the edge of the cliff, its environment is weird and wild and its aspect bald and greswome. Along up the peninsula, toward the mainland, there is a fair stretch of country, mostly given over to pasturage.

Some years after the incident of Paris, a modest house on the peninsula was occupied by Mr. Richard Harden and his daughter—the latter now an exceedingly pretty girl of eighteen. Established in the house, for her education and protection, were a housekeeper (an elderly woman of discretion) and such servants as were needful. As for her father, he had reappeared upon the busy scenes of life years before, but so changed that his old friends dropped gradually away and new associations were formed. His one great anxiety was on the score of his daughter; he watched and guarded her with a pathetic solicitude that gave evidence of a warped and suspicious mind. This had kept the girl away from the many pleasures of society, and had denied her the safeguard which experience erects. The most of her life had been passed in a convent, and the stray glimpses of gray London which her father had given her brought nothing of sunshine and happiness to her life. She had no girl friends, no male admirers. Her whole life had been hedged about with that infinite care which breeds sentiment and

stifles expansion. Scotch poets and romantic Scotch novelists gave her the only views of life which fell to her narrow inspection. The housekeeper—a kindly woman, refined and educated—was her only constant companion; but this worthy person saw so little of interest in the girl, and found so little companionship with her, that whatever good effect her superior experience might have had was withheld. Upon her silent, saturnine father the daughter lavished all the affection of a really warm, impulsive, and responsive nature; these two loved each other with a touching tenderness. Evelyn found in her father's society that masculine sympathy and companionship which her ardent and romantic nature required. He regarded every man as a villain; all requests of young men to be introduced to this charming girl had been met with a sullen denial. In the summer months he kept her here on this peninsula of the Highlands with his careful coadjutor, the housekeeper, who maintained the watch which his necessary and long absences in London prevented him from keeping. Evelyn hardly knew how other girls lived and amused themselves; after a fashion she was happy and cheerful; but her life was one of dreams, and it is in such dreams that danger lurks. What Harden's plans for her were he never made known; he appeared content to keep her a prisoner, so long as she was innocent and out of the way of harm. It was surmised that much of her father's policy was explainable on the ground of his wife's disgrace; for Evelyn had never heard that distressing story, and it was carefully withheld from her knowledge.

It became known to the peasant population of the peninsula that the old house on the bluff, some two miles from Harden's country home, was to have a tenant. At that time the house was not so far gone into decay but that it had sound places of considerable importance. Skilled mechanics from Edinburgh swarmed over the premises, patching here, building up there, restoring and reviving house and grounds, and fitting the place for the habitation of a person of means and taste; but they could give no definite information concerning him; they knew only that his agent had employed them, and they had heard that the incoming tenant was a Persian gentleman of great wealth. When the place had been put in order and luxuriously furnished, the stranger appeared.

By this time there had developed a lively curiosity concerning him. As all his servants were Scotch, none knew his history; but it was learned through them that he was a singularly handsome man, whose age it was difficult to guess. His hair was nearly white, and there were sharp lines in a face otherwise singularly young and fresh. His manner, though easy and graceful, was cold, and his servants were held at a great distance. A peculiar circumstance was that he always wore a glove on his left hand, never removing it in the presence of any one. From this it was surmised that the member was artificial. Two or three scars showed in his hair and extended down upon his face.

Having settled himself comfortably, the stranger, who gave it out that his name was Hosain al-Ghazali, and who had a comfortable knowledge of the English language, began to bestir himself in the interest of his poor neighbors, and this he did with so good address that he soon became very popular throughout that end of the country. Evelyn's curiosity about the great man had reached extensive bounds, for he was the only wealthy, cultured, and distinguished gentleman, her father excepted, in all that corner of Scotland. She at last saw him, and under the following circumstances:

One day, she and the housekeeper were driving along a narrow road cut in the side of a steep hill, when the horses became frightened and dragged the vehicle over the grade. The ladies were thrown out and somewhat hurt among the stones and brambles. At this juncture, the Persian (it is convenient to write of him thus) drove up and instantly went to their assistance. Without calling for the aid of his coachman, he straightened out the difficulty which the ladies had encountered, all with exquisite tact, good judgment, and a conspicuously gentle and high-bred manner. During this time, Evelyn, whose heart had bounded with excitement when first the sharp light of his glance had fallen upon her, felt that his eyes were following her every movement, and that his every act and word were intended for her comfort. She had never seen so handsome a man, and she had never before experienced the deep admiration of such a man's glance. Realizing that he must have been as old as her father, she felt that he was infinitely removed from her by the possession of qualities to which her father was a stranger and which she did not try to analyze. In words which on the surface expressed polite and meaningless admiration of her beauty, she heard a distant melody that confused and embarrassed her. The incident passed quickly away. There were no formalities, no introductions, no invitations—only thanks and a hurried and silent drive homeward.

A few days afterward, Evelyn, while taking her customary morning walk along a path through the shrubbery, saw a brilliant jewel glistening at her feet in the broad sunlight. She picked it up, and found that it was a ruby set in a ring. Not knowing its great value, she nevertheless was entranced with its beauty. She had seen rubies, but never one with the pale, purplish rose-color of the one she now held in her hand. She took it hastily to the housekeeper, who, being an experienced woman, instantly saw that the gem was of the finest order. The two women engaged in endless speculation in trying to account for the presence of the gem in the garden. It may have lain in the gravel for years, left by a former tenant, and then accidentally uncovered. All possible steps were taken to discover the owner of the gem, including the sending of a note to the Persian; but neither he nor any one else could give any information about it. Evelyn was much excited over the circumstance, and mentioned it in a letter to her father.

If the housekeeper had ever heard of the famed mated rubies of Kyat Pyen, she had forgotten the fact, and she had been kept in ignorance of the early history of Harden's household. What effect Evelyn's letter had upon her father, after she had already written him of the rich Persian and the accident of the road, may be set forth later herein.



Unable to discover an owner for the ruby, Evelyn tried on the ring, and easily found a finger that it fitted. From that time forth (indeed, the beginning may have been earlier), strange and disturbing emotions beset her. It is impossible to describe the character and force of an unsophisticated sentiment under the circumstances which environed her. It appears almost idle to mention the delight that she experienced while admiring the matchless beauty of the gem as it reposed on her finger; thus far there is to consider only the commonplace aspect of a woman's vanity. But beyond that were feelings stronger than those which ordinarily prove most dangerous to girls. That maidenly sweetness which is most alluring is never found in company with wisdom—for wisdom and guile are hardly to be thought of apart. It were foreign to the discussion to say that the purer the innocence the greater the crime of its betrayal and the easier its accomplishment. If any should find an unhappy condition in that assertion, I shall be pleased to say more upon the subject privately to such inquirers as are blind to the fact that the highest purity and the lowest depravity are generally yoke-fellows; and, besides that, my fiddle, dumb, as all fiddles and other agreeable things are when called upon for a sermon, is eager to sing the song of this story; and there is no story of human temptation and suffering that is lacking in melody.

Evelyn could not have analyzed her feelings. The picture of the Persian—a handsome, polished, debonaire man of years and discretion; a man to whom an innocent maiden, awakening to new and startling emotions, might pour out her heart; a gentleman refined to the tips of his fingers, chivalrous, brave, generous, of an age at which a man, if he be handsome, may become the idol of a world-ignorant girl; besides that, a Persian, and not a commonplace Englishman or a slow-moving Scotchman—the picture of this fascinating man, with eyes of unfathomable liquid depths, dwelling with caressing deference upon every line of her spring-time beauty, took up its abode in the inmost soul of the girl. How lonely must be his life, with no woman of his rank to serve him as friend and companion, no daughter to caress and worship him!

Uncontrollable unrest filled with wretchedness every hour of Evelyn's life. A longing that no rebuke could suppress drove sleep from her eyes and quiet from her spirit. A few days passed in this unhappy way; and then, late one afternoon, Evelyn, violating all precedent in her conduct, slipped away from home, hurriedly crossed a range of rugged hills that separated the estuary from the house, and soon, a mile from shelter, found herself facing a raging sea. The western sky was black with threats of an impending storm, and a yellow sun, changing to crimson, sank behind inky clouds. Heralding the storm ran a gale, which, smiting the sea, hurled it madly upon the black rocks at the foot of the cliff, swept it over them in a mad tumult of white foam, and whirled it against the rampart at her feet. Great clouds of shivering spray swept up the breast of the headland and curled back upon the thundering waves beneath. Evelyn faced the hurricane, and drank in its storm-scented odors. She looked lovingly at the ruby on her finger, and shuddered to see its cold violet color. Unnerved perhaps by the roaring of the sea, intoxicated possibly by the sweet freshness of the wind—at all events, filled with wild emotions which she could not understand—she forced a way against the gale and headed for the extremity of the headland, which lay toward the ebon west. The great, black clouds swept onward to meet her, and no force of wind, though it tore her hair from its fastenings and stripped her head of its covering, could deter the swiftness of her flight. Whither was she bound? She could not have said. A pale, handsome face, the liquid depths of eyes that gazed upon her longingly, a consciousness of the loneliness of one into whose dreary life she might bring the light of human sympathy, shone clearly in the west between her vision and the blackness of the storm. This light guided her footsteps; and soon it took the tangible shape of illuminated windows in gray walls that looked ghostly against the background of the clouds; for an early night had come on the wings of the storm.

The turmoil of her feelings permitted of no reflection; the inherited shrinking of Anglo-Saxon maidenhood had lost its hold upon her. The lighted windows invited protection against darkness and the oncoming storm; and behind them sat manly chivalry enthroned, embodied in one who would lay down his life to shield her. She had won the contest with the wind, but the tumult of the sea had an echo in her soul. Upon one of the furthestmost western cliffs of Scotland, she stood, gazing out upon the boiling sea, while the warm light from windows near at hand streamed across the lawn and danced grotesquely beyond the wind-whipped trees. With palpitating heart and stifled breath she gazed at the great oaken doors before her. Then a moving light in an upper window fell upon her, and a flash before her drew her glance to the ruby. The light remained fixed upon her, and the ruby continued to blaze. No longer was the color a cold, dead violet; no longer had it that sinister deadness which the setting of the sun and the roaring of the sea had imparted; for now it was warm and gentle, infinitely soft, beautiful, and alluring. She gazed at the ruby and then at the oaken door, and then—

"My dear young lady, come at once into the house, for the storm has broken upon you."

The velvety softness of that greeting, the warm grasp of the hand upon hers, the eyes of liquid brilliancy that gazed down into hers, had no kinship with the storm; which, indeed, unheeded by her, had burst in fury upon her, wetting her flying hair. He took her hand firmly in his, and bore her toward the house—that was the sweetness of slavery. He threw open the door and led her within. Not another soul was visible. Silently he led her up the stairs. She tottered somewhat, but he held her safely, ushered her into a great, strange room dimly lighted, quickly made a fire in the broad hearth, drew up a chair, and seated her before the blaze. She was very pale, and more beautiful than ever in her life before. She looked at him somewhat wildly and fearfully as he busied himself to make her comfortable; then

she arose in alarm, stammering a protest, thanks, and an apology, and started for the door.

"It is impossible for you to go home now, Miss Harden. Listen to the storm."

It did not require his warning to heed the tempest. The gray house stood on the very edge of the cliff, and far below the breakers roared, and a blinding rain, mingled with spray, dashed against the panes.

"You must stay here until the storm subsides, and, meanwhile, I will send a messenger at once to inform your household that you are safe."

It was very sweet music to her ears, and somehow it seemed to belong to the storm and the ruby.

"It is the greatest pleasure of my life," added the Persian (known in the neighborhood as Hosain al-Ghazali), "to be able to render assistance even so slight as this to the most beautiful woman of Europe."

He led her back to the chair and retired. He soon returned, bringing dry clothing, and also wine and biscuits. He offered her a glass of the wine with so persuasive grace that she could not resist, and so she drank it. Then he begged her to change her gown for the dry one which he had provided, and was about to take a courteous leave of her when a dramatic thing occurred.

As he handed her the garment, she noticed a brilliant blood-red ruby on his left hand—the hand that she, the first in Scotland, had seen ungloved. He saw the start that swept over her, and noted the quick flush that flamed into her pale face and the heightened gleam that illuminated her eyes. He tossed the garment aside, and, with a smile, advanced. He took her willing left hand in his, caressed it, and gazed admiringly upon the beautiful ruby that she wore.

"And so you saw my ruby? You, too, have a very beautiful one. Is this the one you thought I might have lost?"

"Yes," she stammered; "and it is so very like yours, except in color."

He smiled and pressed her hand. "So very like!" he softly agreed. He held his hand against hers, that the likeness might be the more apparent. "How well mated they are!" he said; "and the setting—it is identical with that of mine. This is more than strange—it is destiny!" He drew her closer toward him. He stooped, and she felt his warm breath upon her cheek. "It is destiny," he whispered; "and the ruby and the storm have brought me this unspeakable happiness."

Instinct took the form of impulse. She drew away from him and gazed at him in white terror. The rich oriental hangings of the dim room pressed heavily upon her sensibilities. She longed for more light. Though the room was large, she yearned for one as wide as the continent; and she would have felt it a blessing if the storm would drive the windows from their fastenings and fill the room with its fury. Her breath came heavily; her chest was bursting with the violence of her heart-throbs.

Her gaze was fixed upon the blood-red ruby which the Persian wore. "The ruby!" she gasped; "let me have it in my hand."

He slipped it from his finger and handed it to her. She took it, trembling in every nerve. "It is beautiful," she said. She placed it on her finger with the other. All consciousness of the presence of the Persian seemed to pass instantly from her. "How beautiful they are! Why, the two rings fit as one! They are beautiful!" Then she pulled them both from her finger and looked around in a bewildered manner.

The Persian, with a faint look of anxiety, advanced toward her, but with a suddenly conceived alarm that seemed much like horror, she hacked away from him.

"Give me my ruby," he pleaded, making an attempt to seize the hand in which she held them; but she adroitly eluded him. A shade of anger fell upon his face and his bearing took on an aspect of threatening. She continued to retreat, regarding him with a peculiar kind of fear that filled him with dismay. She looked hurriedly about, like a bird caught in a trap; and then, with a swift desperation that his vigilance failed to arrest, she sprang to one of the windows, threw it open, and, with all her strength, sent the fatal rubies flying out into the storm, far down the cliff, and into the howling sea at its base.

Possibly it was the furious thundering of the waves and the hoarse roaring of the wind, aided by the terrible excitement of the moment, that made them both unconscious of the entrance of an intruder, who happened to be Mr. Richard Harden, brought flying home by a terrible fear which his daughter's letters had inspired. In all this wretched work his alert suspicion had discovered the hand of his old enemy. His daughter was missing from home, and he had gone straight in the way which his fears illuminated. And so now he stood, dripping and deathly pale, in the house of his enemy, having arrived in time to see his daughter fling the jewels from the window; and in their singular heauty he recognized the fatal instrument of his wife's destruction.

He had entered unnoticed, and he stood in silence, watching the progress of a tragedy. After throwing the rubies from the window, Evelyn tottered backward, and the Persian, agast at what she had done, stood gazing at her a moment like a lion that has been wounded to the death. Hard, deep lines came into his face and a desperate fury surged within him.

"You have thrown away my rubies!" he gasped. "You shall follow them to the sea."

With a quickness and ferocity which Harden could not intercept, the desperate adventurer sprang upon the terrified girl, dragged her to the open window, and, despite her struggles, would have thrown her the next moment down the rampart, had not the firm grasp of a sturdy Scotch gentleman torn her from his arms. With a swimming gaze Evelyn saw two desperate men in a fierce, sharp struggle; something was hurled through the window; and then her father, alone in the great dim room with her, caught her in his arms as a sickening blackness swept over her senses.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892.

## HORSEY GIRLS.

"Flaneur" discusses the Horse Show, with Other Gotham Gossip.

Everybody is horsey. Young ladies whom, from their appearance, you would not suspect of knowing the tail of a horse from his mane, are now experts on hocks and knee-action and geldings and gets. The dressmakers advertise costumes suitable for the hunting-field, with divided skirts, or breeches, and boots, and all manner of sporting trophies are sold in the shape of pins and knickknacks for the watch-chain. Ladies speak of their young men as being "really under fifteen hands, my dear," or as being sixteen three, which is absolutely ridiculous. Never in the whole history of fashion was millinery so thoroughly at home in the stable.

Of course the surprising success of the horse show is responsible for this. Instead of losing money, as it has done for the past ten years, it is going to have a comfortable sum in bank after all expenses and prizes are paid; the stock, which had really no value, is quoted at a premium, and wild visions are entertained of a permanent horse exhibition, which shall be a bazar that will cast Tattersall's into the shade. The horse mania, like other manias, lay dormant for years; then suddenly it broke out, and people realize that money is nothing, station is nothing, art is nothing—horses are everything. The Roman emperor who is said to have appointed his horse consul, is the type of the New Yorkers of to-day.

The animals on view at the show do certainly command admiration. There were eleven hundred and ninety-six entries, which probably represent nearly seven hundred actual horses on view. Among these are nine thoroughbred stallions—among them Lord Rosebery's Foxhall, which once belonged to Jim Keene; Candelmas and Prestonpans, both also owned in England; and a couple of fine stallions from Canada. Of the two pure Arabs, one was presented by the Sultan to General Grant; another—Accionista—is owned by "Lucky" Baldwin, of your State. The other stallions—four-year-olds, three-year-olds, two-year-olds, and yearlings—include among them some splendid animals, whose appearance vouches for their pedigree. There are thirty-three roadsters and a hundred and one hacks, each one among them being a beauty in his way. There is a chestnut among these named Cadet, for whom Mr. Cassatt, of Pennsylvania, paid fifteen thousand dollars in England, and which the sporting papers describe as a "scorcher"; and a very likely animal, named Beau Lyon—a brother of Matchless of Londesboro, the great winner. Matchless will appear in the list of stallions exhibited with four of their get; he is pitted against Mr. Prescott Lawrence's Fashion; but Mr. Seward Webb, who owns him, feels confident he will again show that he was worth the twenty-five thousand dollars he cost. The list might be indefinitely prolonged. A young lady who was presented by her papa, or her *fiancé*, with the least distinguished horse in the lot, would not be an object of sympathy. It is safe to say that the show presages more broken hones at the hunts next year.

Society is engaged in splicing its *dissecta membra* for service in the coming season. There are to be so many events that every evening has two or more engagements, and it is well that the splicing should be completed before the ball-music strikes up. If the Countess of Kew, of whom Lord Farintosh naively remarked that he believed she would die unless she had two or three things every night, were here, she would be perfectly contented.

Among the latest of the swell weddings is that of Mr. Benedict and Miss Coudert, the daughter of the distinguished Frenchman who is one of the best lawyers of New York and a stalwart leader of Tammany Hall. By way of compliment to the father, who did good service in the campaign, Mr. Cleveland attended the reception with his wife. But the result was hardly what was expected. The guests deserted the bride and groom to shake hands with the President-elect or to bestow a compliment on pretty Mrs. Cleveland, and the reception appeared to have been given in their honor and not in that of the married couple. The Cleverlands are very popular in high society, though Mr. McAllister hardly ventures to count them in his list. By some accident, Presidents have rarely figured in New York society. Neither the Virginia nor the Ohio dynasties had access to its sacred precincts. Arthur was a New Yorker, and, before his unexpected elevation to the Presidency, he moved in good society, though he was rather a frequenter of clubs than of ball-rooms. After he became a widower, he was never seen anywhere. General Harrison is unknown in social circles. It is said that when Martin Van Buren was President, he made an attempt to storm the citadel of fashion, but was repulsed by the old Knickerbockers; they called him a Kinderhook farmer who had not even a father. His son John—"Prince John," as he was called after he danced with Queen Victoria—succeeded in getting standing-room in some good houses; but it was only on sufferance. His morals were not immaculate and his tongue was biting. Good old General Grant and his faithful old wife never cared to go into society. He liked to gather a few friends on the balcony of his Long Branch cottage and to smoke a cigar with them, while Mrs. Grant dozed over a picture paper; but even Nellie used to say that fashion bored her. Mrs. Cleveland is the only Presidentess of modern times who has taken naturally to the ways of *le beau monde*, and who holds her own as if she had been born a queen.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 19, 1892.

A queer divorce-suit was recently pending in Tiflis. It came out in the testimony that Olga, a beautiful and well-educated girl, had died, and that her mother, in order to marry off another, but illegitimate, daughter, had used the deceased Olga's baptismal certificate and represented the other daughter to be Olga. The plaintiff does not bring any charge against his wife's character, but asks for a divorce on the ground that the woman's mother secured him for a son-in-law under false pretences.



## A BROKEN PITCHER.

Langtry is believed in England to have been too often to the Well.

Beyond all doubt, Mrs. Langtry, in her London theatrical ventures in the past, has been on the whole one of the most unlucky of actresses, and it is much to be regretted that her season at the Haymarket this autumn is no exception to this perverse rule. She stages her pieces sumptuously; she dresses richly; she is an object of universal admiration, and, as an actress, she is ever improving; but—she can not get hold of a really good play. It is perfectly amazing how such plays as "The Queen of Manoa" and "Agatha Tylden"—her two latest productions—ever find their way on the boards at all; for, long before the first half of either of them was over, it was palpable to every experienced play-goer how hopeless both were, and but that Mrs. Langtry is a wealthy woman, and thus able to ignore financial rebuffs, she could not afford to keep her theatre open at a heavy loss to avoid the confession involved by its close. As an apology in some way for that most dismal of failures, "The Queen of Manoa," Mrs. Langtry alleges that the play was specially ordered by her, and she was bound by contract to produce it and give it a fair trial. This she certainly did, and the piece held the stage for a month; but, though the house was never altogether empty, the scanty audiences were brought together solely by the desire to see the Jersey Lily—whose name, with a certain class, at least, is still "a power in the land"—to admire her pretty gowns, and, above all, to gaze with wonder and envy at the much talked of diamonds, whose value was quoted at various sensational prices, from one hundred thousand to half a million dollars.

"Agatha Tylden," which has now superseded "The Queen of Manoa," if not quite so bad, is very nearly so; for, where that work was preposterous, this one is intensely dull. The part of Agatha Tylden is in itself fairly effective, and had not the rest of the play been absolutely wretched, Mrs. Langtry might have saved the piece by her own efforts.

Although her success did not depend on a lavish display of dress and diamonds, Mrs. Langtry had some beautiful dresses designed and carried out, not at Paris this time, but in Bond Street. In the first act of "Agatha Tylden," the beauty of unrelieved black is shown yet again in the perfectly straight and tightly fitting morning-dress in which she first appears. It is made of black crepon lined with black silk, and the only relief to its dull richness is afforded in a folded sash and a collar of black satin, but which has no trimming whatever. In the second act, the dress is pale-yellow mousseline de soie sprigged all over with a small design of black and pink flowers. It is draped over a petticoat of huttercup yellow silk, and the Swiss belt at the waist is also of this. The long sleeves are much wrinkled and gathered, their fullness being kept in place with bows of blue ribbon, and with the costume is worn a large hat of yellow straw, trimmed with a wreath of pink roses and green rushes. Most elaborate of all is the evening-dress assumed for the third act, which fits very closely and is made of white-watered poplin, embroidered at the hem of the skirt with gold, while the train is very long and all the seams outlined in gold passementerie. Lastly, is worn a delightfully simple morning-gown of cream-colored, open-striped batiste, with a bodice gathered in a yoke of cream silk and muslin, of which also the puffs of the sleeves from shoulder to shoulder are made.

Having now long ceased to exist as an ornament to society, Mrs. Langtry seems to have devoted her whole energy to the stage. As a manager, however, she is decidedly unpopular, owing to imperiousness which at times resolves itself into the petulance of a spoiled child, and has involved her times without number in legal disputes with dramatic authors. On the other hand, as a player, she has been successful beyond expectation. Gifted by nature with a perfect form, exquisitely molded arms, a complexion of pale ivory, and hair of blonde cendrée, it goes without saying she is or has been a lovely woman, and with a character in which pluck, enterprise, and perseverance are marked features, united to such physical advantages, she is a splendid example of what a woman may do who finds all of a sudden she has to depend on her own resources. If her name is far from being in the same flight with those of Ellen Terry, Sarah Bernhardt, and Ada Rehan, as an actress, yet there are other attractions which none the less draw the curious crowd to see her act. Perhaps most of all her name is widely remembered as the first and most noted of that host of middle-class beauties whom the heir-apparent at one time or another has taken up, and most of whom he has incontinently dropped soon after. Not, indeed, that his royal highness has proved a bad friend to Lillie Langtry, for in face of the usual amount of scandalous talk incurred by such a course, he has stood by her throughout their acquaintance, and when she took the resolution of going on the stage, he helped her over the initial difficulties by his patronage.

This taste on the part of the Prince of Wales for middle-class beauties dated only from his visit to India. Before that time, he had confined his acquaintance more or less to the sort of people who ordinarily hang about royal courts, but when he went to India, he found a bevy of secretaries' wives so infinitely more enchanting than any ladies he had ever seen at his mother's rather dull balls, that it would almost seem to have occurred to him he had better search among a lower stratum of his future subjects for the beauty and sympathy he craved. Mrs. Langtry had only just then come to town, "with two frocks, one black and the other white," so the story goes, and though at first she was left out in the cold, after the prince took her up and announced her "beautiful," the claimants to the honor of being her sponsor were as numerous as the cities which claim Homer as a native. For five years all the world courted her, flattered her, invited her, mobbed her, and then came The Langtry's more or less collapse, socially and financially. Still, even after Mrs. Langtry's stage career opened, society in some measure reopened its arms to the actress; but soon after,

her reputation, till then substantially intact, was damaged by certain interviews and doings communicated from your side, and the mischief was further aggravated when noble rowdies made each other's noses bleed in Rotten Row, in a fracas of which she was the cause.

Before she had quite disappeared beyond the ken of English society, Mrs. Langtry had seen several other ladies raised by royal favor to the now extinct post of professional beauty. Their reigns terminated in various ways. Not to mention the historical teaspoonful of ice-cream poured down a royal shirt-front, one offended by observing a certain waist was not so slim as formerly; another by remarking a certain head of hair was not so thick as of yore; and a third by falsely and wickedly stating to her friends that a certain bracelet was a royal gift, whereas in truth it was bought out of the hard earnings of a husband's brains. Fulsome was the adulation rendered to "the beauty" during her brief term of power, and cruel were the slights and snubs put upon her when it ended and when nothing remained to remind her of it but shattered health, an alienated husband, and a furious father-in-law. Three or four specimens of the "American young girl" came after the professional beauty's last representative, but though the conversation of the latter had more "flavor," the nuisance of the transatlantic importation was the mother, who proved aggressive, impudent, and foolish to a degree.

For her present season, Mrs. Langtry has taken a house in Pont Street. The drawing-room there is most original and unique. The chief decorations are in heliotrope and green, and there are masses of golden and embroidered silken hangings at different corners which have a very striking effect. In a recess there are a grand piano, a harp, a guitar, a banjo, and a tambourine, while the whole of one side is taken up with an immense oriental couch on a dais, such as Cleopatra might herself have reclined upon, with some magnificent weapons of Algerian workmanship at the back. In her appearance, Mrs. Langtry's face is much thinner, her smile is much more thoughtful, and a far-off look in her eyes and a pathetic intensity in her hearing forcibly strike the English play-goers who remember her in her earlier days. She never goes about now, and is unknown at fashionable receptions. One of the latest and most intimate friendships she has formed has done much to harm her already tarnished reputation, and, if all stories are to be believed, the intimacy is inexcusable on her part. The "gentleman" in question is enormously wealthy, and has openly testified his admiration for "Mrs. Jersey"—as Mrs. Langtry is known on the English turf—by the presentation of an undoubtedly fine two-year-old; but, for the rest, it is hard to imagine the "Jersey Lily" hand-in-glove with a man who has been "warned off" the turf, and who is a constant participator in the drunken brawl of our "flash" prize-fighters. PICCADILLY.

LONDON, November 8, 1892.

## COMMUNICATION.

Why the Republicans Met Defeat.

CHICAGO, November 15, 1892.  
EDITORS ARGONAUT: In casting about for a solution for the recent overthrow of the Republican party, has it occurred to you that possibly the Pope could furnish the explanation? I have just returned from a business trip throughout Southern and Central Illinois, and on election day I stopped at a hotel in one of the most pronounced German towns in the State. The landlady (a widow) was a voluble person, and this is what she told me:

"I have always been a Republican. My husband was a Republican, and I have three sons, all voters, and four hired men, all Republicans. We intended to vote (or at least the men did), as usual, the Republican ticket, but after service at the church (we are Catholics), Sunday, Father B—— stated that it would please the Pope to vote the straight Democratic ticket. He said there would be two men at the door to hand to the members of his church only, documents which he freely and emphatically indorsed. This document was labeled 'confidential,' and, of course, I can't show it to you, but it was an address from the Pope telling why he wanted a solid Catholic vote for the straight Democratic ticket."

"Did your sons and employees vote as requested?" I asked.

"Of course they did," was the reply; "why shouldn't they?" she inquired, with some surprise.

Here is the secret agency that was at work, and if you will analyze the vote of those localities which "astonished" every man but the Pope and a few of the leaders of the Democratic party, you can apply the solution with extreme accuracy. Localities which, on the Saturday before the election, were claimed by Republicans and conceded by Democrats (except the leaders of the Democratic party), reversed the thing, and gave heavy majorities for Cleveland.

When Governor Flower stated that New York would give Cleveland fifty thousand majority, he knew what he was talking about.

You will pardon this intrusion on your time. I wanted you to help the Republicans solve the question. The country will probably take the means to protect itself in the future. Yours sincerely, ALBERT HART DWIGHT.

Last summer an actor, who was going on foot through a noisy part of London on Saturday night, came upon a hurly loafer, who was holding a woman against the wall with one hand, while with the other he aimed terrific blows at her face, always, however, stopping within an inch of her nose, but naming at each feint a half-dozen different kinds of death that he intended to put her to. The actor is something of an athlete, and he is an American, therefore he sprang forward to rescue the woman from her seeming peril, when a little old granny stepped forward and said: "Go 'way, young gentleman, this is a family matter." At another time, the actor met a meek-looking woman crossing London Bridge. She had two very black eyes and was shaking her head mournfully, while she repeated to herself: "No; I won't never do it again. Not never. Not never so long as I live." On being asked what it was that she would not do, she replied that she would not interfere in a quarrel between husband and wife, for on trying to save a woman from being beaten, the woman had told her to mind her business, and had "punched" her in each eye.

It was lately quoted in British shipping circles, as a proof of the depression affecting the shipping trade, that a splendid four-masted iron bark of two thousand tons register, owned on the Clyde, came into port from Australia in ballast, was unable to get a cargo, and sailed back for the antipodes again with the same ballast she brought with her.

The proposition to erect a monument to Jefferson Davis, in Richmond, to represent the popular affection borne his memory by the whole South, receives occasional encouragement from the press in various States on the other side of Mason and Dixon's line, but the fund has not reached the necessary dimensions yet.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

They are getting a good deal of fun up in Wisconsin out of Governor Peck's excuse for writing "Peck's Bad Boy" that he was only forty-three years old at the time.

The Empress of Germany sent twelve thousand dollars as a present to the lying-in hospital for poor women in Berlin on the occasion of the christening of her infant daughter.

Mme. Maurice Bernhardt has applied for a *séparation des biens* from her husband, which does not at all mean that she has quarreled with her beloved Maurice, but that he has been speculating, and she does not want her private fortune involved.

There are two well-known brokers in Wall Street—their name is Wormser—who provide against the contingency of both being killed at the same time and the firm being broken up, by not traveling in the same train on the elevated railroad in New York.

The Prince of Wales's laxity in money matters has taken a new form, according to one of the New York papers. It says that in a recent trial, in London, testimony brought out the fact that his big game was indebted to the extent of two thousand three hundred and forty-five dollars to the London Lyceum for box-tickets.

Mme. Sacher, the wife of a well-known Viennese restaurateur, collects autographs by asking her guests to write their names in pencil on the tablecloth, which she afterward embroiders. Her latest autographs are those of the long-distance riders, including Duke Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein, who dined at the restaurant after the event.

The application of ex-King Milan of Serbia for the papers of a citizen of Roumania is due, according to a story published there, to his intention to marry a wealthy Roumanian woman. Milan hopes to enter the Roumanian army as Count Takova, the title which he has borne since his abdication. The young woman who is said to be the ex-ruler's choice, is a distant relative of Mr. Catargi, the prime minister, and is reported to be worth twelve millions of dollars.

A marriage which has created considerable interest took place in Norway on the eleventh instant. The bridegroom was Dr. Sigurd Ihsen, only child of Henrik Ihsen, and the bride was Fröken Bergljot Björnson, eldest daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson. It is seldom that the children of two such men of genius are united in matrimony. The bridegroom's father was so husily engaged on his new drama that he could not leave his work. Dr. Sigurd Ihsen is a lawyer by profession, and took his degree in Italy.

Just after election Mrs. Henry Villard gave a little dinner-party in celebration of the victory and in honor of Mrs. Cleveland. The guests were the wives of a number of Mr. Cleveland's most prominent supporters in New York. Caterer Sherry, when asked to furnish the ice and to get up something very nice, replied, "My dear madam, just leave that to me and you shall be entirely satisfied." When the ice was brought to the table, guests and hostess were convulsed with laughter. The ice was in the form of grandfather's hat, and it was a crushed hat at that.

The German Emperor has given orders that a portrait of the empress is to be forthwith hung up in every barrack-room in the empire. A short time ago, the empress was walking alone at Potsdam, very plainly dressed, and the sentinels at the Neue Palais not only failed to recognize her, but one of them presumed to address her as "Fraulein." The emperor was exceedingly enraged when he heard of the heinous blunder, and the edict for an extensive circulation of her majesty's portraits has since been issued, with the object of avoiding any repetition of so exasperating a mistake.

Mme. Christine Nilsson has given five thousand dollars toward founding a hospital in France, especially intended for the cure of diseases of the throat. Such munificence on the part of the famous singer is the result of an early vow. Mme. Nilsson, whose parents were very poor, had often to shiver under the cold blast of wintry Sweden. When she was about seven years of age, she was attacked with croup, and had to be conveyed to a small hospital at Chisna. Such attention was paid to her that she was able to escape the danger which at one time threatened her. Hence the vow and its fulfillment.

The Emperor of Germany has just placed upon the wall of his study a large photograph of which he is very proud. It is a portrait, half life-size, of the highest and the smallest soldier of the Prussian army standing side by side. The former is Private Pritzchan, of the First Regiment of the Prussian Guard. He stands six feet seven and three-quarter inches in his boots, and when he presented himself at Dusseldorf for examination, a special apparatus had to be provided with which to take his waist measure. His breadth is in proper proportion to his height. The smallest soldier is William's son, the hereditary prince. The picture is a unique one, showing a veritable giant and by his side a soldierly Liliputian.

The German Minister to Pekin has resigned his office because the emperor refused to allow him official sanction for his proposed marriage to an American woman, a Miss Hart. A correspondent says: "It is due to the interference of Kaiser William that the permission to marry was withheld from Brandt. His majesty did not give any special reasons for his ukase, but he allowed it to be said in the official press that 'No ambassador of his was permitted to marry an American.' Even the ultra-Conservative *Kreis-Zeitung*, the organ of aristocratic hayseeds, professes to be puzzled by the attitude assumed by the Kaiser against your countrywomen, and reminds his majesty that his gracious aunt, the Countess Waldersee, is Yankee born. I may add here that the German Ambassador in St. Petersburg, Herr von Schweinitz, has an American wife, and other high officials in the imperial service are likewise afflicted."



VANITY FAIR.

"How do women kill time?" The guileless man who asked this foolish question got his answer in the Washington Star from a woman who, with her husband, two children, and two servants, lived in a house with nine rooms. Having kept a statistical account for one year, she gave the results as follows:

Number of lunches put up.....	1,157
Meals ordered.....	963
Desserts made.....	172
Lamps filled.....	328
Rooms dusted.....	2,259
Times dressed children.....	786
Visits received.....	879
Visits paid.....	167
Books read.....	88
Papers read.....	553
Stories read aloud.....	234
Games played.....	329
Church services attended.....	125
Articles mended.....	1,236
Articles of clothing made.....	120
Fancy articles made.....	56
Letters written.....	429
Hours in music.....	20½
Hours in Sunday-school work.....	268
Hours in gardening.....	49
Sick days.....	44
Amusements attended.....	10

Besides the above, she nursed two children through measles, twice cleaned every nook and corner of her house, put up seventy-five jars of pickles and preserves, made seven trips to the dentist's, dyed Easter eggs, polished silver, and spent seven days in helping to nurse a sick friend who was ill, besides the thousand and one duties too small to be mentioned, yet taking time to perform.

A man who dresses strictly according to the dictates of the fashion-plates invariably looks dressed, not as a gentleman, but as a tailor's dummy. Nor is it well to permit the tailors to select the pattern of one's trousers. Their taste is almost invariably wrong. The members of the *jeunesse dorée* of New York, allowing themselves to be influenced by their London tailors as to what is the correct style and nuance, adopt the most outré and extravagant patterns in trousers, such as no man of any standing in London would even venture to don, either in the park or in Pall Mall. In fact, it is an open secret in London that the fashionable tailors are in the habit of palming off upon the so-called anglo-manic element in New York the trouserings whose patterns have, for one reason or another, been decreed as "had form" in London.

It is not above two or three years ago that a mild sensation was created in a New York theatre by the appearance of a young girl in the audience without her hat. The only critical remarks that were overheard were made by women, who pretended to think her bold, or vain, or anxious to show her hair—which was in no way extraordinary, by the way. Time has passed, and in the same theatre, a night or two ago (says a recent issue of the *Sun*), there sat five hatless women. Not one of them removed her hat in the retiring-room before entering the auditorium. Each one came in as she had appeared on the street, and, after sitting a few moments, each one raised up her hands, slid out a long pin at the back of her head, and removing her head-covering, put it in her lap, where it was not as much of a bother as the overcoats of the men were to them, for women have laps and men have only legs. Two of these admirable, sensible, and unselfish ladies had decked their hair for the occasion, each one wearing a tea-rose in the coil behind her head. The others sat simply bare-headed, though it was noticeable that the seal-brown tresses of one of those who were unadorned were brushed and smoothed to a point of remarkable sleekness and smoothness. In the same audience were two enormous and preposterous hats—Gainsboroughs—of such size that a man in a row behind either one must have been satisfied with a view of the ceiling and the side galleries. Why should not all theatre-going women follow the suit of these gentle and sweet reformers? Nine in ten of them are prettier without their hats—or, if they are not, we would all think them so. Indeed, we would consider them gracious and kindly as well as beautiful. The New Orleans women have sat bareheaded at the play ever since history has run in that town, and it is more pleasure to go to the theatre than here, on that account. Even in little Lynchburg, side-tracked out of the way of everything but the tobacco trade, the women sit bareheaded at the play.

"That under-sized, narrow-shouldered, broad-hipped, and short-legged race," is a collection of attributes that most women will learn with astonishment is a description of their sex. The curious part of it is that these separate statements from one point of view are absolutely true. Separately they are prosaic and colorless; but literature, which shows the skill that man has in the use of tools, when his tools are words, never did more savage execution with a dozen or more unobtrusive collections of letters.

"The American lady courier spends as much time in steamers and railways as a queen's messenger. As her life is a wearing one, she stipulates for handsome

fees. They are often given ungrudgingly to her, and she is boarded and lodged as though she were a duchess when traveling with rich and delicate ladies. The lady courier is expected to be as well posted as the man courier. "The one I talked with," writes Howard Paul, "is sometimes employed to escort young ladies from one end of Europe to the other; sufficiently educated to go with them, if need be, into society. She made a number of voyages as an assistant stewardess to make herself proof against seasickness, from which she no longer suffers. One of her troubles, when she travels with dull persons of her own sex, is being expected to amuse them. As they only care for gossip, and like it to be ill-natured, she hackbites to their hearts' content. But to guard against the danger of mischief-making, she invents her characters. They do quite as well as if they were real. When she deals in eulogium, she no longer draws on her imagination. A son-in-law of this useful person is a colonel. Her best days were when South American Republics were being boomed on the stock exchanges, and money flowed in a steady stream to Buenos Ayres. The ladies who came thence to see life in Europe were indolent, and spent freely the capital which their husbands found means of getting for the asking. They never quarreled with her for high charges; but she had to spare them every kind of trouble, and even that of choosing their confessors in cities where they were strangers. The lady courier I speak of is negotiating the purchase of a villa on Lake Como. She hopes soon to be rich enough to retire to live there. She objects to travel with operatic singers; there is very little to be made out of them. The ones with whom she had business relations took for their rule of conduct the all-take and the no-give principle."

Frances Willard declares that the total amount of force used at any given moment to compress the waists of women by artificial means would turn all the mills between Minneapolis and the Merrimac, while the condensed force of their tight shoes, if it could be applied, would run any number of trains. The amount of energy yearly wasted in attempts to make women not follow the fashion for health's sake, would, if it could be concentrated, not only run all the mills, but all the trains in the new world.

Speaking of embarrassment in the matter of car-fares, when a male friend going the same way as yourself is encountered en route to train or ferry, a woman said to a writer in the *New York Times*: "I really wish there was an inviolate rule as there is among Englishmen. I remember, soon after my arrival in England, happening to meet, as I was boarding an omnibus, an English friend to whose house I was bound at the moment by appointment with his wife. He was a reserved and distant man, though scrupulously courteous, and I wondered whether I ought or ought not to offer to pay my fare through the three changes of transportation we must make to reach our destination. All doubt, however, was quickly removed by the cause himself, who leaned over, after finding his own coin, with the inquiry, 'Got your tuppence ready?' I found over there that, even when a man was taking you about by invitation, car-fares, etc., were to be individually looked after. I wish the matter were so absolutely fixed here." It would seem as if the question is readily settled, in a doubtful case, by leaving it to the man. Part of the matter is disposed of absolutely. No man in America would think of asking to escort a woman on a trip about the city without assuring all its expenses. In the matter of a chance encounter there can be no harm in making the effort to pay one's fare, which, if the man prefers to do, may be permitted without protest. The other day, a man whose bearing and appearance betokened breeding and fashion put a woman aboard a crowded street-car. He found a seat for her, stood an instant taking a calm and easy leave of her, then lifted his hat and passed out, halting on the platform to pay her fare and tell the conductor at what street she wished to leave, having managed everything while the car was going a block. Another man, with equally civil intentions, but, perhaps, not so punctilious in ceremoniousness, would have merely stopped the car and assisted her aboard, without paying her fare or getting on at all.

The wearing of silk tights by women generally, which a year ago was so prevalent, is now condemned. The husbands do not fancy it. Most people seem surprised at this statement, and inquire as to the wherefore; because it is the general impression that in the eyes of a man a shapely woman in silken tights is an object which he surveys with pleasure. "But it is not so," said a fashionable little lady the other day, in the *New York Sun*. "Jack says" (Jack is the husband) "that it's all very well to see chorus girls and actresses of the vaudeville type wear tights on the stage. It is their business. That is the way they earn their living. But he thinks," proceeded the little lady, wisely, "that the style should be entirely confined to them. And he did not like it at all when I put them on. You see, to look at these fascinating creatures on the boards and to have one's wife copy their styles are two quite different things."

A modern tailor-made girl is thus described by a writer in a *New York paper*: "To begin at the be-

ginning, she had on a brown Fédora hat, with the least possible change of trimming from the style worn by men. Her hair was combed smoothly back and fastened in a close coil of small plaits. As her face was round and rosy, and her features rather large, the smoothness of her hair gave her a front look in no way different from the look of a man. She had on a sacque cut exactly like a man's coat, buttons and all. Then there was a plaid double-breasted waist-coat and a genuine made-to-order shirt, the bosom colored, the collar high, and stiff, and white. Of course she wore a four-in-hand tie. At her wrists were cuffs of the same color as the bosom of her shirt, and hanging so loosely that one could not doubt the whole shirt was there. In the cuffs were link buttons. The dress-skirt was made plainly of the same blue material as the coat, and was so cut that a side view of it gave one the impression of trousers. On her feet were a pair of narrow patent-leather shoes, much too large for her feet, by the way. They were cut in the Blucher fashion, and were patent leather clear to the tops. It is probable, but this is not stated as a fact, that there were socks under the shoes. This elaborately manly toilet was perfected by certain most artistic details, both in the dress and in the manners of the wearer. For instance, she had a key-chain that came from a pair of supposititious braces under the waist-coat, and, after showing itself for a few inches across her right hip, disappeared in a very manly pocket. On her hands were a pair of 'dog-skin' gloves, and she carried a tightly rolled man's umbrella with a huge handle. When the conductor paused opposite her, she thrust one hand into her pocket, just as a man does, and drew forth a small handful of change. From the several coins she slid a five-cent piece to the ends of her fingers, and, with a manly gesture, dropped it into the outstretched hand of the amazed conductor. Presently she pulled out a handkerchief, not a trivial cobweb, but a large, man's handkerchief, and wiped her face with the careless sweep of a masculine hand, not afraid of disturbing cosmetics."

Can a woman love twice with the same intensity? is a question often asked, but seldom answered. There seem to be so many sides to the question that an answer all at once would be quite impossible. Woman may love with equal intensity at different periods of her life, but the love will be of an entirely different character. To begin with, many women imagine the fancy of a moment to be the lasting regard of a life-time, and for the time being they will be as much in earnest, suffer as keenly, and feel as deeply as though they were really in possession of the genuine sentiment. Therefore, when years go on, and they meet a man who inspires a true, earnest, and sincere feeling of affection, the world wonders at the second outpouring of feeling, and considers her either fickle or capable of more than one great love in a life-time. So few women know their real sentiments until they are in the neighborhood of thirty, that it is no wonder that the man who pleased the girl of seventeen has no attraction for the woman whose tastes have changed.

The American woman walking among the high-born women of Europe has more of distinction in her appearance than the descendants of ten generations of courts (says a *New York paper*). In the first place, these American women whom it is so pleasant to see on the boulevards or at the fashionable resorts of Europe, are taller and straighter and more robust-looking than the European women. They have better teeth, better hair, better eyebrows, better noses, and better forms. Their feet are smaller and more shapely, and their hands are as long and slender, and their fingers as tapering. Their complexions, too, are more delicately colored, and herein they most disturb their English cousins. As for the manner, they bear themselves with a dignity and grace that are not exceeded by the women of any other country. They wear their gowns and their hats as even Frenchwomen can not. To this, Worth or any great dressmaker of the Rue de la Paix, and any milliner of the Boulevard des Italiens, will bear witness cheerfully.

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### LITERARY NOTES.

#### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

*Truth of London* affirms as a fact that Lord Lorne has been recommended for the laureateship "by no less eminent an authority than Mr. William Morris."

An article by the late Theodore Child on "Some Types of the Virgin" will appear in the Christmas number of *Harper's*. The ideals chosen are those which were reproduced by great painters, including Lippo Lippi, Botticelli, Raphael, Perugino, Andrea Mantegna, and Leonardo da Vinci.

There is a rumor that General Lew Wallace intends to write a book on Mexico.

Walter Besant has paused in novel-writing to produce a one-act comedy. It is supposed that it will be brought out during the coming season.

Harper & Brothers announce that they have just published the following books:

Green's "Short History of the English People," illustrated edition, Volume I, "Abraham Lincoln," by Charles Carleton Coffin, profusely illustrated; "Armies of To-Day," by eminent military officers, illustrated by T. de Thulstrup; "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott," edited by W. Minto, and illustrated from sketches by Mr. Scott and his friends; "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," by James Ford Rhodes; "Moltke: his Life and Character," sketched in journals, letters, memoirs, etc., translated by Mary Herms; "Foundations of Rhetoric," a text-book for high schools and colleges, by Professor A. S. Hill, of Harvard University; and "Harper's Chicago and the World's Fair," by Julian Ralph, with seventy-three full-page illustrations.

"Mother and Child" is a compendium of modern scientific knowledge on health, etc., which J. B. Lippincott Company will publish at an early day. It is prepared by two famous specialists, Doctors E. P. Davis and John M. Keating.

An Eastern publishing-house promises an important work on "Criminology," by Dr. Arthur MacDonald, with an introduction by Professor Cesare Lombroso, and a very extensive bibliography.

Renan had the odd fashion in working of piling around him every imaginable hook of reference before he began to write. He would sit with hundreds of huge volumes open around him, volumes destined to remain open for weeks, the servants being forbidden to touch them with hand or duster. He rarely visited a public library, M. Renan being accustomed to go to the Bibliothèque Nationale in order to copy out any passages he might be in need of.

The Harpers announce that they have ready the first volume of the illustrated edition of Green's "Short History of the English People." Besides numerous wood-cuts, eight colored plates, fac-similes of illuminations from manuscripts of the Anglo-Saxon and early Norman periods, and several maps are given.

A dispatch, dated November 7th, to the *London Times* from Teheran, Persia, says that Theodore Child has died of cholera at Ispahan. He had been nursed by American women—presumably missionaries. The following facts are of interest:

Mr. Child, who was a native of Manchester and about forty-five years old, was well known as a writer of magazine articles, and many of his productions have been published in book-form, notably "The Spanish-American Republic," "Art and Criticism," "Delicate Feasting," "Summer Holidays," "The Praise of Paris," and "The Desire of Beauty," the two latter just issued. He was graduated from Oxford with high honors. He had lived in Paris nearly twenty years and was thoroughly conversant with every phase of life—especially so with the literary and artistic portion—of that city. He had been for about seven years the Paris agent of Harper & Brothers. He undertook the trip to India, under a commission from *Harper's Weekly*, for a series of articles, to be called "Living India." He was accompanied by Edwin Lord Weeks, the artist.

Some Armenian and Bulgarian girls at the American College, in Constantinople, on the day of Tennyson's funeral, recited several of the laureate's poems.

Of Tennyson, as of Victor Hugo, it has been said that he avenged the author upon the publisher. Both were good men of business, with an adequate sense of the money value of their writings, and both were capable of driving a bargain. But Tennyson never had the credit, as Hugo had, of ruining his publishers. The tremendous prices Hugo was in a position to obtain brought one, or more than one, of these gentlemen to bankruptcy.

"Nourmade," the poem which Mr. Aldrich has contributed to the holiday *Harper's*, is a story of the Orient, "related by the poet Mirtzy Mohammed-Ali."

The Lippincotts will bring out an illustrated edition of A. Conan Doyle's story, "A Study in Scarlet."

Archibald Forbes, the famous war correspondent, who has seen so many great spectacles, describes, in a December magazine, "The Triumphal Entry into Berlin" of the Emperor William and his victorious armies in 1871.

The valuable army articles which have appeared in their magazine are just ready from the Harpers in volume form, with the title "Armies of To-Day," and with the illustrations drawn by Remington, Thulstrup, Zogbaum, and Woodville.

An Eastern exchange gives this account of the late T. Adolphus Trollope:

"Thomas Adolphus Trollope, who died suddenly last week at Clifton, in his eighty-third year, was the elder brother of Anthony Trollope, whom he considerably resembled. He spent more than half his life in Italy, and for upward of twenty years in Florence saw more or better company than his. Trollope was engaged throughout his life in literary and journalistic work. He wrote many capital novels, several valuable historical works, and some interesting books of travel, and he frequently con-

tributed to the leading reviews. He was long the Florence correspondent of the *Daily News*, and afterward represented the *Standard* at Rome, where he removed in 1870. Trollope's life was graced by the cordial friendship of many of the most distinguished literary personages of the time—Thackeray, Lever, Landor, George Eliot, George Henry Lewes, the Brownings, Archbishop Whately, Wilkie Collins, Dean Milman, and Sir James Hudson having been among his intimate friends."

A new catalogue, containing one hundred and eighty-five portraits of authors, is announced by the Harpers.

Robert Browning was apparently aware of the obscurity of some of his work, for he says, of "Ferishtah's Fancies," in a characteristic letter now on sale in London: "I hope and believe that one or two careful readings of the poem will make its sense clear enough."

George Moore is completing a novel dealing with the life of hetting men in London.

"The Library of American Literature," edited by Edmund Clarence Stedman and Helen Mackay Hutchinson, which is published by Charles L. Webster & Co., will remain the standard work in its line for many years. Its eleven volumes contain extracts from the works of all American writers of any note from 1607 down to 1892, and its biographical data and indexes make it an invaluable work of reference.

Miss Mary E. Wilkins has been trying her hand at what are called "Pastels in Prose," and four of them—which are described as "charming"—will be published in the December *Harper's*.

M. B. M. Toland, the author of "Eudora," "Legend Laymone," etc., publishes this year, through J. B. Lippincott Company, another volume, entitled "Atina, the Queen of the Floating Isle." It is handsomely illustrated by full-page reproductions from drawings by Church, Bloonier, Diehlman, Jones, and others, with decorative designs throughout the text by A. F. Jaccaci.

M. Zola has been paid seven thousand dollars for the serial rights of his new book, "Docteur Pascal," which is at the rate of three cents a word. This is said to be the highest price ever paid in France for the serial rights of a story.

The Harpers will bring out at once a "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850," in two volumes, by James Ford Rhodes, which embraces, besides the history of the country from 1850 to 1860, an introductory chapter on the origin and growth of negro slavery and its influence upon American politics.

A number of literary Englishmen lately met to form an "Omar Khayyam Club."

A volume of papers by the late Sir Daniel Wilson, entitled "The Lost Atlantis and Other Ethnographic Studies," which a New York house will issue, contains essays on trade and commerce in the Stone Age, the æsthetic faculty in aboriginal races, heredity, and other topics.

A volume of literary reminiscences is just ready from the Harpers, with the title "Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott." Mr. Scott was for more than half a century on terms of intimate friendship with many literary and artistic celebrities of Edinburgh and London. The volume has been edited by W. Minto.

#### New Publications.

"Reuben Foreman, the Village Blacksmith," by Darley Dare, has been published in the Choice Series issued by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"La Lizardière," a story in the original French of the Vicomte Henri de Bornier, has been reprinted in the Romans Choisis published by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by J. Taub & Co.

"A Confederate Spy," by Thomas N. Conrad, purports to be a true, and is generally a thrilling narrative of a Southern spy's adventures during the Civil War. Published by J. S. Ogilvie, New York; price, 25 cents.

"Beyond Atonement," a novel translated from the German of Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach by Mary A. Robinson, has been issued in the International Library published by the Worthington Company, New York; price, 75 cents.

"King Billy of Ballarat" is the titular tale in a volume of short stories by Morley Roberts, whom his publishers announce as "The Australian Kipling." Published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago; price, 25 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Baby John," a story for children, by the author of "Miss Toosey's Mission," and "The Little Sister of Wilfred," by the author of "Dear Daughter Dorothy," have been published by Roberts Brothers, Boston; price, 50 cents and \$1.00, respectively; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Brander Matthews has trimmed his pen to a new purpose in "Tom Paulding." It is a story for boys, and hinges on a search for buried treasure. Though the treasure is found, it proves to be dross; but the young hero does not find his labor all in vain. The story is an entertaining one, and its hero is a manly

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## SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Cathleen McCook, daughter of General A. D. McCook, U. S. A., will be married at Redondo Beach next Wednesday evening to Mr. Charles A. Craighead, of Dayton, Ohio. It will be a brilliant military wedding.

The wedding of Miss Meta McAllister and Mr. John H. Janeway, Jr., took place last Monday at Reed School, in New York city. The bride, who is well known here, is the daughter of the late Colonel McAllister, U. S. A., who was in command at Benicia Barracks several years ago, and is a niece of Mr. Ward McAllister, of New York. The groom is the son of Dr. Janeway, U. S. A. The attendance at the wedding was limited and the ceremony was performed by Bishop Potter, assisted by Rev. Wesley Brown and Rev. F. M. McAllister. The affair was very pleasantly celebrated.

Mrs. Pelham W. Ames and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen will give a tea this (Saturday) afternoon at the residence of the former, 1312 Taylor Street.

Mrs. Charles Webb Howard gives a reception this (Saturday) afternoon, from two o'clock until seven, at her home, 1206 Alice Street, Oakland, in honor of Professor and Mrs. Martin Kellogg and Rev. and Mrs. S. H. Willey.

Mrs. Henry Williams and Mrs. H. Alston Williams have issued invitations for the second meeting of the "School for Scandal," which will be held next Wednesday evening. There will be a musicale and dancing.

The first cotillion of this season given by the Friday Night Club will take place next Friday evening. Mr. E. H. Sheldon will act as leader, having Mrs. William Elliott, of Baltimore, as his partner. The Hungarian Orchestra will play, and a sumptuous supper will be served by Ludwig when the dancing ends at midnight.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Pringle gave a dancing-party on Friday evening, at their residence in East Oakland, in honor of their daughter, Miss Nina Pringle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Sharon recently gave an elaborate dinner-party, at their home in Oakland, in honor of Senator William M. Stewart and Hon. Francis G. Newlands. The others entertained were: Mrs. F. G. Newlands, Mrs. Mygatt, Miss Cora B. Young, Misses Sharon, Hon. W. E. F. Deal, of Nevada, Mr. Robert Morrow, and Hon. C. S. Young.

Mrs. Richard Tobin recently gave a charming dinner-party, at her residence on California Street, at which her guests were Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Agnes Bailey, Miss Denning, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Tobin, Mr. James Brett Stokes, Mr. George E. P. Hall, Mr. Basil Ricketts, Mr. Barclay, Mr. Richard Tobin, and Mr. Joseph Tobin.

Mrs. Edwin S. Breyfogle gave a pleasant dinner-party at the Palace Hotel recently, and entertained Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. Robert Mackenzie, Mrs. Norman McLaren, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. Charles Green, Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mrs. R. C. Harrison, and Mrs. Favre.

The Informals is the name of a new dancing club that has been organized by Miss Alice Gerstle, Miss Helen Schweitzer, Miss Stella Simon, Miss Stella Greenebaum, Miss Adèle Joseph, and Miss Elsie Hecht. They will give six parties at their respective residences during the winter, and the first one will be a domino-party given by Miss Gerstle next Wednesday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. J. Thomas Boyson pleasantly celebrated the twelfth anniversary of their wedding by entertaining a number of friends last Monday evening at the Palace Hotel. During the evening Miss Emilie Sieberst recited, Mrs. Caldwell played some piano solos, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie, Dr. Sieberst, and others gave vocal numbers that were highly appreciated. Dancing was also enjoyed, and a bounteous supper was served.

Major and Mrs. William Cluff entertained a few friends in a charming manner last Monday evening at their residence, 1916 Vallejo Street. The affair was given in commemoration of the birthday of the

hostess, who was the recipient of some elegant presents of silverware from her husband. The evening was passed in the enjoyment of dancing and music, both vocal and instrumental, and at eleven o'clock a sumptuous supper was served. Many toasts were given and responded to in a felicitous manner, and it was quite late when the delightful affair came to an end.

The Children's Hospital will receive a benefit at the residence of Mrs. William Haas, 2007 Franklin Street, next Thursday afternoon, when a bazaar will be held there under the patronage of Mrs. William Haas, Mrs. Philip N. Lilienthal, Mrs. A. Mack, Mrs. I. N. Walter, Mrs. Alfred Seligman, Mrs. J. Leo Lilienthal, and other ladies. They will endeavor to make the affair a most attractive one, and have prepared many novelties for the entertainment of their patrons.

The members of the San Francisco Verein enjoyed an interesting entertainment in their rooms last Wednesday evening, when Dr. Steele gave a stereopticon exhibition of a tour of the world. Afterward a light supper was served and several hours were passed in a pleasant and informal manner.

For the benefit of the Maria Kip Orphanage a bazaar will be held at Miss Lake's School, 1534 Sutter Street, on Saturday, December 10th. There will be dancing in the evening.

The Violet Circle of King's Daughters will give their first entertainment next Tuesday evening at the First U. P. Church, 107 Mason Street. Miss Ida Krueger and other talent will appear.

The Helping Hand Society, auxiliary to the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, will present "A Seven Days' Idyl" at the residence of Mrs. Charles Lux, north-west corner of Jackson and Gough Streets, this (Saturday) afternoon and evening. The programme will be a most interesting one.

For a number of years, about Thanksgiving time, the *Argonaut* has received a fifty-dollar bill to be forwarded to the Fruit and Flower Mission from some mysterious person who signs the initials "M. R.—M. F." The identity of this charitable person has always been concealed. We take great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the money and in forwarding it to its destination, and we extend to the generous donor the sincere thanks of the Mission.

## Pacific-Unions versus Bohemians.

We are soon to have another game of base-ball for sweet charity's sake, and this time the contestants will be two nines from the Pacific-Union Club and the Bohemian Club. The beneficiaries are to be the Woman's Hospital and the Fruit and Flower Mission, and the game will be played at the Haight Street Grounds on Saturday afternoon, December 10th. Considerable interest is being taken in the contest, which has become an annual affair, and it is confidently expected that the attendance will be very large. Mr. Robert R. Grayson is the manager of the Pacific-Union nine, and Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., is performing similar duty for the Bohemian nine. These two gentlemen are working very hard to make the affair a success, and are having mascots prepared that will insure victory for both nines. The nines are in constant practice, and have hopes of making larger scores than at any previous contest. The exact positions of the players have not yet been determined, but their names are as follows:

Pacific-Union Club.—Captain, Mr. Faxon Atherton, Mr. N. C. Kittle, Mr. E. L. Bosqui, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. W. C. Ralston, Mr. E. L. Eyre, Mr. D. M. Murphy, Mr. E. P. Danforth, Mr. R. H. Delafield, and Mr. Walter L. Dean.

Bohemian Club.—Captain, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. F. L. Owen, Lieutenant C. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A., Mr. Horace Blanchard Chase, Mr. Robert J. Woods, Mr. Harry L. Coleman, Mr. George Story, Mr. F. H. Placer, Mr. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. Edward Dimond, and Mr. Harry Dimond.

"Il Trovatore" will be sung at the Tivoli on Monday night, November 28th, and throughout the week, the cast being as follows:

Manrico, Ferdinand Schuetz; Count di Luna, George Olmi; Ferrando, Edward N. Knight; Ruiz, Edward Torpi; Leonora, Tillie Salinger; Azucena, Lizzie Annandale; Inez, Mildred McCloskey; Old Cypsy, C. Napoleoni.

It will be Miss McCloskey's first appearance at the Tivoli. "The Bohemian Girl" is announced for the following week.

## What makes Fashions Fashionable?

Is a question. What causes some new fad to glide almost imperceptibly into popular favor leaving another of equal merit in oblivion? It can not be explained. "Success makes success"—so it is with fashions. This is clearly shown in the new writing paper, Russian Blue, which Cooper has introduced, and which has gained such high favor in Eastern society. It has in itself no particular advantage over any of the other fine papers, other than its peculiar, delicate, soft shade and a surface which is delightful to the pen, being perfectly smooth and yet unglazed. But not from this fact does it derive its fashionableness. Therein lies the secret; who can explain it? It is, because it is. This new paper has been imported exclusively by J. K. Cooper & Co., who have taken the precaution to stamp their name as a distinguishing mark under the flap of each envelope, together with the address, 746 Market Street. The new Russian Blue adds another point to their already unequalled stock of fine papers. What will make an admirable Christmas gift is an assortment of some of the new papers stamped with the monogram in silver, gold, and the bronzes; but they must be ordered early to be ready. Samples of Russian Blue will be mailed anywhere by Messrs. Cooper & Co. on application.

—KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

## The Dutton Matinée Tea.

Mrs. S. E. Dutton and her daughter, Miss Louise Dutton, gave a delightful matinée tea recently at their residence, 2511 Sacramento Street. The parlors were tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums, roses, and ferns, and appeared very attractive. About a hundred friends were invited, and from four until six o'clock they enjoyed conversation and the music of the Hungarian Orchestra. Light refreshments were served. In receiving and entertaining their guests, the hostesses had the assistance of Miss Jennie Watson, Miss Bessie Shreve, Miss Amy McKee, Miss Emilie Carolan, Miss Lulu Findley, and Miss Bernice Bates.

## A REGAL DINNER SERVICE.

Hundreds of visitors have been in, every day since the annual exhibition of Thanksgiving dinner-tables at Nathan, Dohrmann & Co.'s has been open, to admire the exquisite arrangement of the tables, which are completely appointed in every detail of handsome china, artistic glassware, snowy napery, graceful ornaments, and floral decorations, lacking only the viands and the guests to complete the picture.

## THE BOUILLON TABLE.

The tables are eight in number. At the bouillon tables, the plates are Crown Derby in pink, cream, and canary tints under glaze, with Copeland's bouillon cups. The salts and peppers are in the most delicate American Belck. The glasses, complete for all the wine-courses of an elaborate dinner—as they are at all the other tables—are in Bohemian crystal of a particularly rich pattern, decorated in gold in the style of the Renaissance. In the centre of the table is a silver standard lamp, the base being fashioned in the artistic open-work, while above, both lamps and candles are used; and further ornaments are rows of crystal balls, filled with marguerites, and swans, laden with sprays of smilax, floating around the base of the lamp on an artificial mirror lake. The new and fashionable silver bouillon-spoons, shaped like small ladles, are especially to be observed here.

## THE FISH TABLE.

The fish table is in salmon and gold, those tints prevailing in the delicate-hued plates and the ornamentation of the table. The glasses with this set are a novelty, being in the new Holland pattern, an odd variation of the tulip shape, made of handsome Carlsbad crystal. The Bohemian Roemers are in ruby and gold. The ornaments are *épergnes*, with fairy-lamps and flower-holders and two silver Cupids supporting tall lamps, all the shades being of salmon color.

## THE TERRAPIN TABLE.

Universal admiration has been expressed at the terrapin table. The decoration is in various shades of dark green—an innovation in table decoration—this tint showing in the ferns in the tall centre vase of crystal, in the turtle-shaped terrapin dish, and in the plates, which also are in the form of a terrapin.

## THE TURKEY TABLE.

The prevailing tint of the turkey course is yellow, shown in the tall centre lamp of yellow Leeds pottery, handsomely mounted in gilt; in the floral embellishment; in the silken scarf, laid diagonally across the board; and in the decoration of the china. The service is of Copeland's china, in Royal Sèvres blue under glaze, with yellow and gold ornamentation. The "Blanca" plates—so named in honor of the San Francisco lady who devised them—for bread and butter are in the same tints. The glassware is of American Harvard-cut crystal, with Roemers of rich Bohemian glass. Among the ornaments are two English *épergnes*, consisting of three towers of unequal height, connected by crystal chains and set upon a beveled mirror base.

## THE DESSERT AND COFFEE TABLES.

The dessert table is set in ruby and gold. The central lamp is of antique brass, with a dark red shade; the plates are decorated in ruby and gold; the glasses are of Bohemian ware, ruby in tint and heavily enameled in gold; and the finger-bowls are of genuine Venetian glass, of various harmonizing tints. The concluding course of the dinner, the coffee, is shown at a small table set with a coffee service in beautiful Crown Derby in assorted colors.

## TWO ADDITIONAL TABLES.

There is still another table set for five-o'clock tea. It bears a five-o'clock tea-kettle of polished brass on a wrought iron standard, with a tall lamp to match, and the tea service is of English Cauldon ware, a white porcelain daintily sprigged with rosebuds. Finally, there is a small ice-dessert table, on which are displayed ice-cream plates and Roman punch-glasses in Bohemian glass of assorted colors, ornamented with frosted raised enameled flowers in gold.

Altogether the exhibition is one that no lady who takes pride in the perfect appointment of her table can afford to miss. The porcelains, glassware, and ornaments are the very latest and most beautiful that art has produced, and the tables, as they stand, represent the courses of a dinner furnished in the highest style of art. The exhibition was to have been kept open until Thanksgiving day only, but it has been admired so much that it has been decided to keep it open to-day (Saturday) and on Monday, November 28th.

## The Latest Discovery and Craze in Paris.

Gray hair restored to all shades; perfectly harmless. Face cream, powder, and lotion, indorsed by Dr. Dennis of this city; also the only emporium for "Henna leaves and powder" to produce reddish tinge in hair. Great reduction in prices at Strozynski's, cor. of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS the autumn and winter shades in neck-wear.

—LADIES ASSISTED IN CHRISTMAS ART WORK of any kind. Robert R. Hill, 724½ Market Street.

At last! Visiting Cards at Eastern prices. One Hundred Best Quality, from your own plate, One Dollar. Pierson Bros., 225 Kearny Street.

## HOW BABIES SUFFER

When their tender Skins are literally ON FIRE with Itching and Burning Eczema and other Itching, Scaly, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases, with Loss of Hair, none but mothers realize. To know that a single application of the



## CUTICURA

Remedies will afford immediate relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and economical cure, and not to use them, is to fall in your duty. Parents, save your children years of needless suffering from torturing and disfiguring eruptions. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. See "How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



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## AT A DANCING-PARTY.

By F. Anstey.

The HOSTESS is receiving her guests at the head of the staircase; a CONSCIENTIOUSLY LITERAL MAN presents himself.

HOSTESS [with a gracious smile, and her eyes directed to the people immediately behind him]—So glad you were able to come—how do you do?

THE CONSCIENTIOUSLY LITERAL MAN—Well, if you had asked me that question this afternoon, I should have said I was in for a severe attack of malarial fever—I had all the symptoms—but, about seven o'clock this evening, they suddenly passed off, and—

[Perceives, to his surprise, that his HOSTESS's attention is wandering, and decides to tell her the rest later in the evening.]

MR. CLUMPSOLE—How do you do, Miss Thistle-down? Can you give me a dance?

MISS THISTLEDOWN [who has danced with him before—once]—With pleasure—let me see, the third extra after supper. Don't forget.

MISS BRUSKLEIGH [to MAJOR ERSER]—Afraid I can't give you anything just now—but if you see me standing about later on, you can come and ask me again, you know.

MR. BOLDOVER [glancing eagerly round the room as he enters, and soliloquizing mentally]—She ought to be here by this time, if she's coming—can't see her, though—she's certainly not dancing. There's her sister over there with the mother. She hasn't come, or she'd be with them. Poor-looking lot of girls here to-night—don't think much of this music—get away as soon as I can, no go about the thing! Hooray! There she is, after all! Jolly waltz this is they're playing! How pretty she's looking—how pretty all the girls are looking! If I can only get her to give me one dance, and sit out most of it somewhere! I feel as if I could talk to her to-night. By Jove, I'll try it!

[Watches his opportunity, and is cautiously making his way towards his divinity, when he is intercepted.]

MRS. GRAPPLETON—Mr. Boldover, I do believe you were going to cut me! [MR. BOLDOVER protests and apologises.] Well, I forgive you. I've been wanting to have another talk with you for ever so long. I've been thinking so much of what you said that evening about Browning's relation to Science and the Supernatural. Suppose you take me down-stairs for an ice or something, and we can have it out comfortably together.

[Dismay of MR. BOLDOVER, who has entirely forgotten any theories he may have advanced on the subject, but has no option but to comply; as he leaves the room with MRS. GRAPPLETON on his arm, he has a torturing glimpse of MISS ROUNDARM, apparently absorbed in her partner's conversation.]

MR. SENIOR ROPPE [as he waltzes]—Oh, you needn't feel convicted of extraordinary ignorance, I assure you, Miss Featherhead. You would be surprised if you knew how many really clever persons have found that simple little problem of naught divided by one too much for them. Would you have supposed, by the way, that there is a reservoir in Pennsylvania containing a sufficient number of gallons to supply all London for eighteen months? You don't quite realize it, I see. "How many gallons is that?" Well, let me calculate roughly—taking the population of London at four millions, and the average daily consumption for each individual at—no, I can't work it out with sufficient accuracy while I am dancing; suppose we sit down, and I'll do it for you on my shirt-cuff—oh, very well; then I'll work it out when I get home, and send you the result to-morrow, if you will allow me.

MR. CULDESSACK [who has provided himself beforehand with a set of topics for conversation—to his partner, as they halt for a moment.] Er—[consults some hieroglyphics on his cuff stealthily]—have you read Stanley's book yet?

MISS TABULA RAISER—No, I haven't. Is it interesting?

MR. CULDESSACK—I can't say. I've not seen it myself. Shall we er—?

[They take another turn.]

MR. CULDESSACK—I suppose you have—er—been to the [hesitates between the Academy and the Military Exhibition—decides on latter topic as fresher] Military Exhibition?

MISS TABULA RAISER—No; not yet. What do you think of it?

MR. CULDESSACK—Oh—I haven't been, either. Er—do you care to—

[They take another turn.]

MR. CULDESSACK [after third halt]—Er—do you take any interest in politics?

MISS TABULA RAISER—Not a bit.

MR. CULDESSACK [much relieved]—No more do I. [Considers that he has satisfied all mental requirements.] Er—let me take you down-stairs for an ice.

[They go.]

MRS. GRAPPLETON [reentering with MR. BOLDOVER, after a discussion that has outlasted two ices and a plate of strawberries]—Well, I thought you would have explained my difficulties better than that—oh, what a delicious waltz! Doesn't it set you longing to dance?

MR. BOLDOVER [who sees MISS ROUNDARM in the distance, disengaged]—Yes, I really think I must—[Preparing to escape.]

MRS. GRAPPLETON—I'm getting such an old thing that really I oughtn't to—but well, just this once, as my husband isn't here.

[MR. BOLDOVER resigns himself to necessity once more.]

FIRST CHAPERON [to second ditto]—How sweet it is of your eldest girl to dance with that absurd Mr. Clumpsople! It's really too bad of him to make such an exhibition of her—one can't help smiling at them!

SECOND CHAPERON—Oh, Ethel never can bear to hurt any one's feelings—so different from some girls! By the way, I've not seen your daughter dancing to-night—men who dance are so scarce nowadays—I suppose they think they have the right to be a little fastidious.

FIRST CHAPERON—Bella has been out so much this week that she doesn't care to dance, except with a really first-rate partner. She is not so easily pleased as your Ethel, I'm afraid.

SECOND CHAPERON—Ethel is young, you see, and, when one is pressed so much to dance, one can hardly refuse, can one? When she has had as many seasons as Bella, she will be less energetic, I dare say.

[MR. BOLDOVER has at last succeeded in approaching MISS ROUNDARM, and even in inducing her to sit out a dance with him; but, having led her to a convenient alcove, he finds himself totally unable to give any adequate expression to the rapture he feels at being by her side.]

MR. BOLDOVER [determined to lead up to it somehow]—I—I was rather thinking—[he meant to say, "devoutly hoping," but, to his own bitter disgust, it comes out like this]—I should meet you here to-night.

MISS ROUNDARM—Were you? Why?

MR. BOLDOVER [with a sudden dread of going too far yet]—Oh [carelessly], you know how one does wonder who will be at a place, and who won't.

MISS ROUNDARM—No, indeed, I don't—how does one wonder?

MR. BOLDOVER [with a vague notion of implying a complimentary exception in her case]—Oh, well, generally—[with the fatal tendency of a shy man to a sweeping statement]—one may be pretty sure of meeting just the people one least wants to see, you know.

MISS ROUNDARM—And so you thought you would probably meet me. I see.

MR. BOLDOVER [overwhelmed with confusion, and not in the least knowing what he says]—No, no, I didn't think that—I hoped you mightn't—I mean, I was afraid you might—

[Stops short, oppressed by the impossibility of explaining.]

MISS ROUNDARM—You are not very complimentary to-night, are you?

MR. BOLDOVER—I can't pay compliments—to you—I don't know how it is, but I never can talk to you as I can to other people!

MISS ROUNDARM—Are you amusing when you are with other people?

MR. BOLDOVER—At all events, I can find things to say to them.

[Enter ANOTHER MAN.]

ANOTHER MAN [to MISS ROUNDARM]—Our dance, I think?

MISS ROUNDARM [who had intended to get out of it]—I was wondering if you ever meant to come for it. [To MR. BOLDOVER, as they rise.] Now, I sha'n't feel I am depriving the other people! [Perceives the speechless agony in his expression, and relents.] Well, you can have the next after this if you care about it—only do try to think of something in the meantime! [As she goes off.] You will—won't you?

MR. BOLDOVER [to himself]—She's given me another chance! If only I can rise to it. Let me see—what shall I begin with? I know—supper! She hasn't been down yet.

His HOSTESS—Oh, Mr. Boldover, you're not dancing this—do be good and take some one down to supper—those poor chaperons are dying for some food.

[MR. BOLDOVER takes down a matron whose request is protracted through three waltzes and a set of lancers. He comes up to find MISS ROUNDARM gone and the musicians putting up their instruments. He goes home, thinking suicide is not so very terrible.]

Sick Headache yields to BEECHAM'S PILLS.

## A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

## THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

## Visual Vagary.

A soldier with strabismus  
Read to his little son  
A verse in which he strangely  
Pronounced the gun a gun.—Puck.

## A Fall Procession.

I stood amazed! The sight I woen  
Was quite the strangest ever seen.  
For there were men in spring of youth  
Who quite a hundred seemed, in sooth.

Large, lusty youths, who hobbled past  
As if each moment were their last.  
Some went on crutches, some on canes,  
And all with most distressing pains.

And some in slings their elbows wore,  
And some had optics tinged with gore;  
And all went halting, limping by,  
With grievous groan and sorry sigh.

And filled to bursting with a grief  
That sought in words to find relief,  
I cried aloud: "Oh, tell to me  
What was this great catastrophe?"

"What awful, grim, and ghastly fate  
Has sought this town to decimate?  
Was it the cyclone, flood, or fire  
That left such relics of its ire?"

Then feebly spoke in tones of rue,  
That maimed and mutilated crew:  
"Nay, none of these, though so it seem,  
We're members of the foot-ball team."  
—Boston Courier.

## Wait of a Bachelor.

Oh, the beautiful woman, the woman of ancient days,  
The ripe and the red, who are done and dead,  
With never a word of praise;  
The rich round Sallies and Susans, the Pollicies, and  
Joans and Trues,  
Who guarded their fame and saw no shame  
In walking in low-heeled shoes.

They never shrieked on a platform; they never desired a vote;

They sat in a row and liked things slow;  
And never talked Tupper by rote.  
They lived with nothing of Latin, and a jolly sight less of Greek,

And made up their books and changed their cooks  
On an average once a week.

They never ventured in hansom, nor climbed to the top-most bus;

Nor talked with a twang in the latest slang—  
They left these fashions to us.

But, ah! she was sweet and pleasant, though possibly  
Not well read—

The excellent wife who cheered your life,  
And vanished at ten to bed.

And it's oh, the pity, the pity that time should ever annul  
The wearers of skirts who mended shirts  
And never thought nurseries dull.

For everything's topsyturvy now, the men are bedded at ten,

While the women sit up, and smoke, and sup  
In the club of the Chickadee hen.—Ex.

## No Wonder They Groan.

Groaning is permissible to the rheumatic. But the groans will soon cease when they take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which relieves the agonizing malady with gratifying promptitude. Indigestion, constipation, malarial ailments, sick headache, biliousness, nervousness, and a lack of physical stamina, are among the ailments overcome by this comprehensive remedy.

—HOLIDAY PRESENTS—KODAKS REDUCED TO \$5.00, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$25.00. Photographic apparatus and supplies. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

Temperance advocate—"For twenty years, young man, not a drop of liquor has passed my lips." Young man—"How do you take it—hypodermically?"—Life.

For speedy relief and cure in cases of bronchitis, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It controls the cough and induces sleep.

"I used to be well acquainted with this man," said the doctor as he prepared for the autopsy, "but now I will be obliged to cut him dead."—Buffalo Express.

—NO TIPPING THE WAITERS AT JOHNSON'S, THE new first-class restaurant at 28 Montgomery, opposite Lick House. First-class service to all alike, strangers included.

—THE ETCHING AND PICTURE DEPARTMENTS at Gump's new art-store, 113 Geary Street, are now open to the public.

—WEDDING AND VISITING CARDS, CRESTS, AND monograms; latest ideas in social stationery. Harbottle Stationery Co., 5 Montgomery Street, S. F.

—DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

—GO TO SWAIN'S NEW DINING-ROOM, SUTTER Street, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

## "WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

## For SICK HEADACHE,

Dizziness, or Swirling in the Head, Wind Pain, and Spasms at the Stomach, Pains in the Back, Gravel, and Stiff Pains in the Body, Rheumatism, etc.

Take four, five or even six of Beecham's Pills, and in nine cases out of ten, they will give relief in twenty minutes; for the pill will go direct to and remove the cause, the cause being no more nor less than wind, together with poisonous and noxious vapours, and sometimes unwholesome food.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.

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## Breakfast Cocoa,

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AN INVIGORATING TONIC,  
For General Debility, Poorness of the Blood, etc.  
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\$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Slave  
\$12 Sewing Machine; perfect working, reliable,  
finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work,  
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POZZONI'S All Druggists  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

"Puppy!" exclaimed Johnson, as he contemptuously threw aside the Rev. Dr. Harwood's "Liberal Translation of the New Testament." He had discovered that the translator had turned "Jesus wept" into "The Saviour of the world burst into a flood of tears."

A famous question of Thackeray's little daughter is recently recalled anew by Mrs. Ritchie's delightful reminiscences of her father. "Papa," she asked, looking up from the volume of Thackeray's great rival in popular favor, Dickens, which she held in her lap, "why do not you write books like Nicholas Nickleby?" "I wish I could, my dear," was the generous reply.

On a ride in St. Petersburg once, Miss Hapgood encountered one of the emperor's cousins. The grand duke mistook them for acquaintances, and saluted. The driver returned the greeting. "Was that Vasily Dmitrich?" Miss Hapgood inquired, in Russian form. "Yes, madam." "Whom was he saluting?" "Us," replied the driver, with imper-turbable gravity.

Montesquieu once applied very happily the old proverb, "Les petits cadeaux entretiennent l'amitié." He was at variance on some parliamentary question with a gentleman of position and influence, but who was also somewhat bigoted. "I would stake my head on it," said the latter to Montesquieu. "And I accept it gladly," Montesquieu replied; "for trifling presents cement friendship."

Mr. Ham, of Georgia, tells this story: "They brought a prisoner down to Atlanta from Northern Georgia who'd been caught revenueing. That's what they call it down where I live. The fellow had never been in a city before, and he looked at the stone paving of the streets with great interest. At last he said: 'It's a good thing they built a city in this place. It isn't worth a darn for farming land. Look at the rocks.'"

One day a maker of prose and verse received from the hands of Robert Bonner a story which he had submitted to him the week before (says *Truth*). "If you please," said the poet, politely, "I would like to know why you can not use my story, so that I may be guided in the future by your preferences." "Certainly," replied Mr. Bonner; "this story will not do for me because you have in it the marriage of a man with his cousin." "But," protested the young author, "cousins do marry in real life very often." "In real life, yes," cried the canny Scotchman, "but not in the New York *Ledger*."

Renan was present at a banquet given by Mme. Aubernon, whose mansion was then the rendezvous of the celebrities of the epoch. M. Jules Simon was among them, and, in the course of the repast, he began to develop an ingenious social theory. Renan, growing tired of it, was about to speak, when the hostess stopped him by saying: "Wait a minute or two, M. Renan, and then we shall be happy to hear you." Renan closed his mouth while Jules Simon continued to hold forth. At length he brought his speech to an end, and Mme. Aubernon rose to call on Renan. "I think you had something to say," she remarked. "Yes, madame, you are right—I wanted to ask for a few more potatoes."

A reproof, which was just and not discourteous, was once addressed to a young rector who had been reared under the highest of church doctrines, and who held that clergymen of all other denominations are without authority, and not entitled to be called ministers of the gospel. One evening, at a social gathering, he was introduced to a Baptist clergyman. He greeted the elder man with much manner and ostentation. "Sir," he said, "I am glad to shake hands with you as a gentleman, though I can not admit that you are a clergyman." There was a moment's pause, and then the other said, with a quiet significance that made the words he left unsaid emphatic: "Sir, I am glad to shake hands with you—as a clergyman."

Little as Tennyson cared for society, he was sometimes to be met in houses which interested him, and one of these was the Duchess of Bedford's, in Eaton Square, now the dowager duchess. It was at a party there one evening that he saw a certain great lady, of whom he had heard, but whom he did not know. He desired to be introduced to her, or, perhaps—for his ways were sometimes regal—desired that she might be presented to him. In whichever way it was, the ceremony took place, and Tennyson's second remark was this question: "Oh, Lady Blank, do I know Lord Blank?" The person about whom he thus inquired was a peer, who, though young, had won much distinction in public life, and was widely known in private. His wife, as it happened, was devoted to him, and jealous of any word which sounded like disparagement of his position or indifference to his renown. She looked Tennyson in the face and answered, with perfect composure of manner: "I am sure, Lord Tennyson, I can't say. I never heard

him mention your name in my life." For a moment the poet was staggered by this straight hit from the shoulder, but he had the good sense and good temper to take it well.

At a select musical-party at the house of Henry Greville, before the Duchess of Cambridge and other distinguished guests, Santley and Mrs. Sartoris were about to sing a duet and they were having a little conversation on the subject. Suddenly she exclaimed, "Good God! Santley, what shall I do?" "What's the matter?" he asked. "My petticoat's coming down," was her response. "Well," he said, "I don't see how I can help you!" "I do," she said; "stand before me and spread out your coat-tails as wide as you can!" He obeyed, pretending to be absorbed in the study of the duet which was lying on the piano. In a few moments she whispered, "It's all right, but what on earth am I to do with it?" He looked at the bundle and saw it was impossible to pocket it. At that moment Leighton made his appearance, carrying his hat in his hand. "Just in time to save me!" exclaimed Mrs. Sartoris; "here, Gay, put that in your hat and keep it till we get away!" "What is it?" "My petticoat!" "Oh!"

Professor Truman Henry Safford, of Williams College (says the Boston *Globe*), is said to be one of the most remarkable lightning calculators now living. One day a gentleman, who had heard of his powers and wished to make a test, said to him: "I have a problem for you, Professor Safford. I was born August 15, 1852, at three o'clock in the afternoon; this is June 20, 1892, and it is just three o'clock. Now, can you tell me my age in seconds?" The professor frowned, bent his head, and began to walk rapidly up and down, twisting his mustache and clasping and unclasping his hands in a nervous way. After a moment or so, he returned the answer, which was somewhere in the billions. The gentleman produced a paper containing the problem worked out, and said, with a superior smile: "Well, professor, I'll give you the credit for great genius, but you're several thousands out." The professor stretched out his hand for the paper, and, running over the calculation, said, contemptuously: "Humph, you've left out the leap years."

A young man, who was to make his first political speech this year in Maine, arranged with a friend in the audience that, at the first indication of embarrassment on the part of the speaker, he should pretend to have a fit, so that during the excitement created the speaker should have time to recover. The night came. The young speaker began to stammer. The chum, sitting in the second row of the audience, started a twitching of face and jerking of muscles that was a very good imitation of a man about to fall in a fit. But it happened that next to the pretended sick man sat a doctor. He at once began an examination, and, within two minutes, rising angrily to his feet, he said to the curious crowd: "Gentlemen, this man is no more sick than you are. His illness is wholly pretended, and doubtless is simulated for the express purpose of preventing our bright young friend," pointing to the man on the platform, "from finishing his speech." The crowd got mad. They hammered him, and pounded him, tore his clothes, and threw him down two flights of stairs to the street.

## Inferior Goods.

The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swindled by having plasterers said to be "just as good," or "containing superior ingredients," imposed upon them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that no more compare with ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER than copper does with gold.

The eminent Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government Chemist, certifies: "My investigation of ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

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## WHITE STAR LINE.

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FROM NEW YORK:  
Teutonic...November 30th  
Britannic...December 7th  
Majestic...December 14th  
Germanic...December 21st

Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$30 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

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29 Broadway, New York.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska,

9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21.  
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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It is broken up into tiny drops which are covered with glycerine, just as quinine in pills is coated with sugar or gelatine. You do not get the taste at all.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD  
VIA  
SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:45 P. M. (Sundays)—8:15, 10:40, 12:15, 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.  Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays (Wk Days except Monday) 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays		10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

## THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY

(except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, F. E. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Nov. 25th, SS. San Blas; Dec. 5th, SS. City of Sydney; Dec. 15th, SS. San José.

## Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamer sails at noon 18th of each month, calling at Mazatlan, San Blas, Manzanillo, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acapulco, La Libertad, La Union, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Way line sailing—November 18th, SS. Acapulco.

When the regular sailing date falls on Sunday, steamers will be dispatched the following Monday.

## Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: City of Peking, ... Saturday, November 26, at 3 P. M. China, ... (via Honolulu), ... Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M. Peru, ... Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro, ... Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CUNTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, for Japan and China, on the following dates:

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Belgic, ... Thursday, December 15

Oceanic, (via Honolulu), Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93

Guinea, ... Saturday, January 24

Belgic, ... Thursday, February 23

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.

Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

H. T. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent, Gao, H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Nov. 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, ...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José, ...	* 7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José, ...	† 6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga, ...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa, ...	* 6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis, ...	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East, ...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Lone, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff, ...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East, ...	* 8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton, ...	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore, ...	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers, ...	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez, ...	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José, ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno, ...	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa, ...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento, ...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville, ...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville, ...	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore, ...	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East, ...	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles, ...	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East, ...	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José, ...	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo, ...	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East, ...	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.		
† 7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz, ...	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz, ...	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos, ...	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.		
7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations, ...	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations, ...	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations, ...	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations, ...	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations, ...	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations, ...	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations, ...	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations, ...	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations, ...	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations, ...	† 7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, \* Sundays excepted.

† Saturdays only, † Sundays only.

The great point is to put your announcements in such a shape that people will read them for their own intrinsic worth. Most of the community are more or less interested in your wares; but they won't hear of them if you don't take pains to tell them of it in an entertaining manner.—*Art in Advertising.*

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 4:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

Leave San Francisco. DESTINATION. ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.

WEEK DAYS. SUNDAYS. SUNDAYS. WEEK DAYS.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Petaluma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

5:05 P. M. 5:00 P. M. Santa Rosa 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, 10:40 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations, 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Hopland and Ukiah, 7:30 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

3:30 P. M. 8:00 A. M. Guerneville, 7:30 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sonoma 10:40 A. M. 8:50 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 A. M. Glen Ellen 6:05 P. M. 10:30 A. M.

7:40 A. M. 8:00 A. M. Sebastopol 10:40 A. M. 10:30 A. M.

3:30 P. M. 9:30 P. M. 6:05 P. M. 6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pleta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Lake Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Caho, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Utsa, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.20; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$2.00.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.





It is always a great disadvantage to an actress when she has to take the part of a heroine who is described throughout the play as divinely beautiful. Venus herself—her entrance heralded by such laudatory comment as "They say she is as beautiful as a houri"—would be apt to disappoint one's expectations.

The entrances of Helene, in "My Official Wife," are continually prefaced by such remarks. When she sweeps off the stage, those left behind comment on her distracting beauty. As for Colonel Arthur Lenox, of the United States army, he hardly ever looks at her without ejaculating, in a breathless aside, "Great heaven, how lovely she is! Great Scott, what beautiful eyes!"

Colonel Arthur Lenox's chivalrous attempt to assist a fair countrywoman who has no passport, leads him into a sea of troubles. Like Mr. Feeder in "Domby and Son," who had learned the noble art of self-defense in the hope that "some day he would be called upon to aid some fair female in distress," Colonel Lenox is one of the most devoted and chivalrous of men. He is also a sad dog and a great fool. How Laura, his blue-eyed and unofficial wife, ever consented to allow him to travel alone and unprotected from Paris to St. Petersburg is one of those matters that authors of books have to settle with their own consciences.

At Wiloa the colonel is greeted by a Beautiful Being, in a green plaid dress and a tan-colored cape. She has no passport, and she must get to Russia. His passport is drawn for himself and wife. The Beautiful Being, cognizant of this fact, hangs upon his arm beguilingly. She implores him to take her on his passport as his wife. The railway officials lounging about and appearing to take only a languid interest in the interview, eye the pair with the lack-lustre indifference of the minions of a country where nihilists are as thick as leaves upon the brooks in Vallombrosa, and where blowing up a Czar is one of the national games.

Colonel Lenox, murmuring "Just Powers, how beautiful she is!" immediately offers her the passport. Like the man in the poem, "The light that lies in woman's eyes hath been his soul's undoing," for, from that moment, dark and deadly perils begin to congregate about the path of Colonel Lenox, of the United States army. Many times did he curse his folly, many times call himself an ass, many times wish himself safe home under the folds of the peaceful stars and stripes. But, not once, it may be remarked, does he express a wish to return to the society of his real wife, his Laura, who is fondly waiting him in beautiful Parree. Such touches of realism are very effective.

When a play takes place in Corsica or Russia, one always knows what to expect—in Corsica a vendetta; in Russia, nihilists. Corsica and Russia are the backbone of the modern melodrama. They are even more popular than tanks or conflagrations. And when you get your people out to Siberia and have the wolves howling in the wings in shirt-sleeves, nothing will rival that but an Amazon march or a real safe being blown up by real burglars. The charm of Russia for the modern mind is not to be easily comprehended. We have Russian plays, and Russian books, and Russian silver, and Russian clothes, and Russian sleighs, and Russian sabres.

The Russian heroine is particularly interesting, because one never knows what she is going to do, and one need never be surprised at anything she does do. One thing is certain, she is not going to be dull; another thing is certain, she, or her lover, or both, are going to be nihilists. The dramatists have a great fancy for her, because, while she may do the most extravagant things, they need never spend time describing her motives or going back into her heredity. They just say "She's a Slav," and that explains everything. That little phrase is neither so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve.

When Helene, in "My Official Wife," goes back and tells of her heredity—of how her father was a Polish noble and her mother was a Jewess—she does what the female nihilist rarely condescends to do, explains who she is, and, by the little speech, gives a touch of softness to the character. This was well done by Mrs. Seligman-Cutting—perhaps her best piece of acting in the play. She was a picture of a handsome Jewess, as she said it, with her black curly hair, her brilliant, angry eyes, and the sparkling of innumerable diamonds about her neck and shoulders.

Helene, however, being a nihilist and a Slav, was naturally an extraordinary person—*cela va sans dire*. And this Mrs. Seligman-Cutting does not readily forget. She is determined to portray a female of the

most madly dramatic type—a Slav to begin with, a murderess by inclination, a noble by birth, a member of a secret society, and a nihilist to end with. Naturally an actress must feel in portraying such a character that nothing must be natural, or simple, or like anything that ever was on sea or land. Helene has got to be fascinating—witness the noble member of the United States army who falls such an easy victim; then she must be fierce; then she must be gay; then she must want to kill the Czar; then she must be dignified and send Colonel Arthur Lenox to the yacht club; then she must fall madly in love with Sacha; then she must be cruelly deceived, and finally get stabbed in the heart and die slowly, weltering in her gore.

As it will be seen by this hasty summary, Helene was intense and complicated—two things that all women love to be. Mrs. Seligman-Cutting is as intense and complicated as any one could wish. When she says, in the first act, "that she knows Russians well," or words to that effect, one feels sure that the facile pen of Colonel Savage must have written "a spasm of hatred distorted her lovely features." A spasm of some violent kind plays over Mrs. Cutting's expressive face when she hisses these words at the first row of seats. Then when she tells the terrified colonel that she is a nihilist, she is as intense as even the most exacting could desire.

In the lighter scenes, she is gay and merry. But when she hears that at the great ball, at the Ignatieffs', the ruler of all the Russias is to be present, she shows the emotion that even nihilists may be expected to feel when they hear that the long-wished-for opportunity of killing the Czar has at length arrived. Helene clasped her hands over her heart, turned pale, trembled, and gasped. The princesses—the play is simply crowded with princesses—look upon this as the usual display of excitement that the typical American always feels when about to gaze upon a crowned head. Little do they suspect that beneath the charmingly fitting bodice of their new kinswoman beats the heart of a nihilist and a Slav.

In the great scene where the Czar of all the Russias is to be "removed," Mrs. Cutting was, of course, at the pinnacle of intensity. The climax was original and dramatic. Both in the play and the book, it is a capital scene of its kind—improbable, lurid, but distinctly exciting. Mrs. Cutting, looking handsome in a most remarkable costume of pale blue brocade, with a lilac crepe scarf wound round one shoulder, drinks the champagne which contains the opiate, and, fighting to the last the drowsiness that steals over her, faints and re-faints and comes to life again, and, finally, drops senseless upon the ground.

But really the most striking part of this scene was the entrance of Mr. Robert Cutting, Jr., one of the New York Four Hundred, in the uniform of an officer of the Chevalier Garde. As an actor, Mr. Cutting is not brilliantly remarkable—but one does not expect a member of the Four Hundred to be an actor. Perish the thought! And, besides, Mr. Cutting is not a stick. Dr. Johnson's remark, when he compared a female writer to a dog walking on its hind legs—"it is not done well, but you are surprised to find it done at all"—might, also, be applied to the play-acting of McAllister's sacred band. That Mr. Cutting recites his lines intelligently, corrugates his brow in anger, bites his lips in pain, and clinches his red right hand in moments of excitement, proves him a renegade from those exalted ranks that gave Mrs. Potter to us to be a punishment for our sins.

This self-possessed young man bore himself with perfect equanimity, though he was disguised in a snow-white uniform, while round his manly chest a large gilt breast-plate, such as one imagines the heroes in the Iliad to have worn, was loosely girt. Being fully six feet and a half high, and being, moreover, possessed of that somewhat unfortunate gift—for a man—an absolutely and faultlessly handsome face, Mr. Cutting was, as the brilliant writers of our day would put it, the cynosure of all eyes. But he did not look in the least as if he minded it. Young members of the Four Hundred who have faces of patrician beauty, with the clean-cut, aquiline features that tell of a long line of aristocratic forebears, must be used to being stared at—enviously or admiringly, as the case may be.

Truth to tell, he attracted more curious attention than did Mrs. Cutting, who is herself undeniably handsome, in the dark, large-featured, Semitic style. But a handsome man is a great deal more of a rarity than a handsome woman. Mrs. Cutting is a clever, emotional actress, well suited to such a part as Helene; she has a beautiful figure and wore some charming gowns—one especially, of pale striped silk touched with golden brown velvet, was very chic; but she is not a member of the Four Hundred, and she has not got features that might have been copied from the profile on a Greek coin.

At the theatres during the week commencing November 28th: The Tivoli Company in "Il Trovatore"; Henley and Boucault in "The Two Roses"; Patti Rosa in "Miss Dixie"; Clara Morris in "Rose Michel"; and Minnie Seligman-Cutting in "My Official Wife."

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## MUSICAL NOTES.

### The Hermaon Brandt Quartet Concert.

The Hermann Brandt Quartet Concert, the final one of the fourth series, was given on Friday evening and attracted a large and appreciative audience. The following interesting programme was presented:

Quintet, piano and strings, (1) allegro moderato e maestoso, (2) andante sostenuto, (3) presto, (4) allegro assai ma tranquillo, Saint-Saens, Miss Alice Bacon and the Hermann Brandt Quartet; viola solo, "Elegie," Wienstepens, Mr. Louis Schmidt; songs, (a) "O del mio dolce ardor," Stradella, (b) "Farewell to Tyndehougen," Edward Grieg, Miss Etta Bayly; violin solo, romance, Nicode, Mr. Hermann Brandt; string quartet, A minor, op. 41, No. 1, (1) andante espressivo, allegro, (2) scherzo, (3) adagio, (4) presto, Schumann, Hermann Brandt Quartet—Messrs. Hermann Brandt, John Josephs, Louis Schmidt, and Louis Heine.

It is possible that a new series of concerts will be given next January under the same auspices, if a sufficient amount be subscribed to warrant it.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham will give his second annual concert, in aid of the endowment fund of the Children's Hospital, at Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, December 14th. In presenting a most interesting programme he will have the able assistance of Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine. During the evening General W. H. L. Barnes will deliver an appropriate address. Mr. Graham will sing two songs, which will be heard for the first time in public. They are musical settings of two of Eugene Field's quaint mediæval lullabies. The music is by Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., of this city.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his first ballad concert next Tuesday evening in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. An excellent programme has been prepared, and it will be interpreted by Miss Maude Berry, Miss Anna Miller Wood, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, Mr. W. C. Stadfeldt, Mr. Victor Carroll, Mr. Wilkie, and Mr. S. G. Fleishman.

The Abby Cheney Amateurs will give a concert in Irving Hall on Tuesday evening, December 6th, in aid of the Children's Hospital. They will be assisted by Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson, contralto; Mr. Sigmund Beel, violinist; Mr. Louis Heine, celloist; and Mr. Edmund Russell, who will recite, in costume, "The Romance of the White Cow."

The final Saturday Popular Concert of this season will be given this afternoon in Irving Hall, and a fashionable attendance is expected. Mr. Donald de V. Graham will sing Beethoven's "Adelaide," and the instrumental numbers will comprise the flute and string trio, the Godard trio, and the "Kreutzer Sonata" in its entirety.

A concert will be given in Metropolitan Hall next Wednesday evening by fourteen pupils of Mr. H. B. Pasmore, assisted by Mr. Hother Wismer, violinist, and Mr. Ahe Sundland, pianist.

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ARTISTS.—Miss Maude L. Berry, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman, William C. Stadfeldt, Victor Carroll, and Alfred Wilkie. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist. Mr. S. G. Fleishman, solo pianist.

Season tickets (reserved), \$4.00. Single reserved, \$1.25. Admission, \$1.00.

Tickets may be had and seats secured at the office of the Palace Hotel to November 29th inclusive, and at Sherman, Clay & Co.'s, Wednesday, November 30th. These concerts are given under the sole direction of Alfred Wilkie, to whom all communications may be addressed at 1403 Octavia Street or at Palace Hotel.

### Maria Kip Orphanage.

A regular Annual Meeting of the Maria Kip Orphanage, for the Election of Officers for the ensuing year and for such other business as may come before the meeting, will be held at the Diocesan House, 731 California Street, on MONDAY, the 28th day of NOVEMBER, 1892, at 2 o'clock P. M.

E. H. RIXFORD, Secretary.

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He (irritably)—"What sort of a supper are we going to have to-night, good or bad?" She—"Both. Devilish ham and angel cake."—*Truth.*

The elder one (recently engaged)—"Do you think it proper for a girl to kiss the man she is engaged to?" The other—"Yes; if it is with his consent."—*Life.*

Old lady (anxiously)—"Does this train stop at New York city?" Brakeman—"Well, if it don't, madam, you will see the durnedest smash-up you ever see."—*Truth.*

Dr. Pulser—"Yes, sir, I have literally snatched men from the grave!" Stokes—"Is that so—when?" Dr. Pulser—"When I was a medical student, sir!"—*Life.*

Brown—"Yes; they thought I was poisoned, and the doctor came with his stomach pump—" Jones—"Did he get anything out of you?" Brown—"Yes; five dollars."—*Puck.*

She—"The butler is becoming very impudent, dear." He (gruffly)—"Well, call him up." She (anxiously)—"And what will you do, dear, if I do?" He—"Call him down."—*B. K. & Co's Monthly.*

Rhymester—"True, sir, I have not much ready money, but I own thirty thousand dollars' worth of personal property." Her father—"In what shape is this property?" Rhymester—"In manuscript poems."—*Life.*

Her first pair: She—"I've brought back these pajamas you recommended." Saleslady—"Why, madam, is there anything wrong with them?" She—"I should say there was. Why, I can't get them on over my head."—*Judge.*

Young lady—"Have you examined my piano?" Tuner—"Yes, madam." Young lady—"What's the reason it won't make a sound?" Tuner—"Some one has lowered the soft pedal and nailed it down."—*New York Weekly.*

Mrs. Hayseed (after talking for a quarter of an hour and getting no answers)—"Thar ye set, jest chewin' an chewin', with yer moutb always so full of terbacker yer can't say a word." Mr. Hayseed—"Mariar, I wish you'd learn ter chew terbacker."—*Life.*

Doctor (to patient who has come two miles to the doctor's office, in order to save the extra cost of a visiting fee)—"Good gracious, man, you are not fit to be out of the house! Go home at once, and I will call in a couple of hours and prescribe for you."—*Life.*

Colonel Fifer (ber guardian)—"What? You want another new dress? Dresses, dresses—nothing but dresses! My dear Emilie, do you think of nothing else?" Emilie (an heiress)—"Oh, yes, dear guardian; I often wish for a diamond bracelet."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

His third consecutive luncheon: Mrs. Somerville—"Putnam, did you take luncheon at Winslow's again to-day?" Putnam—"Yes; they asked me." Mrs. Somerville—"But they only asked you out of politeness." Putnam—"Well, I only stayed out of politeness."—*Puck.*

Deacon Medders—"Skipps, the cashier of the Onderdonk County Bank, ran away last night. They say he has been robbing the bank for more than a year." Mrs. Medders—"They might have known that he was living beyond his means. Why, Josiah, his folks actually used to sit in their parlor every night!"—*Life.*

A visitor to Lancaster Asylum, a short time ago, encountered one of the lunatics (who, doubtless, had been told off for work of some description) pushing a wheelbarrow along one of the sidewalks wrong side up. The visitor inquired why he reversed the order of things in that fashion. "Why, you stupid, do you think I'm mad?" was the lunatic's reply; "if I turned the right side up, they'd be putting something into it."—*Boston Globe.*

DCLXXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, November 27, 1892.  
Rice and Tomato Soup.  
Fried Clams.  
Beefsteak à la Bordelaise. Saratoga Potatoes.  
Oyster Plant. Green Peas.  
Roast Canvas-Bak Duck.  
Celery Salad.  
Danish Pudding. Pound Cake.  
Fruits.

DANISH PUNING.—Soak one box of Knox's Sparkling Gelatine in three-quarters of a pint of cold water; then beat up the yolks of four eggs with three-quarters of a pint of sherry wine; add the juice and rind of two lemons with eight ounces of sugar. Place the soaked gelatine in a saucepan, and as soon as it is dissolved, add all the other ingredients; mix well together, and boil one minute; strain through muslin, stir occasionally till nearly cold, then pour into molds.

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### Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Admiral Brown, U. S. N., will leave for Washington, D. C., early in December.  
Commander H. E. Nichols, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Ranger*, and Commander Henry Longnecker, U. S. N., will assume command next Wednesday.  
Captain Otway C. Berryman, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the marine barracks at Mare Island.

Naval-Constructor Robert Steel, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Union Iron Works and ordered to Philadelphia.

Naval-Constructor J. H. Linnard, U. S. N., has been transferred from the Mare Island Navy-Yard to the Union Iron Works.

Naval-Constructor J. A. Taylor, U. S. N., is en route here from the East for duty at the Mare Island Navy-Yard.

Captain O. C. Berryman, U. S. M. C., will be relieved from the command of the marine guard on the *Mohican* on December 1st, and will then be on duty at the Mare Island marine barracks.

Lieutenant H. C. Poundstone, U. S. N., has been detached from duty on the Coast Survey, and ordered to duty in connection with the naval exhibits at the Columbian Exposition.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. A. Kellogg, U. S. A., is now in command of the San Diego Barracks, having succeeded Colonel Whittemore, U. S. A.

Lieutenant L. C. Lucas, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the marine barracks at League Island, and ordered to report at Mare Island on December 1st, to command the marine guard on the *Mohican*.

Lieutenant James Ashley Turner, U. S. M. C., has been ordered to the *Monterey*.

Civil Engineer U. S. G. White, U. S. N., will soon leave Mare Island to superintend the construction of the new dry-dock at the Port Orchard Naval Station.

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# The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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The following letter is not a rarity. Many like it have been received by the *Argonaut* during the sixteen years of its existence, and, no doubt, the same spirit which moved our correspondent to write will continue to move others:

SAN FRANCISCO, November 26, 1892.

**EDITORS ARGONAUT:** Since the first issue of the *Argonaut* I have taken that satisfaction in perusing its columns which can only be born of a cordial approval of its sentiments. It is with regret, therefore, that I feel impelled by dire necessity to give voice to a rapidly growing discontent with its present management, a discontent shared, I believe, by many of its subscribers.

We are impatient at the non-appearance of the *Daily Argonaut*. We are sick unto death of the venal city press. We want to take off our rubber-boots and gloves and sit down in comfort to a clean daily. We want condensed news.

Such a luxury would be cheap at any price.

Please put my name upon your subscription-list as soon as opened.

Very truly yours,

The *Argonaut* is not insensible to this sort of approval and encouragement; but, as is natural, we have given a

good deal more thought to the subject of daily journalism than have our correspondents. The reason why there is not a *Daily Argonaut* is simply because a *Daily Argonaut* would starve to death. A weekly can pay handsomely on a circulation of fifteen to twenty thousand, with an advertising patronage in proportion; but the expenses of a daily newspaper are so enormous that before the point of profit is reached a great business must be done. Were we to turn the *Argonaut* into a daily with its present circulation, it would start with eighteen thousand copies. In order to get fifty or sixty thousand subscribers, and a dozen pages of advertisements, its publishers would of necessity be forced to seek the favor of the many and not the few. That fact is at the bottom of the characteristics of the daily press which offend the judgment and taste of our correspondent and all men of his class. If the daily press is low in its moral standard, hoisterously sensational, shallow, demagogic, salacious, and hypocritical, the fault lies primarily with the public. The man who sets up nickel-in-the-slot machines loads them with the wares most desired by the people who put their nickels in slots. In a business sense, he would be a fool to do otherwise. A clean, high-class daily newspaper can only exist in the midst of an enormous population. Among the millions who swarm in and around New York city, for example, there is a small percentage of cultivated men and women. Relatively they are insignificant in number, but positively they are sufficient to create a demand for a *Daily Argonaut*. In New York, the *Evening Post* responds to this demand. It is a well-written, well-informed, clean, witty, and decorous journal. It gives the news of the day decently and conscientiously. Books, pictures, science, morals, and the higher interests of civilization generally come within its purview. It does not report prize-fights, domestic scandals, or dog-fights. The *Evening Post* has, we believe, a circulation of about twenty thousand. On the other hand, the *Evening World* has a circulation of more than one hundred thousand—and the *Evening World* is about as vulgar, flip-pant, empty, and blackguard a little sheet as the ingenuity of man can devise. Even in the matter of current news it is immeasurably inferior to the *Post*; but its policy is to give pages to fights, gossip, scandal, and filth, which the *Post* either ignores altogether, as a gentleman would in his thought and conversation, or dismisses with a line or two. The morning *World* some years ago was a delight to read. It had in its service the cleverest writers of the metropolis, and for literary finish and interest it has never had its equal in American daily journalism. Yet the brilliant old *World*, with a circulation of seventeen thousand, was a losing property, making a continual drain upon the pockets of its supporters. Then Mr. Joseph Pulitzer came out of the corn-fed, hustling Middle West, bought the *World*, vulgarized it, and was rewarded with five hundred readers where the infinitely better paper of his predecessors had one. Now it is manifestly not fair to hold Pulitzer responsible for the taste of the public; the only indictment that will lie against him is that he has been willing to make a fortune by catering to that taste as he found it. Business men, even those who sigh for a "clean daily," may or may not, after a glance at their own moral doorsteps, feel disposed to be hard on him for stocking his shelves to suit the market.

The *Argonaut* can scarcely be suspected of undue lenity in its judgment of the defects of the daily press, yet we feel altogether justified in saying that, considering its temptations, the wonder is not that the press is so bad but that it is not a great deal worse. Coarse, boastful, narrow, unfair, mendacious, dirty, mercenary, stupid—the average daily newspaper may be all these, but it is still better than the generality of its readers, who are the masses. To them even such pretense of moral purpose and public spirit as the newspaper makes is a lofty, an unreal ideal. The average man is not an agreeable character. As a San Francisco member of the legislature, who came back from Sacramento with considerably more than his salary in his pocket, once said, the "only difference between the legislator and most of his constituents, is that he gets a chance to take bribes and they don't." Cunning, ignorant, greedy, unscrupulous, and un-

clean in mind, the average man has no understanding of or liking for a newspaper that is greatly unlike himself. To say this is not to be cynical, but merely to set down the melancholy truth. And the average man, quite as often as not, wears a good coat and clean linen and lives in a fine house. If this be his fortune, he is likely to wish for a clean paper for the perusal of his wife and daughters, but his own preference is decidedly for the salacious sheet rather than for the clean one.

Let us ask this question: Are there not many men who have a clean daily paper left at their houses for their wives to read, and who have a dirty one left at their offices for themselves?—a sheet in which, as itself might say, "all the disgusting details are found."

Of course we are not affirming that since the daily press, even in its worst phases, is an effect rather than a cause, the pandering publishers are therefore to escape condemnation. Such a plea has only the saloon-keeper's excuse that if he did not minister to depraved appetites, others would. Still, it is self-evident that if there were no whisky-drinkers there would be no saloons. There is a division of guilt, that is all.

The friends of the *Argonaut* who wish to see it become a daily must resign themselves to disappointment. The conditions of success in the daily field, as we have made plain, are not attractive. On the whole, we prefer the pleasures of self-respect to the wages of sin.

There will be much history made under Mr. Cleveland's coming Presidency. He has had one term as President, and fully comprehends the exalted situation. There is before him the unwritten law of the American people that the President shall not occupy the chair of state beyond a second term, which was unalterably fixed in the case of General Grant in 1880. Mr. Cleveland, therefore, will not so regulate his course as to make capital for another term. He secured the nomination for this second term under remarkable circumstances, with the foremost leaders of his party opposed to him. In his own Empire State, in the West, and in portions of the South, opposition to him was strong. A similar condition of things twice caused the defeat for nomination of the most popular Whig statesman of his time, Henry Clay, in 1840, when William Henry Harrison was nominated, and again, in 1848, when General Zachary Taylor was the Whig nominee. On both occasions the election of Henry Clay was almost a foregone conclusion. In the history of the Democratic party there have been the instances of Martin Van Buren, in 1844, when the two-third rule was adopted to accomplish his defeat, and of Samuel J. Tilden, in 1880, when every precedent made his nomination a party obligation, in view of the events of 1876.

The nomination of Cleveland was vigorously opposed by Governor Hill and all the chiefs of Tammany, Senator Carlisle and Henry Watterson, followed by the leading Democrats of the West, Senator Gorman, of Maryland, Congressman Springer, of Illinois, and the foremost Democrats of the South. It was an extraordinary and unprecedented fact that not one of the seventy-two delegates from his own State voted for Cleveland in the national convention, and the strongest leaders of the party in New York, in Kentucky, and in other States of the South, strenuously contended, in convention and outside, in speeches and in the leading party organs, that his nomination would inevitably lead to disastrous defeat. The tariff and silver planks of the platform were notoriously framed in deliberate antagonism to Mr. Cleveland's utterances and declarations. Notwithstanding this unparalleled opposition, he was nominated. Still the opposition to him did not cease or succumb. After he was nominated, the tariff plank of the adopted platform, supposed to contain views suggested or dictated by him, was erased at the instance of Henry Watterson, and an unmistakable free-trade plank was incorporated in its place by a majority vote of the convention, in which Republican protection was denounced as a fraud, to be repealed and abolished. Thus there was no other course left the candidate but to indorse it and to declare himself unreservedly



for free trade; no other action for the party, in the event of victory, except the prompt and immediate abolishment of the protective policy.

It has been held that the leader is not stronger than his party—that a President must keep to the precedents and policy of the party which placed him in nomination. Both General Taylor and General Grant, though bred and accustomed to military habits and command, were alike brought to the adoption of party lines of policy and administration, and both bowed to the demands and rules of party. But in the existing situation, Mr. Cleveland seems to have taken pattern from none of his predecessors. The only model for his stand and forecast of action is found in the attitude of Oliver Cromwell with his Rump Parliament. Mr. Cleveland developed symptoms of Cromwellism during his first term as President. He is encouraged in this by the manner of his second election. He allows it to become public that he believes he is under no obligation to Tammany or any other party organization for the Presidency; that it came to him from the people in spite of the party leaders, and that, accordingly, he has determined to administer the government agreeably to his own sense of duty, and to appoint to office the men he shall himself choose for the public service. In the dispensation of patronage, he will pay no attention to party organizations, or leaders, or local bosses. His action in reference to Congressional legislation will comport with his own interpretation of the constitution and the exigency of the occasion.

But Mr. Cleveland owes his election to the popular demand for free trade, the clamor for free silver coinage and for the rehabilitation of State banks. Unless he facilitates the means to insure legislation upon these lines, he will find the fickle populace clamoring for his fall. Unless he yields to the popular will, the Democratic party is doomed to disaster in the next appeal to the people in 1896. There is going to be a struggle between Cleveland and his party. In that struggle he may come out on top. But there can be no struggle between one man and the American people. Cromwell is dead.

A San Francisco morning newspaper has been interviewing people, from clergymen to actors and from lawyers to barbers, on the subject of the qualities which go to make up an ideal wife. From their responses it does not look as though people had made much progress as connoisseurs in consorts since the days when Addison wrote the *Spectator*. Then, as now, men wanted to find out the attributes which guarantee domestic felicity; then, as now, girls pined for the key of the closet in which the masculine heart is kept. Mr. Addison, who posed as a social philosopher did his best to satisfy both, and it does not seem that the San Franciscan of to-day has improved upon his doctrines.

The fundamental axiom on the subject is that the woman who is most likely to capture a husband and to make him happy in conjugal captivity is the woman who possesses the largest share of amiability, which is Latin for unselfishness. Beauty palls; wit becomes fatiguing; "style" rouses admiration which is more likely to be cold than heart-felt; the one quality which never stales and never fails to attract is the capacity to subordinate one's own wishes to those of another. When a girl has her own aims, and her own hopes, and her own desires always before her eyes—she may be as beautiful as Venus and as witty as Mme. de Staël—she will not get a husband, unless she has means enough to buy one. The man simply reasons that such a girl, when married, would think too much of herself and too little of him, and as he wants a wife mainly to promote his own happiness, he goes further afield. Observation confirms him in this view. He notices that belles, when they marry, act as if they had simply added a new functionary to their household, and engaged a new paymaster, *vice* Papa, retired. They continue to get all they can out of the world for their own enjoyment, without regard to the enjoyment of the other partner in the firm.

Girls, especially in this State, do not seem to realize their real status in life. A man is free to marry or not, as he pleases. He can get all the female society he wants without matrimony, and with the advantage that if he tires of it, he can take his hat and cane without the pother of the divorce court. On the other hand, girls must marry or wither on their stalk. It ought, therefore, to be their aim to present themselves before the eyes of men under such a favorable aspect that bachelors contemplating matrimony will propose. But do they? Most of them behave to men as if they had been created for the diversion of women. They reverse the relation of the sexes.

Angelina Gwendolen replies to all this by saying that the girls of her acquaintance are all the time setting their caps at men. Very true; but they do not set their caps in the right way. No man is ever induced to propose to a girl by the splendor of her costume, or by the grace with which she dances the cotillon, or by the sweetness with which she sings operatic airs. These are attractions which captivate the eye

and the ear; but they do not touch the heart. It was Cinderella, sitting at the hearth-corner in modest obscurity, who captured the prince, not her splendid sisters. And this for the simple reason that the prince, who had more sense than most heroes in fairyland, reasoned that Cinderella would think of him when her sisters were thinking of their hooped farthingales and their clocked stockings.

Angelina further retorts that girls are always making themselves beautiful for men, which proves that they really desire to attract them. The proposition divides itself into two branches; and one is erroneous, while the other is based on misconception. Girls do not dress for men, but for each other—few men know enough to distinguish a Directory gown from the frock of a Watteau shepherdess. As to raw beauty, society girls delude themselves if they fancy they can compete with Aspasia. All over the world the most perfect figures and the most exquisite faces are found among the *hetairæ*.

But men seeking partners for life seek for other things than beauty. They fight shy of belles—of women whose business in life is to be prettier, better dressed, nimbler tongued, and more *chic* than any one else; if they are all these things, their obligation is fulfilled; it is not nominated in the bond that they shall love—love with the deep, steady, passionate devotion which inspires a woman to forego that which she wants and has set her heart upon, merely to gratify her adorer. And as man, in marrying, has before his eyes no thought so fixed as the ambition to secure a wife who shall bestow on him that deep, self-sacrificing devotion, he does not throw himself away upon Frou-Frou, though her eyes be heavenly blue, her smile like a radiant dawn, and her form a sculptor's dream, but postpones his call upon the parson until he meets some modest womanly woman, in whose ways and words he discerns that, when the black clouds hang over the skies, and sorrow and misfortune gather round his head, she will be found standing firmly by his side, ready to give up everything for him, and to share his troubles with loyal intrepidity.

Among the other persons interviewed by the daily journal referred to above, was the Rev. Hobart Chetwood, the clergyman in charge of Trinity Episcopal Church. He replied to the reporter that he had been "a widower for thirty years." Having lived in single and in double blessedness, and having celebrated many marriages, the Rev. Mr. Chetwood's views of matrimony are of value. We will not quote them all, but confine ourselves to one most significant extract. "It is strange," said he, "the different evasions which are resorted to in one portion of the ceremony—you of course know what it is—the 'obey' portion. It creates demur. I always pause considerably at the word 'obey,' and it is frequently a very long time coming, and usually very low in tone. But I tell them all to say it. I know a clergyman who threatened to stop the service before he could obtain a correct answer."

The gentleman who was married to this independent and stubborn lady must have had grave doubts touching his marital happiness, even as he stood at the altar. By the way, is not this a striking fact, told by this clergyman? May not this indisposition to "obey" go far toward answering the plaintive question, "why don't the men propose?"

Every devout friend of the Holy Roman Catholic Church must marvel at the mysterious indifference of Providence to the welfare of the one true faith. It needs not to be said that if the Almighty and His Vicar on Earth were of the same mind, matters would be arranged very differently, in which case some now cheerful and insolent sinners would undergo an awakening as to the temporal as well as the spiritual perils of impiety. We should have an end, of course, to republican institutions, including public schools, a free press, free speech, religious toleration, and other pestilent devices of the enemy of souls for the affliction of the church through the weakening of faith and the consequent diminution of revenue. For such daring offenders as Professor E. P. Evans, and all like expounders of science falsely so called, there would be the correcting suasion of the thumb-screw, the boot, the rack, and haply a fitting end at the stake. This Evans, a symptom and product of an heretical age, has had the hardihood to publish in the December *Popular Science Monthly*—itself entitled to a pillory of the *Index Expurgatorius*—an article on "Modern Instances of Demonic Possession." This man, with a mind uncontrolled by grace and, therefore, insensible to the fear of damnation, makes a use of learning which can not but annoy, humiliate, and exasperate the long-suffering clergy. He is not to be accused of falsehood, since he quotes from orthodox authorities, but it is well known that the truth is a tool which works much evil in ungodly hands. "Perhaps," says this pestilent heretic, "few persons are fully aware of the official attitude of the Papal See toward beliefs which modern science has rejected as absurd, and toward institutions which the progress of civilization has abolished as injurious." This insult is followed up by a consideration

of Cesare Cantù's "Universal History." Of this author and his work we are given this information:

"Cantù, now in his eighty-eighth year, is himself a devout Roman Catholic, and scrupulously abstained from reading any books condemned by the Congregation of the Index, however necessary they might be to his historical researches, until he had obtained permission from the Pope. He also submitted his history to the aforesaid congregation, and declared his willingness to expunge any passages that should not be regarded as strictly orthodox. Indeed, he performed this unpleasant and onerous task in 1867, and again in 1886, and won thereby the warm commendation of Leo the Thirteenth, formally expressed in an apostolic brief dated June 3, 1886."

One would think that an author who thus submitted to authority whatever small share of intellect God had given him would be acceptable to all good Roman Catholics, however such a state of mind might affect the value of his history. But no. The Jesuit Father Giuseppe Brunengo, in a series of articles first printed in the *Civiltà Cattolica* and now republished in book-form, criticised severely Cantù's work, though in general commending its "Christian and Catholic spirit." Brunengo avers that the historian has made many statements and come to a number of conclusions at variance with the doctrines of the church. In the first place, as Professor Evans tells us, the Jesuit father seems to think that no Roman Catholic historian should record anything derogatory to the character of any pope; at least he blames Cantù for not speaking well of Sergius the Third, John the Tenth, and John the Eleventh, "notoriously licentious pontiffs of the tenth century, whose rule is known in ecclesiastical history as the pornography, and reproves him for not emphasizing the wickedness of Savonarola in opposing Alexander the Sixth." Brunengo also holds that no Roman Catholic historian should praise a heretic, and reprehends Cantù's course in acknowledging the high moral character of Calvin and some other Protestants. "Such concessions are marks of mental obtuseness or moral weakness, and ought never to be made." Brunengo defends the reality of witchcraft and demoniac possession, which Cantù rejects. In support of his position, the Jesuit says:

"There are one hundred and three papal bulls which served inquisitors as a rule of procedure in prosecutions for witchcraft, magic, and other sorceries. If the Popes, who published these edicts, had doubted even for a moment the truth and reality of the enormities ascribed to magic; if they had believed with Cantù or entertained the slightest suspicion that the belief in a direct intercourse of the devil with man is a mere fancy or illusion, they would have expressed themselves very differently in those bulls, and endeavored to explain to the faithful the vanity and inanity of all magic arts. But because they had no doubt of the reality of these things they used an entirely different language. Now, whom are we to believe—Cantù, who absolutely contests the actuality of witchcraft, or the Popes, bishops, and synods that have unanimously, with the necessary limitations, established it as a Catholic doctrine?"

It is all very well for a heretic like Evans to sneer at this holy father; but the candid mind is compelled to admit that Brunengo is in the right, solidly backed by the facts of history, and that Cantù has gone astray by weakly following the suggestions of a reason tainted by the latitudinarianism of this impious time. Indeed, Evans himself is forced to confess that the Jesuit has the concurrence of the Pope, even though the latter, in a momentary lapse from watchfulness, did commend the loose work of Cantù. Witchcraft and possession are realities, if Roman Catholic doctrine be true. This Professor Evans confesses:

"Leo the Thirteenth is justly regarded as a man of more than ordinary intelligence, and more thoroughly imbued with the modern spirit than any of his predecessors, yet he composed and issued, November 19, 1890, a formula of *Exorcismus in Satanum et Angelos Apostatos* worthy of a place in any mediæval collection of conjurations. His Holiness never fails to repeat this exorcism in his daily prayers, and commends it to the bishops and other clergy as a potent means of warding off the attacks of Satan and the casting out of devils."

Some months ago the *Argonaut* reverently noticed the casting out of a devil from a boy ten years old in Wernding, Bavaria, by Father Aurelian, a Capuchin. The child's father, a Roman Catholic, had been married by a Protestant minister to a heretic woman, and the natural result followed. Father Aurelian's official report of the case and of his successful efforts to expel the fiend has been published. Professor Evans, despite the fact, on his own showing, that His Holiness the Pope believes in possession, blasphemously refers to Father Aurelian's ceremonies as "hocus pocus," and in many pages gravely, but none the less wickedly, jeers at the detailed account of the devil's strenuous but vain endeavors to maintain his residence in the Bavarian child. In conclusion, Professor Evans says:

"It would be easy to multiply authentic and official reports of things of this sort that have happened within the memory of the present generation; but they all offer in the main the same features, being characterized by grossness and grotesqueness, with singular poverty of imagination, and would be rather monotonous and unedifying reading. . . . Modern science is doubtless doing a great work in diminishing the realm of superstition; but there are vast low-lying plains of humanity that have not yet felt its beneficent influence. 'The schoolmaster is abroad'; but where he wears the cassock or the cowl, or is placed under strict clerical supervision, as the recent Prussian Education Bill proposed to do, the progress of intelligence in the direction indicated will be exceedingly slow."

This closing slap at the parochial schools and at the efforts



of Mother Church to get her holy hands into the American school fund is sufficiently malignant to put all good Roman Catholics on their guard against Professor Evans as a foe of religion. The truth is that while such men as he are permitted to write, safe from the secular arm, now that church and state have been divorced, the faith must remain helpless, though its priestly guardians know that it is being fatally, if slowly, undermined. When the laity see such writers beld in respect, and behold all the workers in unsanctified science piling up facts in brazen contradiction of doctrine, they can not but be staggered. In spite of themselves they become influenced by the atmosphere of destructive unbelief by which they are surrounded in this unhappy land of unrestrained thought and an unfettered press. The prospect is, indeed, gloomy for the church. Her loyal children, in these United States, have learned to dodge discussion as if they were ashamed to defend their faith, and so deplorable is their enfeebled state that even the belief of the Pope in witchcraft and possession does not save them from feeling that these doctrines are repugnant to their common sense—and common sense has been in every age Satan's most deadly ally. Not of direct attack need the church be afraid, but of that accumulation of knowledge in other directions which renders acceptance of once venerated beliefs impossible. It is by this process that the Evil One has led the world out of that glorious and godly darkness in which it dwelt for more than a thousand years—a fondly regretted era wherein the church, though having denied the right to others to pursue the dangerous paths of inquiry, herself sunk into a condition of blessed ignorance from whose depths she still, with a noble indifference to the ascertained, defies the sinister learning and the scoffings of such devil's spawn as Professor Evans.

San Francisco's desperate struggle for fair freight rates is about to enter a larger field. It threatens to become an international question. The matter took on this phase when the Panama Railroad Company began to encourage the establishment of a new line of steamers to ply between New York and San Francisco and the ports of Mexico and Central America in opposition to the Pacific Mail. The company whose monopoly is challenged has applied to the courts of New York for an injunction to prevent the Panama Railroad from carrying freight for the new concern in transit across the isthmus. And though so impudent and hare-faced an endeavor to prevent the development of trade, in order to maintain a corrupt monopoly, strikes every one as monstrous, yet still it is never certain what an arbitrary judge may do when brought by the owners of vast capital to put new constructions upon the law.

In the end, of course, common sense will prevail, and it will be discovered that the Southern Pacific Company is not like Britannia—it does not rule the waves. The high seas are still a thoroughfare. Commerce has not reverted to the condition in which a *Piloto Major* informed the subjects of Queen Elizabeth that they navigated the Spanish main at their peril. But this is the price we pay for our supineness in allowing monopolies to take root.

For many months it has been the pleasure and the duty of the *Argonaut* to din into the ears of its readers that the future prosperity of San Francisco depended upon her using the ocean as a carrier. When this journal began the agitation, it was not easy to see whence relief was to come. The three interests—the Transcontinental Pool, the steamship line, and the isthmus road—were handed together in a cast-iron compact, which was designed to secure to the contracting parties a monopoly of the eastern and southern trade of the port. The protests of this journal and of others which followed in its wake, were met by the stereotyped retort—what are you going to do about it? And it did seem at one time as though there was nothing to be done but to suffer and be brave. But as nature in its beneficence always supplies malarious districts with a natural growth of febrifuges, so wrongs in the moral or the economical world always in the end beget their own remedy. In the corrupt monopoly of interoceanic trade lurked the seeds of warfare between the monopolists; the warfare has broken out, and if the New York courts will keep their hands off, trade will be free, with results for this port which can not be reckoned.

No one can tell what the legitimate traffic between San Francisco and New York would amount to if it were untrammelled and conducted on business principles. In order to earn its subsidy from the Transcontinental Pool, the Pacific Mail charged rates of freight which repelled traffic, instead of encouraging it. That the Panama Railroad intends to start a steamship line run on business principles, there can hardly be a doubt. They kept an agent here for several months figuring on the volume of business that could be secured, and equally thorough inquiries have been set on foot in New York. It is believed that the Panama Railroad Company sees its way to secure a large and profitable business for its steamers.

There is money, likewise, in encouraging the way traffic of

such a line on the Pacific. Between the ninth and the thirty-eighth parallels of north latitude, thirteen ports have in the past yielded traffic enough to make it worth while for the Pacific Mail steamships to stop at them, not regularly, but at intervals. The ports are not all of equal commercial value. Some are separated from their fertile back country by a long stretch of waste land, traversed by no roads. Others are on the edge of a rich *tierra caliente*. But in the main they all resemble each other. On the shore, the port is built on a sand-spit or sand-cove, generally some miles in extent, which is excessively hot and absolutely barren. Back of this there is a stretch of pretty level country, which is also very hot, but in which the underlying sand is covered with a layer of bumus. This region is extremely fertile, and could yield abundant crops of sugar-cane, rice, and bananas. As the land rises and the slopes of the *tierra templada* are reached, the semi-tropical products—coffee, cocoa, corn, dye-woods, and ornamental woods—can be grown with success. These crops have not been raised, because the Pacific Mail Company made a practice of charging for carrying such products to market pretty nearly all they were worth; and the consequence has been that the back country of Mazatlan, Guaymas, Acapulco, Libertad, Punta Arenas, and Corinto has remained a desert, covered with a rank growth of tropical weeds.

But the traffic of the west coast of Mexico and Central America—while in the future it may be of great value to San Francisco—is as nothing now compared to the value of open isthmian commerce. The Panama Railroad Company is trying to throw open its lines to the traffic of the world. The Pacific Mail Company, backed by the Southern Pacific Company, is trying to keep the isthmus closed. They are working through the New York courts. The stock of the Panama Railroad is owned by Frenchmen. Its rails run over the territory of the United States of Colombia. The company with which it is now trying to make a traffic arrangement is composed of citizens of the Republic of Chile. New York is a big State, but we do not think the writs of her courts will run under such circumstances. If they do, the United States Government will have to send a fleet of gunboats to Panama to reinforce the deputy-sheriffs of the New York courts.

In Paris, in Panama, and in Valparaiso this question is exciting the keenest interest. If the United States Government shall back up an iniquitous freight monopoly under the pretense of maintaining the "Monroe Doctrine," the present Republican administration will go out of office covered with obloquy and shame.

California has had a number of famous suits at law. But none ever excited the world-wide interest of the Blythe case, just ended by the decision of the supreme court. The cause of that interest is easy to guess—it is that which causes more trouble than anything else in the world, not even excepting marital infidelity—it is that which is at the bottom of nearly all family quarrels—it is that at which we all affect to sneer, but which nearly all of us secretly feel—the love of money.

Thomas H. Blythe was such a mysterious person that it was extremely difficult to identify him. His name, his birthplace, his relatives—all these points were in doubt. Like Homer, many cities claimed him after he was dead. But the cities were as nothing to the relatives. They came in squads, in battalions, in armies. When Blythe came here in 1849 he had no money and no relatives. He had not even a name, and took that of Blythe. When he died, in 1883, he left four millions, several families struggled to fit him to their name, and the whole world seemed anxious to call him kin.

Blythe's acquisition of wealth was accidental. It shows how much luck there is in life. While working at his trade as a carpenter, some one got into his debt three hundred dollars. All he could get for the debt was a sand-lot, which he reluctantly took, for lack of anything else. It is now in the heart of San Francisco, and is worth nearly three millions of dollars. Blythe clung to this lot through all his vicissitudes of fortune. Yet many of his investments in Mexican mines and lands were unfortunate, showing, as we said, that it was the luck of having a bad debt paid in land that made him rich.

When Blythe died, in 1883, a cloud of contestants sprung up. His life had been irregular, and there were several "widows." A number of Scotch gypsies claimed kinship, and they amalgamated with some American kin, and were called the "Kentucky Blythes." Other Blythes incorporated under the name of "The Blythe Company." Then there were the "Williams Heirs," who claimed that Blythe was a Williams; the "Savage Heirs," who claimed that he was a Savage; and a number of other claimants from all over the world.

The strongest claim all through was that made by Mrs. Julia Ashcroft, mother of Florence Blythe. Mrs. Ashcroft testified that in 1873 she met Blythe for the first time on a

London street. This acquaintance ripened into an intimacy, the fruit of which was the birth of the illegitimate child, Florence. During the long trial, which lasted nearly a year, it became more and more evident that Florence, the daughter of Julia Ashcroft, was also the daughter of Thomas Blythe. Judgment was at last rendered to that effect by the lower court, and it has just been affirmed by the supreme court of the State.

Florence, the claimant, had no money, and all the expenses of the trial were borne by her lawyers, on a contingency. The estate is estimated at from four to five millions of dollars, and the lawyers are to divide one-fourth of that amount. Among the many curious phases of this curious case is this: One of the claims for fees will be from an attorney's estate. Hall McAllister, one of the most famous of California's lawyers, was retained in the Blythe case. When he died, he left but a small estate, as is often the case with professional men. His claim for fees in the Blythe case has been looked upon as one of the most important items in his estate. It would seem now as if this were true. It is odd to think of such an asset—a claim for services rendered by one dead man in determining the disposition of the estate of another dead man.

There is no particular moral to the Blythe case. Thomas H. Blythe was not a distinctly admirable person, and scarcely one to draw morals from, unless it be as a horrible example. To the superficial observer, it might seem as if it would have been better for him to marry in the ordinary way, beget his children in the marriage-bed, and leave them his fortune when he died, without such an intercontinental legal tangle. But when one considers that this would have seriously diminished the earnings of a number of poor but honest attorneys, perhaps Blythe was but a blind instrument in the hands of an all-wise Providence.

Correspondents sometimes address questions to the press that are difficult or puzzling to answer; but it would be hard indeed to answer a correspondent who asks: "When will the municipal officers elected November 8th in San Francisco be declared elected and installed in office?" The general result should have been officially proclaimed within one week immediately following the day of election. Quite four weeks have elapsed, and still the general inquiry is, "Who was or who is elected?" And between the officers of election, the municipal authorities, the courts, the contesting candidates, and the lawyers involved, the actual result is beyond the ken of mortal man. Dr. O'Donnell asserts without reservation that he knows absolutely that he is elected. He is the only man who does. But as to McDade and Scott, for the shrewdness, and other municipal officers, it remains an unsolved conundrum. Subtle lawyers have further complicated the situation by the assertion that the whole election is unconstitutional, null, and void. Crooked election officers smile at the booths and mock the paraphernalia of the Australian-ballot system. We must have honest officials. Admiral Farragut favored wooden over iron warships. He said, "put the iron in the men."

When the worthy burghers of San Francisco opened their papers the other morning, they rubbed their eyes. They were surprised and pleased. The daily press of the city had broken out into a perfect rash of inflammatory bead-lines against the Van Ness Avenue railroad scheme. "Here," said the San Francisco burgher to the wife of his bosom—"here is honest indignation—here is public spirit—here is love of the right."

The worthy burgher was mistaken. It was only a dollar a line.

But it may be asked, who pays this money? Certainly not the Van Ness Avenue Protective Association? No—it was the rival railroads.

When the Van Ness Avenue franchise was applied for, the other street railroads beld a counsel of war. Three of them already had cross-town lines, while others had franchises or expectations in that direction. They, therefore, made up a pool, those already operating cross-town lines contributing the most money to the sack. The sack was then put where it would do the most good. Need we say where? There is no greater power for good than the daily press. That is where the sack went.

When, therefore, the San Francisco burgher read these vigorous and soul-stirring denunciations of this high-handed outrage, he little suspected the bold and honest press of being honest and bold for a dollar a line. But such was the base and sordid fact.

A ludicrous phase of the matter is the intense disappointment of the dailies at the brevity of the fight. Seeing that everybody was against them, Fair and Whittell withdrew their application. The dollar a line immediately stopped. In the pæan of triumph which the dailies sung, the careful observer may have detected a dull, discordant note. It was the moan of the business office.



## HOW PINK WENT HOME.

Pink was not called so because he was pretty. I have heard of people who were pretty as pinks, but Pink Dyer was not one of these. It was his hair, most likely. That and his eyebrows were of that peculiarly brilliant yet undecided shade of red which can not be described by any other word (of sufficient brevity) than "pink"; so "Pink" he was called, and so remained to the end of the chapter.

I first met him on a Union Pacific train going west. He was full of faith, and hope, and charity then.

The way I came to notice him first was through his asking me, at the Omaha station, a question concerning the time the train was due to leave. He was so homely, so dreadfully homely, and yet so "good" looking, that he attracted my attention as soon as he spoke; and, after I heard his voice (it was a "good" voice Pink had), I took a fancy to study him.

When the train started I walked through to see if there was any one on board I knew, and in the smoker, with only two or three fellow-passengers, I again found Pink. He smiled at me, and said "Good-evening" in a pleasant way; so I sat down by him and lit a cigar.

"Going West?" I asked, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes," he answered, promptly; "going to Coloraydo."

"Yes? Ever been there before?"

"Nope; I'm a tenderfoot, I reckon," he smiled. Then he added: "I s'pose it's a pretty tough country—have you been there?"

"Oh, yes; I live there."

"Well, how is it—any chance for a feller to git plenty work?"

"Yes, if he wants it."

"That's good; that's what I want."

Then, in his innocent, confiding way, he went on to tell me how it was he came to be going out West—the whole story. It was a sad story, and yet not really a new one—a tale of an improvident father and a family of small children, of the death of the father and the efforts of the widow and the older children to get along, and their troubles in doing so.

Pink was the oldest—he was eighteen. Then there were Min, fifteen; Grace, eleven; Frank and Freddie, the twins, ten; Ted, eight; and Fan, the baby, five.

Pink (his name was George) and Min could help a little; but there was not much they could get to do in the little country town they lived in, and besides, Min did not like to work. "Ye see," said Pink, deprecatingly, "she's a girl, an' hain't been brought up to work, 'xactly, an'—well, ye can't 'xpect girls to hanker after work much, nohow. An' th' rest of 'em, ye see, they're pretty little—pretty little yet." And Pink smiled in a paternal sort of fashion.

We talked on other subjects for a while. Then Pink, after a silence of some minutes, said earnestly, with a slap of his fist on his bony knee: "All I want—all I want is to see all o' them young uns fixed an' settled in good shape, an' well started, an' then—I c'n go home an' settle down an' look after mother."

He left the train at Julesburg—he had some prospect of getting work near there, he told me—and I saw nothing of him for over two years. Then, one day, coming down Sixteenth Street, in Denver, I met him. He had not changed a bit, and he remembered me at once when he saw me. I asked after his mother and the "young uns," in a little while; Pink's eyes lighted up, and his face broadened into a smile.

"Fine!" he said; "fine! I git a letter every week, an' they're all gittin' on good. I'm goin' home pretty soon; been hopin' I c'd go to Min's weddin'—she's goin' to git married, next November—but I don't reckon I c'n make it. Ye see, these here women, they've got to rag out a lot an' git heaps o' things to git married in, so I got to rustle to keep Min staked in good shape; I want my sister to have as good as they is—wouldn't you?"

Almost a year later, I met him again. Neither he nor his smile had changed. "Gosh! I'm glad to see ye!" he ejaculated. "D'ye know? it seems most as if you was an old neighbor of our'n, I feel to know ye so well."

We took lunch together, and I asked him how he was getting along, and how the "folks" were.

"Oh, I'm still punchin' cows," he said, "an' joggin' along, same ol' gait. Oh, yes, I git a letter every week yet. Mother's doin' first-rate, an' th' young uns gittin' on fine. Min's got a darn good man, I guess. Gracie's a big girl, most grown, now, an' Frank an' Fred are growin' tremendous, mother says. An' Ted an' Fan, they're gettin' big, too; so most all of 'em's gittin' to help lots, what they can, out o' school-times. Grace, she's goin' to learn sten-o-graphy—they say ye c'n git big wages doin' that."

"Have you been home to see them yet?"

"Home?" he asked, with a tender emphasis on the word; "wish't I could, an' I guess I will, Thanksgivin'; but, ye see, these here young uns all got to have clo'es an' go to school, an' they cost a sight, they do."

After this, Pink was often in my mind, but I neither saw nor heard anything of him for three years, until, one day, I drove out from Laramie to a ranch some miles distant, on business. Pink was there. He was saddling a horse by the door as we drove up, and turned as he heard us approach. He was the same old Pink, except that he wore a mustache (of the same color as his hair and eyebrows), and there were incipient crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes, and lines about his mouth.

"Well, how are all the Dyers?" I asked, after we had greeted each other.

"Oh, fine! Grace, she's married now—got married two months ago, to a operator. Min's got two kids now. Harry—ba! Think o' me bein' a uncle! Th' boys? Why, they're big fellers now; Frank's learnin' th' operator's trade, with Gracie's husband, an' Fred, he's workin' in a newspaper-shop, learnin' to be a editor; Ted's still goin' to school, but

he's goin' to quit next year an' learn machine-makin'—he allus was a great case for foolin' round machinery. Fan? Oh, she's little yet; she jes' stays at home an' helps mother—mother says she's a big girl now, an' helps a lot."

"Are you working here?" I asked him.

"Yep; I'm top man now an' gittin' my fifty a month; but, say—don't ye think it'd pay me to git out o' this an' go down in th' mines? This here's lazy work, I b'lieve. Mebbe ye c'd git me a job?"

I reflected a minute.

"I can get you a job," I said; "but it may not be a pleasant one. You'll have to work two months for a dollar a day, or until you can show yourself able to do miner's work; then you'll get three and a half. It isn't a good country to go into, though—it's new and pretty wild."

Pink was silent a few minutes and seemed to be figuring.

"I reckon," he finally said, slowly, "I c'n afford it, ef they's three an' a half a day on top o' the two months; but d'ye think I'll ketch on, O. K.?"

I assured him I thought he would, and he added: "All right—I'm y'r boy; I c'n go next week, when my month's up."

So Pink left the ranch and went to work in the hills, in a new mining district. Every once in a while, after that, I used to hear from or of him. In one of the superintendent's first letters after Pink's arrival, he sent, by my request, a few lines about the new man.

"The new man you sent is a dandy—green, of course, but nobody's fool. He's eager to work, and flies at it like it was fun. Evenings now he takes a hammer and a set of drills, and goes over on the side-hill and drills rocks, to get his hand in. I wish there were a few more people like him."

It was no more than I expected, but, of course, I was gratified, nevertheless.

It was not long until Pink was a miner, of course, and a good one, too; and as such he continued for the next couple of years, always in the same place.

One day the man who had been superintending the property dropped in on us at Denver; he was going to quit, as he had some property of his own to look after, he said.

"And," he added, "of course I have nothing to say, but if you want a man to look after the property, you'll hunt a long time before you find a match for that red-headed shift-boss, Pink Dyer; he knows every foot of the mine."

We went down to take a look at the property; we arrived in the evening, as Pink was just coming off shift. He looked just as I expected he would, barring the deepening of the crows'-feet and the lines about the mouth; they were too prominent for so young a man.

"Th' folks?" said Pink. "Oh, they're all fine. Got a new house, mother an' th' kids have, an' puttin' on heaps o' dog. Min's got three young uns now, an' Grace's got a couple—don't it seem funny, though? Th' twins, they're gittin' on tip-top, an' Ted, too. An' Fan—why, I s'pose she's a young lady by this time. No, I hain't never been back; I'm goin' Christmas—sure, this time, an' no foolin'."

I did not tell him of his coming promotion; I wish I had, for he never knew. Late that night—it must have been one o'clock in the morning or thereabouts—the whistle blew at the hoisting works, and we all hurried up to see what the trouble was, Pink, as temporary "boss," among the foremost.

One of the miners had been killed; he was a new man, and had been trying to make too good a showing—that is, he had failed to clean the roof and walls (he was drifting) after each blast, and a loose chunk of rock had fallen and killed him.

Pink and another man went down to bring up the body, and, presently, when we expected the signal "hoist!" there was an alarm from below, which continued for some seconds—then came the "hoist" signal.

A single man stepped from the cage; it was the man who had gone down with Pink to bring up the dead miner. In a few words he told us the cause of his first signal.

As they were bringing the dead man out of the drift, there had been another fall of loose rock, and Pink had gone down beneath it—he and the dead man.

It was not long before we had them out, but it was too late to save Pink. His back was broken, and we knew he could only live a few hours. We put him to bed, tenderly, and watched by him. Once in a while he would come out of his unconscious state and talk queerly. At last, about daybreak, as I sat looking at him, his eyes opened suddenly.

"What day is this?" he asked.

"December eighth."

"Hm—little over two weeks; I don't b'lieve I'll git well enough by then. Darn it all, seems 's if I'd never git to go home—an' sometimes I think I never will. Somethin' allus turns up last few years."

All this he said slowly and painfully; but his next words were spoken more naturally. Just as the morning sun sent a stray beam into the little window of the dingy room, Pink's eyes opened suddenly again.

"Let's see," he said; "let's see—eighth, twenty-fifth—more'n two weeks—hm! Let's see—let's see—ten, seven, seventeen. I c'n git home. I'm goin' home—they's no use talkin'." He shut his eyes a little while, then added, forcefully:

"I am goin' home!"

"Yes, my boy, I know it," I said. R. L. KETCHUM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892.

## LOIE FULLER IN PARIS.

The American Girl's Success with her Serpentine Dance.

"Bravo, Loie, bravo!" "Hip, hip, hurrah!" "Let's have it all over again!" and other remarks of the kind uttered in English mingle with the applause and the "bis! bis!" which burst forth after the curtain has fallen on the last scene of Loie Fuller's serpentine dance.

A week ago the name of Miss Fuller was utterly unknown in Paris, and now she and her dance are the talk of the town. She sprang into fame with one bound; there was no lingering on the lower steps of the ladder, she was up on the pinnacle in no time. Twenty-four hours after she had put her foot on the Parisian pavement, she was dancing at the *Figaro* on an improvised stage for the staff and a few of their friends. Next day, she was engaged at the Folies Bergères, and, on the following morning, she awoke famous. That is how it is in Paris. If a thing is to be a hit, you know it at once; if it hangs fire at first, ten to one failure is the result. The little American girl came, and saw, and conquered. I admire her energy and pluck, as well as her talent. To conquer Paris in a week is something worth doing, we Parisians think.

Between you and me, Loie Fuller came straight from Berlin; but her champions of the *Figaro*, well advised, suppressed the fact. If Venus and Terpsichore, rolled into one, hailed from the Prussian capital, her chances of success here would be small. So, as I say, they were well advised who announced that Loie was a passenger by the *Bretagne*. We do not like the bloom rubbed off our peaches by any one; certainly not by *Mein Herr*. Bright, fascinating little Loie, who talks ten to the dozen in English, has not got much French to speak of, and so she set the mistake down to her faulty tongue—"they can't understand half I say," she explains, with a pout of her mobile lips.

I am much mistaken if one of the principal attractions of Miss Fuller's dancing is not its decorum. This sounds paradoxical at a time when lascivious dancing, suggestive ballads, and immoral plays are being danced, and sung, and enacted nightly; when hardly anything is too thinly veiled, too coarse in expression, too depraved in subject to raise a blush or call out a word of disapprobation; when the tone of conversation in ladies' salons smacks of the smoking-room and the *brothier*; and when the journals teem with equivocal stories, racy anecdotes, and scandals. But Parisians dearly love novelty, and much as they are addicted to nastiness and impropriety, having wallowed over head and ears in the latter for some time past, the freshness and modesty of this new star come as a charming and acceptable change. It is the old story of Una and the lion over again.

A queer and somewhat disreputable lion the ordinary run of audiences at the Folies Bergères, given to beer and 'baccy and coarse flirtation, is used to. Society men stroll in there after dinner to while away an hour, but the bulk of the public are the lower middle classes, the houis of the Boulevard Montmartre and some of their *amis de cœur*, who look on from the gallery. True, when there is anything very attractive on the bills, Parisiennes of the *meilleur monde* will patronize it, besides "horizontalists of mark"—as they say in the slang of the day—who always imitate the mundanes and pretend to be quite as much scandalized by the heterogeneous composition of the promenade and pits, shutting themselves up in their boxes and drawing their skirts prudishly about them. A stranger going in would never be able to distinguish the grain from the chaff; even eccentricity of dress is no guaranty, for many noble dames imitate the manners and bonnets of the *demi-monde*, while the ladies of the world of betwixts and between are always anxious to ape the bearing of their betters. That Loie Fuller should be heralded as a young girl of immaculate reputation must and will continue to be a source of considerable surprise to the habitués of the Folies Bergères, but this forms a part of the novelty.

I am told that Yvette Guilbert is simply furious. Hitherto she has been the star that attracts the good company (the Casino de Paris is very much the same thing as the Folies Bergères) to these second-class places of entertainment, and, although they can not be actually rivals, this singer and dancer, in the ordinary sense of the word, Yvette is anything but pleased to hear of Loie's sudden and immense success.

As a matter of course, Miss Fuller's appearance comes late in the evening, after a variety entertainment—more or less entertaining—and it is not until after ten o'clock that the house begins really to fill. The pantomime of "Robert Macaire" excites interest only in the gallery; the acrobats are received coolly, the learned dogs pall, the equally learned cats provoke a yawn, even "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay" fails to electrify the expectant house. But when the gas is lowered and the curtain rises on the darkened stage, you might hear a pin drop; and, as Loie Fuller enters, two thousand eyes at least devour her every motion.

Here she is, in her white robe embroidered with serpents brilliantly lit with electric lights, and she whirls her skirts about her so that they writhe like so many snakes. Then a pause, and here she is again, tripping round the stage like a huge moth, her skirts extended like wings, changing from one exquisite tint to another under the blaze of electric lights. Finally, under the changeful lights, the floating spirals of the robe transform themselves into flower forms—the curves rise and fall every now and then, showing a glimpse of a delicate female form beneath. Yet how modest withal! How daintily the little feet trip over the carpet! "Bravo, Loie! Let's have it all over again!" they shriek from the gallery. But the dancer's eyes glance beseechingly; again the curtain rises only to show us the little American prone beneath a pile of white drapery. Human nature is exhausted and can do no more. We clap our hands until they are sore.

The American colony in Paris patronize Miss Fuller; on the night of her debut, the minister with his family occupied one of the stage-boxes, and every evening since Saturday



there has been a gathering of American society at the Folies for the first time in the annals of the place. On Wednesday the news of Cleveland's election reached Paris, and Miss Fuller added a special American flag-dance in honor of the event. The stars and stripes gyrated about her lithe figure, while in the background appeared a portrait of the coming President.

Do you know what Loie Fuller's dance reminded me of? As her skirts revolved about her, rising and falling and tinted with every color of the rainbow, now pink fading into blue, now golden yellow, now silver white, I seemed to see before me the spirit of the luminous fountains, and to be transported back to the garden of the Exposition of never-to-be-forgotten memory.

PARISINA.

PARIS, November 12, 1892.

## THE GYPSY TRAIL.

The white moth to the closing bine, The bee to the opened clover, And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood Ever the wide world over.	Follow the cross of the gypsy trail Over the world and back! Follow the Romany patteran North where the blue hergs sail, And the hows are gray with the frozen spray, And the masts are shod with mail.
Ever the wide world over, lass, Ever the trail held true, Over the world and under the world, And back at the last to you.	Follow the Romany patteran Sheer to the Austral Light, Where the hieson of God is the wild west wind, Sweeping the sea-floors white.
Out of the dark of the gorgio camp, Out of the grime and the gray (Morning waits at the end of the world), Gypsy, come away!	Follow the Romany patteran West to the sinking sun, Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift, And the east and the west are one.
The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp, The red crane to her reed, And the Romany lass to the Romany lad By the tie of a roving breed.	Follow the Romany patteran East where the silence hroods By a purple wave on an opal beach In the hush of the Mahim woods.
Morning waits at the end of the world, Where winds unaltered play, Nipping the flanks of their plunging ranks Till the white sea-horses neigh.	The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky, The deer to the wholesome wold, And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid, As it was in the days of old.
The pied snake to the rifted rock, The buck to the stony plain, And the Romany lass to the Romany lad And both to the road again.	The heart of a man to the heart of a maid— Light of my tents, be fleet! Morning waits at the end of the world, And the world is all at our feet!
Both to the road again, again! Out on the clean sea-track—	—Rudyard Kipling in December Century.

The big strike in New Orleans, which for three weeks or more interrupted traffic in that city, resulted in absolute failure, as all undertakings of this sort must inevitably do. The strike originated in the refusal of the employers to accede to the demands of some fifteen hundred draymen, loaders, and scamen for higher wages. Forty-six other labor organizations, which had no grievances, stopped work out of sympathy. Among the strikers were the electric-light men and the street-car employees. The cooperation of the former left the city in darkness, and rare opportunities were afforded to criminals to ply their vocations. The situation became so serious that the governor threatened to call out the military, and this finally brought the strikers to terms. Realizing their failure, twenty-five thousand men, in fifty different trades, returned to work at a given signal. First and last, the strike cost the city over one million of dollars. The folly of demonstrations of this kind is shown by the fact that the car-drivers, who were receiving fifty dollars a month for twelve bours daily work before the strike, and who had no reason at all for giving up their places, have been obliged to go back to work at forty dollars a month for sixteen hours daily.

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related during the recent encampment by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners showed that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper." Another man, a colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid at the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sberman said of General Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older; but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and to enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer."

According to European papers there is still a possibility that Columbus will be numbered among the saints. In a recent interview the Pope said that he had received letters from priests and bishops all over the world asking that the great discoverer be canonized. His Holiness is said to have added that he was still undecided, but the question would be submitted to the "Congregazione dei Riti" for discussion.

Mark Twain's coroner, who held an inquest on an Egyptian mummy and charged the county with compound interest on the regular fee from the time of Moses, has something nearly akin to a parallel in the Buffalo coroner who held an inquest on the recently unearthed bones of a few Indians whose tribe became extinct prior to the year 1680.

The first thing that occurs to a man's mind when he receives a present is: "How can I use it?" The purely ornamental bas, with him, as a rule, only a passing interest. The wise woman is she who, in selecting a present, thinks of the practical rather than of the other sort.

Rice is the Chinese emblem of fertility, and the custom of throwing it after a bridal couple arose from a wish that they might be blessed with a large family. One wonders that it still plays its part at weddings.

## BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS.

A Letter about the Horse Show, with Nothing about the Horses.

The Horse Show is over at last, and society can draw breath. It was absorbing while it lasted. It emptied the theatres and made ladies forget their "days." One or two impatient couples did get married while the show was on, but no one went to see the last bours of the groom, or to bear the bride's dying confession. Nobody could tear himself away from the horses.

The Horse Show is the only place in the city where a stranger or a plebeian can, with the naked eye, see the Four Hundred in the panoply of fashion and in full war-paint. Every member is there, unless he or she is in mourning, or dead, or in jail. As the show lasts a week, passing indisposition is no excuse for absence. Not to put in an appearance on at least one of the show days is a tacit resignation from fashion's circle. Thus the people at large—the people by whom and for whom we are told that the government is conducted—make a point of going, not to see the horses so much as to see the ladies who constitute the cream of the cream. Hence, in part, the enormous receipts at the gates, which, in stage lingo, have been phenomenal.

The ladies, seated in their front boxes, in front of which the crowd circles, are perfectly well aware that they are on exhibition. Do they like it? Who can fathom the mind which is hidden behind those impassive smiling faces? If they do not like it, why should they pay six hundred and fifty dollars for a front box? Yet some of them were tried last week.

"That," said a stout lady, probably from Jersey, promenading round with her open-mouthed daughter, pointing with her parasol at the showman at Mme. Tussaud's points with his wand to the wax-work figures—"that, my dear, is Mrs. Cleveland, wife of the President-elect of the United States." (Mrs. Cleveland, who hears every word, winces visibly). "You notice, Anna Maria," pursues the fat lady, unflinchingly, "that she is in black silk, trimmed with violet satin. I daresay she might wear much finer clothes if she chose. She did not bring the baby with her. The dear little thing is probably asleep. The lady with Mrs. Cleveland is Mrs. Benedict, wife of a rich banker, who, your papa, is sure to get something very good when Cleveland is inaugurated."

Mamma and daughter move on, keeping close to the boxes and well within ear-shot of their occupants.

"I want you to notice those two girls, Anna Maria. They are from Californy, and they have so much money that it takes a trained clerk eight hours a day to count it. One of them is married. The other will marry a prince, or a duke, or something of that kind. The priests wanted her to be a nun, so they could get her money, but she was on to their curves and she escaped from Californy in the disguise of a Chinese washerwoman."

And so on round the circle. I am told that there were a good many varieties of the fat woman at the show. A bright New Yorker said she had never heard herself and her toilet so frankly criticised before. She said she felt like poor Picton, who set afloat a false report of his death in order to have the pleasure of reading his obituaries.

It must be admitted that the show of beauty and style has rarely been equaled anywhere. Certainly nothing like it can be seen in Paris or London. In the former, the best-looking girls are almost invariably Americans, while in London they are generally off color. Here the beauties were native and pearls of lucent lustre.

One ravishing creature was Mrs. Sigourney Otis, of Boston. She bloomed unseen, as Pauline Root, in some New England village; brought to Boston, the Appletons, who are connoisseurs, pronounced her perfect, and married her to young Sigourney Otis, better known as Billy Otis, who had family and money. Miss Root, likewise, had both—four millions was about her dot. She is a severe classic beauty, who scorns to brighten her charm with the meretricious aid of art. Her clothes are always perfect but simple. Her expression is cold and reserved; her complexion is a marvel.

Another New England beauty at the show was Hope Goddard, of Providence. In her, again, lineage, wealth, and exquisite loveliness are combined; it is said that every young man of any pretensions in New York and Boston has proposed to her. To have been rejected by her is now considered part of a liberal education, which young men undertake after they have graduated and been through Europe.

Mrs. Albert Stevens—of the Hoboken Stevenses—was better known as May Brady, under which appellation she turned heads so remorselessly that some of her victims said spiteful things. She is the daughter of Judge Brady, who never did a frolicsome thing in his life. But his sweet daughters were not on the bench, and both of them made the town ring when they married. One in particular, who was married in the morning, with no witnesses but the parson and the sexton.

Another belle—she must be nearly forty—was Mrs. Burke-Roche, the daughter of Frank Work and the divorced wife of Captain Burke-Roche, of the British army. When she captured the captain she was supposed to have performed a prodigious feat; but when, after the birth of her second son, he took her to his castle in Ireland and beat her after the fashion of his ancestors, the exploit did not seem so admirable. This is the lady who nearly involved the United States in hostilities with Great Britain by refusing to let the captain have his children. Young New York will sacrifice much to England; but surrendering the babies was more than it would stand.

It would be easy to prolong the list indefinitely.

These ladies and their compeers of the *haut monde* were all richly and fashionably dressed; but none of them were in ball tenue. Mrs. Otis, for instance, twice wore a plain but perfectly fitting demi-train high-necked gown of pink faille, with a broad sash of black silk. She had a small,

black bonnet-hat, a small veil, and pearls in her ears. Mrs. Burke-Roche wore black velvet, trimmed with otter fur and masses of jet. Her sister, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, wore a gown of black brocade, with a vest of gold and white brocade. Mrs. Albert Stevens was seen in a dark snuff-colored silk brocade, with a small hat, trimmed with heart's-ease. Mrs. Charles Marshall had a dress of pale-blue cloth, trimmed with silver. Mrs. John Borland was seen in a costume of blue and black striped silk, trimmed with Irish lace. Mrs. John Bloodgood wore a suit of lilac velvet, relieved with trimmings of fur, and a small hat of purple velvet and gold. Mrs. Townsend Burden was in a deep peacock-blue silk, with white lace. Mrs. W. C. Whitney wore a gown of purple velvet and jet, covered with a cloak of moss-green velvet, elaborately trimmed with jet of a darker shade. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs and her sister were in mourning. Miss Nellie Murphy, daughter of your Marquis Murphy, was in black silk, trimmed with violet velvet. One of the best-dressed women at the show was Miss Flora Davis, who wore a close-fitting gown of sherry-brown cloth, trimmed with feathers and bands to match the gown, and a small hat, with brown ponpons. It was the "correct caper" for the horsey girl to be tailor-made; the men appreciated the tight dresses hugely.

Perhaps the lady who attracted most attention, which was not always coupled with admiration, was the authoress, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, who wore a combination of yellow crêpe and violet velvet. What may not genius venture on?

The men paid almost as much attention to costume as the ladies. In the forenoon, they wore business or riding-suits, often with leggings. In the afternoon, the crack dressers were seen in black cutaway coats, striped trousers, and Derby bats. In the evening, they of course appeared in the regulation costume—black swallow-tail and trousers, white waistcoats, black ties, the latter fastened with a small diamond pin, and tall hats, with wide brims. Some wore white gloves, others dispensed with gloves altogether.

The extravagance of the ladies' dress may be appreciated when it is remembered that the gowns worn at the Horse Show can hardly ever be worn again. The ladies, with few exceptions, could not be restrained from visiting the animals in their stalls or going to pat them when they appeared in the arena. Their costume thus imbibed that delicate borsey fragrance which is so grateful to the nose in the hunting-field, but which is an abomination in a drawing-room. No scent, however powerful, will ever eradicate it from the pretty gowns that were worn at the show. If only some Joshua could stay the revolution of the wheel of fashion till next year's show comes round! But the age of miracles is past.

Of the Horse Show proper, nothing has yet been said, nor, now that it is a thing of the past, does it seem necessary to dwell upon the noble animals that were exhibited, or upon the prizes which they won. Dr. Seward Webb, of the Vanderbilt clan, was the chief winner, as he generally is. He has concentrated his mind on the raising or buying of fine horses, as Fontenelle concentrated his mind in his old age on the raising of artichokes, and he attains his end. In class after class he carried off the first prizes. Another winner was your old acquaintance, Fred Gebhard. He won the first prize for four-in-hands, and his friend, Gray Griswold, having consented to ride his jumping mare Countess, he won the first prize at the six-foot hurdles. He was not much seen at the show, but his horses attracted considerable attention.

The show passed off without a single *contretemps*, unless the slapping of one gentleman's face by another may be considered a *contretemps*. The gentleman who received the salute was Mr. Howland, son-in-law of the late August Belmont; the slapper was a member of one of the first families of Virginia, who, by mere accident, was born in Ireland. His name is Neville. It was at one time taken for granted that an appeal to the code was inevitable. But gentlemen of honor, familiar with the duello, have decided that as Howland, when he was slapped by Neville, retaliated by striking his assailant over the bridge of the nose with his cane, he waived his right to challenge him; so, rather to the disgust of the Southern contingent, the case has been prosaically taken into the police court.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, November 26, 1892.

The Pennsylvania Railway Company is now considering the question of lighting its tracks at night through its entire system with electricity, and to that end is experimenting with different methods. Its purpose is so completely to flood the tracks as to make the use of head-lights on locomotives unnecessary, and the experiments so far made seem to justify the confidence that it will be able to achieve this result. Undoubtedly the adoption of the electric light will make travel by railway much more comfortable and safe.

"When I first went into the show business," said a wealthy retired circus man, "one of my chief attractions was a pair of giraffes. Giraffes were a novelty in those days, and these proved to be a great card; but before I had them a month they were both taken with sore throats. Do you realize what it means for a giraffe to have a sore throat? It pretty nearly bankrupted me to provide for their cure."

The united journalism of Europe is exclaiming, with all its accustomed signs of horror and repugnance, over His-mack's cynical boast that he deliberately falsified that momentous Ems telegram which precipitated the Franco-Prussian War. One Liberal weekly calls him the greatest criminal of his generation.

A London woman, being tired of servant maids, hired a boy of sixteen to do the housework. She was immediately summoned for unlawfully keeping a man-servant without a license. She paid a fine, with testimony to the priority of boy-servants over girls.



## THE BURGLAR.

A City Sketch.

Ezra Timmins was a steady man of forty, who had been fifteen years hookkeeper for the prosperous grocery-house of Ham, Bacon, Lard & Co. He had lived ten years with his wife in the same house on 705 Eddy Street, and had saved money, for his habits were frugal, his pleasures simple, his pains few. His pleasures consisted of an occasional game at whist, at which Mrs. Timmins was always his partner, for the reason that he would not allow any one else to scold her when she revoked, though he did not mind scolding her himself. His pains were an unreasoning terror of burglars and a dire apprehension that his niece and ward, pretty Constance Timmins—who was the only young person in his house—would end one of her many flirtations by throwing herself away on some worthless scamp.

To guard against burglars, he cultivated an acquaintance with the policemen who alternated on the beat, and dropped mysterious hints of munificent rewards in case they caught a burglar in the act. He had a burglar-alarm in his bedroom and a shot-gun, from which Mrs. Timmins was in the habit of withdrawing the cartridges for fear he should shoot himself. Many a sleepless night he spent in prowling about the house in the dark in quest of some intruder whose footstep he thought he heard. He read every article in the newspapers about burglaries, and surprised his wife and niece by the extent and accuracy of his information touching the methods of the fraternity. He plunged them into depths of despair by declaring that he knew it was his destiny to wake up some morning and find the house robbed and Constance's throat cut.

Constance was a lovely girl, the daughter of an elder brother of Timmins who had gone South after the war, bought a plantation, taken the yellow fever, and died, leaving an estate of which the value was unknown. She was a coquette, and had a host of admirers who seldom commanded the approval of her uncle or aunt. If they were young, Uncle Ezra said they were snips and ought to be in the nursery; if they were old, he said they should be in some Old People's Home. Constance laughed at his invectives, and when her uncle forbade this or that man the house, she met him elsewhere, if he had taken her fancy.

Among the admirers who could not fairly be condemned to the nursery was Colonel Pitblado. He had met Constance at a small party, and had been struck by her beauty and vivacity. With his usual circumspection, he had instituted inquiries regarding her prospective fortune; from the assiduity with which he pursued her afterward, it may be inferred that the result of the investigation had been satisfactory.

Much to his annoyance, Constance not only did not ask him to the house, but begged as a favor that he would not come, at any rate for the present.

"You see, Colonel Pitblado," said she, "I have rather taken a fancy to you, and I don't want to lose you. Now, my uncle, who is the best man in the world, invariably takes a dislike to people who pay me attention. I have a presentiment that if you came to the house he would quarrel with you, and that would be the end of our acquaintance."

The colonel argued, but it was of no avail. The only concession which Constance would make was that now and then, say once a week, she would leave the door open after her uncle had gone to bed, and the colonel might slip in and spend a few minutes with her in the dark in the hall or the drawing-room.

"I know," she said, "that you are too much of a gentleman to make me regret my good nature; any way, I think I can take care of myself."

The colonel's behavior was beautiful; his speech was eloquent on the subject of his love, but he rarely ventured even to press the fingers of his charmer as they sat side by side on the sofa.

There they sat, one night, and Constance, in a subdued voice, was explaining her uncle's extraordinary terror of burglars.

"Has he ever been robbed?" asked the colonel.

"I believe that when he was a child, burglars broke into the house where he was living, and killed one of the inmates. He was awakened out of bed by the sound of the shot, and he has never got over the shock."

"I can quite understand it," replied the colonel. "There is something peculiarly terrifying in a midnight encounter with a man whom you can not see, and who has everything to gain and little to lose by taking your life."

"Oh!" cried Constance, "the thought fills me at times with such horror that I am as afraid of burglars as my uncle. I think that if I saw one in my room, I would die of fright."

"I hope," said the colonel, laughing, "that I would not show the white feather. But I must say I do not hanker to meet a burglar in the flesh."

At that moment a slight noise was heard outside the drawing-room door. It was the faintest possible creak of a weak flooring-plank under a tread. Both the tenants of the sofa looked up and held their breath, with ears on the full strain. Another board creaked, and presently, after a wait which seemed to last for ages, the acute ears of the colonel detected a muffled tread on the carpet of the room in which they sat. There was a third party in the room. He was shod with wool, and was moving noiselessly, and occasionally stopping as if to listen whether he was detected. The long-expected burglar had come.

Constance fainted silently on the sofa. The colonel, in whom the presence of danger had awakened his fighting instinct, rose from his seat and groped his way noiselessly toward the intruder, whom he could not see. He could, by this time, hear the scoundrel's breath coming and going, and instinct prompted him to hold his own. He would have given worlds for a weapon, but his cane was out of reach. He must give battle with his bare hands against one who probably had both pistol and knife. As he reflected, the intruder's foot came into contact with a stool. The colonel

hesitated no longer; with a sudden spring, he was upon the invader. He had thrown his weight into the spring, and felled the burglar to the ground, face downward. Then swiftly seizing his wrists, he held them in a grip of iron, twisted the arms upward, and sat down on his back.

The burglar struggled, evidently striving to free one hand to use his knife; but the colonel was now fighting for his life, his clutch of the wrists did not relax. When the struggle grew weaker, and Pitblado had got back his breath, he hissed:

"You villain! If you don't keep your hands still, I'll drive my knife through your vitals. One motion and you are a dead man."

The burglar made no reply. He panted, and sounds came from him which to Pitblado's ear sounded strangely like a sob. The colonel derived a qualified satisfaction from his stillness. If he had dared to loose his clutch of the fellow's wrists, he would have tried to throttle him; but the danger of a stab in the side, if he moved his hands to the burglar's throat, was too obvious. He thought of shouting for help. But that would have betrayed his presence in Constance's drawing-room after the lights were out and when her uncle was in bed. He would rather risk the knife than compromise her. He supposed that she had fled upstairs, whereas, in fact, she was in a dead faint on the sofa.

What was he to do? Was he to stay sitting on that burglar all night?

While he ransacked his brain for an expedient, a deep groan came from the man under him. The burglar gasped and, at last, muttered:

"If you'll let me up, I'll show you—"

"Yes, I daresay," said Pitblado; "you'll show us lots of things. That cock won't fight. It's I that am going to show you the door of the other world."

The colonel could feel a quiver go through the frame on which he sat. The burglar went on:

"I'll show you—"

"Haven't I told you that I am going to do all the showing in this menagerie?"

"If you'll only lift your weight off my lungs, so I can breathe—" said the burglar.

"You'd make use of your breath to drive a knife into me, wouldn't you? Not much. I'm just thinking how I shall kill you so as not to ruin the carpet—"

"Oh! oh! oh!" came from the prostrate body.

"What an unreasonable fellow you are!" said the colonel; "here I've let you live for ever so many minutes while I have been studying how to put you to death."

"Spare my life," gurgled the burglar.

"Why should I?"

"I'll—I'll show you where the silver is."

"You'll show me," repeated the colonel, puzzled.

"I will. I give you my honor, I will."

"Oh, I see," said Pitblado; "you want to divide. It won't do."

"What more do you want?"

"I don't intend," said the colonel, "that you shall have a single spoon."

"Take them all; take them all. Only let me keep Connie's christening-cup."

"By George!" muttered Pitblado, "you're a romantic sort of a chap to be a burglar."

It had by this time become manifest to the colonel that the situation could not be prolonged forever. He could not sit on that burglar's back till morning—the tension of the muscles of his arms was weakening. He must, somehow, get him to the nearest police station. If he only had a ray of light!

At that moment a faint groan came from the sofa.

"By the Lord!" muttered the colonel: "he's got an accomplice."

Another sound from the sofa, and Pitblado saw that time was up. The new-comer might at any moment rush to the rescue of his accomplice. Pitblado had noticed a poker and shovel in front of the drawing-room grate. With a sudden spring he regained his feet, let the burglar go, leaped to the grate, and seized the poker.

A wild shriek came from the sofa, and simultaneously the colonel struck a match. By its flare he saw, to his amazement, Connie sitting upon the sofa and the burglar lying motionless on the floor. Had he killed the scoundrel?"

Another match lit the gas, and Connie sprang to the burglar, took his head in her arms, and screamed to Pitblado:

"You have killed my uncle!"

"Your uncle? Why that's the burglar."

"It's my uncle, and you have choked him to death. He's insensible. Oh, help me to bring him to."

The prostrate man revived, and, seeing Connie, muttered:

"Let him take all the silver, Connie, except your christening-cup. If he will spare our lives, we'll not prosecute."

It did not take long to get Mr. Timmins upon the sofa, and, as he was not hurt, a glass of rum, administered by the tender hands of Connie, restored him to his senses. His mind was still confused. He murmured:

"I have had a narrow escape, my poor Constance. I seemed to hear a noise in this room, and stepped in, when a man of gigantic strength leaped on me, and was about to kill me, when you must have appeared and frightened him away."

"That is not quite exact, dear uncle. While you were struggling in the most heroic way with a burglar, Colonel Pitblado happened to pass, entered the house by the front-door which the burglar had left open, drove the fellow away and rescued you. Allow me to introduce you—Mr. Timmins Colonel Pitblado."

SAN FRANCISCO, November, 1892. JOHN BONNER.

The Turkish Government has issued an edict prohibiting army officers below the rank of major from having more than one wife.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Joseph Pulitzer of the *World* is gossiped about in New York as possible Minister to France under the Cleveland régime.

Canovas, the great Spanish leader, called upon the little king during his recent illness. In greeting him, he asked: "How is Alfonso?" (little Alfonso). The child king, it is said, looked at the famous Republican a moment, and then replied: "To mamma I am Alfonso; to thee I am the king."

No novelist ever drew a "gentlemanly villain" of more varied and extravagant experiences than fell to Harry Vane Milbank's lot. Born to a fortune of two millions of dollars, he proceeded to run through it the moment he reached his majority at a rate that landed him in a few years very near to absolute want.

The whimsicalities of the German Emperor seem to be unlimited. Not long ago the male performers at the Imperial Opera, in Vienna, who by a special agreement had been permitted to retain their mustaches, were forced to sacrifice those appendages because the emperor was to attend a performance, and he was known to be a stickler for the proprieties.

"Lord Tennyson" now means, of course, another man than the first bearer of the title. Arthur Hallam Tennyson, the new peer, is said to feel little interest in poetry apart from his father's productions, and to be a good business man. He is credited with having conducted the negotiations for the production of "The Foresters" and to have suggested that the character of Maid Marian be drawn for Ada Rehan.

If Mr. Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, should resign before March 4th, Mr. Harrison would probably appoint a Republican to be his successor. There would then be but two Democrats on that bench, including the chief-justice. Justice Field has been a member of the Supreme Court for almost thirty years. Only six justices—Marshall, Washington, Johnson, Story, Wayne, and McLean—have served longer.

A comedy written by Guy de Maupassant three years ago, and selected for production at the Théâtre Français in Paris, is supposed to have been suggested by the author's recollection of what went on in his family circle when he was young. It was proposed to bring the author from the asylum where he is confined to witness one of the rehearsals of the play, in the hope that his mind would be roused from its lethargy, but the specialist who has him in charge feared that the excitement would be productive of more harm than good.

When Edward Everett Hale wrote his story of "My Double and How He Undid Me," he was probably unaware of the strong resemblance existing between himself and another man, who, fortunately, never had a chance to compromise the good doctor by any impersonation of him. To a Boston man, traveling in Europe, was once shown the picture of a person, and he was asked to say who it was. The reply was: "Edward Everett Hale, in Arab costume." It proved, however, that the photograph represented a real Arab, then living in Cairo. But the likeness to Dr. Hale was very striking.

Mr. William Morris, who was lately reported to have declined the proffered laureateship of England, is a man of many-sided character for a poet. He is a Socialist as well as verse-maker, a practical dyer, weaver, potter, and cloth-printer. Thirty years ago he kept a shop for the sale of artistic wall-paper. He is of robust physique, with shaggy hair, sometimes unkempt, and he affects rough and even shabby attire. His fondness for the sea is greater even than that which ordinarily characterizes the poet, and it is related that once, when he was mistaken by a recently landed sailorman for the mate of a ship, he was pleased beyond measure.

The new (ninth) Duke of Marlborough, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father a short time ago, was born at Simla, November 13, 1871, the son of the then Marquis of Blandford, which title he has borne since 1883, and of Lady Albertina Hamilton, daughter of the first Duke of Abercorn, and who still bears the title of the Marchioness of Blandford. He has always lived with his mother, and naturally took her side of the quarrel that brought about the divorce. The young Duke Charles took possession of Blenheim immediately after the funeral of the late duke, dispossessing the American duchess, who has now a residence allotted to her at Woodstock, and retains possession, for the present, of the house in London.

The King of Sweden has given permission to his son and daughter-in-law, the Prince and Princess Bernadotte, to accept the hereditary titles of "Count and Countess of Wisborg," recently conferred upon them by the Grand Duke of Luxembourg. About four years ago, the prince, the second son of the king, married Miss Ebba Munck, a lady-in-waiting of the queen, against the wishes of his family. When the attachment between the two young people was discovered, every effort was made to destroy it, and the prince was sent on a voyage around the world. Although he visited numerous courts during the journey and saw many women who equaled him in rank, he returned to Stockholm to renew his suit for the hand of Miss Munck. Upon his marriage, he was obliged to renounce all his titles and the possibility of succession to the Swedish crown. His majesty conferred the titles of Prince and Princess Bernadotte upon the young couple, who took up their residence at Karlskrona, where the prince was stationed as an officer in the navy. The prince has never regretted the marriage. The name Bernadotte, however, made him too conspicuous, and he wishes to be known in the future as Count of Wisborg.



## VANITY FAIR.

An observant man, whose duties take him into the tenements all over New York, said to a reporter recently that he was surprised at the action of the Boston working-girls in petitioning the city government to forbid the posting of theatrical bills showing actresses in tights. "I am surprised," said he, "because I have seen enough to cause me to think that there is very little feeling against such displays, either on the walls or on the stage, among the same sort of women in this city. I have seen many such pictures in the sleeping-rooms and common family rooms in the tenements. At first I thought that it must be that these pictures could be had for the asking, because many are of the sort that are given away with cigarettes and as gifts in the stores. But that would not account for the case, because pictures of men and of fully clothed women are obtainable from the same sources. Next I thought it must be that the very poor, hard-worked girls admired such pictures, because of the contrast in life that was illustrated by portraits of popular favorites of fortune as against their own dull fortunes. The working-girls know that many of the stage people were once poor and now are prosperous. But the real reason is one that may startle you. I am convinced, the more I think of it, that it is the result of vanity of their own charms among the women who thus display and hoard pictures of the charms of others. I believe that these women are conscious that they are themselves shapely and graceful in outline, and could please the artistic sense of the public were they dressed as the actresses and the ballet-girls are. They are conscious of their own physical charms, and hug to their innocent hearts the pride of that consciousness. A strong reason for my believing so is the fondness of working-girls for going to masquerade parties in costumes that reveal their ankles, if not their legs, and their arms, if not their ankles. Not only that, but they are very often photographed in these masquerade costumes, holding the hired dresses for a forenoon after the hall or party in order to be photographed before they take them back to the costumer. Precisely the same conditions exist among the women who are better off—those who are called 'the ladies of the land.' They do not fringe their bureaus and deck their walls with cigarette chromos, but they exhibit French art in paint and marble in their parlors. Their husbands may be the purchasers, but the wives offer no protest. And no one can look at the pictures displayed by the photographers without noting the number which show the sitters in full décolleté evening-dress; yes, and in just such costumes for amateur theatricals and masquerades as we see in the cheap gallery photographs. If there is a difference, it seems to me that the skirts of the masqueraders in the tenement district are more than a trifle longer than those of the society ladies."

A professor, part of whose duties is to give lectures in the university extension course in an Eastern city, has been speculating over his experiences and his audience. This is composed chiefly of women, and he finds himself much puzzled over their attitude to learning, but not toward the teacher. Men, he says, do not like oral instruction; when men come to a lecture, they come to pick holes in it, and are inclined to resent any assumption of superiority on the part of the speaker. Women, on the contrary, come prepared to admire and to believe what is said, although critical enough of the speaker personally, of his ways of standing, of his voice, and manner of delivery. They will ask him questions, but will not challenge his statements. They are likely to make of their lecturer a little high priest, which is good for neither them nor him. The most striking thing is their rapt attention. An audience of women is always more quiet than an audience of men. Undergraduates make the hour a purgatory. But women, even when most bored, do not fidget, do not make noises with their feet, or their eyes grow restless or wandering. The faint indication of a suppressed yawn is the only cleft the speaker has that he has lost his grip. They are so appreciative of his efforts, so gentle to his failures, and have such a store of kindly

compliments, and show such unflinching courtesy that the lecturer is apt to underrate their critical acumen.

At a tea and sale at Sherry's, the other day, some young women were encountered in the cloak-room rushing about in real despair (says a writer in the New York Times). "Our crimps are straight as strings," said they, "and there is nothing around but electric lights. No! a place to heat curling-tongs." Somebody suggested the alcohol-lamp which burned under the tea-urn, and this was about to be levied on when an attendant told of a solitary gas-jet to be had in a remote part of the suite of rooms, and relief succeeded to distress. This incident was accentuated by the recent printing of a statement that captains of ocean steamers are endeavoring to suppress the smuggling of alcohol-lamps into state-rooms for this same purpose of heating the curling-tongs. The matter will have to go back to the captains to the electricians, for men may watch, but women will curl, and tongs must be heated if ships take fire. In point of fact, the problem has been solved, at least in London. At a recent exhibition of electrical heating, one of the appliances shown was a toilet-table attachment for heating curling-irons. The sooner the steamship companies procure and adjust this attachment in the state-rooms of their vessels, the better for all concerned.

The cost of actual necessities for a woman would supply a man with luxuries. It is not her fault, but her misfortune, in belonging to a sex that is compelled to wear feminine fripperies costing such outrageously large sums, that has called down upon her innocent head the charge of undue extravagance. "What! another dress?" said a man lately, when called upon to supply one of his daughters with the needful sum with which to purchase a plain little affair that, to masculine eyes, seemed not commensurate with the price to be paid for it. "Why, you have had three new ones this winter already. No, I won't get it; you are entirely too extravagant," and he held firmly to the resolution, though the pleader shed "barrels of tears," as she expressed it. Now, what may seem to a man just and right appears to a woman quite the reverse. Four suits for a man and four gowns for a woman are entirely out of proportion. The evening-coat that the society youth dons night after night looks always correct and elegant if his linen is immaculate; but just let a girl try the experiment of wearing one gown to the theatre, to concerts, receptions, and balls, and see how soon the very men who now raise their hands in holy horror over such terrible extravagance would rather take out or talk to the one who has several pretty costumes with which to vary the monotony. With street clothes it is just the same. One costume wiping up the dust quickly becomes shabby, and unless there is another one to replace it for home wear, it will soon look absolutely disreputable. Tea-gowns—or, if they sound too much like luxuries, wrappers—shoes, hosiery, lingerie, hats, jackets, and parasols, all must be had; and even though a girl can afford but one example of each branch of her wardrobe, it is safe to say some misguided man, when she appeals for money with which to replace the worn-out article, would exclaim: "What! another gown! Really, you are too extravagant!" But let us whisper, there are certain bills for cigars and other masculine et ceteras that would pay for many sensible little shoes, gloves, or hats, but which the masculine mind never considers in the light of an extravagance on his part.

## "His Majesty."

It has been definitely settled that the new opera, "His Majesty," by Mr. H. J. Stewart and Mr. Peter Robertson, will be produced next February at the Grand Opera House for the benefit of the San Francisco Polyclinic. The opera will be mounted at considerable expense, and its production is looked forward to with much interest. The cast will be as follows:

His Majesty King Cadenza, Mr. Charles J. Dickman; The Crown Prince, Mr. Donald de V. Graham; The Impresario, Mr. Elmer J. de Prie; The Queen, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; The Princess, Mrs. Mary Wyman Williams; The Prima Donna, Mrs. Brechemin; The Prime Minister and Officer of the Guard, Mr. F. G. B. Mills; The Mock Prince, Mr. W. J. T. Walsh.

Republican employer (on the afternoon of election-day)—"Mr. Hankinson, you have not gone out to vote yet, have you?" Young Mr. Hankinson—"No, sir; I made arrangements last night, Mr. Howell, to pair off with a Democrat." "May I ask who the Democrat is?" "Y-yes, sir; Miss Smith." —Chicago Tribune.

DCLXXXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 4, 1892.

Tomato and Omelette Soup.  
Fried Smelts. Potato Croquettes.  
Broiled Teal Ducks.  
String Beans. Egg-Plant.  
Roast Mutton, Mint Sauce.  
Carrot Salad.  
Bohemian Cream. Orange Cake.

BOHEMIAN CREAM—Soak one box of Knox's Gelatine in half a pint of cold water for a few minutes, boil one pint of cream with two tablespoonfuls of sugar and dissolve the gelatine in it; when cooled a little, add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs, beat until it thickens; whip a pint of cream, and beat into the custard quickly. Pour in wet molds, and set on ice, eat with cream.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Ladies' Café at the University Club.

The new café at the University Club for the use of ladies was opened last week, and has been quite a success. On the first day, about twenty-five ladies availed themselves of its privileges.

The directors of the club-house changed the regulations under which ladies were entitled to use the café. At first they read: "Members may extend the privileges of the café to ladies until further notice," etc. It was pointed out to the directors that this was equivalent to giving a lady the privilege for the term of her natural life, as no man would ever dare to tell her that her time was up. If a young man were to say that to his best girl, there would speedily be broken engagement strands flapping in the fierce gale of feminine anger. The directors saw their error, and very handsomely rectified it by limiting the privilege to three months. Now the onus is no longer on the man. If his best girl wants the café privilege renewed, she must treat him very sweetly as the time draws to a close.

As for the married men, they—happy dogs!—of course have no option. They will mechanically renew Madame's privilege as the months roll around, and look pleasant, please.

Apropos of this new move of the University Club, the following communication has been sent to this office:

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The new move in the University Club is exciting much discussion among the members. The views are various, as is generally the case. There is, however, one point which I have not heard touched upon, and which I think of interest, not only to members of the University Club, but to clubmen in general. It is this:

The fact is undisputed that there is always a loss on the food served in club restaurants. No club can make a profit on that. It follows, therefore, that the smaller the number of members who have food served to them, the less is the deficit. If a club of one thousand members serves dinner to only one hundred, the loss is small. If the whole one thousand were to take it into their heads to dine there, the loss would be large. The profits in clubs are generally made on the wines, spirits, liquors, and cigars, served as adjuncts to the meals.

Now the University is a club of about three hundred members. It has a present deficit (not net) of about four hundred dollars a month. It has, by its innovation, allowed each member to extend the privileges of the restaurant to two ladies. Thus the new membership using the club service will be practically increased to nine hundred. But of this nine hundred, six hundred pay no dues. The dues of a club are its life-blood. Thus there is presented the curious spectacle of a club of three hundred carrying a membership of nine hundred, six hundred of whom are non-due paying, and therefore non-supporting.

A further curious fact is that the six hundred will consume only that on which there is a loss—to wit, the food. Women do not drink or smoke—therefore there will be no profit on the ladies' café. All will be loss.

This is purely the business side of the matter, as it concerns the club. As concerns the individual members, there is another point of view. Many of them are young men of slender purses. If they extend the privilege of the club to a lady, they will scarcely send her a bill, unless she be a relative, and perhaps not then. They will, therefore, await the arrival of their monthly bills with nervous apprehension, and gaze upon the statistical evidence of feminine appetites with mingled feelings.

A DISGRUNTLED MEMBER.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 27, 1892.

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### NOURMADEE.

By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE POET MIRTYZ MOHAMMED-ALI TO HIS FRIEND ABOL-HASSEN IN ALGEZIRAS.

O Hassan, greeting! Peace be thine!  
With thee and time be all things well!  
Give refuge to these words of mine.  
The strange mischance which late befall  
Thy servant must have reached thine ear:  
Rumor has flung it far and wide,  
With dark additions, as I hear.  
When They-Speak speak, and his beide!  
So lend no credence, O my friend,  
To scandals, fattening as they fly.  
Love signs and seals the roll I send:  
Read thou the truth with lenient eye.

In Yussuf's garden at Tangier  
This happened. In his cool kiosk  
We sat partaking of his cheer—  
Thou know'st that garden by the Mosque  
Of Irma; stately palms are there,  
And silver fountains in marble tanks,  
And scents of jasmine in the air—  
We sat and feasted, with due thanks  
To Allah, till the pipes were brought;  
And no one spoke for Pleasure laid  
Her finger on the lips of thought.  
Then, on a sudden, came a maid,  
With tambourine, to dance for us—  
Allah! Allah! it was she,  
The slave-girl from the Bosphorus  
That Yussuf purchased recently.

Long narrow eyes, as black as black!  
And melting, like the stars in June;  
Tresses of night drawn smoothly back  
From eyebrows like the crescent moon.  
She paused an instant with bowed head,  
Then, at a motion of her wrist,  
A veil of gossamer outspread  
And wrapt her in a silver mist.  
Her tunic was of Tifis green  
Shot through with many a starry speck;  
The zone that clasped it might have been  
A collar for a cygnet's neck.  
None of the twenty charms she lacked  
Demanded for perfection's grace;  
Charm upon charm in her was packed  
Like rose-leaves in a costly vase.  
Full in the lanterns' colored light  
She seemed a thing of Paradise.  
I know not if I saw aright,  
Or if my vision told me lies,  
Those lanterns spread a cheating glare;  
Such stains they threw from bough and vine  
As if the slave-boys, here and there,  
Had spilt a jar of brilliant wine.  
And then the fountain's drowsy fall,  
The burning aloes' heavy scent,  
The night, the place, the hour—they all  
Were full of subtle blandishment.

Much had I heard of Nourmadee—  
The name of this fair loveliness—  
Whom Yussuf kept with lock and key  
Because her beauty wrought distress  
In all men's hearts that gazed on it;  
And much I dreamed of this night,  
Yussuf should have the little wit  
To lift her veil for our delight.  
For though the other guests were old—  
Grave, worthy merchants, three from Fez  
(These mostly dealt in dyes and gold),  
Cloth merchants from Mekineh—  
Though they were old and gray and dry,  
Forgetful of their youth's desires,  
My case was different, for I  
Still knew the touch of spring-time fires.  
And straightaway as I looked on her  
I bit my lip, grew ill at ease,  
And in my veins was that strange stir  
Which clothes with bloom the almond-trees.

O Shape of blended fire and snow!  
Each clime to her own spell had lent—  
The North her cold, the South her glow,  
Her languors all the Orient.  
Her scarf was as the cloudy fleece  
The moon draws round its loveliness,  
That so its beauty may increase  
The more in being seen the less.  
And as she moved, and seemed to float—  
So floats a swan in sweet unrest,  
A string of sequins at her throat  
Went clink and clink against her breast.  
And what did some shy fairy do  
But set a noli, golden dot,  
Close to her lip—to pierce men through!  
How could I look and love her not?

Yet heavy was my heart as stone,  
For well I knew that love was vain;  
To love the thing one may not own—I  
Saw how all my pence was slain.  
Coffers of ingots Yussuf had,  
Houses on land, and ships at sea,  
And I—alas! was I gone mad,  
To cast my eyes on Nourmadee!  
I strove to thrust her from my mind;  
I bent my brows, and turned away,  
And wished that Fate had struck me blind  
Ere I had come to know that day.  
I fixed my thoughts on this and that;  
Assessed the worth of Yussuf's ring;  
Counted the color of the air;  
And then a bird began to sing,  
A bulb hidden in a bough.  
From time to time it loosed a strain  
Of moonlit magic that, somehow,  
Brought comfort to my troubled brain.

But when the girl once, creeping close,  
Half stooped, and looked me in the face,  
My reason fled, and I arose  
And cried to Yussuf from my place:  
"O Yussuf, give to me this girl!  
You are so rich and I so poor!  
You would not miss one little pearl  
Like that from out your countless store!"  
"This girl?" What girl? No girl is here!  
Cried Yussuf with his eyes agleam;  
"Now, by the Prophet, it is clear  
Our friend has had a pleasant dream!"  
(And then it seems that I awoke,  
And stared around, no little dazed  
At finding naught of what I spoke:  
The guests sat silent and amazed.)

Then Yussuf—of all mortal men  
This Yussuf has a mocking tongue—  
Stood up my side, and spoke again:  
"O Mirtyz, I too once was young,  
With mandolin or dulcimer  
I've waited many a midnight through,  
Content to catch one glimpse of Her,  
And have my turban drenched with dew,  
By Her I meant some slay Malay,  
Some Andalusian with her hair,  
(For I have traveled in my day),  
Or some swart beauty of Soudan,  
No harm came was I to fare  
On fancy's shadowy white and meat;  
No phantom mole out of the air  
Had spells to lure me to her feet.  
O Mirtyz, he understood  
I blame you not. Your sin is slight—  
You led the world of flesh and blood,  
And loved a vision of the night!  
Sweeter than musk such visions be  
As come to poets when they sleep!  
You dreamed you saw fair Nourmadee?  
Go to! it is a pearl I keep!"

By Allah, but his touch was true!  
And I was humbled to the dust  
That in those grave merchants' view  
Should seem a thing no man might trust.

For he of creeping things is least  
Who, while he breaks of friendship's bread,  
Betrays the giver of the feast.  
"Good friends, I'm not that man!" I said.  
"O Yussuf, shut not Pardon's gate!  
Who holds the threads of Time and Fate  
Sends dreams. I dreamt the dream he sent.  
I am as one that from a trance  
Awakes confused, and reasons ill;  
The world of men invites his glance.  
The world of shadows claims him still.  
I see those lights among the leaves,  
Yourselves I see, sedate and wise,  
And yet some finer sense perceives  
A presence that eludes the eyes.  
Of what is gone there seems to stay  
Some subtly, to mock my pains:  
So, when a rose is borne away,  
The fragrance of the rose remains!"  
Then Yussuf laughed, Abdallah leered,  
And Melik coughed behind his hand,  
And lean Ben-Auda stroked his beard  
As who should say, "We understand!"  
And though the fault was none of mine,  
As I explained and made appear,  
Since then I've not been asked to dine  
In Yussuf's garden at Tangier.

### POSTSCRIPTUM.

Farewell, O Hassan! Peace be thine!  
With thee and time be always Peace!  
To virtue let thy steps incline,  
And may thy shadow not decrease!  
Get wealth—wealth makes the dillard's jest  
Seem witty where true wit falls flat;  
Do good, for goodness still is best—  
But then the Koran tells thee that,  
Know Patience here, and later Bliss;  
Grow wise, trust woman, doubt not man;  
And when thou diest out—mark this—  
Beware of wines from Isbahan!

—December Harper's.

### LITERARY NOTES.

#### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The number of countries in which citizens of the United States now enjoy copyright is six, Italy being the latest (October 31st). The order of their admission to the benefits of our law of March 3, 1891, is as follows: Switzerland, France, Belgium, England, Germany, and Italy.

Some striking illustrations of the Horse Show, drawn by Frederic Remington, are published in the current number of *Harper's Weekly*.

Theodore L. De Vinne & Co. are printing the "Standard Book of Common Prayer" for 1892 in 1,013 copies—500 on ordinary, 500 on American hand-made paper, and 13 on vellum—which has required the use of 2,600 skins, with rubrics printed in red, and every quality of books valued by the most fastidious collectors. The price is to be \$20 for an ordinary paper copy. John Pierpont Morgan gave for this publication \$10,000 to the General Convention.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. will publish immediately "Hermine's Triumphs," a story for girls and boys, by the popular French author, Mme. Colomb.

James Payn comments on a strange statement regarding Tennyson in this wise:

"It is strange, indeed, if, as the biographer of Tennyson informs us, his muse was stricken barren for ten years in consequence of a very foolish but offensive review. That such a mind could have been influenced by such a cause appears incredible, though it is understood that the poet was very sensitive to criticism, and seems never afterward to have read any review of his works unless it was warranted 'sound.' But this was very like shutting the door after the steed was stolen. Tennyson's case is not, indeed, peculiar. Racine used to say that ten eulogies of his books could never undo the harm that one attack inflicted on him. Pope would 'write with anguish' on his chair when he read anything disagreeable about his poems, though he might know and despise his adversary. Ritson died mad in consequence of adverse criticism, and on his death-bed thought himself haunted by reviewers, with daggers in their hands instead of paper-knives. All these gentlemen could have avoided their troubles by the simple expedient of not reading the compositions in question."

Dr. Conant Doyle's new series of stories will be entitled "In a Doctor's Waiting-Room." The *Bookman* thinks they should be at least as popular as Samuel Warren's "Diary of a Late Physician."

Mr. E. T. Cook, the late editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has signed an agreement with Mr. Newnes, M. P., the proprietor of *Tit-Bits* and the *Strand Magazine*, as editor of a new daily journal to be conducted on the same lines as the old *Pall Mall*. Mr. J. A. Spencer, Mr. W. Hill, and other members of the old literary staff of the *Pall Mall* have also, it is understood, transferred their services.

Fergus Hume, who wrote "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," has a new novel called "Aladdin in London," which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will soon have ready.

A poem by the late Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith), called "King Poppy, a Fantasia," will soon be published.

The table of contents of the Christmas *Harper's* is as follows:

"A Christmas Party," by Constance Fenimore Woolson; "Lord Bateman," with five illustrations from drawings by William Makepeace Thackeray, comment by Anne Thackeray Ritchie; "Le Réveillon," by Ferdinand Fabre; "A New Light on the Chinese," by Henry Burden McDowell, with illustrations by Theodore Wores; "Gil Corey, Yeoman," by Mary E. Wilkins; "Some Types of the Virgin," by Theodore Child, with eight illustrations from the old masters; "Tryste Noel," by Louise Imogen Guiney; "How Lin McLean Went East," by Owen Witter; "Nourmadee," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Crazy Wife's Ship," by H. C. Bunner; "A Cameo and a Pastel," by Brander Matthews; "Fan's Mammy," by Eva Wilder McGlasson; "Sonnet," by Julian Hawthorne; "Do Seek Their Meant From God," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Pastels in Prose," by Mary E. Wilkins; Editor's Study and Editor's Drawer.

Those who wish to possess in one convenient volume the choicest selections of English verse, will be able to do so on the publication of the beautiful anthology, "Three Centuries of English Love Songs,"

edited by Ralph Caine, the brother of Hall Caine, author of "The Deemster," "Capt'n Davy's Honey-moon," etc. The title explains the book. It will be presented in a specially bound volume, with a frontispiece after Angelica Kauffman, and it will be published by D. Appleton & Co.

"Green Fields and Running Brooks," a new book of poems by James Whitcomb Riley, was issued on December 1st.

F. Marion Crawford, the well-known novelist, arrived in this country November 15th by the steamship *Fulda*, from Genoa, after an absence of several years. Mr. Crawford will give in the principal cities during the winter a series of readings from his works.

Mr. Francis Darwin says, concerning his father's method of work:

"It was his habit to work more or less simultaneously at several subjects. Experimental work was often carried on as a refreshment or variety while books involving reasoning and the marshaling of large bodies of facts were being written."

James Russell Lowell's lectures on the old English dramatists, as revised and edited by Professor Norton, will be published in book-form early in December by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

"In Gold and Silver," a new book by George H. Ellwanger, author of "The Garden's Story" and "The Story of my House," is to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. It is illustrated by W. Hamilton Gibson, A. B. Wenzell, and W. C. Greenough.

The *Athenaeum* reports that that very occult society known in fashionable London as "The Souls" intends to publish a paper, the name of which is not yet decided on, though there has been some talk of calling it the *Petticoat*. The *Athenaeum* goes on to say:

It will appear once in six weeks, and the first number will probably be ready by the first of January. The contents will be political, social, literary, and satirical, and very much "up to date." The contributors will be chiefly members of the society, but a few outsiders will be admitted. It will be written wholly by women. Miss Margot Tennant will be the editor. Among prominent "souls" are Mr. Arthur Balfour, the Marchioness of Granby, Lady Rayleigh, the Hon. Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, etc.

Mr. Thomas Hardy's new novel, which is coming out, in this country, in the pages of *Harper's Bazar*, is to be, it is reported, entirely rewritten by its author before being published in book-form.

A new novel by Paul Lindau, author of "Lace," will be published immediately in Appleton's Town and Country Library. The title is "Hanging Moss," and the story describes certain phases of social life in Berlin, with a change of scene to this country in the latter part of the book.

Of Catulle Mendes, the French writer, whose name has been frequently mentioned as that of a collaborator with Amélie Rives Chanler, the *Critic* gives this brief sketch:

"He seems to belong to that old-time Bohemia which flourishes nowhere as it does in Paris. As his name would suggest, Mendes is of Spanish extraction, but he belongs to the Hebrew race. He is said to 'turn out' highly finished, 'copy' more quickly than any modern French writer, and, in fact, never sits down to his work until the pages of the paper, from which he has had a commission for a short story or article, are going to press.' In the early days of his career, he worked for the pleasure of seeing his name in print at the foot of an article or story; now he finds more satisfaction in seeing it in autograph on the back of a check. He is reputed to receive five thousand dollars a year for a weekly article in *Gil Blas*, not to mention the larger sums he receives for his stories. M. Mendes is described as fair, with 'long, yellow hair and pale-blue eyes.' It is said, furthermore, that he is never seen without a long pipe, and that he lives 'entirely in literary and artistic Bohemia.'"

Mr. Woodberry has just put the finishing touches on the Centenary Edition of "Shelley's Poetical Works," shortly to be published from the Riverside Press. The edition will have a fine new portrait of Shelley, engraved by Willcox.

There is a notable poem by John Hay in one of the December magazines. Hay writes all too rarely. It is in some respects a pity that he married a rich woman.

The sheriff of New York has received an attachment for five thousand dollars against property in that city of William T. Stead, of London, publisher of the *Review of Reviews*, in favor of William C. Gages, his business manager. Mr. Stead was formerly the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Dr. Holmes says he does not know which was his first poem, having kept no record of it, but he thinks it was some one of the translations which he made at school.

"Uncle Remus and his Friends" will soon be published through Houghton, Mifflin & Co. by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, who proposes now to dismiss Uncle Remus from literary service. He has been a very distinct and interesting figure in American romance, and in Mr. Harris's skillful hands he has delighted hosts of readers. He and his friends in this new book tell many amusing stories, and are admirably illustrated by Mr. Frost.

#### New Publications.

"The Gilded Fly," a political satire by Harold Payne, has been published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Roland's Squire," an old legend of the time of Charlemagne, has been retold after the German of Musaeus by Harriet Pinckney Huse, and is pub-



lished by William R. Jenkins, New York; price, 50 cents.

"How to Teach Writing," a manual of penmanship designed to accompany Appleton's standard copy-books, has been prepared by Lyman D. Smith, and is published by the American Book Company, New York; price, 50 cents.

"Maid Marion and Robin Hood," by J. E. Muddock, is a novel founded on the old story of Sherwood Forest, gracefully told and carefully reconstructing the life of the time. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Mary Halleck Foote's story of "The Chosen Valley," after running its course as a magazine serial, has been issued in book-form. It is a Western story, strong in plot, clever in characterization, and possessing a distinct literary charm. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"Pictures from Roman Life and Story," by Rev. A. J. Church, is an admirable book for "side-reading" by students of school histories of Rome. The author has written several books in the same vein, and is thoroughly at home in his chosen field. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Playthings and Parodies" is the latest volume of "the new humor" for which we are indebted to Barry Pain, and the obligation is a light one. It contains parodies of English writers from Spenser to Kipling and trifling sketches of other kinds. Published by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Winterborough," by Eliza Orne White, author of "Miss Brooks," is a story of life in a New Hampshire village, told with an art in which sympathy for the foibles of her characters has not dimmed her perception of their amusing qualities. The conversations are particularly good. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

Professor Adams S. Hill, of Harvard, has written a new text-book, entitled "The Foundations of Rhetoric," which is a model of its kind—brief, unmistakable in meaning, and provided with many examples that impress on the student's mind the rules he learns and how to use them. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A new, revised, and enlarged edition of Edwin Cheekley's "Natural Method of Physical Training" has been issued. It is probably the best book of its kind, and any one who is not physically disabled may become a well-developed and healthy man or woman by following its instructions. Published by William C. Bryant & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

A volume of pleasant little papers on literary topics consists of Agnes Repplier's "Essays in Miniature." There are fifteen of them in all, among which may be cited "Conversation in Novels," "A Short Defense of Villains," "Humors of Gastronomy," "The Charm of the Familiar," "Battle of the Babies," etc. Published by Charles L. Webster & Co., New York; price, 75 cents; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co.

A young newspaper man who wants to reform society generally is the hero of "Roland Graeme: Knight," a novel of American life, by Agnes Maule Macfar. The interests of capital and labor, the quality of true Christianity, and similar questions are discussed cleverly, but the author has not sufficiently learned what not to say to be a successful novelist. Published by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Story of Columbus," by Elizabeth Eggleston Seelye, is the initial volume of a new series entitled Delights of History, edited by Edward Eggleston. Mrs. Seelye has written an interesting narrative, though she is by no means a hero-worshiper, and her sister's illustrations, together with the handsome mechanical work expended on the book, add to the attractiveness of the new biography. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.75; for sale by Payot, Upham & Co. and by The Bancroft Company.

"Along a Florida Reef," by Charles F. Holder, is an account of a cruise along the coral reef that extends into the Gulf of Mexico from the Florida peninsula. The persons who make the cruise in the story are imaginary, but the author made such a trip when a boy, in company with a noted naturalist. His accounts of the strange inhabitants of sea, earth, and air in those regions are both entertaining and instructive for young readers. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"An Attic Philosopher in Paris" is the title of an excellent translation of Emile Souvestre's "Un Philosophe sous les Toits." This charming account of the struggle made by a man of genius to be happy in spite of poverty, and of the success that crowned his efforts, is to-day as pleasant a companion for one's idle moments as if it had been written yesterday, instead of forty-odd years ago, and the illustrations by Jean Claude are in excellent harmony with the text. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New

York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Assassination of Lincoln: A History of the Great Conspiracy," by General T. M. Harris, a member of the military commission that tried the conspirators, is a detailed account of the events which culminated in the tragedy of April 14, 1865, as shown in the military trial of the conspirators, and a review of the trial of John H. Surratt, with Judge-Advocate Bingham's argument in full and General Henry L. Burnett's account of the controversy between President Johnson and Judge Holt. Published by the American Citizen Company, Boston.

"Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean," by Lee Meriwether—who wrote "A Tramp Trip; or, Europe on Fifty Cents a Day" some three or four years ago—is an account of the author's cruise on that great sea to see whose shores is, according to Samuel Johnson, the object of all traveling. In our day there is more to see than Dr. Johnson dreamed of in all his philosophy; but not every nook of the Mediterranean is yet accessible to ordinary tourists, and Mr. Meriwether describes parts of the Italian peninsula and of the Aegean Islands that few travelers have visited, unless they went as he did, in a private yacht. The illustrations are from the author's photographs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"Moltke: His Life and Character Sketched in Journals, Letters, Memoirs, a Novel, and Autobiographical Notes," translated by Mary Herms, is a third volume on the great German general, uniform with the "Letters to Mother and Brothers" and the "Franco-German War." It begins with a short family history, his father's memoirs, and recollections of the life of his father; and then come a great quantity of extracts from his letters, journals, and autobiographical notes, and from "The Two Friends," a tale in which he, a man of twenty-eight, painted himself true to life. The volume is a handsome octavo, and contains many illustrations, some of which are copied from Moltke's own drawings. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Prose Idyls," by John Albee, is a volume of "pastels in prose," which seem to be a later fad among the writers than is the short story. Few have tried their hands at the new literary form with great success. The Harpers' volume of "pastels," translated from the French, set the fashion, but the best English "pastels" had been written months before

by Olive Schreiner in her African home. The "etchings" in *Short Stories* have often been "pastels," but they have the harshness and crudity of a flash-light photograph. Mary E. Wilkins has come nearer the ideal, but her work is not perfection. These "Prose Idyls" of John Albee's are very uneven in merit, some being light and fairly graceful while others are dull and mechanical. They are worth looking over, but they certainly are not models. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.25.

"The Armies of To-Day" is a book that will be read with appreciation by those who are interested in the unstable condition of European politics and in the military equipments which European nations must maintain. Each army is described by one whose official connection gives him exceptional opportunities for acquiring exact and complete information; the illustrations are by Caton Woodville, Thure de Thulstrup, R. F. Zogbaum, and Frederic Remington—who are far and away the best living draftsmen in this line, with the possible exception of Edouard Detaille. The full list of articles is as follows: "The Army of the United States," by General Wesley Merritt; "The Standing Army of Great Britain," by General Viscount Wolseley; "The German Army," by Lieutenant-Colonel Exner; "The French Army," by General Lewal; "The Russian Army," by a Russian general; "The Austro-Hungarian Army," by General Baron von Kuhn; "The Italian Army," by G. Goiran, General Staff Colonel; "The Mexican Army," by Thomas A. Janvier; and an appendix on "The Military Situation in Europe," by Lieutenant-Colonel Exner. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Friday Night Club.

The members of the Friday Night Club gave their first cotillion of this season on Friday evening, and it was quite the brilliant success that was anticipated. The large hall appeared bright and attractive with its decoration of fancifully colored streamers, banners, and lanterns, and the floor was covered with new canvas of snowy whiteness. Upon the stage, amid a decoration of chrysanthemums and tropical plants, was the Hungarian Orchestra, which played excellently throughout the evening. A special feature of the evening was the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," which was played with organ accompaniment. The attendance was large, and naturally all of the fair sex appeared in their newest and most fetching gowns. The cotillion was commenced soon after nine o'clock, and the figures introduced were all quite simple and familiar to most of the dancers. Mr. Edward H. Sheldon was the leader, and he performed his duties in a thoroughly efficient manner. His partner was Mrs. William H. Ellicott, of Baltimore. At twelve o'clock the cotillion terminated for a while, and an elaborate supper was served in the spacious dining-hall, under the direction of Ludwig. Mr. Greenway, the manager of the club, had had new burlap laid on the stone floor. After supper, dancing was resumed until two o'clock, and then the ball was over. It was a very successful affair in every way and was greatly enjoyed.

Those who participated in the cotillion were:

Mrs. William H. Ellicott, Mrs. W. R. Quinan, Mrs. George D. Boyd, Mrs. F. H. Beaver, Mrs. C. de Guigne, Mrs. Basil Heathcote, Mrs. J. Downey Harvey, Mrs. A. E. Wood, Mrs. J. C. Nuttall, Miss Archer, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Julia Bowen, Miss Childs, Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Josephine Cone, Miss Kate Clement, Miss Emily Carolan, Miss Cunningham, Miss Carroll, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Juliet Conner, Miss Edith M. Conner, Miss Daisy Deane, Miss Pauline Deane, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Delmas, Miss Josephine Delmas, Miss Mamie Deming, Miss Fanny Grant, Miss Graham, Miss Hattie Graham, Miss Harrington, Miss Nellie Hillier, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Hooper, Miss Bee Hooper, Miss Myra Lord, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Alice McCutchen, Miss Hilda Macdonald, Miss Alice Merry, Miss Martin, Miss McPherson, Miss Charlotte Moulder, Miss McNutt, Miss Adelle Perrin, Miss Helen Perrin, Miss Frances Pierce, Miss Pringle, Miss Roger, Miss Alice Simpkins, Miss May Scott, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Jennie Sherwood, Miss Essie Shreve, Miss Tompkins, Miss J. W. Tompkins, Miss Cecilia Tobin, Miss Fanny Wilcox, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Miss Dodge, Miss Jennie Dodge, Miss Firth, Miss Marie Zane, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mr. F. H. Coon, Mr. F. H. Shaw, Mr. Southard Hoffmann, Mr. Lawrence Scott, Mr. W. S. McMurry, Mr. Sidney Ashe, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. J. M. McNeill, Mr. J. C. Nuttall, Mr. J. C. Pringle, Mr. T. C. Berry, Mr. Joseph S. Tobin, Mr. F. L. Owen, Mr. Frank McM. Van Ness, Mr. George Loughborough, Mr. A. H. Small, Mr. C. F. Grant, Mr. S. A. Adams, Mr. William McPherson, Mr. W. R. Sherwood, Mr. Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., Mr. Alhar, Mr. J. C. Newman, Mr. J. C. Madison, Mr. J. C. McKee, Mr. G. A. Newhall, Mr. Jesse E. Godley, Mr. Lawrence Van Winkle, Mr. A. Z. Loughborough, Mr. J. W. Wilson, Mr. Samuel Knight, Mr. Gilbert Tompkins, Mr. Basil Ricketts, Mr. A. H. Wilcox, Mr. F. H. Beaver, Mr. W. F. Bowers, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. Basil Heathcote, Mr. J. E. B. Bowers, Mr. Paul R. Jarboe, Mr. H. M. Holbrook, Mr. Leonard E. Cheney, Mr. Webster Jones, Mr. Brooks Jones, Mr. C. C. Reeve, Mr. F. F. Burgdorf, U. S. N., Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., Lieutenant E. E. Benjamin, U. S. A., Lieutenant Poundstone, U. S. N., Lieutenant F. A. Wilcox, U. S. A., Lieutenant L. H. Strother, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. P. Smmerall, U. S. A., Lieutenant J. C. Burnett, U. S. N., Lieutenant C. A. F. Flagler, U. S. A., Lieutenant W. G. Haan, U. S. A., Lieutenant John Lockwood, U. S. A., Lieutenant G. W. Stevens, U. S. A., Lieutenant Lewis Clark, U. S. N., Captain A. E. Wood, U. S. A., Dr. E. W. Brown, U. S. N.

The on-lookers and rovers included:

Mr. and Mrs. Faxon D. Atterton, Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney E. Cushing, Mr. and Mrs. A. Douglas Dick, Mr. and Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Dupre, Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Frank, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Green, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Holman, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, Mr. and Mrs. Camillo Martin, Mr. and Mrs. P. McG. McBean, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel H. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. McAllister, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Talbot, Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Tatum, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Tallant, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Tubbs, Count and Countess Festetics, Lieutenant and Mrs. J. C. Cantwell, U. S. N., Dr. and Mrs. Beverly M. C. de Guigne, Dr. and Mrs. F. McNutt, Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin, Dr. and Mrs. Leonard Wood, U. S. A., Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood, Mrs. John Currey, Mrs. D. M. Delmas, Mrs. R. C. Foute, Mrs. Webster Jones, Mrs. N. S. Kittle, Mrs. J. H. Lord, Mrs. A. H. Loughborough, Mrs. Henry Schmedel, Mrs. Sidney M. Smith, Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, General Thomas H. Ruger, U. S. A., Mr. George D. Boyd, Mr. C. de Guigne, Mr. William H. Ellicott, Mr. L. S. Vassault, General W. M. Graham, U. S. A., Mr. Ward McAllister.

The strangers, or visitors from other cities, who were present were:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Ellicott, of Baltimore, Miss Archer, of New York, Misses Dodge, of Boston, Miss Alice Failing, of Seattle, Mr. C. C. Wetmore, of New York, Mr. Robinson, of Louisville, Ky., and Lieutenant A. P. Niblack, U. S. N.

The arrangements are now so well advanced that something may be said of the second cotillion, which will take place on Friday evening, December 23d. It will be a fancy dress, leap-year cotillion, led by Miss Emelie Hager, assisted by Miss McNutt and Miss Sally Maynard. It is an imperative order that all gentlemen who dance shall wear knee-breeches and have their hair powdered, and lady dancers must don some fancy dress. Army and navy officers are requested to appear in uniform. If gentlemen will wear fancy dress it is preferred. The ladies are urgently requested to engage their partners immediately. The usual leap-year rules will be rigidly enforced.

## The Ames-McCutchen Tea.

One of the prettiest affairs of the season was the matinee tea given last Saturday by Mrs. Pelham W. Ames and Mrs. E. J. McCutchen, at the home of the former on Taylor Street. The affair served to introduce Miss Alice McCutchen into society circles, and about two hundred and fifty guests called to greet her. The hostesses and the debutante were assisted in receiving by Miss Alice Ames, Miss Mary L. McNutt, Miss Alice Merry, Miss Grace Martin, Miss Kate Clement, of Oakland, and the Misses Dodge, of Boston, who are visiting here. They were all exquisitely gown and entertained the callers charmingly. The rooms were brilliantly illuminated and were tastefully decorated with holly berries, bright-colored chrysanthemums, ferns, and trailing vines. The Hungarian Orchestra played during the hours of the reception, which were from five until eight o'clock, and refreshments were served. The affair

was so pleasant in every way that there was a delightful aftermath to it in the form of a dancing-party which did not end until midnight. This was, of course, participated in by the younger element only.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mrs. Richard Ivers and Miss Aileen Ivers are at the Victoria Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair gave up their idea of passing the winter in Paris and returned to New York last Tuesday. They will remain there during the season.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henley Smith are at the Hotel Brunswick, in New York city, having returned from their European tour.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant is at the Holland House, in New York city.

Mr. James V. Coleman is in New York city and is staying at the Hotel Brunswick.

Miss Cora Wallace is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. Karl Kellogg is staying at the Murray Hill Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker are at the Hotel Holland, in New York city.

Misses Marie and Kate Voorhies, who have been traveling extensively in Europe for several months, have returned to New York, and are visiting friends there. They will remain in the East during the winter.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst is expected to return from the East in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Magee, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. William Magee are at the Hotel Grande Bretagne, in Florence, Italy.

General and Mrs. John H. Dickinson, Miss Lizzie Shipman, Master Rex Dickinson, Major Charles T. Stanley, Lieutenant Frank Warren, Mr. Charles H. Crocker, Mr. Cutler Bonestell, and Mr. George S. Mearns, returned on the yacht *Aggie* last Monday from a five days' outing among the Sacramento River sloughs, where they were duck shooting.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin and the Misses Lugsdin will leave this evening on an Eastern trip.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin, of Oroville, will leave for the East in a few days and will be away several weeks.

Miss Marie Williams, daughter of Dr. R. E. Williams, who has been confined to her home for several weeks by a sprained ankle, is improving rapidly and will soon be able to be out.

Mrs. H. M. A. Miller and Miss Mamie Burling will soon leave to pass a month in Santa Barbara.

Miss Mary Williams has returned from a pleasant visit to friends in Stockton.

Miss Helen Curtis leaves on the eleventh of this month to join her sister, Miss Elizabeth Curtis, the artist, in Paris.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, *de Monte Verde*, are staying at the Palace Hotel, and will receive on the first and third Mondays in December.

Misses Florence and Lillian Reed have returned from the East, and are occupying their new home, 1624 Jackson Street.

Mrs. Charles N. Shaw is visiting Mrs. W. H. McKittrick at her ranch near Bakersfield.

Mr. and Mrs. George D. Boyd have returned to the city after passing about six months in San Rafael.

Bishop and Mrs. W. F. Nichols have returned from their visit to Baltimore.

Mrs. Austin Sperry and the Misses Estelle and Bertha Simpson left New York a week ago on the *Faldia* for Genoa, Italy.

Mrs. Alfred Abhey is at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mrs. Lansing O. Kellogg is visiting Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis, at their ranch near Bakersfield.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morris and Miss Maud Morrow will remain in their cottage at San Rafael most of the winter.

Dr. Frank H. Fisher has recovered from his recent severe illness.

Mr. Everett N. Bee will return from Central America in a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter will return from Europe in January.

Mr. A. A. Son will soon leave for New York city, and will be away about six weeks.

Mrs. I. W. Hellman returned from her European trip last Monday.

Mr. W. B. Harrington, who has been passing a couple of months in Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, will return to the city next Saturday.

Mr. Claude T. Hamilton has returned from a prolonged Eastern tour.

Mr. E. V. Judd has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. J. P. Le Count returned from his Eastern trip last Monday.

Miss Alice Decker was one of the guests at the thirtieth annual Thanksgiving ball of the Laurel House, in Lakewood, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Campbell are in San Diego, and will visit Los Angeles and Santa Barbara before returning home.

Mr. Robert A. Irving has gone south to pass a few weeks in Los Angeles, Riverside, and San Bernardino.

Miss Alice Mullins has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Grace M. Spencer in San José.

Mrs. William H. Smith and Miss Belle Smith are residing at 816 Sutter Street.

Miss Failing, of Seattle, is here on a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Alfred D. Holman.

Miss Josephine Cone came down from Red Bluff to attend the cotillion of the Friday Night Club.

Mrs. B. J. Horton, of Providence, R. I., is here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. R. F. Bunker.

Mr. and Mrs. D. N. Walter and family, who are now in Paris, will return from Europe next spring.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard, who have been passing the week in Boston, are now en route to New Orleans.

Dr. Martin Regensburger is making a brief visit to New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank F. Moulton have returned to the city after passing several months at their villa near Mayfield.

Mr. George Crocker, Mr. E. F. Preston, and Mr. William S. Kittle have returned from a week's trip through the southern part of the State.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Booth have removed to the Palace Hotel, where they will remain during the winter.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo has gone East, and will be away several weeks.

Mr. T. H. Goodman will return from New York in a few days.

Colonel and Mrs. R. D. Laidlaw are at the Palace Hotel for the winter.

Mr. Samuel M. Shortridge has gone to San Diego, and will be away about a week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Tibbs are at the Palace Hotel, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph L. Armer will return to Guatemala on December 5th. They will receive their friends on Saturday and Sunday evenings at 1611 Post Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Warren D. Clark, *de Hopkins*, are residing at the Palace Hotel.

The Misses Dodge, of Boston, are the guests of Mrs. Pelham W. Ames, at her home on Taylor Street.

— HOLIDAY PRESENTS—LORNETTES IN TORTOISE-SHELL and silver, with chains. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

— J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, DIS. plays the most fashionable underwear and hosiery.

Finest oysters in all styles, SWAIN'S, 213 Sutter St.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commodore Joseph Skerrett, U. S. N., now in command of the Washington navy-yard, will succeed Rear-Admiral Brown, U. S. N., in the command of the Pacific Squadron on January 1, 1893. Commodore Skerrett and family will arrive here about December 22d, and Admiral Brown will leave for the East about the middle of January. It is supposed that he will be assigned to the command of the Norfolk Navy Yard.

Lieutenant-Commander E. C. Pendleton, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the Washington navy yard, and ordered to special duty connected with the *Monteury*.

Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., is awaiting orders for duty on the *Monteury*.

Passed-Assistant Engineer Howard Gage, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Michigan*, and ordered to the Union Iron Works for duty as assistant to the inspector of the machinery of the *Monteury*.

Passed-Assistant Engineer G. D. Strickland, U. S. N., has been ordered to duty on the *Ranger*.

Lieutenant A. N. Hall, U. S. M. C., has been detached from the *Franklin* and ordered to the *Monocacy* of the Asiatic Squadron. He will leave here December 24th.

Dr. W. F. Arnold, U. S. N., is awaiting orders for duty on the *Monteury*.

Colonel Joseph R. Smith, Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A., has gone to Whipple Barracks, A. T., on official business.

Lieutenant James E. Nolan, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has gone to Three Rivers, Cal., on an official visit.

## Pommery Sec.

(Illustrated London News.)

The firm of Veuve Pommery & Co. now consists of the following members: Louis Pommery, Henry Vassier, the experienced directeur, and the Comtesse de Polignac. It is owing to the conscientious efforts of the management to produce a high-grade champagne of uniform quality, regardless of cost, that *Pommery Sec.* occupies the elevated position it now holds among connoisseurs, prominent among whom is the Prince of Wales.

From the Fruit and Flower Mission.

1213 SUTTER STREET, November 25, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: Will you kindly, through the *Argonaut*, return the sincere thanks of the Fruit and Flower Mission for the generous donation of fifty dollars received from "M. R. - M. F." For the very kind appeal which the *Argonaut* made in behalf of the Mission please accept our gratitude. Very truly yours,

MARY ELDRIDGE BUCKINGHAM.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 28, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The young ladies of the Fruit and Flower Mission desire to thank you for your very kind appeal, made for Thanksgiving, in their behalf, and to assure you that it met with a most generous response. Very gratefully yours,

PHENIE ARMER, Secretary.

Don't become constipated. Take BEECHAM'S PILLS.

— THE HOLIDAYS WILL SOON BE HERE, AND already the world of shops and shoppers is becoming bright and merry. As usual, The Maze is ahead of its competitors, and will be open evenings as well as all day long for the holiday trade, commencing on Monday night, December 5th, and until the famous "night before Christmas," when people are making their very last purchases. The Maze is the place to go for holiday goods of all kinds. It is right in the centre of the city, at Market and Taylor Streets, and, being a modern department store, it has for sale every possible article, from toys of every imaginable and unimaginable kind and price to the latest in Paris bonnets or the best household utensils, carpets, porcelains, etc. You can get anything you want at The Maze.

## What Every Lady Should Know.

Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Srozyński! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices.

S. STROZYNSKI,

Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

## USE ONLY MURRAY &amp; LANMAN'S



## REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES!

## DR. A. LILIENCRANTZ

Has returned from his European trip and is located at

ROOMS 28, 29, and 30,

819 MARKET STREET,

Academy of Sciences Building.

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## CONCERT AND DANCE.

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Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

## GOODYEAR'S

## Mackintosh Coats



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R. H. PEASE, Agents, S. M. RUNYON, S. F.

Goodyear Rubber Co. 577 and 579 MARKET STREET.

## Hints for the Holidays



A piece of furniture—use, beauty, and durability combined—there's the ideal offering as a Christmas gift. Better than anything else.

Send for "HINTS ON HOME FURNISHING."

SIXTY PAGES, ILLUSTRATED.

CALIFORNIA FURNITURE COMPANY,

(N. P. COLE & CO.)

117-123 Geary Street.



SOCIETY.

The Hellman-Wright Wedding.

A very quiet wedding took place in Grace Church at noon last Saturday, when Miss Roberta E. Lee Wright, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright, was married to Mr. George H. Hellman, of Hellman Bros. & Co. The young couple are well known to society and musical circles, the bride being one of the two original organizers of the Saturday Morning Orchestra. A number of intimate friends of the two families witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. R. C. Foute. There were no attendants, except the groom's brother, Mr. Richard Hellman, who acted as best man. Mr. and Mrs. Hellman are now occupying their new home in Alameda, where they will henceforth reside.

The School for Scandal.

The School for Scandal held its second meeting last Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1825 Octavia Street, and the hundred or more guests who were present pronounced it to be one of the jolliest affairs of the season. This time the entertainment was held in the large dining-room, and it was musical in character. Miss Jessie Coleman, Miss Maude Berry, and Miss Juliet Conner each sang solos that won unstinted applause and encores, and the instrumental numbers were by Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Jr., Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., and Miss Touillon all of whom are accomplished pianists. As a finale there was a sunflower song, and it was quite unique. Miss Mollie Hutchinson had painted a scene with a house at one side and a garden adjacent where sunflowers bloomed and nodded in the breeze. In the centre of each sunflower appeared the smiling face of a young lady, and upon investigation they were found to be Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Jr., Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Jr., Miss Bertha Blanchard, and Miss Duvalin. At an open window of the house Miss Jessie Coleman appeared and sang a pretty ballad, the chorus of which was taken up by the quartet of sunflowers. It was a delightful conceit and was well carried out. The entertainment lasted just an hour and then dancing was enjoyed until almost three o'clock in the morning. A sumptuous supper was served by Ludwig at midnight. If this little club, which certainly belies its name and eminently provides such excellent entertainment for its friends, continues to do as it has done it will be a feature of our social life that we can not dispense with. The next meeting will be on Thursday evening, December 29th.

The Pringle Dancing-Party.

A very pleasant dancing-party was given by Mr. and Mrs. Edward J. Pringle, in honor of their daughter, Miss Nina Pringle, at their home in East Oakland, last Friday evening. The spacious grounds about the house were brilliantly illuminated with innumerable bright-hued Japanese lanterns, and within doors every arrangement had been made for the pleasure and comfort of the guests. The broad veranda had been walled-in, making a delightfully cool promenade, and it, as well as all the rooms of the lower floor, had been canvassed for dancing. The entrance-hall was decorated with a variety of pretty flowers and foliage, pink geraniums giving the prevailing tone to the embellishment; the library was artistically adorned with oak and moss and graceful shoots of bamboo, and the drawing-room was similarly decorated, while the billiard-room had received an unique and effective decoration of guns, fencing-foils, tennis nets and racquets, baseball bats, and other emblems of outdoor sport. The guests, to the number of a hundred or more, began to arrive from Oakland and San Francisco at about half-past nine, and were received with charming hospitality by Mr. and Mrs. Pringle and their daughter. In a short time dancing was commenced, to the music of an excellent string orchestra. At midnight a delicious supper was served, and after an hour or so had been devoted to its enjoyment, dancing was resumed and kept up until it was time for the guests to make their adieux. The affair was a delightful one in every respect, and proved a most auspicious opening of the winter season across the bay.

The Dimond Private Theatricals.

The Misses Eleanor and Mae Dimond entertained a number of their friends last Tuesday evening by giving a private theatrical entertainment at their home, 2224 Washington Street. An impromptu stage was arranged in the back parlor and the guests were comfortably seated in the front parlor. First on the programme was a monologue entitled, "The Curtain Raiser," which was creditably given by Miss Anna Deuprey. Then came the laughable farce, "Sixes and Sevens," with the following cast: Colonel Scrimmiog, Mr. Samuel H. Knight; Mrs. Scrimmiog, Miss Juliet Tompkins; Hector, Mr. Milton S.

Latham; Major Teddington - Locke, Mr. Frank Owen; Mrs. De Lancy (a widow), Miss Nellie Hillier; Jessie Wheaton (an heiress), Miss Eleanor Dimond. The participants acquitted themselves remarkably well. Afterward there was a leap year cotillion, led by Miss Minnie Houghton, and a delicious supper was served.

Californians in Paris.

On November 4th, a dinner took place in Paris at the Maison Dorée, at which a number of Californians were seated around the board. The dinner was given by Mr. Raphael Weill to Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Gillig. As Mr. Weill is a noted gourmet, renowned for his gastronomic lore, and as the dinner took place at the Maison Dorée, which is famous for its chef even in Paris, the menu will be found interesting. It is as follows:

Huitres d'Ostende.  
Potage Tortue.  
Barbue, Sauce Suprême.  
Selle de Chevreille, à la Duchesse.  
Jambon hâché au Madère à la gelée.  
Bœuf à la mode.  
Salade.  
Ecrevisses en sauce.  
Glacé Mariette.  
Fromage. Fruit.  
L'In.-Montrachet, 1889.  
Madère.  
Poulet-Cane, 1870.  
Chambertin, 1877.  
St. Marcoux, 1884.

Among the guests at the dinner were: Mr. and Mrs. Gillig, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rollo Peters, the Baron and Baroness Rogiat, Mr. Henry Haynie, Mr. F. L. Unger, Mr. Michel Lazard, and Mr. Will.

A few evenings afterward another dinner was given at the same restaurant, by Mr. and Mrs. Gillig, the Baron and Baroness Rogiat, who will be remembered by many Los Angeles as having spent some time in Southern California. At this dinner farewells were said to Mr. and Mrs. Gillig, who were to leave at once for Egypt and the Levant.

The Jewett Lunch-Party.

Mrs. John H. Jewett gave an elaborate lunch-party recently, at her residence on Bush Street, in honor of Miss Jennie Catherwood. The house was beautifully decorated with flowers, and the luncheon, which was a most delicious one, was served at two o'clock. Afterward a number of musical selections were given, and it was quite late when the ladies took their departure, all highly pleased. Mrs. Jewett's guests were:

Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Thomas Holt, Mrs. Monroe Salishury, Mrs. Adam Grant, Mrs. Clara Catherwood, Mrs. Michael Castle, Mrs. S. W. Holliday, Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, Countess Festetics, Mrs. L. M. Coit, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Fanny Longborough, Miss Laura McKinstry, and Miss Mercado.

MUSICAL NOTES.

The Pasmore Concert.

An interesting concert was given by fourteen pupils of Mr. H. B. Pasmore last Wednesday evening, in Metropolitan Hall. Many of their friends were present and were delighted with the selections. Four of Mr. Pasmore's own compositions were included in the programme, which comprised the following selections:

Cavatina, Bohm, Volk Tanx, Gade, for violin and piano, Mr. Hother Wismer and Mr. Abe Sundland; cavatina, "Let Me Love Thee," Ardit, Miss Van Amringe; songs, "Still, Still, My Heart," "Harmony," "The Miller's Daughter," H. B. Pasmore, Miss Lillian McElroy; aria, "Com' e bello," Donizetti, Miss Lulu Wagon; songs, (a) "Suleika," (b) "New Love," Mendelssohn, Miss Mary L. Carr; recit. and aria, "With Verdure Clad" (from the "Creation"), Haydn, with organ accompaniment, Miss Irma Fitch; song, "Remembrance," Saint-Saëns, Miss Annie Coleman; hunting song, H. B. Pasmore, Miss Mai M. Galloway; violin solo, polka, op. 420, Spohr, Mr. Wismer; song, "Orpheus With His Lute," Sullivan, Miss Margaret Gaskill; recitative and aria, "In Native Worth" (from "The Creation") with organ accompaniment, Haydn, Mr. C. C. Echlin; songs, (a) "The Post," (b) "The Wanderer," Schubert, Miss Kate Saxton Steiger; waltz song, "Che gioia," Matti, Miss Lillie Goodman; songs, (a) "Love," Godard, (b) "Eclogue," Delibes, Miss Charlotte Vervo; aria, "Il sogno," with violin obligato, Mercadante, Miss Esther Needham; scena, "Shadow Song" (from "Dinorah"), Meyerheer, Miss Helen Swayne; sonata for organ and violin, Tartini, Mr. Wismer and Mr. Pasmore.

The Wilkie Ballad Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave the first of his series of ballad concerts last Thursday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. He had been fortunate in securing a large number of subscribers, so the hall was crowded with a fashionable audience. The programme was well selected and the participants won much applause. The numbers were as follows:

Glee (five voices), "Sigh No More, Ladies," R. J. S. Stevens, (A. D. 1757-1837), Miss Berry, Miss Wood, Mrs. Dickman, Messrs. Wilkie and Carroll; ballad, "The Anchor's Weighed," Brahms, (A. O. 1774-1850), Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "Never Again," Cowen, Mrs. Charles J. Dickman; piano solo, "Idyll," Jensen, Mr. S. G. Fleishman; song, "I Dare to Love Thee," Tosti, Miss Maude L. Berry; duet, "Dews of the Summer Night," Buck, Mrs. Dickman and Mr. Wilkie; song, "A Brigand's Life," Shield, (A. O. 1748-1829), Mr. Victor Carroll; piano solo, "Polonaise," Moszkowski, Mr. S. G. Fleishman; madrigal (six voices), "Charm Me Asleep," Leslie, (A. D. 1822), Miss Berry, Miss Wood, Mrs. Dickman, Messrs. Wilkie, Stadfeld, and Carroll; Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

The second concert will be held in the Maple Room on Tuesday afternoon, December 13th.

A concert will be given in Irving Hall next Tuesday evening by the Abby Cheney Amateurs for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. They will be assisted by Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson, contralto, Mr. Sigmund Reed, violinist, Mr. Louis Heine, cellist, and Mr. Edmund Russell, who will recite, in costume, "The Romance of the White Cow."

An interesting musical event will be Mr. Donald de V. Graham's second annual concert, for the benefit of the endowment fund of the Childreo's Hospital, which will be held in Odd Fellows' Hall on Wednesday evening, December 14th. An excellent programme has been prepared, and a fashionable attendance is assured.

Signorina Adelina Puerari, assisted by the Italian Philodramatic Society, will give a concert on Sunday evening, December 4th. A number of prominent

artists will appear, among whom are Miss E. A. Haas, Miss Tillie Brohaska, and Signor Efsio Carboni.

In refutation of the statement that Mr. Rosewald made \$2,000 from the production of "Baroness Meta," the following schedule of the expenses incurred is given. The vouchers for each item are in the hands of the lady managers of the Woman's Exchange:

To Goldstein & Co. (costumes), \$450; Goldstein & Cohn (wigs), \$18; Louis Roesch Co. (programmes), \$8; Solly H. Walter (designing costumes and playing parts), \$100; A. Messner (understudy), \$30; A. M. Thornton (special concession to charity), \$35; Miss A. Heuer (special concession to charity), \$20; Frederick Urban (stage-manager), \$150; William T. Porter (scenic artist), \$25; Thomas H. Andrews (stage setting and material), \$150; Miss Amy Gell (pianist at rehearsals), \$100; San Francisco Gas Light Co. (for rehearsals), \$21.40; Mrs. Hoerber (typewriter), \$32.25; property man (salary and properties), \$23; electric lights, \$7; orchestra (per Noah Brandt), \$28.50; advertisement (Wace), \$7.50; Argonaut, \$3.75 discount of fifty per cent; (News Letter), \$7.50; calcium lights, \$15; San Francisco Operatic Society, \$100; Mr. Gould (chorus), \$15; Mr. Belton (chorus), \$15; Miss Noble (chorus), \$10; Mr. Parent (chorus), \$15; Mr. Angerstein (copying music), \$40.00; Mr. Harris (copying music), \$3.88; Miss Weigel (accompanist), \$5; eight children in chorus, \$16; Opera House employees, \$13.50; carriages (for lady soloists), \$15; Sherman & Clay (hauling piano), \$6.....\$2,011.18

Contracted for by Woman's Exchange and charged to Mr. Rosewald's account: Rent of opera-house, \$150; advertisement in daily papers, \$105.80; two flag advertisements, \$4.50; postage-stamps, \$17.95; rubber-stamp, car, and messenger, \$2.65; printing show-cards, \$15.25; furniture company (rent of chairs), \$3; carriage hire, \$3; illuminated "charity," \$8; J. H. Love (ticket agent), \$44.50.....\$354.65

Total expense.....\$2,365.83

Received from Woman's Exchange, as per contract: For expenses, \$1,500; share of profits (contingent upon a net profit of \$2,500 to Woman's Exchange), \$500.....\$2,000.00

Net loss to J. H. Rosewald.....\$365.83

Bernhard Mollehouer, the violinist, will give his first concert here on Wednesday evening, December 7th, at Irving Hall. Mr. Mollenhauer has a world-wide reputation as a violinist, and is referred to, by the Eastern press, in the highest terms of commendation.

Dr. and Mrs. S. H. Willey have issued invitations for a concert which will be given at the Van Ness Seminary, next Friday evening, by pupils of the seminary.

"I'd like to know, Seth, why you will never talk to me." "Well, if you really want to know—when you don't agree with me, I'm sorry for you; and when you do, I'm sorry for myself."—Bazar.

Christmas is Coming

And what makes it most dreaded is the ever same dreary query as to what we shall give our loved ones. A little suggestion might not be out of place. There is nothing so pleasing to the feminine heart, nothing so acceptable as a pretty selection of note-papers. Some of those lovely papers which have recently come into vogue, with monogram or initials in fac-simile stamped in silver or the bronzes across the corner, and there is no one whose productions in this line compare with Cooper's. The very latest fad is the Russian Blue, and when stamped in white ink is divine. The exclusive importers of this are J. K. Cooper & Co., of 746 Market Street, who, besides these late novelties, have the best selections of fine linens on the market, and their name is oow a guaranty of superior workmanship regarding monogram engraving, etc.

Are You Looking for Holiday Gifts?

There are a great many people in town now, or coming to the city within the next few days, to make their annual purchases for the holidays or to look about them and see what they will get for Christmas presents for their friends. A cordial invitation is extended to all such visitors by Sanborn, Vail & Co. to stop in at their big store on Market Street, opposite the end of Grant Avenue, and examine the stock of holiday goods.

Polite clerks are in attendance and will gladly show visitors the goods, and the latter are well worth seeing. They include all kinds of articles that are particularly appropriate as gifts at the holiday season, and the variety is so great that from them all can be chosen something to suit every taste and purse.

The goods are displayed on the ground floor in and upon handsome show-cases. Pictures, of course, one finds in all styles. Allied to them are the screens, which make pretty and very acceptable presents, as do the small tables, some of which are onyx topped on gilt stands. Toilet cases, simple or elaborate, are shown in great profusion. There are some beautiful silver-mounted leather goods. The display of Christmas cards and sachets is particularly attractive. Silver-mounted inkstands and articles for the desk are exhibited in all the new designs, and the collection of photograph panels and photograph frames is by far the finest in town. To enumerate even the kinds of holiday goods at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s is impossible here; it is enough to say that they well repay inspection.

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Have a very choice collection of California Souvenirs suitable for Christmas Presents—Old Missions, Small Water-Colors, etc. Nos. 19 and 21 Post St.

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SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of humor remedies. This is a strong language, but every word is true, as proven by thousands of grateful testimonials. CUTICURA REMEDIES are, beyond all doubt, the greatest Skin Cures, Blood Purifiers, and Humor Remedies of modern times. Sold everywhere.

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—How to Cure Skin Diseases" mailed free.

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The Finest Whiskey in the World  
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## A VIRGINAL VETERAN.

How an Elderly Damsel Hooked her Fish.

COLONEL FANSHAW, 55. MRS. DAVENPORT, 45.  
MR. ARTHUR MAUDSLEY, 22. The three Miss  
PAIGNTONS, 26 to 30.

SCENE.—MRS. DAVENPORT's ball at a garrison  
town.

TIME.—The night before the departure of a regiment.  
COLONEL FANSHAW [to his hostess]—How these  
youngsters do dance! They seem to move on air.

MRS. DAVENPORT—And yet some of them I dare-  
say have hearts as heavy as lead.

COLONEL FANSHAW—Why?

MRS. DAVENPORT—Well, after dancing and flirt-  
ing together for two years, it must be hard to say  
good-bye for ever, for that's what changing quarters  
practically means.

COLONEL FANSHAW—It does, to be sure. We  
are rolling stones—but we sometimes gather a little  
moss. Some of the fellows contrive—

MRS. DAVENPORT—To make fools of themselves.

COLONEL FANSHAW—I should not have put it  
so! Still I think we shall hear of no engagements  
to-night, it's too damp for the garden.

MRS. DAVENPORT—The Paignton girls would sit  
out in an Arctic winter. Have you noticed them to-  
night?

COLONEL FANSHAW—What is there to notice?  
They only flirt—they always did and always will.

MRS. DAVENPORT—Ah, but there is purpose in  
the eyes of all three to-night. They have always  
meant to marry into the army, and to-night, you will  
see, some of your men will be idiotic enough to give  
them the chance. Which Paignton would you like  
best in the regiment? They are all pretty, they are  
all silly, and they are all sentimental; and they are  
utterly heartless and designing young women.

COLONEL FANSHAW—Do you think, Mrs. Daven-  
port, that I am not alive to the danger? No, a  
colonel, if he does his duty by his young fellows, has  
it to do in the hall-room as well as on the field and  
in the barrack-yard.

MRS. DAVENPORT—Well, I don't envy you your  
work to-night. Rosa Paignton has her eye on the  
regiment at large to-night, and—

COLONEL FANSHAW—And on young Maudsley  
in particular. [Nervously.] By the bye, where is  
the boy? He mustn't slip through my fingers. I  
promised his father I would look after him.

MRS. DAVENPORT [laughing]—Out there in the  
garden, beyond the furthest lamp; at the front; en-  
gaged with the enemy; and under the fire of Miss  
Rosa Paignton herself!

COLONEL FANSHAW—Confound it!—I beg your  
pardon, but I must bring up my supports—reinforce  
him, you know. The young ass has had too much  
champagne to fight his guns by himself.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—We have got our route,  
Miss Paignton.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON [mournfully]—Oh, have  
you?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Yes; and there is nothing  
for it but to go, I suppose [sighs].

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON [sighs]—I suppose—not.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—It is hard on a fellow!  
When he has just joined—just got to know how nice  
all the people are here!

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—And they have just got  
to know how nice you are!

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Oh, don't, Miss Paignton.  
You will like the One Hundred and Ninetieth.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—And you will like Ply-  
mouth—

[A silence.]

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—There's the fifth extra!  
You promised it to me.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Did I? You asked me  
to keep you three dances at the Buddleys—and—  
now you are going away [piteously].

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY [ruefully]—It's not my  
fault. I don't want to go.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—But you will—and we  
shall never see each other again!

[A silence.]

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY [whose head swims]—We  
ought to go and dance, I suppose. I don't feel like  
dancing, do you?

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—I don't.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—No; but I mean you are  
such a splendid dancer—it is a shame to keep you  
out of the ball-room.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Dancing isn't everything.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—I say, it's awfully jolly  
here. I could sit here forever.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Ah, you will never sit  
here with me again! To-morrow—what time do  
you start?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Ten. Beastly nuisance!

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Oh, you won't mind it.  
You will all be there at ten—and you will be cheer-  
ful in the train, and you will take your seats, and the  
band will strike up—what is it they play? I for-  
get.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Oh, you know what they  
play. "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Is that it? And then  
the engine will whistle and shriek, and off you will  
go; and—never—see—any—of—us—again. [Is  
overcome.]

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Oh, I say, do stop! If  
you go on like that you will make me—

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON [eagerly]—Make you what?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Do something foolish.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Would it be so foolish?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—It's idiotic for a man to cry.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON [innocently]—You cry?  
Oh, why?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—At leaving you—Rosa.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—You must not call me  
Rosa. Look at the glow-worms shining down there!

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Never mind the glow-  
worms. Couldn't we get married?

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—You don't really care for  
me enough?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—I do, on my soul, I do.  
I think an awful lot of you. Say you will.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Well, if you really are so  
silly [puts her hand in his], I say yes.

[Enter an officer of the regiment.]  
OFFICER—Our dance, Miss Paignton.

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—I am rather tired—I am  
afraid—

OFFICER—I am not going to let you off. I couldn't  
find you for the last, and I am going away in the  
morning, so—

MISS ROSA PAIGNTON—Well, if I must, I must.  
[To MAUDSLEY.] Stay here, dear, and wait for me.

[Exit.]

COLONEL FANSHAW—You here, Maudsley—and  
alone?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—I only wish I had been  
alone all the time, sir.

COLONEL FANSHAW—What's the matter?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—I mustn't tell you.

COLONEL FANSHAW—Yes, you must—your  
father made me promise. Now, what have you been  
up to? Got engaged, eh?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Yes, sir.

COLONEL FANSHAW—I knew it. By Jove! To  
whom?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—One of the Paigntons. I  
don't know what made me.

COLONEL FANSHAW—Why, she made you, of  
course. Which one of the three was it?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—The eldest.

COLONEL FANSHAW—And you don't love her?

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—Not a bit! We were talk-  
ing, and somehow it happened, and—I should like  
to go and drown myself, colonel.

COLONEL FANSHAW—My dear boy, don't be too  
low about it. You're only an ass. We've all been  
that in our day. Every evil has its cure; even Rosa  
Paignton has.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—But I have asked her to  
marry me. I can't go back on my word. You would  
not like me to, colonel.

COLONEL FANSHAW—No, not for worlds; but  
when a fish is hooked foul, he must get off, even if  
he wriggles off. The woman has caught you un-  
fairly.

ARTHUR MAUDSLEY—But what can I do?

COLONEL FANSHAW—Do? Why, pull yourself  
together, my boy, and propose to both her sisters,  
too! There's safety in numbers, you know. Then  
let 'em fight it out among themselves.—Black and  
White.

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word—vigor. This implies good appetite, sound  
sleep, the power to digest. Hostetter's Stomach  
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insures digestion, helps nightly repose, and increases  
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as handsome as a solid gold one. He will  
tell you that it is just as durable, yes,  
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much less than the solid gold case and the  
one who receives the gift  
will thank you for your  
wisdom in choosing, espe-  
cially if you put the differ-  
ence in cost into another present.

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Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with  
a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many  
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articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built  
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Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready  
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pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service  
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half-pound tins, by Grocers, labeled thus:  
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## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

An unfortunate man gained access to a rich nobleman. He depicted his misfortunes and his misery in so moving a manner that the noble lord, with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, called to the servant: "John, put this poor fellow out into the street; he is breaking my heart."

The Vicar of Crosthwaite, in his book on Egypt, tells that he overheard a young English girl saying to her father: "I can't make it out; the guide-book says that Isis was the sister as well as the wife of Osiris." "Nonsense, my dear, the thing's impossible. I never heard such a thing in my life."

"You never read my books!" said an eminent historian, in a tone of pretended jealousy and distress to his little boy, whom he found bending eagerly over a tale of cowboy exploits, hair-breadth escapes, and wild adventure. "N-n-o, papa," was the apologetic answer; "I will by and bye, when I'm older; but now I only like books that are interesting."

One day, when Jenny Lind—she had long been Mme. Goldschmidt—was staying with a relative not far from Peterborough, she attended a service in the cathedral. The dean, who thought the singing very perfect, was rash enough to ask Mme. Goldschmidt how she liked his choir. She looked at him with a quiet smile, and replied, with an emphasis which could not be mistaken: "Oh, Mr. Dean, your cathedral is indeed most beautiful!"

In the year 1836, the aurora borealis was seen one night as far south as Wiltshire. The inhabitants of a certain village assembled to witness the unwanted spectacle. Many were the inquiries as to what it was, when a woman exclaimed: "Do thee send for our Jock, he's a scholar; I'll be bound he'll gie un a name!" When Jock arrived, he looked upward, and said: "Oh, it's only a phenomenon." "There," said the delighted mother, "didn't I tell 'ee he'd gie un a name?"

The old Emperor William used to tell a story against himself which well serves to illustrate "that most gratuitous form of error, prophecy." When the emperor was only King of Prussia, he saw one day among his troops an untidy-looking lieutenant. "Who is that man?" he asked. "An officer," he was told, "who has just left the Danish service and joined the Prussian." "That man will never get on in the army," said the monarch; and he used to add, in telling the story: "The man was Moltke, and my judgment of him gives you the measure of my insight."

An English clergyman recently officiated for a brother clergyman. Being anxious to know what impression he had made, he asked the clerk: "Was my discourse pitched in too high a key? I hope I did not shoot over the heads of the people." "No, you didn't do that, sir." "Was it a suitable theme?" asked the clergyman. "Yes, it was about right." "Was it too long?" "No; but it was long enough." "I am glad of that, for, to tell you the truth, the other day, as I was getting this sermon ready, my dog destroyed four or five pages, and that has made it much shorter." "Oh, sir," said the clerk, "could you let our vicar have a pup o' that 'ere dog?"

On one occasion an English gentleman called to see Lord Westmoreland on particular business. He was at breakfast, and, receiving him with his usual urbanity, asked the object of his visit. The gentleman said that he felt somewhat aggrieved, as he had brought an official letter of introduction to him from the Foreign Office, and, having learned that his lordship had given a great dinner the night before, was surprised and hurt at receiving no invitation. Lord Westmoreland exclaimed, with his usual heartiness: "God bless me, sir, I am really quite distressed. I think I received the letter of which you speak. I will send for it." Accordingly, the letter was brought to him, and, on reading it, he said to the stranger: "Ah! I thought so. There, sir, is the letter; but there is no mention of dinner in it," on which the gentleman rose and backed out of the room in confusion.

Mr. J. C. Tully, who had an opera company at Sadler's Wells, engaged as principal tenor an American, who, having made a small reputation as a concert-singer, imagined he had become an artist of im-

portance; the terms were left open, at his suggestion, until he had shown what his capabilities were. The public did not appear so satisfied with them as he himself, and occasionally gave vent to their disapprobation. On Saturday, the tenor presented himself at the treasury, when Tully asked him what he thought the salary ought to be. There was a great deal of explanation about enormous success and public favor, etc., so, to cut the matter short, Tully requested that, without further parley, he would name a sum. The tenor replied, with great confidence, that he thought he was worth twenty pounds sterling per week, or nothing. "Very true," said Tully, "suppose we say the latter."

At Tennyson's table once, there was a new guest. Dinner over, the butler, having filled this guest's glass, placed the decanter of port before his master. The talk was on a subject which deeply interested Tennyson. As he talked he drank, and not noticing his friend's empty glass, filled his own till the decanter was drained. Then he said: "That was a very good bottle of port, don't you think? Shall we have another?" And, the guest assenting, the butler brought in a second decanter, which went through just the same experience as the first—Mr. Blank having one glass from the butler, and Tennyson, entirely engrossed in talk as before, consuming all the rest. Early next morning his guest awoke, to find Tennyson standing by his bed and regarding him with a sort of friendly solicitude. "How are you this morning?" was the host's query. "All right, thanks." "Sure you are all right?" "Quite sure." "Ah, but pray, Mr. Blank, do you always drink two bottles of port after dinner?"

David Christie Murray, the novelist, writes: "Eight or ten years ago, I was sitting in the Savage Club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily, and he was talking rather too humbly, as I thought, about his own career. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park.' One of the party turned to me. 'You cap that, Christie?' I answered: 'Four nights on the em-bankment, four days hungry.' My left-hand neighbor was a poet, and he chimed in laconically, 'Five.' In effect, it proved that there was not one of us who had not slept in that Hotel of the Beautiful Star which is always open to everybody. We had all been frequent guests there, and now we were all prosperous and had found other and more comfortable lodgings."

**Russell Sage**  
The well-known financier, writes:  
"NEW YORK CITY, December 20, 1890."  
"For the last twenty years I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. They have repeatedly cured me of rheumatic pains and pains in my side and back. Whenever I have a cold, one on my chest and one on my back speedily relieve me."  
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FROM NEW YORK:  
Majestic.....December 14th Adriatic.....January 12th  
Germanic.....December 21st Germanic.....January 18th  
Teutonic.....December 28th Majestic.....January 25th  
Britannic.....January 4th Britannic.....February 1st  
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NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD  
VIA  
SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.  
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.  
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.  
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.  
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, 11:05 A. M.; 12:15, 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.  
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 7:10 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor, Toacoma, Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days		12:15 P. M. {Wk Days except Monday
8:00 A. M. Sundays		6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howard's, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.  
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Toacoma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howard's, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.  
THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Cuddy's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.  
Steamers will call at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, sailing at various ports of Mexico and Central America.  
Through line sailings—Dec. 5th, SS. City of Sydney; Dec. 15th, SS. San José; Sunday, Dec. 25th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

SS. City of Panama will sail for Panama at noon, Saturday, December 17th, calling at Mazatlan, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.  
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M.  
Peru.....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M.  
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.  
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

## OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

## FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.  
Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.  
Belgic.....Thursday, December 15  
Oceanic (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93  
Gaelic.....Thursday, January 24  
Belgic.....Thursday, February 23  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.  
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.  
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

## SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.

## PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Nov. 1, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento...	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga...	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa...	* 6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis...	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East...	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff...	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Denning, El Paso, New Orleans, and East...	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton...	* 8:45 P.
12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore...	7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers...	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez...	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno...	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa...	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville...	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville...	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore...	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East...	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles...	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East...	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José...	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo...	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Santa Maria, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East...	8:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

7:45 A.	Sunday Excursion Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos, Felton, Big Trees, and Santa Cruz.	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Felton, Santa Cruz, and Santa Cruz...	6:20 P.
8:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz...	* 10:50 A.
4:45 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos...	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations...	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations...	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations...	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations...	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations...	* 10:37 A.
3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations...	* 9:47 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations...	4:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations...	6:35 A.
7:15 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations...	* 7:30 P.

For morning, P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.  
The merchant or manufacturer who hopes to do a large and successful business to-day, while adhering to the popular methods of half a century ago, will be disappointed. Any individual or firm who is unwilling to keep pace with modern progress, and adjust his methods to the wants of his age, does not merit success.—Table Talk.

## SAN FRANCISCO &amp; NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY

## THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:30 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.  
Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.  
From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 4:40, 5:05 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.  
Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:30 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.  
From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.  
Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.  
Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	and Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Ukiah, and principal Way Stations.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Liton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cauto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydesville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.  
EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITTING, General Manager.  
PETER J. McFLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
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THREE POZZONI'S POINTS  
**COMPLEXION**  
POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1.2.3.  
White, 1/2; Pink, 1/2; Brunette, 1/2  
THREE POZZONI'S TINTS  
All Druggists and Fancy Stores.





The greatest of all the artistic careers for a woman is that of a prima donna. Every girl who has ever had voice enough to sing a ballad has muscled over the yellow keys of her jingling piano on the glories of the great singer's life, has pictured herself the heroine of that splendid moment, when, radiant in her triumph, the singer feels herself queen by the magic of a voice.

Queen of Song! The realm of song is the only one outside the real realm of royalty where a woman can be queen. She can be born in the purple and she can be born the possessor of a voice—through these accidents she may be queen, but through no others. Even the sovereign power of beauty, of which there is so much written and said, is a puny and insignificant matter compared to the sovereign power of song. The woman dowered with the one may be the admiration of the Prince of Wales's set or the idol of a few select members of the Four Hundred, the other stands high and alone on her pinnacle for all the world to worship. We have heard that Miss Marion Langdon was the most beautiful girl in the United States—and who knows or who cares? But to Adelina Patti as Rosina, the world bows as to a rightful sovereign.

A great voice resembles great personal beauty—it is a gift from heaven, perfect and complete. These are the only two such gifts that Providence has in hand for the dwellers on "this terrestrial ball." The gift of gifts, genius, is accompanied with pangs, and toil, and tears. Its unhappy possessor looks into heaven and walks in hell, climbs the heights and descends into the valleys, and there is no peace for him here below.

But the beauty heightens her loveliness by the agreeable labor of powdering her face, curling her hair, and sleeping late of mornings for her eyes, while the singer perfects her talent by studying for a year or so, and cherishing her voice from the night air and sore throats—one does not throw one's star on a dust-heap because fate gave one the star. With most of the great singers their gift came to them nearly complete. Those who knew Mme. Patti say that in her earliest childhood her singing showed the same flawless execution and finish that it did ten years ago. She was, as she herself says, the pupil of *Le Bon Dieu*—the perfected flower of a race of artists and singers. And there is a story that Christine Nilsson, in her meagre childhood, used to go about barefoot with strolling musicians singing at road-side inns and taverns almost as beautifully as she sang in the days when she played Marguerite to Campanini's Faust.

But a beauty and a singer are born, not made. There are people in our advanced and self-confident age who say that any man or woman can be a writer or a painter—it is only a matter of determination and perseverance. One Californian authoress even goes so far as to say that any ugly woman can make herself radiantly beautiful with the aid of a strong hair-dye, massage, Turkish baths, and a clever dress-maker. But there is a proverb of value about a silk purse and a sow's ear. Adelina Patti and Mary Andersons can not be evolved from drawing-room singers and self-made beauties.

Descending from this, the top of the pinnacle, where Destiny, and nothing else may place one, the career next in order to attract the attention of the not strongly talented but strongly ambitious woman is the stage. To be an actress—the thought allures thousands who have but little talent for it, many who have a great deal. To the woman of average ability, who honestly means to earn her living by it, the stage is a goal toward which to press forward. In her esteem it stands ahead of all the other arts. To the one woman who expresses a strong desire to be a writer, an artist, or a musician, there are a score who pine to graduate from the amateur glories of Delsartism and elocution to the real workaday life of the stage.

For acting is the only one of the arts where an honest success may be made without absolute talent and with a small amount of preparation. The work is hard, but the pay is almost always fair, and the novice draws her salary as regularly as the star. The writer, on the contrary, can never expect to be anything but the dullest of literary drudges, without strong, original talent, and never then without the years of initiative and struggling endeavor in which he studies to gain the mastery of his medium and the power to express the thoughts that throng his brain. Every author who wants to be something more than a dogged penny a-liner, should serve an apprenticeship as Maupassant did, who wrote for seven years without publishing, and then, of a fine morning, stepped into fame with "Boule de Suif."

All literature and art presuppose the original

talent, and on that must be laid the toilsome years of study and apprenticeship. Then follows the struggle for recognition and, during that, *il faut vivre*. Such arts are for those who have a home and some one to pay for the midnight oil. In the professions it is the same. A woman can not be a doctor, a lawyer, or a public-school teacher, without a period of study and preparation, and, with the two first of these she must be prepared for a more or less lengthy interval before her abilities are recognized and her services are demanded.

For those who have not talent enough to succeed in the arts and not money enough to study for a profession, the stage has a place to offer. They will probably never make stars, but they do not want to. They can always honestly support themselves. The strong talent that would have been needed to conquer the other muses is not necessary here. A woman of any intelligence can quickly learn enough to take a small part creditably. Moreover, on the stage, a very little histrionic ability may be so supplemented by such outside attributes as good looks, grace, and refinement, that it may become quite imposing.

If the actress—just one round of the ladder above stupidity—has a certain amount of good looks, that will lift her two rounds above at once. If she has a pretty voice and a cultured articulation, that will lift her three rounds. If she is graceful, if she has taste in dress, if she understands the manner and style of a lady—all these things will help her almost as much as positive talent would. And these would be thrown away on the other arts. Who cares if Rosa Bonheur is ugly or beautiful? What does it matter if George Eliot was hideous to look at, with the profile of Dante and Savonarola combined? What would it matter if even "The Duchess" had a humpback or Rhoda Broughton a cross-eye?

The actress who is not an absolute fool, or intolerably lazy, or unpleasantly ugly, can always support herself. The woman who takes the smallest "speaking part," the maid with the wraps, the princess at whose soiree the beautiful heroine makes her first appearance, does not get less than twenty dollars a week. The one heavy expense is clothes. But the repertoire of an average road company is not very large. The actress will be the servant-maid in one play, with no change of costume. In the next play, where she is the princess, there will be from two to three. These must be striking, though they may be made of poor stuffs. They will cost something, but she will wear them all one season—for on the stage dirt, and dust, and tarnished lace, and grease-spots do not show.

Getting beyond the "My lord, the carriage waits" stage, comes the one to which the actress of any perseverance and ability may rise rapidly. This is where she takes small parts that are, however, of some importance. She enters in from two to four scenes. She has quite a little talking to do, and though the part may be light and easy, she is constantly on the stage. Here she will receive from forty to fifty dollars a week. Here, too, the dressing is again the expensive item. For though in some parts she may have to impersonate an *ingenue* in a plain muslin frock, with a sash round her waist, in others she may be the rich heiress or the bride of the young duke. This means from four to five dresses, all well made and pretty. Stage dress-makers, who do not have to take pains with their sewing, cobble up the most dashing costumes for from fifteen to eighteen dollars. The stuffs must always be effective, not necessarily handsome, and the set of gowns will wear for one season, and bear making over for another.

With the place of leading lady everything is altered. The really clever leading lady gets almost any price, and certainly never less than from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars a week, and sometimes a good deal more. The position of leading lady in a good stock company is the star position of the dramatic profession. But for this, of course, there must be talent, there ought to be beauty, there must be health, and cultivation, and tremendous ambition, energy, and perseverance.

For the star, or the leading lady, there has to be the long novitiate of hard work that the small actress of maid-servants and soubrettes can dispense with. To gain the heights one must work as desperately here as in the sister arts. No actress has ever won the first place without toil and drudgery. Mrs. Langtry, who is always cited as an example of the contrary, at first drew crowds from curiosity; and then, with earnest and unflinching labor, studied till she made herself a creditable actress of melodrama. In "The Wife's Peril" she gives an exceedingly good portrayal, and she is charming in "Lady Clancarty."

Every star in the dramatic profession has shone only after long periods of arduous toil. Julia Marlowe—whose success was quick, and whose talents met with a singularly rapid recognition for so young an artist—studied hard for four years. Previous to this she had acted children's parts, and occasionally portrayed the pages and messengers of the classic plays. Thus, almost from her childhood, she breathed the atmosphere of the stage, was familiar with its traditions, grew up in its shadow. When she was sixteen, her aunt saw and recognized her talents, took her to New York, shut her up there, and with her studied for four years. At the end of that time, the future star being nearly twenty-one years of age, she was taken to the various managers,

acted for them, and was pronounced mediocre, commonplace, and ordinary. They predicted failure, claiming that she had no talent, no power of pleasing the public.

Hope was quite low, when, finally, a manager was found who believed in the young girl's genius. She gave her first performance at the Bijou in "Ingomar," and from that day has gone hand in hand with success. Yet there are people, ignorant of the work of training she passed through, who hold her up as one of the examples of the rapid rise of a star who has not had the arduous training of a childhood and youth passed on the stage. They never have heard of the four toilsome years passed in study in New York, when Julia Marlowe, the actress of Shakespeare's pages and the children of the classic plays, was studying to become Julia Marlowe the actress of Shakespeare's great heroines and the most charming Viola now on the stage.

At the theatres during the week commencing December 5th: Henderson's Extravaganza Company in "Ali Baba"; the Tivoli Opera Company in "The Bohemian Girl"; Williams' Comedy Company in "Bill's Boots"; Heoley and Boucicault in "Captain Herne, U. S. A."

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#### A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

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# SOCIETY.

## Notes and Gossip.

Miss Aileen Ivers, daughter of Mrs. Richard Ivers,  
and Mr. Edward Moore Robinson, of the banking-  
firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., of New York city,  
will be married on January 10th, in New York city.

Miss Isabel Chipman, niece of General N. P.  
Chipman, of Red Bluff, and Mr. James Finnell, of  
Tehama County, will be married next Wednesday  
in St. Peter's Church at Red Bluff. The wedding  
will be followed by a reception.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss  
Lou Dobbins to Mr. D. D. Dodson, of Red Bluff,  
has been made public. The marriage will take  
place at the home of the bride's parents on Thurs-  
day, December 15th. Miss Dobbins is the only  
daughter of Dr. W. J. Dobbins, of Vacaville, and a  
sister of District-Attorney O. P. Dobbins, of Solano  
County. Mr. Dodson is one of the proprietors of  
the Red Bluff Sentinel.

The engagement is announced of Miss Ida  
Campbell, daughter of ex-Senator Campbell, of  
Vallejo, to Assistant-Engineer Solon Arnold, U. S. N.  
Announcement is made of the engagement of  
Miss May Stone, youngest daughter of Mr. D. C.  
Stone, of this city, to Mr. Franz Strahler, of  
Yokohama, Japan.

The wedding of Mr. Archibald Treat and Miss  
Helen A. Bosqui, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward  
Bosqui, will take place next Wednesday at the resi-  
dence of the bride's parents in Ross Valley.

Cards have been received announcing the wed-  
ding of Mr. J. M. Goewey and Miss Kate Sever-  
ance Spencer. Mr. and Mrs. Goewey will receive  
on Tuesdays at their residence, north-west corner  
of Page and Laguna Streets.

Countess Festetics gave a delightful matinee tea  
last Tuesday at her home on Taylor Street. Her  
guests were all young ladies, quite a number of them  
being debutantes. The parlors were tastefully deco-  
rated with flowers and foliage. Conversation and  
musical selections were enjoyed, and light refresh-  
ments were served.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury entertained Mr. and Mrs.  
Lloyd Tevis at dinner at the Palace Hotel last  
Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood gave a delightful thea-  
tre-party last Monday evening, which ended with a  
delicious supper at her residence, 1802 Pacific Ave-  
nue. Her guests were: Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss  
Ames, Miss Eugenia Chapin, Miss Cecelia Tobin,  
Miss Deming, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Mr. E. H.  
Sheldon, Mr. Joseph L. Tobin, Mr. Harry B.  
Pringle, Mr. W. W. Chapin, Mr. Lawson Adams,  
and Mr. Basil Ricketts.

Miss Ada Dougherty gave a very pleasant danc-  
ing-party at the Palace Hotel last Tuesday evening, as  
a farewell compliment to her friend, Miss Powell,  
prior to her departure for Angel's Camp. About  
thirty guests participated in the pleasures of the  
evening, and the affair terminated at midnight.

An enjoyable party was given by the Informals  
last Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr.  
and Mrs. Lewis Gerstle, on Van Ness Avenue.  
Miss Alice Gerstle acted as hostess, and she was ad-  
mirably assisted by the other members of the club,  
Miss Helen Schweitzer, Miss Stella Simon, Miss  
Stella Greenbaum, Miss Adele Joseph, and Miss  
Elsie Hecht. The affair was a domino-party, and,  
of course, dancing was its chief pleasure. A party  
will be given at each of the homes of the members  
during the winter season.

Dr. and Mrs. E. B. Perrin will give a brilliant ball  
at their residence this winter to introduce in society  
circles their daughter, Miss Helen Perrin.

Mrs. Volney Spalding has postponed her private  
theatricals until next Thursday evening.

At the Concordia Club there will be an interest-  
ing entertainment this (Saturday) evening, in which  
negro minstrelsy will figure prominently. The pro-  
gramme will be a varied one, followed by dancing  
and supper.

The Maria Kip Orphanage will receive a benefit  
to-day (Saturday) at Miss Lake's School, 1534  
Sutter Street. A bazar will be held there in the  
afternoon, and in the evening there will be dancing.

A lamp-shade and cushion-party will be given at  
the residence of Mrs. N. D. Rideout, 1950 Wash-  
ington Street, next Saturday afternoon and evening,  
for the benefit of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society.  
The tickets are one dollar each, including refresh-  
ments. An excellent musical programme will be  
presented.

For the benefit of the San Francisco Girls' Union,  
a tea and musicale will be given at 909 Taylor Street,  
on Wednesday, December 14th, from two until ten  
o'clock in the evening.

## Base-ball for Charity.

In society and club circles the all-absorbing topic  
of conversation is the coming base-ball match, to be  
played at the Haight Street Grounds next Saturday  
afternoon for the benefit of the California Woman's  
Hospital, the Fruit and Flower Mission, and the  
Maria Kip Orphanage. The contestants are to be  
two nines selected from among members of the  
Pacific Union Club and the Bohemian Club. Mr.  
Robert R. Grayson and Lieutenant J. W. Carlin,  
U. S. N., the managers of the two nines, are very  
enthusiastic regarding the merits of their respec-  
tive representatives and predict a most exciting  
game. As it will be for the benefit of three worthy  
charities, the attendance will doubtless be very large.  
The positions of the players in the two nines will be  
as follows:

Pacific Union nine.—Pitcher, Mr. E. L. Bosqui; catcher,  
Mr. O'Neill; first base, Mr. W. B. Bourn; second base,  
Mr. N. G. Kittle; third base, Mr. W. C. Ralston; short  
stop, Mr. F. D. Atherton; centre field, Mr. E. P. Danforth;  
right field, Mr. E. L. Eyre; left field, Mr. G. D. Boyd;  
substitutes, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Frederick Tallant,  
and Mr. R. H. Delaney.

Bohemian nine.—Pitcher, Mr. F. L. Owen; catcher, Mr.  
Lang; first base, Mr. C. A. F. Flagler; second base, Lieut-  
enant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A.; third base, Mr. H. B.  
Chase; short stop, Mr. Elmer de Pue; centre field, Mr. A.  
H. Small; right field, Mr. H. L. Coleman; left field, Mr.  
Robert J. Woods; substitutes, Mr. Harry Dimond, Lieut-  
enant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., and Lieutenant S. A.  
Cloman, U. S. A.

Game will be called at half-past one o'clock on  
account of early darkness.

As the date for the foot-ball match is set for the  
seventeenth, the two contests will not conflict. The  
Angel Island Band will play during the game. The  
twenty-one boxes will be sold at auction, and it is  
probable that the Pacific Union, Bohemian, Uni-  
versity, Cosmos, and Olympic Clubs will each take  
one.

Catarrh and rheumatism are blood diseases, for  
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# The Argonaut.

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FRANK M. PIXLEY, . . . . . EDITOR.

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If Jay Gould did no good while living, it is possible that his death may result in advantage to the country. His prominence was due wholly to his money. Most of our very rich men have some amiable characteristics, some disposition toward benevolence, some sense, however vague, that they owe a duty toward their fellow-creatures, and these traits and feelings humanize them. But Jay Gould was a millionaire and nothing else. Bowless as a steam-engine and grasping as a vise, he stood for revenue only. He was merely a private safe of large dimensions, filled and kept full by his rapacity. Devoid of scruples, sympathies, and every desire save to add to his useless pile, the sentiments he inspired in all men with whom he had dealings were the same as those which come to the bather who sees the dorsal fin of an approaching shark ripping the water before him. Subtract

money from the concept which is labeled Jay Gould, and the normal mind, one should think, would experience in its entertainment the emotion of murderous repugnance that a snake inspires. Yet this forbidding reptile, risen to notice by reason of the size of his pouch and his surpassing dexterity in filling it, was one of the best known and most envied of American citizens. Nobody liked him, but very few despised him. He had lots of money. How he got it, how he retained it, what he did with it, mattered little. His colossal boodle compelled awe and commanded homage.

Nowhere else on earth does money—mere money—confer upon its possessor such distinction, such immunities from the law, such social rank and privileges as in the United States. Nowhere is the spirit of toadyism so universal, so profound. It is perfectly well known that Jay Gould ought to have spent the last twenty years of his life in the penitentiary, instead of in a mansion on Fifth Avenue, yet there were not many men in New York who would not have felt flattered, and been flattered, by a bow from him in passing. His illness and death were made national events, and in banging around his back-door to receive from the Gould butler scraps of news as to his condition and bits of information as to his last moments, the reporters of the press, however degrading their work was to journalism or to themselves as men, rendered a service which was required of them by their country. The news handed out by the butler, like broken food to tramps, and passed on by the reporters to the public, was received by the public with grave and respectful interest. In the case of men of business, whose pockets might be affected by the possible influence of Gould's departure on the price of stocks, this interest was rational; in the case of others, it was the interest which the slavish peasant in wooden shoes feels when he straightens his back from field-labor and stands with open mouth to stare with mindless eyes on a cavalcade of gentlemen and ladies—his betters by right divine, separated from him by a social chasm so wide and deep that it never occurs to him as being crossable. He is a humble and a reverent clod, and the bright cavalcade stirs no dull envy, or hatred, or questioning. It is but a pretty show, and he obeys with pleasure the instinct that bids him doff his cap. That, where mere money is concerned, there are more toadies to the kneeling yard in America than elsewhere, is not, of course, due to climate, geography, or congenital bent. Among us, wealth is revered excessively because it will buy more here than in most quarters of the globe. In Europe, people are born to rank whose nearest equivalent here is to be had by purchase. Titles, decorations, entrance to honored castes, these do not come to the European usually because he has made a fortune. A man as rich as Gould, in England, would still be many steps below the social summit. Even when a millionaire brewer is ennobled, his nobility is a jest with the nobility and commoners alike. But with us a man has but to rake together a heap of money, and stand on top of it, to receive every social advantage that title confers in England or genius in France. We are still in the digging and hod-carrying stage industrially—that is to say, the "development of our natural resources" engages the brains, and energies, and hopes of the bulk of the people. Consequently we are intensely material, which is praiseworthy when we concern ourselves with material things; but by carrying into the social domain that overwhelming sense of the value and importance of money, which is inevitable in the business sphere, we have won for ourselves the agreeable distinction of being the vulgarlest of nations.

Jay Gould, living and dead, is pregnant with lessons, easily read, for Americans. We are wont to pride ourselves on our advanced civilization, and read of the pirates of the last and preceding centuries with the same wonder and sense of superiority over our forefathers that we enjoy in contemplating their strange belief in witchcraft and necromancy. Yet no buccaneer ever sailed the Spanish main or ravaged the coasts of the Pacific who flew lighter in respect of moral restraint than did Jay Gould. The story of Morgan's capture and sack of Panama horrifies the modern reader, even as

the account of that great booty excites his cupidity, but what pirate ever bagged such prizes as Gould bagged? He skirted our criminal laws even as the free companions of the Western waters skirted the shores, descending at every opportunity upon a settlement to plunder it. The Morgans, the Mansvelts, the Coxons, the Kidds—poor, rude spoilers—were mere petty thieves in comparison with this departed marauder of Wall Street, who has left behind him an unbursed treasure of between five and six million doubloons. In every sense, save daring, and hardy endurance of privation, and danger of hanging, Jay Gould was a pirate. He created nothing, but fell upon and appropriated what other men had created, even as the buccaneers rounded up galleons, looted them, and forced their crews to walk the plank. By nature as furtive as the fox, the coyote, the mole, and only like the nobler beasts of prey in his appetite and power of destruction, he hovered around railroads and telegraph lines, and gnawed and dug till they fell, when he consumed them at leisure. He was an affectionate husband and father! So is a snake. The mass of his booty was so formidable that the country stood aghast in anticipation of what would happen when he performed the one notable human act of his career—dying. Nothing has happened, and nothing will happen, that should be regretted. His cave will be searched by lesser pirates, and honest men, too, perhaps, and the doubloons dragged out and redistributed, to the great benefit of the land.

What was there in such a character to earn men's homage? Respect for him is naked respect for naked Theft—theft on the grand scale, to be sure, but none the less repulsive and criminal for that. There is some ground for hope, as we have said, that Gould has served his country by dying, for, though his millions awed the people's servile souls, it is to their credit that they hated him. It may be that there is a limit to American reverence for wealth, and that Gould has caused it to be touched by the worldly. There is no limit, seemingly, for godly men. At the funeral of this incarnation of selfishness, of covetousness, of avarice, they sang "Blessed are the Dead who Die in the Lord," the Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton and Rev. Dr. Terry made obeisance in the form of prayer, and Chancellor McCracken, of the University of New York, likewise prostrated himself at the bier and, incidentally, the throne of grace. Confronted by toadyism so awful as this, satire shrinks away ashamed and frightened.

There was no mistaking the Democratic platform in relation to the tariff. It was the chief subject of the platform, the paramount issue of the campaign. It was the one and only plank of the platform which was changed from the reading of the original draft before the full body of the convention, by the determining voice of the 910 delegates present. The original draft was eliminated and in its stead was substituted the plank as it stands, upon which the Democratic party planted itself, and upon which Cleveland was nominated. The roll call on the change was answered by 564 in the affirmative, 342 in the negative. The 8 votes of Colorado, the 26 of Iowa, 26 of the 30 votes of Massachusetts, the 28 of Michigan, the 34 of Missouri, the 6 of Montana, the 16 of Nebraska, the 6 of Nevada, the 72 of New York, the 6 of North Dakota, the 46 of Ohio, the 6 votes of Idaho, 7 of the 8 of Oregon, the 8 of Washington, the 6 of Wyoming, the 12 of West Virginia, and the 26 of Kentucky, all voted for the change, for the free-trade substitute, for the plank as it stands—for absolute free trade. Besides, there were 33 of the 48 votes of Illinois, 15 of the 30 of Indiana, in favor of the free-trade substitute. Of Northern States and States which did not join the Southern Confederacy, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Maine, Rhode Island, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Minnesota, South Dakota, Vermont, Wisconsin, and California voted for the original draft. The States of the defunct Confederacy mostly divided their votes, mainly for the free-trade substitute, which was substantially the reaffirmation of the tariff clause embodied in the constitution of the Southern Confederacy. In express language it denounced the McKinley tariff law as the "culminating atrocity of legislation," and in it the party promised "its rep-



of the beneficent results that will follow the action of the people in intrusting power to the Democratic party."

Thus stands the denunciation by the Democratic party, in national convention assembled, of the system of protection, and the pledge of the party and its chosen candidates to the repeal of the existing tariff. The people have accepted the solemn pledge of the Democratic party and voted it into power. They expect the fulfillment of the pledge—the inauguration of free trade, of a tariff for revenue only. March 4, 1893, the Democratic party will be installed in supreme national power in the executive and legislative departments—in the government of the republic. It is in the power of the President-elect to call an extra session of Congress immediately upon his inauguration. The regular session will not convene until December—one year hence. The voice of the people, as proclaimed at the late election, is mandatory; the cause is urgent. The repeal of the existing tariff and the adoption of free trade make a combined solemn pledge and promise, and the one and the other demand the holding of an extra session of Congress for the prompt fulfillment of pledge and promise. A denial of the popular demand, refusal or delay in respect to it, will unquestionably subject the Democratic party to popular arraignment on the flagrant charge of deliberate false pretense, of securing power upon fraudulent representations. There is no escape from this conclusion. The pledge of repeal and the promise of free trade were deliberately put forth. The people have done their part in approving the pledge, and now await the consummation of the promise.

The tariff is a very serious subject with the American people. It was the tariff that caused South Carolina to make the memorable plunge into nullification during General Jackson's Presidency. Vice-President George M. Dallas was burned in effigy in Pennsylvania for having cast the deciding vote as President of the Senate, during President Polk's administration, in favor of the Walker low-tariff measure—the Democratic party of his native State having favored the Whig protective tariff of 1842. The neglect or refusal of the Democratic party, after the 4th of March, 1893, to adopt means to hasten the repeal of the McKinley tariff and to install free trade, in accordance with its platform pledge and promise and its assurances during the campaign, will cause popular indignation that will divide and wreck the party in 1896, if not in 1894. Refuse can not decently or honorably be made in substituting the temporizing tariff-reform scheme submitted to the national convention, which was rejected and which the free-trade plank displaced. Deliberately rejected in full national convention, it can not with decency or consistency be reproduced by Democrats in Congress, nor approved by the President, who is bound by his acceptance of the nomination upon that platform. The pledge is only half-completed with the repeal of the McKinley tariff; the consummation of the linked promise demands also the adoption of free trade. It will be treacherous and dishonorable to fail in the pledge to repeal the McKinley tariff and the promise of free trade. It will be unworthy of a great political party. No midway course will serve in either instance. First, then, is due an early extra session, and, before its adjournment, the passage of an absolute free-trade tariff law.

The announcement of the Panama Company that it will run, after February 1st, a tri-monthly line of steamers between San Francisco and Panama, to connect with a corresponding number of steamers to run from Colon to New York, looks like business. The Panama Company is a solid corporation with a large capital and a large traffic; when it says it will do a thing, it is fair to presume that the thing will be done. Shippers stand ready to give it business with none the less alacrity because its rupture with the Pacific Mail did not occur till the withdrawal of the Transcontinental subsidy crippled the resources of the steamship company. Corporations are rarely conducted on high principles of disinterested public spirit.

One or two points in the official statement of the Panama Company would seem to require revision. It implies that it will refuse to touch at the Pacific ports between San Francisco and Panama. This is an error of policy which will injure the new concern with shippers at this point. It is true that the commercial intercourse between San Francisco and the ports of Mexico and Central America is slight. But that is partly because the rates of freight exacted by the Pacific Mail were prohibitory. There may not be much profit in the traffic at present, but it will grow, and a new line which aims at popularity should encourage it. Again, the Panama Company implies that it will refuse to issue through bills of lading to the Pacific Mail. Why? An isthmus railroad should carry freight for all comers on equal terms. If it does not, it will strike shippers that they are only getting out of the hands of one monopoly to get into the hands of another.

But the board of directors of the Panama Railroad Com-

pany of New York can not tell what they will do until they get their orders from the representative of their owners, the official liquidator in Paris; and he can not tell what he will do until the air clears over the unexampled imbroglia in which the affairs of the canal company stand. No such revelations of corruption and turpitude were ever made in France before, even in the times of Louis Philippe, when venality was supposed to have reached a climax. We, in this country, were taught by the Credit Mobilier investigation and the Pacific Mail investigation that our public men were not all like Cæsar's wife; but their peccadilloes were trifling in comparison with the wholesale rottenness which seems to permeate the ranks of politics and journalism in France. This Panama Canal Company seems to have had everybody in its pay, from the highest to the lowest circles. Journals like the *Debats*, which is an historical institution, and statesmen like Floquet, who was prime minister only a few years ago, stretched out their hands like Italian mendicants, for De Lesseps to drop a few francs into. That kind of thing can not pass over without a scandal. And the official liquidator will have to study how the corporation which is in his charge is going to come out of the scandal before he determines on a policy.

No nation can continue in the enjoyment of freedom and independence if its chief rulers and its chief organs of public opinion are willing to sell themselves for money. There have been periods in the history of almost all nations when corruption was for a time universal and omnipotent. It is needless to enumerate examples. But these periods were followed by sharp reactions, in which honesty resumed predominance. Where no such reaction occurred, the nation in every case lost its independence, mainly because the people had become indifferent to its fate. Honest Frenchmen must be just now realizing that their country is offered that alternative. If the Panama Canal scandal blows over without any example being made, it will be safe to look for another revolution in France. The people will not bear with a régime of which the fruits are the bribery of leading statesmen and leading journals by an enterprise seeking public subscriptions, and the promotion to the highest rank in literature of a man like Alexander Dumas, the younger, who, for twenty thousand francs, recanted the professions of a life-time in order to secure the conviction of a foreigner on trial for his life.

The facts, as stated, are so flagrant as to be almost incredible. A prominent financier—the Baron de Reinach—lately died in Paris. In fact, he committed suicide. It is now stated that he was the man who was charged by the Panama Company with the delicate task of bribing the Chamber of Deputies, and that the corporation had placed ten millions of francs in his hands for that purpose. M. Brisson demanded that his body be exhumed, not that he expected to find a list of his bribes in it, but because he wanted to prove that Reinach had poisoned himself; which would imply a reason for the rash act. With astonishing want of judgment, M. Loubet accepted the issue offered him, staked his tenure of office on the vote, and was beaten by three to two. The impression produced upon the French mind is that the accusation against Reinach was true, and that the deputies, or some of them, got their share of the ten millions.

The war between the Irish and German wings of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States is producing results of a highly gratifying kind—results, it is needless to say, never contemplated by the parties to the strife. The Germans, who are in a small but intensely active minority, became the advocates of Cabenslyism, not primarily because they were anxious for the preservation of the German language in this country or for the spiritual interests of immigrants—in so far as they depend upon the immigrants being cared for by priests of their own nationality—but solely out of a natural desire to escape from the bullying control of the Irish hierarchy. The Germans, of course, have veiled their true motive under various high pretenses of a religious and fatherland-loving character; but nobody of discernment has been deceived thereby—least of all the Irish prelates. The latter, in turn, have suddenly become tremendous American patriots. As it obviously would not do frankly to plead the divine and inherent right of the Irish to monopolize the offices and power and emoluments of the church, as well as to rule despotically over the inferior "Dutch," Italians, and other foreigners whose numerical weakness in America renders them relatively helpless, a decent pretext for oppressing them became a thing of necessity. Hence the Irish Catholic fury against Cabenslyism. Cabenslyism has no rightful place in this country, and all the Irish say about it is true enough; but, from the Roman Catholic point of view, Cabenslyism means little more than the desire of the Germans to be permitted to rule themselves instead of being ruled by the Irish. It is fine to find many of our Hibernian friends of the priesthood, who, not so long ago, were incapable of seeing anything good in the godless public

schools, become the fervent advocates of "American education" and stalwart defenders of republican institutions in general against the machinations of foreign prelates and foreign powers. The Irish were in overwhelming majority at the recent conference of archbishops in New York, and as a consequence of their hostility to the movement of the Germans for religious self-government, the utterances of this body of prelates on the school question has taken by surprise that large portion of the press which has not kept track of recent events in the Roman Catholic world. Instead of indulging themselves in the traditional denunciation of our system of State education as irreligious and immoral, and threatening with damnation such of the faithful as patronized it, the archbishops actually admitted, by inference, the right of Roman Catholic parents to send their offspring to the public schools, "so long as they consent to teach their children Christian doctrine at home after school hours or to send them to the catechism class at the parish church on Sundays." This is an apparent surrender of the old Roman Catholic position, and is really a full indorsement of Archbishop Ireland's Faribault experiment, which has received the tentative approval of the Pope. That it is the intention of the leaders in the church to become reconciled in permanence to the public schools, we are not so trustful as to believe; but under the stress of the need to fight the Germans, these cunning, if not very far-seeing, prelates are letting loose a stream which they will not be able to control when their present purpose has been served. They are educating their people into a habit of mind by which the cause of education will be advantaged permanently in spite of them. They proceed cautiously themselves, but not a few of their followers, who are not intelligent or crafty enough to detect what lies behind, take their utterances at the face value and act accordingly, to the great disturbance of the harmony of the household of faith. There, for example, is worthy Father Corrigan, of Hoboken, who has been summoned by the German Bishop Wigger to stand trial for having published letters in opposition to the "anti-American spirit of the late German Catholic Congress held in Newark, N. J., and its attack upon the public schools." This simple-minded priest is evidently under the belief, from which he will be painfully awakened, that his Irish superiors have meant all they said, and will, therefore, support him in his logical course, for, in a communication to the *Freeman's Journal*, he says, with reference to his offense in the eyes of Bishop Wigger:

"I opposed two things: first, the attempt to Germanize America by means of the church, and second, the denunciation of the public schools as 'abominations.' My criticism was substantially that which appeared in the editorials of some of the great dailies, one of which concluded a leading article in these words: 'What we are justified in saying is that they who took part in those proceedings are bad citizens, and dangerous in proportion as they are powerful.' I criticised the congress as a body. The congress insulted American intelligence by denouncing the public schools, the most cherished institutions of the land as 'abominations.' It insulted the American church by denouncing some of our most distinguished prelates. . . . My opposition to Cabenslyism meets the approbation of Americans generally—judging from the unanimity of the press, daily and weekly, without distinction as to politics or religion."

When an Irish priest of Hoboken permits himself to speak of the public schools as the "most cherished institutions of the land," it would seem on the surface that a revolution in Roman Catholic thought has been accomplished. But that is a dangerous error. A very large element of the laity, influenced insensibly by the American atmosphere of their daily life, have always felt friendly enough toward the schools, and would have sent their children to them but for the contrary orders of their pastors. The hierarchy, however, is as determined as ever to maintain the church's dogged fight for a division of the school fund. The shrewdest of them approve Archbishop Ireland's Faribault plan only because it is a long step toward this end, and a very cunning one it is, too. The Roman Catholic schools of Faribault have been turned over to the public, which defrays the expense of supporting them. The Roman Catholic teachers are retained and paid by the community. On the church's part it is agreed that no religious instruction shall be given during school hours, but after these hours, pupils whose parents wish them to do so may remain to be taught Roman Catholic doctrine. This "compromise" has been hailed nearly everywhere as a "happy solution" of the problem of reconciling the church with the state on the subject of education. It is not unnatural that amiable, easy-going, and unsuspicious people should welcome any plan that promises to end the Roman Catholic war upon the schools. But it is not wise to conciliate an enemy by sacrificing principle. There is no reason why the State should take cognizance of the desires of Roman Catholics, as such, respecting the schools. It is the proper business of the State to protect itself against ignorance in its future citizens, and Roman Catholics, if common with other people, should be satisfied with the liberty to educate their children as they please if the State schools, open to all on equal terms, do not please them. I must be kept in mind that the heart of the Roman Catholic



complaint against the public schools is not for what they are, but for what they are not—not for what they teach, but for what they do not teach. The schools are not Roman Catholic; and, while that remains true, the Roman Catholic Church, whatever may be its expressions, prompted by temporary policy, as now, will continue to be hostile. The Faribault plan is to be condemned, because it is a recognition of the church by the state, and it is fundamental American doctrine that the two shall be kept divorced. Whatever tends to bridge the separation is to be opposed, however plausible the arguments that may be advanced "in the interest of peace." It is of infinitely greater importance that this republic should continue to be a secular republic—that ecclesiastical hands should be kept off its law-making machinery and out of its treasury—than that the Roman Catholic Church, or any other church, should be "conciliated" and "reconciled."

The *Argonaut* is delighted at the civil war which has broken out between the Irish and German Catholics, and it is still more delighted that the exigencies of that war have ranged the Irish on the side of American principles, for they are the vastly more numerous and influential party. Cahenslyism, conceived abroad as a means of strengthening foreign influence in the United States, bids fair—such are the mysterious ways of a good Providence for performing its wonders—to result in accomplishing the very opposite effect by liberalizing, through their interests and prejudices, the Irish Catholics of the republic.

The subject of a provision for unmarried girls is just now exciting discussion in the Eastern States. In two prominent and highly civilized nations, France and Germany, it has always been a recognized duty for fathers to make such a provision for their daughters. A Frenchman, no matter how small his means are, begins, from the hour of the birth of a daughter, to put by small sums for her *dot*. He and his wife practice small economies. They deprive themselves of little luxuries. They deny themselves pleasures. The few silver pieces thus saved go into a stocking which is never emptied except when its contents enable them to buy an inscription of *rentes*. Twenty years of such savings amount to quite a considerable sum, and when the girl is nubile, she finds herself possessed of an income which enables her to live single if she had met no one she can love, or to contribute such a dote to the household expenses that she may venture on matrimony with a struggling young man of limited means.

In Germany, the same end is attained by marriage associations. When a girl is born, in the middle classes, her father enters her as a member of one of these societies, and agrees on her behalf to pay so much every year to her credit. When the girl grows old enough to earn something, she keeps up the subscription. The condition of the arrangement is that when the girl marries, or reaches a certain age, she shall draw from the society a round sum, which is supposed to be equivalent to the sum of her annual subscriptions, plus interest, and such gains as the society may have made through judicious investments.

Thus German girls and French girls of the working class find themselves in a very different position from American girls of the same age and station. The American girl must work or do worse; and if she meets a young mechanic, whom she feels she could love and be happy with, she can not marry him unless his income is large enough to support them both. The French or German girl can contribute enough to the common household to make their joint income suffice for both. If she does not choose to marry, or has not met a man to whom she would trust herself, she has means which leave it optional with her whether she shall become a shop-girl, or a milliner, or not.

There is one form of saving which is familiar to Americans, yet which is not used so much as it should be for the portioning of girls. Any insurance company will issue a policy on a man's life payable to his daughter on her marriage or her reaching a certain age. For such a policy, for the modest sum which a mechanic's daughter would need to keep the wolf from the door, the premium is trifling. It is far less than workmen contribute to their unions for the support of walking delegates and strike-fomenting demagogues. In this city, where wages are liberal and employment abundant, a workingman should find it easy to put by, at the end of each week, a couple of silver pieces to meet the semi-annual premium.

The duty is still more incumbent on that other class in the community which ranks above the workman, and yet which rarely saves money. Men with incomes of a hundred or a hundred and fifty dollars a month generally spend all they earn. If they have anything over and above the bare cost of board, lodging, clothing, washing, and car-fare, it goes for women's dresses, theatres, cigars, and drinks. Yet they have daughters, and it seldom occurs to them to ask themselves what their daughters would do if they should grow up

unattractive, and should happen to become fatherless as they approach womanhood. The reckless indifference which the average American father displays concerning the future of his female offspring amazes foreign fathers of families.

Americans sneer at Frenchmen and Germans as inferior races to themselves. But so far as consciousness of paternal duty and paternal responsibility are concerned, these foreigners are very much our superiors. They realize that a man has no right to bring a girl into the world without making provision to guard her against the temptations and the miseries which beset the pauper maiden. It is esteemed a reproach to a Frenchman in modest circumstances to have neglected to provide a *dot* for his daughter. His neighbors point him out as shiftless and worthless. They hold that a girl has a right to her *dot*, and that the father who neglects it does her a wrong for which he deserves punishment. The *dot* is so exclusively hers that some of the most touching French works of fiction turn on the voluntary surrender of the *dot* by a daughter to extricate her father from ruin. That is supposed to be true heroism.

It is the custom with most American matrons to look with a severe eye on the man who does not marry. If he is fairly well-to-do, and lives as do most men of the world, he is called "immoral." But let us suppose that his brother marries young; daughters are born to him; they grow to womanhood and do not marry; the father struggles along, and finally dies, leaving them penniless. Which of these two men deserves the approval of his kind? It is easy to guess the answer—it comes like a roll of thunder—"The good man who marries." To which may be fitly added: "And leaves destitute daughters." And it not infrequently happens that the prudent and convivial bachelor uncle has to support the children left behind by the shiftless and moral married man.

The indications warrant the belief that during the second term of President Cleveland, the existing Territories of the United States—Oklahoma and Alaska excepted—will be created States of the Federal Union, and there is probability that this will be done by the Fifty-Third Congress—the first to hold session under the Democratic new administration. New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah are the Territories calling for statehood. The census of 1890 states the population of these, respectively, in the order named, in round numbers, at 154,000, 60,000, and 208,000. Everyone of the Territories, including Oklahoma and Alaska, possesses a larger population than the State of Nevada—which was 45,761 in 1890, and is not larger now. The apportionment requires the population of above 170,000 for a member of Congress in each State. Utah is the only territory with the requisite population; but Oregon, Nevada, Idaho, and Wyoming were each admitted into the Union with less than or about one-half the prescribed population, and the requirement can not consistently be urged in bar by the coming Congress. The effort was made to admit New Mexico in 1873, when James G. Blaine was Speaker and S. B. Elkins was delegate from the Territory; but the Republican Congress refused, on account of the general nature and condition of the population, which was mostly of Mexican blood. In this respect, the population has since undergone very little change in the process of Americanization and advancement, although railroad improvement and American enterprise have become active. New Mexico is ruled by the Roman Catholic priesthood, and is unfit for admission as a sovereign State. Utah has made repeated efforts for Statehood, but the blight of Mormonism and the preponderance of degraded Europeans in her population have hitherto been the chief causes for the non-admission. The large proportion of the Mormons are Democrats, and, therefore, it is believed that the coming Democratic administration will confer statehood upon Utah. Arizona is better fitted in every respect for admission into the Union than either New Mexico or Utah. If they are erected into States, the three would increase the number of senators to 94, of representatives to 359, and of Presidential electors to 453—requiring 227 to elect in 1896. The admission of the three would be likely to augment the Democratic force in each branch of Congress.

A curious controversy has broken out in the sporting world in consequence of the eccentricities of the California election returns. It appears that one of the Harrison electors has received a majority of the popular vote, and thus the California vote in the electoral college will be divided. The question has now arisen whether, in view of this fact, a bet that Cleveland would carry California has been won. Strictly speaking, Cleveland has not carried California, because he will not poll its vote in the electoral college. He will only poll part of it—the major part, it is true—but still not the whole. Hence it is contended that an affirmative bet that he would carry California has been lost and not won. He who bet that he would not carry California (which, being strictly interpreted, means that he would poll the whole vote of the

State when the votes are counted by the Vice-President), seems to have won his bet. At least this is what the talent is contending in the pool-rooms. It is stated that when, eight years ago, one of the Democratic electors—Judge Terry—was defeated when all his confrères were elected, the bets on the State were declared off.

Bets are governed by the exact terms in which they are couched. He who makes an affirmative bet must show that the event has complied in every particular with the conditions of his bet. A. bets B. that Harrison will carry California; A. has lost. C. bets D. that Cleveland will carry California; C. has lost. In each case the man who simply took the negative has won. Cleveland has not carried California, and neither has Harrison. It is true that Cleveland has carried a majority of the electoral board. If any man bet that Cleveland would carry a majority of the electoral board, he has won his bet. But it is not probable that a single bet was made in those terms. Yet those are the only winning bets. Every man who bet that "Cleveland would carry California" knows that he meant the election of all the Cleveland electors.

The moral of all this is, that if men will bet, they had better put their bets in writing, and say precisely what they mean.

At the San Quentin State Prison, last week, two desperate long-term convicts—John Marshall and William Miner—were detected endeavoring to scale the walls and escape. They were seen by W. A. Alexander, a prison guard, who, in pursuance of his orders, fired upon them with a shot-gun loaded with buckshot. Marshall was instantly killed and Miner was wounded in the jaw. The prison officials held an investigation and exonerated Guard Alexander from all blame. But the other convicts and the Marin County authorities differed with the prison officials. The convicts claim that the two men should have been "warned" before they were fired upon. The Marin County authorities have charged Guard Alexander with murder, and he is now undergoing examination before a criminal magistrate in San Rafael. It is seriously to be questioned whether Guard Alexander should have parleyed with Marshall and Miner. They knew the chances they took. They took them deliberately. To expect a prison guard to expostulate, argue, kneel in prayer, and sing, "Turn, sinners, turn," at three o'clock of a stormy morning to two desperate fleeing convicts, seems to us unreasonable. We hope Guard Alexander will not be indicted for murder. If more guards shoot more escaping convicts, it will be well. Convict Marshall dead is very much more useful in the economy of nature than was Convict Marshall living. As for the Marin County authorities, they evidently need some toning up. A general prison-break at San Quentin, with the probable results of letting loose a horde of desperate scoundrels in the neighborhood—such as robbery, murder, arson, and the ravishing of women—would, perhaps, act as a county tonic.

The good example of California in the forward movement to require the educational qualification that every voter shall be able to read any portion of the constitution in English and write his name, is already baving salutary effect in other States. It is proposed in Oregon that a similar qualification be incorporated by amendment to the State constitution, together with further amendment of the elective franchise. As the law exists in Oregon, a resident who is not a citizen is admitted to suffrage. The abuse of the privilege is becoming more frequent every year and the evil resulting from it upon the local and general elections more apparent. It was allowed in the early period of Statehood to invite the increased population required to advance Oregon from Territorial condition to membership in the Union. Unwise at that time, it has become pernicious, as the ballot of every voter at last, directly or indirectly, leads to the election of President and Vice-President and of United States senators and members of Congress. With the indorsement of the people of California, as given in the late election upon the educational qualification of voters, the legislature to convene in January next has ample warrant for corresponding action to embody the act in an amendment to the State constitution, which can be determined by popular vote at the general election of 1894.

Montana's silver statue of "Justitia," to be exhibited at the Chicago Fair, is modeled after Miss Ada Rehan, the actress. Miss Lillian Russell, the opera singer, now says in an interview that she was offered the privilege of posing for the statue, providing she paid five thousand dollars. She says that the whole thing is an advertisement, and makes disagreeable remarks about Miss Rehan. It is, of course, impossible to say whether these charges are true or false. It is very evident, however, that Miss Russell would scarcely do as a model for "Justitia." Her obese and fatty beauty would seem to qualify her in posing for an ideal figure, to be modeled in lard, and to typify Chicago's great industry. Miss Russell's statue might be called "Adinoceria."



## A SCOOP.

It was after eleven o'clock at night. The rows of dark dwellings, which lined each side of the street, made one little house look brilliantly illuminated by contrast. Alvin Barstow walked quickly toward it, considerably surprised as he drew nearer to find that it was his own and not one of the other five in the row. What could be the meaning of this lavish use of gas? For the second time in his married life a suspicion of his wife flashed through his mind. Once, when they were first married, there had been a letter—hut, "Pshaw! All that died out years ago," he said to himself. Still, it was queer that she should have received a letter in his presence and destroyed it without telling him its contents. She had named the writer, at his request, but more than this she had not told him, and he had been too proud to urge her confidence. He was annoyed that the recollection should return so vividly now. His wife did not expect him before one o'clock, as that was the time when he usually got home from the newspaper office where he was employed; but, owing to the sudden illness of a member of the staff, he had been ordered to start in the morning on a "detail" to a distant town. As he approached the house, he saw that the parlor-windows were wide open, and the curtains swayed to and fro in the draught. From the window of the adjoining house, the head of an inquisitive neighbor was furtively withdrawn. As he opened the front-door with his latch-key, the husband felt a pang of shame that he should do it so softly.

Through the open door of the parlor he saw his wife bending over the figure of a man lying on the lounge. As he advanced a step nearer, he saw that his wife's late visitor and the writer of the letter—a wealthy and prominent man—were the same. At the sight of her husband's face, Mrs. Barstow appeared strangely disconcerted, but she did not cease her occupation of hatching the head of the unconscious man. When he began to show signs of returning consciousness, she motioned her husband back.

"Don't let him see you," she said, hastily.

Her gesture was so imperative that almost involuntarily Barstow moved out of sight. An instant later, the man opened his eyes. For a moment he gazed stupidly up at the woman standing over him, then a look of hatred passed over his countenance.

"You feel better now, do you not?" she asked.

"Yes, I am better, I suppose. The fact is, I'm so used to doing as I d—n please that I can't stand it to be crossed." He raised up on one elbow and glared at her. "Are you a woman or a devil that you defy me so? You must have a price—name it!"

"Hush!" she cried, warningly.

Her husband came forward, and, at sight of him, the man fell back on the pillows.

"Ah! So you have told him!"

"I have told him nothing," she replied, with emphasis.

She drew her husband out of the room. "He may have a stroke of apoplexy if he is excited; he came near one as it was."

"I must know what this means."

"You insist?"

"Certainly."

"Then you mistrust me!" she broke out, sharply.

They regarded each other silently for a moment. Reproach and appeal were written in her eyes. He dropped his own.

"Yes," he said, shortly.

"Very well, I will tell you after he has gone."

He grasped her wrist. "You swear it?"

She recoiled as if he had struck her. "I said I would tell you." Her voice was cold. "You must ring for a carriage now, and get him home as quickly as possible."

They returned to the parlor, but their visitor maintained a sullen silence until the arrival of the carriage. At the door he turned to the wife. "Remember the power of money," he said, and, without a glance at her husband, he was gone.

When they heard the carriage-door shut, husband and wife faced each other.

"It will be wrong for me to tell you the meaning of all this, for it is another's secret," she began.

"I don't care whose secret it is," he replied, brutally; "I demand to know the truth, and the whole truth."

"I once witnessed a murder. This man, William Sage, was the principal, and one who was very dear to me was accessory to the crime."

Instantly the expression of the man's face changed. The jealousy, which had predominated, vanished, and a new look—keen, shrewd, calculating, the look of a sleuth-hound—took its place.

"And who was the one who was so dear to you?"

For a moment she hesitated.

"My father," she whispered.

"And the victim?"

"Was George Stern, a former partner of theirs. It happened in our cabin near Altaville in Colorado. The three had been playing cards, when a dispute arose and my father charged Stern with cheating. Stern gave him the lie, and my father knocked him down. For some time previous to this there had been bad blood between them about a mine, and it was only because Stern had expressed a desire for a reconciliation that they consented to the game of cards." She paused.

"Well, did it kill him?"

"No; that is the worst part of it, for then it would have been partly excusable. Mr. Sage was furiously angry. He threatened to kill us if we rendered the man any assistance. The fall had produced unconsciousness. As soon as he opened his eyes, William Sage shot him twice and then flung the heavy gun at his head."

She drew her hand across her eyes with a shudder. "It was an awful sight. I don't think I have ever been quite the same since. His skull was fractured, but whether by the fall or the gun we did not know. Mr. Sage said it was the result of the fall, and threatened to prove it if we told what

we knew about the affair. They dug a grave in the thick brush, and the body has never been found. It was a long time before I would consent not to tell, and during that time they never left me alone. No inquiry was ever made, for the man was supposed to have left the country. No one suffered by his death, and at last I made up my mind to keep the secret for father's sake. After his death I was glad I had. But Mr. Sage has never trusted me. He came here to-night in a frenzy and charged me with having told you. He imagined that he saw a reference to the crime in the attack upon him in to-day's *Enterprise*, and he wanted to hurt me off—to buy my silence!"

Her eyes flashed. "He seems to feel, somehow, that if he can once get me to accept money he will be more sure of me. His rage, because I refused, brought on the spell you saw. Now I have told you everything. Promise me that you will never breathe a word of this to a human being!"

He did not reply at once. "It is a horrible thing," he said at length, "but it is nothing in which you are specially concerned."

"Nothing in which I am specially concerned?" she repeated, in amazement. "When I witnessed it, and my own father was possibly the murderer!"

"Nonsense! How could he be? If the man's skull had been fractured by the fall, he wouldn't have regained consciousness."

"You haven't promised me, yet," she exclaimed, in sudden alarm. "Oh, Alvin, don't put it in the paper! Don't! It would kill me!"

He had never seen her so excited. She was usually so calm.

"You are nervous and overwrought," he replied, evasively. "You must lie down now and get some rest."

She read the truth in his face.

"Is nothing sacred?" she asked, bitterly. "Must this monster you work for be fed with my heart's blood?"

"You are growing hysterical and giving yourself a great deal of unnecessary alarm. For your own good, I must ask you to go to bed at once. I must return to the office immediately; I came home to get some notes I had forgotten, and I've barely time to get through before the paper goes to press."

Once in the streets, he fairly ran along them, in his haste to get his work done before the paper went to press.

It was a tremendous "scoop." Sage was a candidate for reelection to the United States Senate, and was the owner of a rival paper. The election would take place in two weeks, and the *Enterprise* had been making a very bitter fight against him. This black page in his history would be a powerful weapon in their hands; but there was no time to be lost. A slight compunction for what he was about to do, Barstow promptly crushed by a ready sophistry of justification. This *coup d'état* just at this time would be of incalculable benefit to him. He would be advanced, perhaps to the dazzling position of special writer. Surely this prosperity would console his wife for the grief she would feel at the publication. Besides, was it not the duty of a newspaper to expose crime?

He glanced at his watch as he dashed into the building. A full hour remained in which to get his copy ready. In the local-room a group of belated reporters looked up in surprise as he hastily entered the night-editor's room.

"Barstow must have a good one," one remarked, with a look of envy.

The fortunate man did not reappear. He sent for the artist, and gave him a rough outline of the tragedy, with instructions to make what he could out of it. Then he set to work furiously. Within the hour, the article was ready for the press. This done, he dropped wearily on a lounge and fell asleep.

It was nine o'clock when he awoke. His first thought was for a copy of the paper. Yes, it was all there; a sensation with a vengeance. There was even a drawing of the tragedy, with Senator Sage represented in the act of firing at the prostrate form of his victim, and the figure of a girl and a man in the background. The well-known features of the murderer were unmistakable.

Barstow's next thought was for his wife. The paper must have been delivered two or three hours earlier. He hurried out, and went directly home. An aunt of his wife's met him in the hall.

"Be prepared for the worst," she said, sternly. "The exposé in the paper has been too much for her. If you wrote it, then you brought this misfortune upon yourself."

"What misfortune? What are you talking about? Where is my wife?" he asked, in rapid succession.

"She has lost her reason. You didn't know it was in her father's family," she added, as he staggered back. "They all have terrible tempers, or else they are quiet and deep like her, and these sometimes go mad."

A horrible laugh rang through the house. He pushed the woman to one side and rushed to his wife's room. She sat on the floor, rocking her body backward and forward as she gibbered and pointed to the morning *Enterprise* in her hand. SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1892. E. S. BATES.

One man's faith in the value of circulars has received a severe blow. He lives in Columbus, O., and along in June he mailed six thousand five hundred envelopes, each containing a letter printed in imitation of type-writing (five thousand eight hundred of which began with a personal address printed in hy a type-writer), a circular describing the gas-stove he had for sale and an advertising-card. The total expense of printing and mailing was three hundred and fifty dollars. Up to September 28th, he had heard from less than twenty of the six thousand five hundred circulars.

In a certain second-hand book-store, in New York, there is displayed for sale a copy of Longfellow's poems, on the fly-leaf of which is written: "To my friend, Francis Bret Hart, from Henry W. Longfellow." The price of the book but for the autograph inscription would be one dollar and a half. As it is, it is held at five dollars.

## DÉBUTANTES.

"Flaneur" discusses New York's Additions to her Rosebud Garden.

The season, which huddled with the Horse Show, blossoms with the five-o'clock teas and receptions at which the débutantes are ushered into a wicked but a delightful world. December is the month in which these delicious creatures are stripped of their canvas covering and exhibited to the public gaze; from now till Christmas every evening will witness the launch of some new helle.

The New York débutante is a plant that is reared with care. She is educated for the chase; from the time she dons her first long skirt, she is taught that man is her prey. Letters are nothing, art is nothing, music is nothing, social duty is nothing; man is everything. She is trained to look, to dress, to talk, to walk, to float through society, so as to charm unmarried men. Until her seventeenth year, she is kept in the background. She is never seen at a dinner or a ball. She may not go to the opera except at a matinee, with her governess. She is not found in the drawing-room when visitors call. If a gentleman accosts her at church, or at a picture show, she is expected to simmer silently and to flee ashamed. The only pleasure that is vouchsafed to her is attendance at a dancing school, where she meets boys and girls of her own age. In the meantime, mamma and the governess instill into her young mind some rudimentary notions about books, and operas, and travel, and above all about the lineage of people who are in society.

On the first winter after her seventeenth birthday, all this is changed. A day is fixed to "bring her out." Her mother, or aunt, or most fashionable lady relative, issues invitations to an afternoon tea or reception, at which Miss Gwendolen is to make her début. At the five-o'clock tea the hostess and the ladies who "assist her" are in ravishing tea-gowns. The visitors are in gorgeous street array. The débutante, who generally looks like Iphigenia just when Calchas draws the knife from a fold in his robe, is in the simplest virginal white, without an ornament. She is expected to look down and blush while the matrons are secretly comparing her with their daughters. At these entertainments men are rare. She comes under their inspection at the next opera or ball, when connoisseurs, like McAllister, are presented to her, and walk round her, noting her points and naming them to their friends with agreeable frankness. If they say she will do, her position in society is assured, though her marriage will depend on her fortune and her good luck.

There are a swarm of débutantes this year. Prominent among these is Miss Pauline Whitney, daughter of the ex-Secretary of the Navy, who has been for several years at school in Europe. Miss Whitney will be presented at a reception given by her mother on December 10th. She is said to be extremely pretty, and to possess what many débutantes lack—high spirits and much capacity for enjoyment. Another débutante, Miss Josephine Dinsmore, had her "tea" on the twenty-sixth.

Miss Jean Gallatin, who represents the Gallatin family so famous in our early history, and in whose veins runs the blood of the Rhinelanders, the Goelets, the Gerrys, and the Morrisses, will have her début-party soon; she has just returned from Europe, and is said to be surprisingly beautiful. Among the débutantes of the season are Miss Lorillard, who is already engaged to be married; Miss Whittier, a great beauty; Miss Mary Cutting, who, if she be as pretty as her mother, will cause many a heartache; Miss Thorne; Miss Lulu Webb, whose portrait has already appeared in the papers; Miss Luisita Leland; Miss Edith Appleton Baker, of Staten Island; Miss Constance Schieffelin, who appears to-night; Miss Strong, who was the belle at Homburg last summer; and so many other belles that their number is past counting. The martial song says:

"Nous entrerons dans la carrière,  
Quand nos aïeux n'y seront plus—"

And it is to be feared that the saying is as true of maidens as of soldiers. Every débutante who bursts upon the masculine view displaces some established beauty and relegates her to the ranks of the wall-flowers. The taste for spring chicken is ineradicable in the male appetite. Waste time to tell belated bachelors that the spinster who has fought and bled on many fields is better company and will treat him better than the sweet little Miss, round whose lips the fragrance of bread and butter still clings. As well tell him that a slice of six-year-old mutton is more succulent and more nutritious than a lamb-chop which melts in the mouth. So the grizzled ball-goer, who got his first refusal when Grant was President, lays his well-preserved heart at the feet of Miss Gwendolen, who was only yesterday scolded for asking twice for jam, and Gwendolen's sisters, and cousins, and their friends bite their glove-ends in rage, because the men whom they could so much better amuse are clustered in serried files around a little namby-pamby thing just out of the nursery. They are not much better off with the men who are above a diet of bread and butter; these battered *roués* want to talk to women with whom they can discuss Catulle Mendes's last novel, and these, of course, must be the married women.

The most expensive craft to float, next to an ironclad, is a débutante. She costs a fortune before she is off the stays. Her coming-out dress can not be bought for less than a couple of hundred; the handkerchief she carries cost only ten dollars, but took seven dollars' worth of lace to make it complete. What hills Papa paid for her shoes, her silk stockings, her hair ornaments, and the exquisite linen which covers her delicate person, he can tell. She must have besides a couple of dozen dresses for miscellaneous wear, ball-dresses, dinner-gowns, theatre-gowns, tea-gowns, reception-gowns, with cloaks, bonnets, and shoes, and stockings to match. Then she must have fans, and gloves, and handkerchiefs, and hair-pins, and pocket-books, and purses; and if she proposes to figure in society, she must have a maid and a carriage at her command. Who can say that a daughter is not a luxury?

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 5, 1892.



## SYBIL SANDERSON.

Our Paris Correspondent discusses the American Operatic Star.

"What a pity you did not come to the marquise's *matinée* yesterday. There was an American girl who sang there, a perfect nightingale, and beautiful besides."

"What is her name?"

"Sybil Sanderson."

"Has she much talent?"

"Not yet, but a marvelous voice, and she is going on the stage. Massenet is teaching her, and has written an opera for her, and she is to make her *début* as soon as she is in form. She is astonishing, as you will see."

"If she turns out a star, it will be lucky for our stage, but you must always beware of drawing-room prodigies."

This was the conversation to be heard a few years ago, at the clubs, in salons, in the foyers of the theatres, in newspaper offices. It is a sample of what is always said when a new star appears on the artistic firmament of Paris. Among these apparitions there is always a number of shooting stars—luminous lights—that traverse the sky and then vanish quickly into the darkness from which they sprang.

This is not Sybil Sanderson's case; for, besides the rich gifts with which nature has endowed her, she had the good fortune to obtain that support which is wanting to so many to be successful. Her illustrious master has devoted himself with untiring zeal to her musical education and to her lyrical career.

The few privileged persons who heard Miss Sanderson before she appeared on the stage, asserted that, together with her striking beauty, she possessed rare vocal gifts, a very pure soprano voice of great compass, very limpid, and of crystalline freshness, and with high notes far above the normal register. But her articulation was thick, impeded by a slight Saxon accent, and, although she spoke French exceedingly well, her organ was wanting in suppleness, was too metallic, and her diction cold. She was not artistic, had no technique, no style, but possessed an exceptionally beautiful voice and every promise of great musical success. In all this there was a source of extreme vocal power, which needed only a firm and experienced hand to develop and to discipline it. Soon after her arrival in Paris, whither she had come to seek that high musical education which can be procured here only, Sybil Sanderson found what she needed.

To believe that when this fascinating young girl was presented to Massenet he saw in her only a pupil who would do honor to his teaching, and an artist who would give renown to his music, would prove that one did not know the impressionable maestro, who has kept as young and ardent at fifty as he was at twenty years of age. The celebrated Academician was captivated at first sight as much by the woman as by the singer.

Sybil Sanderson's beauty was then in all its triumphant brilliancy. This past tense does not mean that the young diva is not beautiful still. But theatrical years count double for a woman, and her especial attraction is one that is particularly affected by fatigue. The dazzling brilliancy of the complexion she possessed when she was twenty can not much longer resist the disastrous effects of the paint and rouge she is obliged to use in her career, or the late hours and nervous exhaustion which are also consequences of a theatrical life. And, on the other hand, the care of all kinds which singers are obliged to take to keep their voices—little exercise, staying in bed at the least indisposition, a substantial diet, and, above all, the supper on coming home from the theatre, followed immediately by sleep—provokes in singers of both sexes a tendency to *embonpoint*. Her physical temperament exposes her to this especially; and from having a slender waist and delicate, charming features, you see, with regret, that the latter are becoming too full and that her pretty figure is growing too stout.

She is always beautiful, as I have said, with her lovely blue eyes, her pretty mouth, the charming roundness of her chin and of her throat, the slightly indolent grace of her person, and her attractive way of speaking—a sweet, slow, caressing, almost child-like way—interspersed with imperious inflections of voice, which reveal the iron will that is hidden under this graceful envelope.

American women are considered by the French as sorceresses who know how to captivate all hearts, and even the coquettish and perfidious Parisiennes give this palm to their sisters of the new world. They know how to attract men and they know how to keep them; and our charming diva can say, with *Cæsar*: "*Veni, vidi, vici*." She had only to show herself to the first of French musicians, after Gounod, for him to become her slave at the same time that he became her master.

The result of the maestro's daily teaching during many years proves that those who compose are the best professors of lyrical art. The day came when the American nightingale made her *début* at the Opéra Comique—whose traditional name is singularly at variance with the very dramatic styles of operas that are represented there at present almost exclusively—and those who had heard her before could appreciate all she had gained under Massenet's clever and devoted instruction.

The rôle of *Esclarmonde*, it is true, had been written expressly to show the qualities of her voice and to veil its defects, and was, at the same time, most favorable to her style of beauty. For a whole year the author had slowly and patiently taught it to her, instilling her with it by degrees, singing it, so to speak, with his own lips, modeling the artist like wax in his hands till her execution of it was perfect.

The whole world—for it was during the year of the exhibition—rushed to the Opéra Comique, less to hear the work, though it was full of merit, than to bear and see its interpreter. The romantic rumor that linked the names of the maestro and the diva was, also, an attraction to the Parisian public, so fond of gossip. There was, also, "the Eiffel Tower note," as they jokingly called the high *sol* that was

twice repeated in a bit of vocalization written by Massenet, to exhibit his diva's exceptional note—a tone higher than that which Mozart put into the cavatina of the "*Reine de la Nuit*," in the "*Nozze di Figaro*," for the special benefit of a cantatrice whom he wished to make famous—since which time, Christine Nilsson alone has been able to reach the height; other artists were obliged to transpose the air a tone lower. But the Swedish nightingale has been outdone by the charming one of the New World.

Sybil Sanderson sang, and continued to sing, this curious Byzantine opera with enormous success, in which the voluptuous grace and the caressing melodies of Massenet were mingled with strange harmonies, with violent effects, in the Wagnerian style. The *dilettanti* shrugged their shoulders, saying: "It is wonderful—but before we pass definite judgment on the cantatrice, we shall wait till we have heard her in some other rôle than this, written expressly for her and minutely taught her by the author," and, truth to tell, the success of "*Esclarmonde*" began to grow less. Massenet must be grateful to his interpreter, for it was she who made its success. This was what he probably meant when he said, one day, after he had been singing at the piano one of his unpublished compositions to a circle of intimate friends, as they applauded him: "I owe it all to her," pointing to Sybil Sanderson. Those present smiled, for a master could not be more gracious to a pupil; but they kept their reflections to themselves.

The beautiful American diva appeared in another rôle, for which the public had been impatiently waiting—"Manon," by the same author, and studied none the less carefully with her master. The public rebelled a little, and decided, with some justice, that if Sybil Sanderson was capable of singing only Massenet's music, she was not a true artist. She was, moreover, not so successful in this rôle, which is a more passionate one, and which requires to be acted well, and in which she did not succeed in completely overcoming her natural coldness.

At this moment her engagement at the Opéra Comique expired. She did not renew it, and left for Brussels, where she sang "*Esclarmonde*" and "*Manon*." During this time Massenet composed "*Le Mage*," the principal rôle of which was again naturally written for her. But, in order to sing it, she was obliged to be engaged at the Grand Opéra, to which the new work belonged. A great deal of talk was made in artistic circles over the efforts of this illustrious author who was obliged to make in order to obtain an engagement for her on this renowned stage. His beautiful pupil had made the continuation of her friendship to him the price of his success, and it is needless to say, he spared neither trouble nor the weight of his influence. A manager can refuse nothing to Massenet—but he has the means of revenging himself for the moral constraint exercised over him. Miss Sanderson's engagement at the Théâtre de la Monnaie at Brussels still bound her for several months, and "*Le Mage*" was immediately put into rehearsal at the Grand Opéra here, and the creation of the rôle was obliged to be given to another cantatrice, Mme. Lureau-Escalais. In vain did the author endeavor to delay the representation of his work, instead of hastening it, as is natural. A manager is master at his theatre, and "*Le Mage*" appeared. The American nightingale's anger at this affront was terrible. The composer felt the blow most keenly, and, on the night of the first representation, it was the cause of an altercation between him and the baritone, Lassalle, which nearly ended in a duel.

However, the harmony which was for a moment disturbed between the master and pupil by this unfortunate affair was soon restored. Sybil Sanderson broke her engagement at the Opéra, and, after a season in London, where she sang "*Manon*," she has returned to the Opéra Comique, where she is singing "*Manon*" again! She finally decided to be heard in some other music than Massenet's, and has appeared in "*Lakmé*," written by the lamented Leo Delibes, and the general verdict is that her talent shows to much greater advantage in the music of the composer whom she has alone interpreted heretofore.

Sybil Sanderson lives with her mother and her sisters, who are also exceedingly pretty. She is very popular, much sought after, and much courted. She passes her summer vacation at the Grand Hotel, at Vevey, on Lake Geneva, where she continues to study doubtless, for Massenet also spends his summer at Vevey, at the Hotel des Trois Couronnes, arriving there the day before Miss Sanderson appears and leaving the day after her departure.

Her musical reputation is stationary, perhaps because it was made too quickly. But, at her age and with her talent, she has still a future before her. Only she must make up her mind to strike a great blow soon, unless she wishes to be classed among the shooting stars of which I spoke at the beginning of my letter.

SYBILLA.

PARIS, November 15, 1892.

The emigration from Georgia to Texas, which in some sections of the State has become a craze, is due to the campaign of education carried on during the past year by the business men of Texas. They sent out a train of cars filled with the products of Texas fields, shops, mines, and forests, and with newspapers and pamphlets devoted to the material interests of the State. The silver-tongued Hubbard, ex-governor of Texas and ex-minister to Japan, went along as spell-binder, and talked to hundreds of thousands of people in a score of the Western and Southern States. The ex-minister told the people that Texas was the masterpiece of the Almighty, and that Japan ranked next.

The great attraction at the London Aquarium continues to be the "slugging" matches between Professor Lauderhann and an Australian kangaroo. The kangaroo is seven feet in height, and, according to all reports, he is no mean "slugger." Several men who faced him for a few rounds are now in the hospital. Sarah Bernhardt offered the professor five thousand dollars for the kangaroo, but he is considered worth many times that sum.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Kaiser Wilhelm has sat for his photograph one hundred and fifty times since he ascended the throne.

Baroness Hirsch, the wife of the banker-philanthropist, has been struck with apoplexy and her tongue is partially paralyzed.

Dr. Parkhurst has had three offers from lecture bureaus and two from newspaper managers who believe that they can turn his "slumming" stories into money.

Mrs. Bishop, the mother of the mind-reader, is living in a wretched little hut in New York, in need of the very necessities of life. She has had to sell even her clothes and bedding to purchase food.

It is not often that English ladies are entertained by the Sultan of Turkey. The Duchess of Cleveland was so honored recently, and the party included the leading court functionaries and a number of English gentlemen who hold high office in the Sultan's country.

The Duke of Norfolk will have something to look after in the two thousand pilgrims who are to follow him to Rome. The wealthy Catholics of London are going to pay the expenses of the poor people, who will see the continent and all the mysteries of the Holy City in comfort.

The impression grows that Lieutenant Mounteney Jephson will be appointed commissioner to Uganda, to investigate and report upon the condition of affairs in that country. The *Globe* says that Henry M. Stanley is willing to go, but not likely to be asked. Lieutenant Jephson is engaged to a San Francisco girl, Miss Anna Head.

One of Verdi's recent visitors says that the composer gets as much fun out of his "*Falstaff*" as the public is likely to get. He sometimes sits down at the pianoforte with his librettist, Boito, and goes through scene after scene, broken only by pauses for hearty laughter. It is probable that the University of Cambridge will honor Verdi at the coming commencement with the degree of doctor of music.

Mrs. Hetty Green, who is said to be worth forty millions of dollars, and is probably the richest woman in her own right in this country, told an interviewer the other day that she disliked business, and "would a great deal rather be a society woman." Yet, at the time, she was attired in a dress that could not have cost ten dollars. All the jewelry she wears is comprised in two plain old gold rings, and she lives in boarding-houses.

Grover Cleveland had a brother, who many years ago lived at New Albany, Ind. He was a house and sign painter. He enlisted in the war and came out with the rank of lieutenant. In 1864 he took passage on the steamer at New Orleans for New York. The vessel reached port in safety, but if Lieutenant Cleveland was among the passengers that landed, it was never known to his friends. It is believed that he was lost overboard.

Baron Hirsch has been entertaining a large party of sportsmen at his Château of St. Johann in Hungary. Altogether, in three days, they shot 20,870 partridges; almost equal to the slaughter at some of the best contested battles during the Franco-German War. The company included Lords Grey, Ilchester, Chesterfield, Curzon, and Iveagh, the Prince August of Coburg, the Duc de la Tremoille, the Marquis de Breteuil, and the Vicomte de la Rochefoucauld.

The author of the "*Deland Trick*," by which Harvard twice gained splendidly on her opponents in the Harvard-Yale foot-ball game, is Loren F. Deland, the husband of Margaret Deland, author of "*John Ward, Preacher*." He is not a foot-ball man, so far as playing is concerned, but is an enthusiastic admirer of the science of the game. He is not a Harvard graduate. Mr. Deland is a great chess-player, and his foot-ball manoeuvres are worked out on scientific theories.

The King of Sweden popped in the other day at the Sailors' Home at Stockholm, just as dinner was being served up, and asked the permission of the sailors to be their guest, which, with great condescension, they consented to. Suddenly his majesty exclaimed to his chamberlain: "Why, look here—here's jolly good cabbage-soup. I never get such soup as this at my table." After this the king went into the kitchen and interviewed the cook. This diplomatic proceeding ended by the cook being taken into the king's service.

Senator Hill has given to a friend the correct version of that watering-trough story. It was at Lynchburg, Va., that the senator, in the course of his address to the farmers, alluded to Mark Twain's habit of bestowing a stone watering-trough upon the City of Elmira at the birth of each of his children. The anecdote pleased the audience, but it afforded one long-legged, razor-backed native a chance to make the senator blush. He chuckled over the story, and then called out in a loud voice: "Well, Hill, ye ain't doin' much for the warterin'-troughs 'round Albany, be ye?"

In a recent interview, Marion Crawford said: "I never start a book until I know just what I am going to say and just how I am going to say it. I begin at half-past eight in the morning, and work until I have written about five thousand words, which is my usual day's task. I never rewrite. One of my books, '*Pietro Ghesleri*,' I finished in twenty-five working days. It contains thirty chapters and one hundred and fifty thousand words. I never work on Sunday. Not because I think it irreligious, but because I think that a man should have one day's rest." Mr. Crawford is deeply interested in hypnotism and mesmerism. Before he wrote "*The Witch of Prague*," he spent months in reading up the subject, and although he is not a hypnotist himself, few men are better posted in the literature which treats of it. Mr. Crawford never touches wine or spirits of any kind, but he is an inveterate coffee and tea-drinker, and is seldom seen without a cigarette in his mouth.



## A STUDIO STORY.

Being a Sculptor's Queer Experience with a Model for the Nude.

I am a sculptor and an enthusiast. I have an eye for form. I continually see the very thing I want. But there, the painters have the pull of us. Any pretty girl, be she a duchess or a milkmaid, will sit to be flattered in oils by my friend Jones, for love—for love, mark you! With me it is different. After weeks of delicate attention, when I get a really shapely young person into a good humor; when I have regaled her and her objectionable mamma or aunt with *pâté de foie gras* and champagne, and then introduced them into my great studio, carefully warmed at considerable expense, the desired object agrees to sit, but only in her clothes. Fancy producing a Venus Anadyomene in her clothes—her accursed nineteenth-century clothes, dress improver and all!

As for models, bah! It is a very curious thing, but a model has only one feature—either it is face, or bust, or legs, or hands. There is little Jackson, her face is lovely, but her hands! Poor little Jackson, she has to work so hard that her great hands are abnormally developed. Then Rosa Myers has, of course, all the requisites for bust and shoulders from the sculptor's idea, but she is as brown as a berry, and has a nose like an eagle. The public admire the "Hypatia" of Robinson, R. A. I don't. To me, "Hypatia" is a monster, a sort of built-up Frankenstein's monster. I see little Jackson's face, Rosa Myers's bust, the legs of Mlle. Caoutchouc, of the Alhambra, etc. Why, "Hypatia" cost Robinson, R. A., a hundred and fifty in models alone! I am of an economic turn of mind, and I am a naturalist. I can not afford to pay a hundred and fifty pounds to produce a "composition." Mine is a nobler aim. I copy nature as a whole; and at times, I confess, improve upon it.

How do I do it?

That's my secret. You are not a sculptor; swear to me inviolable secrecy and I will tell you.

I make love to them. I spoon them. I even propose to them. I have been engaged to several. They always cry off, not I. Of course, widows and married women are debarred to me; but they would be, as a rule, useless, speaking professionally. It generally comes off, and I get my model for love—that is to say, for nothing. Sometimes I fail—rarely, but sometimes.

It is about a year ago now. I had a Hebe in my mind, and I was looking for a Hebe—a complete Hebe, form, face, style; none of your composites for me. I had been looking about for nearly a week. I had seen two Hebes—one was Mrs. Gore Charmington, the professional beauty. I would have tried it on with her if I had been an R. A., like Robinson—it would have been a mutual advertisement; but being only Jack Harper, where was the use? Then I saw Polly Jukes. Polly is a perfect Hebe; but Polly, though she plays as Polly Jukes, is the wife of Groker, the eminent low comedian, and Groker is awfully particular. He would never have consented. No, there was nothing for it but to wait. I had gone on waiting and searching to no purpose, as I said, for about a week. It was in Oxford Street where I saw her, a dear little woman and a poodle dog. Hebe! Hebe! *Eureka!* It is the only word of Greek I know; as a sculptor, I always use it when I can. Her walk was perfect, head well set on, shoulders sublime, natural waist, ankles a poetic dream. Hebe was found. She was quietly dressed, and evidently belonged to the lower middle classes. I passed her—face, the very thing; hair, a natural wavy blonde. She led the poodle, a big white one, by a chain; the beast had a bell on. As I stopped to study once more her spine and shoulders, I caught my legs in the chain and fell. It was just as well I did, for it gave me the opportunity to speak to her. She was greatly excited. I pretended to be hurt; but I took care not to curse the infernal poodle. As soon as I got clear of the chain, the beast sat up and begged. I flicked the dust off my knees, brushed my hat, and then stood rubbing my elbow. Hebe was quite unhappy over it.

"Down, Bolo!" she cried, and the demon poodle became once more a dog. Then she hoped I wasn't hurt.

I went off into flowery compliment; then Hebe laughed a little laugh, a charming little laugh; her teeth were perfect.

I offered to lead the dreadful Bolo, and I hung on. At first Hebe declined to trust Bolo to my charge. Perhaps she thought I wanted to steal him; but after a while she relented. By this time we had reached Portland Place. She was going, she said, innocently enough, to Portland Road Station. I was also, strange to say, going to Portland Road. Long before we got to Portland Road, I had asked her to pose to me. She hesitated. The woman who hesitates is lost. She agreed.

But she stipulated. "I don't mind posing for you," she said, "for your statue, for I am sure you are too much of a gentleman to ask me to do what's wrong; but I must bring a friend, if only for propriety's sake; and you must give us some supper."

Of course I closed at once. When would she come?

"Well, if you are ready, to-night."

I jumped at it. "Supper at ten for three, though two is company and three is none," and here horrid visions of a frowsy aunt or dreadful red-nosed mother flashed through my mind.

"No, no; supper for four. There will be Bolo."

As he heard his name, the monster commenced to walk on his hind legs. I was leading him, and already little boys began to follow us.

"I won't forget him," I replied, with a smile; "it is to Bolo I owe this chance of making a name in art."

I always say that—about a name in art; it invariably fetches them—it did fetch my Hebe. Her innocent, trusting eyes gazed fondly into mine. I gave her my card.

"At ten, then."

But she had willed it otherwise. "I will meet you at

Pugsley's at nine," she said; "I will bring my friend and Bolo."

Bother her friend! and especially bother Bolo! She meant coming, I could see that. I had darkly hinted at my little suppers; I had bragged of champagne and *pâté de foie gras*.

She relieved me of Bolo, and tripped down the steps of the Underground Railway. "Pugsley's at nine," she said, and kissed her disengaged hand to me. Then she turned the corner.

I hurried home. I had plenty to do. I stoked up the big stove, I wheeled the staging, covered with its professional green baize, into the right place near the stove, then I rolled up my big modeling frame and a great mass of moist clay on it into position, then I put the studio in order a bit. I put my big Japanese screen up for her to disrobe behind—even the models use the screen for disrobing. It may be due to their modesty, but I fancy that it's their underclothing, poor things, that they are ashamed of. Then I had in the man from the confectioner's for the supper: a glazed tongue, a *pâté*, some pastry, and lots of confectionery; three bottles of champagne; some green Chartreuse; perhaps the friend who played propriety would fuddle herself over it—old women often do. Then I bought a big bouquet—they like it; it is attentive, artistic, and French. Then I smoked a pipe quietly and thought of the pose of Hebe. Then I arrayed myself for conquest and started for Pugsley's.

Now, I had never been to Pugsley's. I knew where it was, and what it was—a music-hall, a second, or even third-rate music-hall in a low neighborhood. Never mind, I had Hebe in prospect. Perhaps she would not turn up; but no, I had seen it in her eye, her honest eye; she meant to come.

I arrived at half-past eight at Pugsley's—a vile beer-and-stale-tobacco-smelling place. I took off my watch and put it in my fob as soon as possible. The performance was—ugh! so were the audience.

But I saw nothing of Hebe. It was nine, and she had not shown. Was she laughing at me, after all?

Tinkle! tinkle!

Joy! I had heard that sound before. It is the bell of Bolo—of Bolo, the objectionable but talented poodle. I looked round; but no Bolo, no Hebe. Suddenly the dirty little curtain rose, and I saw a man, an ugly man. He had a hang-dog look, a big red nose, and was dressed as a clown. Four wretched dogs stood in a row before him. He put them through their paces. They leaped, they begged, they marched, they jumped through hoops; but they did not amuse me.

I was in an agony of suspense.

Where was Hebe? Had my ears deceived me? I certainly did think that I had heard Bolo's bell. I looked from the stage all round the rather thin audience of counter-jumpers and shabby swells and their womenkind. Suddenly there was a tremendous round of applause. Above it all I distinctly heard the tinkle of Bolo's bell, but nowhere could I see him. I looked in every corner, but in vain.

"Bolo! Houp-là!"

Heavens! I turned to the stage. There was the big-nosed man, there was Bolo, and there, in the spangled dress, or rather undress, of an acrobat, was Hebe. My Hebe! Her magnificent hair was let down in a mane—that is the only word for it.

The place, the people, Bolo, the big-nosed man, and Hebe swam before my eyes in my excitement. I hurried to the bar and asked who Hebe was. In answer, the young person who presided placed a bill in my hand. It announced that Dalillah, the Canine Queen, assisted by Signor Spiffini, would give her unrivaled entertainment with the world-renowned troupe of trained dogs, and Bolo, the phenomenon. Fancy being in love and engaged to sup with a Canine Queen!

I looked again at Dalillah, *alias* Hebe. She was a very shapely person. Had she not been so, I would have fled. Ah! she kissed her hand—to me—I know it was to me. I blushed to my waist with pleasure. The way she did it was inimitable. I did not know then that she kissed her fingers every evening at the close of her unrivaled entertainment.

The curtain fell. A sort of half-waiter, half-potman, a nameless nondescript, touched me on the shoulder. "She's expectin' you at the stage-door," it said, in a hoarse whisper, and then it held out its hand. I put a shilling in the hand. It winked; a leery, loathsome wink.

I hurried out. Down a dreadful court was a grimy hatch; over it burned a lamp, on which was written "Stage-Door." A few of the dangerous classes loitered near. I confess I did not like it.

In a few moments, however, all was right. Signor Spiffini, all smile and nose, appeared, leading his four dogs; then came Bolo and his bell; and last Hebe, little Hebe, all smiles and blushes.

She held out her hand. She was a practical little thing. "We'd better have a cab, with all these dogs," she said. "Bill, fetch a cab!" (she called it *keb*). Signor Spiffini clapped the four chains into my unexpected hands and disappeared. All four dogs pulled different ways. It was bewildering, very; but there was no time for explanations. A four-wheeled cab drove up to the entrance of the court. The signor held the door politely open. Hebe entered; Bolo jumped in; I, unused to the charge of four strange dogs (the "renowned troupe"), struggled in as best I could. All four chains were round my legs, and the troupe struggled wildly.

"Where to, guv'nor?" asked the long-nosed signor.

I told him—there was no escape. *Then he got in, too!* The boys cheered us. Bolo jumped on my lap and licked my face all the way home, despite my struggles. They talked to me; but what with the noise of the cab, the contortions of the renowned troupe, and the caresses of "the phenomenon," I could hear nothing.

We arrived at my studio. I opened the door with my

latch-key. I hurried in; my seven guests followed. I had lighted the studio elaborately; six burners (argands), arranged like footlights, burned before the platform; on the big iron standard were four other strong lights.

"My dear," said Hebe to the signor, who had secured his troupe at once, "let me introduce you: Mr. Harper, my artist friend, our host; my husband, Signor Spiffini."

"In the profession, guv'nor," said the signor, with horrible familiarity; "but to pals, like you, Jack Spiffkins."

Her husband! Her husband to play propriety—a pretty friend. A frowsy aunt or a moldy mother would have been preferable. But the man her husband (now my *pal*), the too familiar Spiffkins! Horror! I am a man who is not easily abashed. I had been put to expense. Supper, a bouquet, liquor—expensive liquor. But my model was worth it all. Hebe! it is of Hebe I must think, not of Dalillah, not of the Canine Queen, least of all of Mrs. Spiffkins. We sat down. They seemed to like their supper. I did not.

"I don't mind if I do, guv'nor," was all I could extract from the signor, as I pressed on the wretch the various expensive delicacies. I tried to find the foot of the smiling Hebe under the table. At length I thought I had succeeded; she seemed to blush, and did not withdraw it. Alas! it was the sensitive tail of Bolo, who emitted a sudden scream of anguish.

"What's the screen for, guv'nor?" said the signor, as he took off half a champagne-glass full of green Chartreuse—he was not surprised, he merely smacked his lips. "What's it for?"

"Well, it's where Mrs.—um—Spiffkins will disrobe, you know, to dress for Hebe."

The signor whistled. Hebe blushed—blushed a real good innocent, healthy blush.

"Luck to you, guv'nor," remarked the signor, pledging me with a too familiar nod.

I placed my glass to my lips in courtesy.

"Drink fair, guv'nor. I say; drink fair."

He turned his glass bottom upwards. I had to do the same.

"And that's where Mrs. S. 'll stand when she's dressed for Hebe?" said the signor, maliciously dwelling on the word, and indicating the stage with his thumb.

I nodded.

"Ere's to yer, guv'nor; drink fair."

The wretch pledged me again, and compelled me to empty my glass—my champagne-glass that he had ignorantly filled with green Chartreuse. He ate, she ate, Bolo ate. They all enjoyed it.

I did not, however. The room began to swim. He pledged me again, and compelled me to drink. *I don't remember any more.*

Next morning, at nine, I was aroused by the charwoman who "does for" me. "Ain't you well, sir?" she said; "ave you had a accident?" I could not answer at first. I could move only my head. There was a strangling sensation at my neck. I shook my head in answer—my poor head, that seemed to be opening and shutting.

There was a tinkling sound. A bell, Bolo's bell. I opened my eyes. Bolo was gone, so were Hebe and the signor, so was the renowned troupe.

Horrible indignities had been heaped on me. I lay imbedded in my moist modeling clay—stuck fast in it. Round my neck was Bolo's collar, with the bell. It was that which half-strangled me. On the table lay a pink card:

Benefit of  
DALILLAH, THE CANINE QUEEN,  
AND SIGNOR SPIFFINI.  
PUGSLEY'S MUSIC HALL.  
March—, 189—.  
Admit Bearer and Friend.  
*Come early.* [Complimentary.]

That's all. No, not quite all. The charwoman told me that my cabman had been waiting eleven bours, and he demanded one pound three shillings. I paid him.

Did I go to that benefit? I did not, sir.

C. J. WILLS.

The illness of General William Starke Rosecrans, Register of the United States Treasury, has brought out the story of how he has been drawing two salaries from the government for some years. The general was in office when Harrison was inaugurated in 1889; but it was discovered that he had no income upon which he could live if deprived of his office. He was restored to the army roster, from which he had resigned, and put on the retired list. The position on the retired list brings five thousand dollars a year and the register-ship four thousand dollars. It had been expected that the general would resign from the registry office; but he has held on to both places.

Prince Frederick Leopold is just recovering from the effects of his long-distance ride. He is said to be a princeling of very fastidious taste, who keeps an extra valet to look after his boots and a special tailor to stretch his trousers. On one occasion, it is related, he started on a shooting expedition in patent-leather shoes.

In the matter of inventions, it is a curious fact that Professor Bell's latest device of importance, the "waterphone," for locating leaks in water-pipes, was suggested to him by observing a plumber's apprentice endeavoring to find a leak by means of a small steel rod, which he held in his mouth and touched against the pipe.

Queen Victoria has now fifty-five living descendants—six children, thirty-six grandchildren, and thirteen great-grandchildren. The latest addition to the royal family is a boy recently born to Princess Louise of Hesse.



VANITY FAIR.

The question whether ladies should ride astride is again under discussion in London. "Actæon" writes to the London *Daily Graphic* as follows: "Some five or six ladies of the Devon and Somerset Stag Hunt seat themselves in the manner demanded by the man's saddle rather than in that generally expected of the woman. The phenomenon no longer appears a phenomenon among us, so common has it become; but, perhaps, the real reason why we have so readily sunk our sense of the conventional in a sense of the convenient, is that our hunt is essentially a business-like and workman-like one. We come to it not for the meet but for the stag; we have a rough country to travel, and we dress as best pleases us, and as we think will enable us best to enjoy the pleasure of our hunt, with due regard to the susceptibilities of our neighbors. Thus, if it pleases her ladyship, she will come in skirt, and tennis-bouise, and straw hat, and she will consider herself thus attired neither more nor less remarkable than her sister huntress who comes in the most generally accepted form of riding-habit and skirt, than the bolder lady who comes in divided skirt, than the still bolder who appears with nether garments *propria quæ maribus* and riding-habit bodice, or than the lady, most courageous of all, who rides in long riding-coat, breeches, and top-boots." How far the new system will go among the ladies who follow the hounds in England remains to be seen.

We reprinted recently a description of a scene in a New York theatre, where five women removed their hats to give those behind them an unimpeded view of the stage. The incident has excited an epistolary controversy in the columns of the *Sun*. "H. K." does not "see how they [the women] will ever be able to sit with them [the hats] off and held in their laps, as the article referred to suggests, so long as the men disturb us so often by going out and coming in between the acts, for it is almost impossible to allow any person to pass in or out without rising; and then, let me ask, what would become of the hat, together with programme, opera-glass, case of same, fan, handkerchief, etc.?" The ladies alone do not cause all the inconvenience, but a far greater share is contributed by the gentlemen, who find it an indispensable necessity, in order to satisfy their desire for drink, to disturb others at least a half-dozen times during the evening. This constant rubbing out and in by these inconsiderate toppers causes far more displeasure than the woman's hats; they had better remain in the saloon, and use the price of admission in the purchase of grog, instead of wasting it for a purpose from which they apparently get no benefit. "H. K." is in error if she imagines that all the men who leave their seats between the acts are toppers. Many men go out to stretch their legs, which are intolerably cramped by the narrow seats which the managers provide for them to sit in. Women, perhaps, do not suffer so much from this cause as men do, for they have shorter legs, if we may be allowed to use the term.

A famous playwright remarked to a writer in New York *Truth* the other day that there was only one question which had an absorbing and overpowering interest for theatre-goers. "It is not love," he said, "but domestic rows. I suppose out of a thousand families nine hundred and ninety-nine spend the first two or three years of married life in the attempt to adjust their varying natures to one another, and in struggling to reach a common ground upon which they can agree. It is impossible to imagine any condition more preposterous than the one we are accustomed to look upon as a matter of course every day. A man and woman are engaged to be married. He comes of one family and she of another, and their tastes, manners, habits, physical and mental characteristics, and, indeed, all other qualities, are antagonistic. A clergyman says a few words, and these two people find themselves bound together. Each is made a part of the other's life. One must give way or the bond is broken. The struggle to reconcile warring tastes, dispositions, habits, and characteristics makes up the tragic period which follows nearly

every wedding in the world. There is no more delicious misnomer in the world than to call this period the honeymoon. So that nowadays, if we wish to write a successful play, we must fill it from beginning to end with matrimonial rows, just as successful papers deal largely in divorce scandals, while the most popular books are those which are wholly taken up by the trials and tribulations of married men and women."

Mildred Aldrich tells in *The Mahogany Tree* of a very clever way in which two well-known literary women of Boston escaped from a dilemma. It was in Boston's best known, if not only literary, salon. The hostess approached a dear friend, and amusingly whispered in her ear: "My dear Lillian, I am in a dreadful dilemma. There is a woman here with whose face I have some special association, and yet I can not call her name or recall where I met her. I am possessed with the idea that I especially invited her. I am going to introduce you to her, and you must find out her name." The hostess and her friend approached the guest. The hostess said, in her nicest way, addressing the stranger, "I want you to know my dear friend, Miss ——" and turned and left them. The two women chatted a few moments, and, when the hostess again approached them, the friend addressed her over her shoulder with, "I am going to take ——" Then she hesitated, looked perplexed, and said to the guest: "Will you forgive me? I did not quite catch your name." Of course the guest supplied the missing name, and the friend continued to the hostess: "I am going to take Mrs. ——" in to get a cup of tea. "Yes, do, Lillian," said the hostess; and the two women exchanged gratified and relieved smiles. Of course a case from which there is a neat escape before damage is done is not so embarrassing as was that of the young artist who met the widower of a well-known writer at dinner. She could not remember who he was; but she tried to be civil and hide the fact of her forgetfulness. By and by, he mentioned his wife having been with him when last they met; and the artist, grasping at the chance of saying something, asked with great *empressment*: "Where is your wife this winter?" and entirely lost her appetite at the non-committal answer: "My wife has been dead six months."

Among those who witnessed the foot-ball game in New York on Thanksgiving Day was a young man, well known in New York society, and with him went a very pretty girl. She was warmly and stylishly clad in silks and furs, and at her throat she wore a "little knot of blue." Her escort was likewise decked with the Yale color, and in the button-hole of his overcoat he wore a bunch of fragrant violets. In addition to these evidences of his loyalty to the men of New Haven, he carried on his walking-stick a decoration which, as described by the *Sun*, was probably unique of its kind among the thirty thousand displays of ingenuity to be seen on the grand stands. The young man pulled out from his overcoat pocket what at first appeared to be a muffler marked with blue and white stripes. He began pulling the silken bag over the head of his cane. As he did so it became evident to the interested spectators that his emblem of victory was a silk stocking. The small foot fitted snugly over the cane head. Down the sides ran blue silk clocks, and just below them the young man grasped his cane firmly, so as not to lose his prize. A few young collegians giggled, but the young woman sat quietly by and watched the proceeding with calm and interested dignity. During the entire game the two young people sat in Stand D, and the young man waved his stocking at every good play of Yale.

No prize can be devised so great as to induce your true Londoner to carry any kind of a parcel. In America, every man hurries to the elevated train or to his street-car with a morning newspaper in his hand. In London, there is no clerk so lost to his own sense of dignity and right as for one moment to be seen actually carrying a newspaper. Once in the Underground, or in the bus, or tram, he is not ashamed to be seen reading it, but as for carrying it through the streets—never. He hides it away in an inaccessible pocket, at the imminent risk of spoiling the set of his coat. So, too, with any other little package. The average American never hesitates to carry any little package through the streets or into the cars. In London, the man who carried so much as a pill-box exposed, would be socially damned forever. The reason for this (writes a correspondent of the *World*) lies in the different ways the two nations have of looking at trade. The theory of America is that everybody works. The theory in London is that nobody works; in America, after one man is introduced to another, the question each man asks the introducer when he meets him in private is: "What does the other fellow do?" When two Englishmen of the same social class meet, they take it for granted neither one does anything. That is the real basis of the non-parcel-carrying habit. If a man is seen hurrying citywards (what in American cities one would call down-town) with a newspaper in his hand, any one can see that he is in business. It is to avoid this inference that all newspapers and parcels are concealed.

Pork-eaters are usually scrofulous and need Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse the blood.

COMMUNICATIONS.

"Baroness Mets."

A STATEMENT FROM THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: The statement published in your issue of December 5th, over the signature of J. H. Rosewald, being misleading, and desiring that the public, upon whose patronage as a charitable society we rely, should be informed of the true status of the case, we submit, in justice to the society, the following statements of the facts introductory to the presentation of "Baroness Mets."

Mr. Rosewald, the composer of the music and libretto of an original opera, but unfortunate in that for several years the hazard of the undertaking had prevented its production, made the following proffer to the Woman's Exchange, in a letter dated March 21, 1892, and signed by himself, to produce said opera at a given time and place, all the revenue accruing therefrom to revert to the benefit of the Exchange, all the expenses of the opera to be paid by the Exchange, said expenses, however, in order to insure a first-class performance in every particular, not to exceed the sum of \$1,500, a remuneration to him only to be made should the net profits exceed \$3,000.

Mr. Rosewald, in making the seemingly generous proposition, expressed himself as not seeking financial profit from this representation; that was to accrue from subsequent reproduction of the opera.

An itemized account of expenses was annexed for orchestra, rent of Opera House, advertising, printing, costumes, designer of costumes, stage-manager, scenery, earriages for principals, and extras—the total amounting to \$1,490. The proposition was taken under advisement, many of the managers being loth to enter upon an undertaking wherein so large a sum of money had to be laid out before any returns were had, appreciating the risk and danger involved. It was finally determined to advance Mr. Rosewald the amount required, and the ladies (feeling they would be quite satisfied if they could make a net profit of \$2,500 for the Exchange) voluntarily offered Mr. Rosewald to repay him for the work and time he would have to spend in training amateurs for so important a production the sum of \$500, if that amount of profit was reached instead of the \$3,000 mentioned by himself; and, at that time, he was duly grateful for this consideration.

Therefore, a contract was drawn substantially as follows: Mr. Rosewald agreed to procure singers, musicians, scenery, costumes, and all accessories necessary to the production of the opera, and to place it upon the stage in first-class style, the Exchange to be liable to the extent of \$1,500 and no more; all expenses and disbursements whatever incurred, either by Mr. Rosewald or the Exchange, in the production, to be included in that amount; all scenery, properties, and costumes to revert to the Exchange; and, in the event of net profits failing to reach \$2,500, Mr. Rosewald waived all claim; all profits over \$3,000 to be divided; should a second representation be desired by the composer, he should have the use of scenery, etc., free of charge. These are the main terms of the agreement.

From Mr. Rosewald's statement it would seem as if he claimed he had been unduly charged with expenditures incurred by the Exchange; whereas, on the other hand, the Exchange notes a wide divergence between the itemized account and the original estimate, and feels that, in many items, expenses could have been materially reduced. Their own items, after paying \$150 for the rent of the Opera House, \$105 for advertising, \$18 postage of one thousand notices of the auction, was only \$75.65, which includes 125 large cards in the various store-windows of the city, ticket-agent for services for a week, diagrams of Opera House for the auction, door-keepers for the four entrances to the Opera House, seven ushers, special policeman. These expenses would have been more than trebled had not our friends generously reduced for charity their charges for advertising, rent of house, printing, etc. Therefore, we claim that we have in all respects fulfilled our agreement, and while the directors regret that Mr. Rosewald should be out of pocket by his labor, they feel assured that his added reputation will amply repay him for financial loss.

Regretting that we have trespassed so much upon your valuable space, we are, gentlemen, Yours obliged,  
THE PRESIDENT AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS  
OF THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

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DCLXXXV.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 11, 1892.

Onion Soup.  
Baked Red Fish.  
Lamb Chops, Tomato Sauce.  
Parisienne Potatoes.  
Green Peas, Cauliflower au Gratin.  
Roast Mallard Ducks, Currant Jelly and Lemon Sauce.  
Tomato Salad.  
Mince Pie, Fruit Jelly.  
FRUIT JELLY.—Make a plain lemon jelly with Knox's Gelatine, adding sugar to the fruit to be used; when beginning to set, add bananas (sliced thin), white grapes, oranges cut in small pieces, and figs; serve with whipped cream or thin custard.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

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In the spacious art-rooms of S. & G. Gump's new building, 113 Geary Street, may be seen some of the most beautiful examples of decorative table service that have ever been exhibited in this city. The goods are all new and have just arrived from the factories in Europe where Mr. S. Gump selected them personally during his recent visit there. Attracting special attention is the Austrian cut-glass ware in delicate shades of yellow, pink, and white that are cut in the marvelously intricate Russian pattern that is so popular abroad now. Any connoisseur in glassware would delight to see them and possess them. As the Messrs. Gump do not believe in carrying over stock from one season to another, they have placed such reasonable prices on these goods that there is no fear of them remaining in stock after the holidays.

From Limoges they have received some exquisitely designed Haviland ware, the authenticated product of the famous "Casseaux" factory, that make handsome and useful presents. Then there is an elegant assortment of tableware from Bohemia, Dresden, Carlsbad, and France, in fish, game, and coffee sets, all richly designed and embellished in the highest style of art. The Imperial Sèvres service and the Château de Tuileries service are also shown, and each piece is a veritable work of art. They have also received a special invoice of Baccarat glasses, the finest made in the world. They are elegantly engraved and gilded, and range in size from the pony brandy to the very select. The Messrs. Gump have one particular aim in business—to give the very best quality of goods at the lowest rates possible, and it is this fact that has gained for them their present enormous business. In conclusion we may add that they are now opening a fine lot of marble statuary just received from Italy.

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NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL,  
February 13th, 1892.

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## MAGAZINE VERSE.

### Seeming Failure.

The woodland silence, one time stirred  
By the soft pathos of some passing bird,  
Is not the same it was before.  
The spot where once, unseen, a flower  
Has held its fragile chalice to the shower,  
Is different forevermore.  
Unheard, unseen,  
A spell has been!

O thou that breathest year by year  
Music that falls unheeded on the ear,  
Take heart, fate has not baffled thee!  
Tbou that with tints of earth and skies  
Fillst thy canvas for unseeing eyes,  
Thou hast not labored futilely.  
Unheard, unseen,  
A spell has been!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *December Century*.

### A Shadow of the Night.

Close on the edge of a midsummer dawn  
In troubled dreams I went from land to land,  
Each seven-colored like the rainbow's arc,  
Regions where never fancy's foot had trod  
Till then; yet all the strangeness seemed not strange,  
Whereon I wondered, reasoning in my dream.  
At last I came to this our cloud-hung earth,  
And somewhere by the seashore was a grave.  
A woman's grave, new-made, and heaped with flowers;  
And near it stood an ancient boly man  
That fain would comfort me, who sorrowed not  
For this unknown dead woman at my feet.  
But I, because his sacred office held  
My reverence, listened; and 'twas thus he spoke:

"When next thou comest thou shalt find her still  
In all the rare perfection that she was.  
Thou shalt have gentle greeting of thy love!  
Her eyelids will have turned to violets,  
Her bosom to white lilies, and her breath  
To roses. What is lovely never dies,  
But passes into other loveliness,  
Star-dust, or sea-foam, flower, or winged air.  
If this befalls our poor unworthy flesh,  
Think thee what destiny awaits the soul!  
What glorious vesture it shall wear at last!  
While yet he spoke, seashore and grave and priest  
Vanished, and faintly from a neighboring spire  
Fell five slow solemn strokes upon my ear.  
Then I awoke with a keen pain at heart,  
A sense of swift unutterable loss,  
And through the darkness reached my hand to touch  
Her cheek, soft-pillowed on one restful palm—  
To be quite sure!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in *December Scribner's*.

### Compensation.

Pindar, the Theban, sang to Hieron  
In Doric verse, rich as rough-hammered gold,  
*The Immortals deal to men, now as of old,  
Two ill things for one good.* These words, forth blown  
From such a trumpet, through the ages groan  
A note of misery. And yet I bold  
That though they deal us evils manifold  
We owe the High Powers gratitude alone.  
For one good may be worth a thousand ills.  
And all the sum of wretchedness that fills  
The travelling earth, the sea, the arching blue,  
Can not exceed the wealth of joy that lies  
In sweet, low words, in smiles and loving eyes—  
Can not compare with love, if love be true.

—John Hay in *December Century*.

### In a Gallery.—Antwerp, 1891.

The Virgin floating on the silver moon;  
Madonna Mary, with her holy child;  
Pale Christs on shuddering crosses lifted high;  
Sweet angel faces, bending from the blue;  
Saints rapt from earth in ecstasy divine,  
And martyrs all unmindful of their pain;  
Bold, mail-clad knights; fair ladies whom they loved;  
Brown fisher-boys and maidens; harvest fields,  
Where patient women toiled; and where and there  
The glint of summer skies and summer seas,  
And the red glow of humble, household fires!

Breathless I stood and silent, even as one  
Who seeing all, sees nothing. Then a face  
Down the long gallery drew me as a star;  
A winsome, beckoning face, with bearded lips  
Just touched with dawning laughter, and clear eyes  
That kept their own dear secret, smiling still  
With a soft challenge. Dark robes lost in shade,  
Laces at throat and wrist, an ancient hair,  
And a long, slender hand whose fingers held  
Loosely a parchment scroll—and that was all.  
Yet from those high, imperial presences,  
Those lofty ones uplifted from dear earth  
With all its loves and longings, back I turned  
Again and yet again, lured by the smile  
That called me like a voice, "Come hither, friend!"

"Simon de Vos," thus saith the catalogue,  
And "Painted by himself."

Three hundred years  
Thou hast been dust and ashes. I who write  
And they who read, we know another world  
From that thine eyes looked out on. Wouldst thou smile,  
Even as here thou smilest, if to-day  
Thou wert still of us? O, thou joyous one,  
Whose light, half-mocking laughter hath outlived  
So much earth held more precious, let thy lips  
Open and answer me! Whence was it born,  
The radiance of thy tender, sparkling face?  
What manner of man wert thou? For the books  
Of the long generations do not tell!  
Art thou a name, a smile, and nothing more?  
What dreams and visions hadst thou? Other men  
Would pose as heroes; would go grandly down  
To coming ages in the martyr's rôle;  
Or, if perchance they're poets, set their woes  
To wailing music, that the world may count  
Their heart-throbs in the chanting of a song.  
Immortal thou, by virtue of one smile!

—Julia C. R. Dorr in *December Scribner's*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

Ella Sterling Cummins was pleasantly surprised when she looked at the December *Lippincott's*, to find it contained a story of hers, entitled "An Honest Heathen." It had been accepted and paid for six years ago.

The table of contents of the *Christmas Century* is as follows:

"A Madonna of Dagnan-Bouveret," by "J. J.," "Pictorial New York," by Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer; "Madonna," by Harrison S. Morris; "My Cousin Fanny," by Thomas Nelson Page; "Killing the Christmas Bells," from a painting by Edwin H. Blashfield; "The New Cashier," by Edward Eggleston; "Seeming Failure," by Thomas Bailey Aldrich; "Benefits Forgotten," by Wolcott Balestier; "Jennie Lind," by Ronald J. McNeill; "Nail," by Richard Watson Gilder; "Old Ruy the Campeador," by John Malone; "Sweet Bells Out of Tune"—11, by Mrs. Burton Harrison; "Compensation," by John Hay; "A Knight of the Legion of Honor," by F. Hopkinson Smith; "Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini," "Impressions of Browning and his Art," by Stopford A. Brooke; "Present-Day Papers," "The Problem of Poverty," by Washington Gladden; "The Mother," from a painting by Edward E. Simmons; "To Gipsyland"—11, by Elizabeth Robins Pennell; "After the Rain," by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Virgin Enthroned," from a painting by Abbott H. Thayer; "The Effect of Scientific Study upon Religious Beliefs," by H. S. Williams; "The Gipsy Trail," by Rudyard Kipling; "Bacony Stories: The Balcany—A Drama of Three," by Grace King; "The Annunciation," from a painting by Mary L. Macomber; "Seren's Religious Experience: An Inland Story," by Cornelia Atwood Pratt; "War Correspondence as a Fine Art," by Archibald Forbes; "Their Christmas Meeting," by Florence Waters Snodder; "Topics of the Time," "Open Letters," and "In Lighter Vein."

For a copy of Captain Burton's translation of the "Arabian Nights," the sum of one hundred and twenty-seven dollars was paid at auction recently in London. Four years ago, when first published, the price of the work was fifty-two dollars.

Maarten Maartens, the author of "God's Fool," is a Dutch country gentleman living in an old chateau in the wilds of Holland. His neighbors know nothing of his English literary career. He chose to write in English so as to have an audience. He sent "Joost Avelingh" to England from Holland, and all the big houses it was sent to refused it. Then he published it at his own expense. In America, "Joost Avelingh" was accepted and published by D. Appleton & Co., who have just published "God's Fool."

The Scribners have recently issued a useful little catalogue of musical literature, covering sixty-four small pages. The titles are selected from a wide range of musical publications, some of them rare and out of print.

"Matelot" is the title of the new novel on which Pierre Loti is now at work. He is also thinking of another novel to be called "Une Exilée" and to be the story of a certain unhappy and sentimental queen. M. Loti will not read a daily paper, scarcely ever writes a letter, refuses to see interviewers, and does his work in a room at the top of a tower which is to be reached only by a single ladder. He is said to read all the best fiction he can lay hands upon.

St. Nicholas has a notable list of writers who are to contribute to that admirable juvenile monthly during the coming year. Among them are Rudyard Kipling, Frank R. Stockton, Frances Hodgson Burnett, Mary Halleck Foote, Howard Pyle, Poulteney Bigelow, Susan Coolidge, and Nora Perry.

The tenth and last volume of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" will probably be ready before this year closes, or early in the new year. Stanley Lane-Poole writes on Swift and Turkey, F. T. Palgrave on Tennyson and Wordsworth, Richmond Ritchie on Thackeray, Mr. Hamerton on Titian and Turner, Professor Shaler on the geology of the United States, Austin Dobson on Horace Walpole, and George Saintsbury on Zola. Over thirty thousand articles have been written for this work by nearly one thousand different writers. The first volume appeared in March, 1888, or less than five years ago.

In the December (*Christmas Century*) is begun the novel "Benefits Forgotten," by the late Mr. Wolcott Balestier, Mr. Kipling's brother-in-law. Two new portraits of the poet accompany the Rev. Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Impressions of Browning and His Art."

Worthington's *Illustrated Magazine* is announced from Hartford by A. D. Worthington & Co.

Mr. Howells's new novel, "The Coast of Bohemia," begins this month to appear in a Philadelphia magazine. Immediately upon its close, Mr. Howells will begin, in the same magazine, a series of autobiographical papers, in which he will trace the influences which led him to a literary life, his course of reading, and his favorite authors and books.

The most effective bit of fiction in the *Christmas Scribner's* is a Russian police story. It is told in a terse and dramatic way that reveals a writer who is more or less consciously a literary artist. Next comes Octave Thanet's little Western sketch. It is simple, but full of character and vitality.

"General Taylor," a biography by Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., will follow Mahan's "Farragut" in the Great Commander Series published by D. Appleton & Co.

The Century Company have in press, to be issued early in December, a volume of verse by Robert Underwood Johnson, associate-editor of the *Century*, to be called "The Winter Hour, and Other Poems."



The title poem is a recently written piece of five hundred lines, with interludes, and is of a contemplative character, and of a farside theme, reverie, books, art, music, conversation, etc. With a few exceptions, the other poems are collected from various periodicals.

Mr. W. H. Mallock declares in the *Forum* that Scott and Dickens are not only read by many people, but they are read by more people to-day than they ever were before. He adds:

"This fact is substantiated by the copies of their works that are sold; indeed, it starts us in the face at every railway bookstore. Scott and Dickens, if measured by the number of their readers, are growing in popularity, not declining. How then, it may be asked, could the contrary opinion have arisen? It has arisen, probably, from the persons who gave expression to it having trusted to impressions derived from their own social observation; but in matters like this nothing can be more misleading."

Dr. George Ebers, the novelist, has written an autobiography which is announced for immediate publication.

Thomas Hardy is ill—not seriously, but enough to interrupt his literary work.

Before sailing for Europe, Major-General O. O. Howard saw his new book through the press. The title is "General Taylor," and this interesting biography is the second volume in the Great Commander Series published by D. Appleton & Co.

#### New Publications.

"The Missing Man," a novel by Mary R. P. Hatch, has been published in the Good Company Series issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, 50 cents.

"Neva's Three Lovers," by Mrs. Harriet Lewis, has been issued in paper covers by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Family Likeness: A Sketch in the Himalayas," by B. M. Croker, has been published in the Series of Select Novels issued by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, 50 cents.

"Two Men and a Girl," by Franklyn W. Lee, a "story of the occult," has been published in the Golden Library published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Through the Wilds," by Captain Charles A. J. Farrar, is a record of sport and adventure in the forests of New Hampshire and Maine, put in the form of a story for boys. It is very copiously illustrated, and fills four hundred and fifteen pages of large type. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, \$2.50; for sale by William Doxey.

"Virginia Randall," by Richard B. Kimball; "The Burglar's Fate," by Allan Pinkerton; "Wedded Unwooded," by Julia Howard Gatewood; and a translation of Ernest Renan's "Life of Jesus" have been issued in paper covers by G. W. Dillingham, New York; price, 25 and 50 cents each, for the first and second two, respectively; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, and Other Poems" is the title of Tennyson's last book of poems, containing the fugitive pieces he has written since "Demeter and Other Poems" was published. They lack the delicacy of diction of the late poet-laureate's earlier work, and the thought is often almost prosaic. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Sleeping Princess of California," by Alice Edwards Pratt, is a very pretty piece of book-making. The poem describes in blank verse the development of the sleeping State through the incursions of the strangers, and almost every page is embellished by illustrations by E. Mabel Dillaway, in which landscapes, the habitations of man, and the flowers of the country are effectively combined. Published and for sale by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, \$1.00.

If you are a trifle liberal in your views and enjoy clever writing, by all means get Johanna Staats's "Sketches from Truth." They are little stories and "pastels in prose," having to do with the relations of men, young or old, and women, who are always pretty, in the *fin-de-siècle* world of New York—though, for that matter, they might be set in any highly civilized community—and run the gamut from gay to pathetic, with poetry and grace in every note. Published by Nocton & Co., New York; price, 50 cents.

"The Warriors of the Crescent," by the late W. H. Davenport Adams, is an interesting book on the Sultans of Ghazni and the great Moguls. It commences with a chapter on Mahmud, Sultao of Ghazni in the year 1000 A. D., and devotes four chapters to him and his successors, the last of whom was Timur the Tartar. The second half of the book has to do with the Moguls, of whom there are six, including Shah Jahao, who erected the beautiful Taj Mahal to the memory of his wife. The book is well illustrated. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"God's Fool," by Maarteo Maartens, takes its name from the designation applied to Elias Volderdoes, the inheritor and head of a great Dutch busi-

ness firm, in which his step-brothers are clerks. Elias is almost an idiot, or "God's fool," in consequence of an injury received in childhood, and one interest of the tale lies in a step-brother's temptation to take advantage of Elias's mental state. There are many other interests, however; the novel presents a remarkable picture of the Dutch bourgeoisie, and is a powerful study in alienism. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.50.

"Under the Evening Lamp" is a volume of essays by Richard Henry Stoddard on the lives of men who thought they were of the many who are called to be poets and found they were not of the few that are chosen—some sinking to deserved obscurity and others, beaten back by adverse fortunes, who might have been great had they continued the struggle. Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, Motherwell, William Blake, Hartley Coleridge, Beddoes, Peacock, Edward Fitzgerald, and the late Lord Houghton are the subjects of some of the fifteen papers in the book. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Chatelaine of La Trinité" is Henry B. Fuller's second romance, if one may call it so. It is scarcely a story, though the personages include a dainty chatelaine of a Swiss estate, an American girl, and Count Fin de Siècle, Baron Zeitgeist, and the Marquis di Tempo Rubato. These are drawn the one to the other as men and women always are, but the bulk of the book is made up of quizzical commentary and gently humorous speculation on matters and things, with vivid little pictures of the scenes and people one meets in wandering about Switzerland. The author evinces decided skill in the use of words. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.25.

Those who remember Professor W. C. Brownell's witty and sympathetic essays on "French Traits"—first contributed to *Scribner's* and afterward issued in book-form—will give hearty welcome to "French Art: Classic and Contemporary Painting and Sculpture," by the same author. In less than two hundred and fifty pages it puts the reader in possession of a great deal of precise and valuable information about classic, romantic, and realistic painting—from Courbet and Bastien-Lepage to the Impressionist, Degas, with a glance at the future—and the classic and academic schools of sculpture, with a few chapters on the new movement, with special reference to Rodin and Dalou. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

The latest—and, indeed, the last—volume of poems by John Greenleaf Whittier is appropriately entitled "At Sundown," which expresses alike the period of the poet's life at which they were written and their general tone. A small edition of the book was printed two years ago for private circulation; the present edition contains a few poems written since the first was issued. "An Outdoor Reception"—recently reprinted in the *Argonaut*—was written some years ago, but was first published in the current *St. Nicholas*; others again, as "The Captain's Well," are already widely known. The book is a pretty one, daintily printed and bound, and furnished with a portrait and several designs by E. H. Garrett. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

In "Characteristics," S. Weir Mitchell has written a discursive piece of fiction that is not a novel and yet has a sustained interest. The narrator is a surgeon, who, after months of intense agony and weary confinement as the result of a wound received in battle, finds himself possessed of a passion for the study of human character and of a consequent ability to read men's minds and motives. He, with a poet, a man of unusually fine temper who follows the law, and a blunt and burly scholar, form a quartet whose conversations fill the book, with occasional appearances and comments from the wife of one of the friends. Their talks range over a variety of interesting topics, which they discuss with the weapons furnished by well-stored minds and with no little skill of fence. Published by the Century Company, New York; price, \$1.50.

Marie Hansen-Taylor—who is no other than Mrs. Bayard Taylor—has been writing a series of essays on domestic philosophy and economy, which have just been issued in a book entitled "Letters to a Young Housekeeper." It tells how to choose meat, to make soup, to boil ham, to make croquettes, to boil, steam, and bake potatoes, to cook fish, to make salads, to cook eggs, to make puddings, to make cakes, to put up preserves, to prepare tomato catsup, and to make ambrosia. These are the "plain" things it tells about, but all the intermediate processes and recipes that go to the preparation of edibles such as any American woman may be proud to make are explained clearly and tersely. In fact, it is a good cook-book for a young housekeeper. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

Among the juvenile quartos issued for the holiday season are "Chatterbox for 1892" (\$1.25); the "Little Ones Annual for 1892-3," edited by "Oliver Optic" (\$1.75); "Tales of Ancient Troy and the Adventures of Ulysses," edited by Walter Montgomery (\$1.25); "The Boys of the Mirthfield Academy," edited by

Laurence H. Francis, a story of an English school for boys (\$1.25); "Zigzag Journeys on the Mississippi," by Hezekiah Butterworth, who in this fourteenth volume of his Zigzag Series takes his readers from Chicago to Havana (\$1.50); and "Three Vassar Girls in the Holy Land," by Elizabeth W. Chanipney (\$1.50). These are all small-quarto volumes, of from three hundred to four hundred pages each, printed in large type, copiously illustrated, and bound in illuminated covers. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; for sale by William Doxey.

"How the Other Half Lives," an account of tenement-house life in New York city, written by a New York reporter, Jacob A. Riis, created a decided sensation on its appearance a few months ago, and now his second book, "The Children of the Poor," has come to supplement it and share its honors as one of the most striking works on social topics published in several years. Both describe the squalor, ignorance, and crime-breeding conditions that all but suffocate the poor in New York; the first tells what is being done to make the adults less miserable and less dangerous to the community, and the second describes the institutions now being conducted by which the children of the poor are being won from a future of drunkenness and crime to careers as healthy and helpful men and women. As was its predecessor, "The Children of the Poor" is illustrated from the author's photographs. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$2.50; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

The book of the year—or of a dozen years, for the matter of that—in the way of memoirs is "An Englishman in Paris." Everybody knows now that the "Englishman" was a myth, that the book was written by a Dutch journalist of Parisian habitation and based on the *idit* memoirs of Sir Joseph Olliffe. But that the book is infinitely entertaining is undeniable. It sparkles with witty sayings, amusing anecdotes, glimpses at the celebrities of Paris in *pantoufles*, be they royal, diplomatic, social, political, literary, artistic, theatrical, or otherwise. The *Argonaut* has already printed a number of interesting extracts from the book, and in further commendation can only say that it is all equally interesting. The two-volume edition has recently been supplemented by a new edition containing the two volumes in one, which is bulky, containing nearly five hundred pages, but is excellent in point of type and paper. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$2.00.

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Now is the time to begin to take "The Century." January will contain a complete story by Mark Twain; February will be the richly illustrated Midwinter number. Buy the Christmas number on a news-stand (35 cents) or subscribe for a year (\$4.00).

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A NEW BANK BUILDING.

Opening of the German Savings and Loan Society.

There is no better evidence of the prosperity of a great city than the progress it makes in the way of buildings and architecture, and this progress also accentuates the prosperity of the people or organization through whose instrumentality these buildings are erected. Relative to this it may well be said that the new structure, on California Street, now occupied by the German Savings and Loan Society, is an architectural feature that San Franciscans are highly proud of. The building is a beautiful one, as chaste in finish as the modern Italian Renaissance style can make it, and as solid as the banking institution that owns and occupies it. Erected at a cost of over two hundred thousand dollars, it will ever stand as a fitting monument to the business sagacity and foresight that caused its erection.

For a quarter of a century the society has occupied the building adjacent to it, 225 California Street; but its constantly growing business, and the gradual increase in its deposits and valuable securities, made more commodious and better protected quarters an absolute necessity. Hence the new building, which is the pride of the officers and of the depositors in the bank. The only wood used in the building is in the floors and the interior finishing. All else is brick, stone, iron, and steel. The front elevation is strikingly neat, yet it has the appearance of great solidity. The exterior is of granite, from the Raymond Quarry, in Fresno County, and the arched entrance is of Red Beach granite from Maine.

In a panel of Italian marble over the entrance two figures, a boy and a girl, termed "The Money Changers," are sculptured, and between them is a fac-simile of the obverse side of the American silver dollar. The name of the bank, in relief letters of gold, is also seen in both the English and German languages. The French plate-glass window is the largest in America, west of Chicago, being in one pane fourteen feet six inches high and twelve feet wide. Owing to its immense size it could not be transported by rail and was brought here by way of Cape Horn.

The entrance is reached by a short flight of granite steps and then comes a vestibule of shaded Tennessee marble. The entrance gates, which were made in Chicago, are of wrought-iron hammered leaf-work, and are excellent specimens of fine workmanship. The main banking-room is a commodious apartment, one hundred and twenty feet long, thirty-six feet wide, and thirty-two and one-half feet high. Outside of the counters, the floor is of Roman mosaic-work of elaborate design, while behind the counters the floor is of white mahogany most carefully joined. The wainscoting is of highly polished red mahogany and the walls are finished in stucco-work handsomely tinted and picked out with gold, while the paneled ceiling is beautifully in accord with it. The room is lighted by both gas and electricity and the fixtures are thoroughly artistic. The counters are surrounded by high, wrought-iron railings of hammered leaf-work, and at intervals are openings for the paying, receiving, and interest tellers, and the secretary and cashier. At the end of the main counter is a waiting-room and also the office of the president, which is handsomely furnished and decorated, and finished with every possible requirement. From the centre of the ceiling rises a magnificent glass dome thirty-two feet in diameter, the apex of which is forty-five feet above the floor. The glass, which is one inch thick, was manufactured specially for it so as to lessen the glare of the sun on particularly bright days.

We must not forget a particularly imposing and useful feature of the bank—its immense fire and burglar-proof vault. This structure is three stories in height, the upper part being reached by a staircase of steel leading to a balcony, the floor of which is of electro-plated steel and the railing of leaf-work in hammered steel. The exterior finish is of polished Tennessee marble, with cornices and ornaments of bronze, and the vault can be approached from any side, as there is a vacant space between it and the wall. The marble facing covers layers of two and one-half inches of steel, behind which is the vault proper, containing two large coin safes and other receptacles for valuable papers, books, etc. The vault and safes are fitted with the latest combination and time locks, and access to them is an absolute impossibility, except by the authorized officers of the bank. Near the safe is the coin and coupon office, of fancy grill-work, furnished with desks and chairs.

The second floor goes back only as far as the dome, and connecting with it is an elevator, inclosed in a hammered iron shaft. Here is a meeting-room, twenty-five by forty feet, for the stockholders, besides a small office, janitor's room, and lavatories, all finished in polished oak, with frescoed ceilings. From the first floor access to the basement is had by means of a self-supporting staircase of granite, a novelty in architecture here. On this floor is the heating furnace, elevator machinery, a store-room, two large safes for books and documents, and a kitchen and dining-room, and individual lockers for the employees of the bank. A novelty is to be introduced here, inasmuch as a splendid lunch will be served daily to the employees, free of charge.

The arrangements for lighting, heating, and ventilation are perfect, and every measure of safety has been properly attended to. The gratings and shutters are of heavy steel, and automatic burglar alarms are fitted everywhere. In conclusion a word of praise is due to the architect, Mr. Edmund Kollofroth, of Kenitzer & Kollofroth, who drew the plans and designed the ornamentation of the building. Mention is also due to Krceling Brothers, who did the mahogany wood work, to Mahoney Brothers, who did the oak work, to W. W. Montague & Co., for the marble work and mosaic flooring, to Jacob Haaf for the brick work, to the Western Iron Works for the steel work, to the Novelty Works for the gas fixtures, to the California Supply and Construction Company for the electrical work, to Henry Fisher for the plastering, to Winslow Brothers, of Chicago, for the wrought-iron work, to John Hammond, the builder of the elevator, to E. A. Otto for the frescoing, to Rupert Schmid for the sculpture, and to Knowles & Co., for the granite work.

As an evidence of the steady and solid growth of this bank, it is only necessary to state that it has now over twenty-seven thousand five hundred depositors, with deposits amounting to \$29,500,000. Its assets are over \$30,000,000. The present officers are: Board of directors—L. Gottig (president), Edward Kruse (first vice-president), George H. Eggers (second vice-president), O. Schoemann, Eugene Meyer, B. A. Becker, F. Tillmann, H. Horstmann, and H. L. Simon; cashier, A. H. R. Schmidt; assistant-cashier, William Herrmann; secretary, George Tourny; attorney, John R. Jarboe.

SOCIETY.

The Charity Base-Ball Game.

The Haight Street base-ball grounds will present an animated and interesting appearance this (Saturday) afternoon when the members of the Pacific Union and Bohemian Clubs' nines will contest for supremacy, and by their efforts help to replenish the depleted coffers of the California Woman's Hospital, the Fruit and Flower Mission, and the Maria Kip Orphanage. Mr. Grayson and Lieutenant Carlin have perfected all of the preliminary arrangements, and look forward to a large attendance and an exciting game. The Angel Island band will furnish music at intervals to enliven the contest. Game will be called at half-past one o'clock. Society and clubdom will be there in force, and many coaches and private teams will grace the grounds. The nines will be constituted as follows:

Pacific Union nine.—Pitcher, Mr. E. L. Bosqui; catcher, Mr. O'Neill; first base, Mr. W. B. Bourn; second base, Mr. N. G. Kittle; third base, Mr. W. C. Ralston; short stop, Mr. F. D. Atherton; centre field, Mr. E. P. Danforth; right field, Mr. E. L. Eyre; left field, Mr. G. D. Boyd; substitutes, Mr. Walter L. Dean, Mr. Frederick Tallant, and Mr. R. H. Delafield.

Bohemian nine.—Pitcher, Mr. F. L. Owen; catcher, Mr. Lang; first base, Mr. C. A. F. Flagler; second base, Lieutenant G. W. S. Stevens, U. S. A.; third base, Mr. H. B. Chase; short stop, Mr. Elmer de Rue; centre field, Mr. A. H. Small; right field, Mr. H. L. Coleman; left field, Mr. Robert J. Woods; substitutes, Mr. Harry Dimond, Lieutenant J. W. Carlin, U. S. N., and Lieutenant S. A. Cloman, U. S. A.

A Galaxy of Beautiful Gifts.

Would-be purchasers of Christmas gifts are fast becoming cognizant of the fact that but little time remains between now and the brief holiday season. As economy in time, as well as in money, is a potent factor in our every-day life, we may suggest to those who desire to form a combination of both to visit the large establishment of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. One may find there an almost endless variety of stock from which to select presents, and the goods are so well displayed that it takes but a short time in which to select some suitable and appropriate gift.

If you wish something comparatively inexpensive, for instance for a friend who does considerable writing, nothing could be better than one of their cut-glass inkstands. They are shown in a variety of styles in settings of either polished wood or bright metal. Then, of course, there are gold pens and pen-holders in infinite variety and at prices that are within the reach of the most economical purchaser.

A gift from a gentleman that any lady would appreciate is a manicure set. They are seen at Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s in pretty cases, with handles of pearl, ivory, or composition, and the prices are almost absurdly cheap. Then there are handsome, French beveled-glass mirrors for the dressing-case, finished with artistically wrought frames. They are always acceptable to a lady, and especially as they can never have too many of them. They will be found to be very reasonable in price.

The firm is making a special feature of its new stock of etchings, comprising beautiful landscapes and marine views by celebrated artists. They are displayed in special frames, made particularly for them, and form as pretty a gift as one can select. Another new feature in the store is an exhibit of a number of pieces of decorated chinaware, that were displayed by the Ceramic Club and which Sanborn, Vail & Co. are selling very cheaply. The store is now kept open evenings.

What Every Lady Should Know.

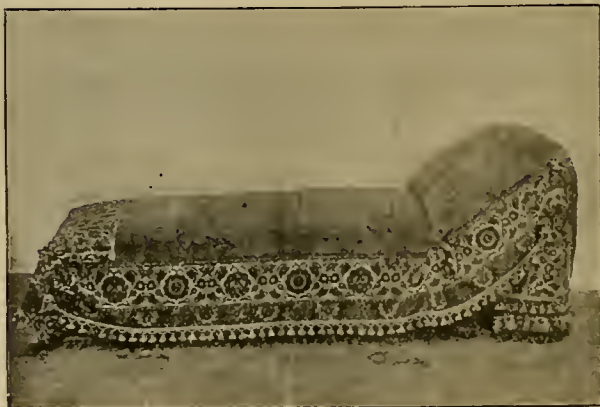
Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Strozynski! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices.

S. STROZYSKI,  
Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

—J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS the autumn and winter shades in neck-wear.

FOR  
XMAS  
TIME.

What can be more acceptable than a dainty piece of Furniture? It is the WISEST OF ALL GIFTS.



You can choose from among hundreds of patterns and as many kinds of pieces.

Send for "HINTS ON HOME FURNISHING."  
SIXTY PAGES. ILLUSTRATED.

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THE FAMOUS  
Hungarian Orchestra

Furnishes the most exquisite Music for

CONCERT AND DANCE.

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Musical Director and Manager of the  
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Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

GOODYEAR'S  
Mackintosh Coats



Can be worn in place of an Overcoat, and will keep you perfectly dry.

Goodyear Rubber Co. R. H. PEASE, Agents,  
S. M. RUNYON, S. F.

577 and 579 MARKET STREET.



## SOCIETY.

## The Masten Lunch-Party.

An exceedingly pretty affair was the lunch-party given by Miss Mamie R. Masten recently, at her residence, 2218 Clay Street, as a compliment to Mrs. R. P. Schwerin. The decorations were all of yellow, producing a beautiful effect, and the dining-room was illuminated by gas and lamps, which were covered with golden-hued shades. The menu was a bounteous one, and during its service some delightful musical selections were played. Those present were:

Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Mrs. J. C. Stubbs, Mrs. Frederick Green, Mrs. M. Michael, Mrs. Castle, Mrs. P. J. Danne, Mrs. H. S. Manning, Mrs. W. H. Elliott, Mrs. W. R. Quinn, Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Wethered, and the Misses Masten.

## Private Theatricals.

At the invitation of Mrs. Volney Spalding and her guests at her hotel, quite a number of their friends assembled in the spacious ball-room last Thursday evening to witness an amateur theatrical performance. The piece selected was Bernard's old English comedy, "His Last Legs." Mr. George C. Williams was the general director of the affair, and much credit is due to him for its success. The participants were all letter perfect and fully alive to their responsibilities, so they provided an enjoyable entertainment for the auditors. Afterward refreshments were served, and dancing was enjoyed until midnight. The cast of characters was as follows:

Mr. Rivers, Mr. Clements; Charles Rivers, Mr. Peck; Dr. Banks, Mr. MacGrotty; O'Callaghan, Mr. Williams; John, Mr. Wolf; Thomas, Mr. Davies; Mrs. Montague, Miss Pratt; Julia, Mrs. Bush; Mrs. Banks, Miss Hull; Betsy, Miss Carr; Prompter, Mr. Davies.

## Concordia Club Entertainment.

One of the most enjoyable affairs that has ever taken place in the Concordia Club was the entertainment given there by the members last Saturday evening. It was what was termed "ladies' night," and the fair sex acquitted themselves remarkably well. An audience of fully five hundred people was assembled in the large hall when the entertainment commenced, and the time devoted to it was passed quickly and pleasantly. The programme opened with a minstrel entertainment and closed with a laughable farce. In the first part, the participants were as follows:

Interlocutor, Miss Henrietta Meyer; tambourines, Mr. Eugene Korn, Mr. Charles Sutro, Miss May Schlessinger, Miss Theresa Dinkelspiel, and Miss N. Silverberg; bones, Miss Helen Schweitzer, Miss Viola Hyman, Miss Nettie Salz, Mr. Samuel Dinkelspiel, and Mr. Samuel Newman; vocalists, Mrs. Walter H. Levy, Mrs. Joseph Rothschild, Mrs. Charles Ackerman, Mrs. A. Brown, Mrs. W. S. Hochstadter, Miss Sheldens, Miss Lippitt, Miss Sachs, Miss Helen Frank, Miss Florence Lewis, Miss Fecheimer, Miss L. Goodman, Miss J. Emanuel, and Miss L. Gerst.

There were comic and sentimental songs, jokes, and stories without number, and all were good. The young ladies wore elegant black Directoire gowns and powdered wigs. The farce was called "Woman's Rights," and the characters were assumed by Miss Theresa Dinkelspiel, Mr. Lucius Solomon, Mr. Eugene Korn, Mr. Joseph Rothschild, Judge Walter H. Levy, and Mr. A. Brown. There were several specialties introduced in the farce, including a pretty fancy dance by ten young ladies, mandolin and banjo selections by ten young ladies, the famous "Turpentine Dance," by Mr. Charles Sutro, and Chinese specialties by Mr. Eugene Korn, who was indescribably funny. Taking it in every way, the performance was a great success. Afterward an elaborate supper was served and dancing was enjoyed until nearly five o'clock in the morning.

## Notes and Gossip.

Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood and Miss Jennie Catherwood have issued cards for a tea which they will give next Wednesday from four until seven o'clock. There will be dancing from seven o'clock until nine. As Mrs. Catherwood's residence is not large enough to accommodate the many who have been invited, the affair will be held in the parlors of the Occidental Hotel.

A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday in Ross Valley, Marin County, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosqui, when their daughter, Miss

Helen A. Bosqui, was united in marriage to Mr. Archibald Treat, of this city. Only relatives and a few intimate friends witnessed the ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Robert Mackenzie. The affair was celebrated in a most pleasant manner. Mr. and Mrs. Treat are now enjoying a tour through the southern part of the State. They were the recipients of many costly presents.

Mrs. I. S. Van Winkle will give a matinee tea today (Saturday) at her residence, 2120 Jackson Street. Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Josephine Sweetser, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Sweetser, to Mr. James B. Burdell, son of Dr. and Mrs. Galen Burdell, both of Novato, Marin County.

It is announced that Miss Maude L. Berry, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fulton G. Berry, of Fresno, was married in this city on September 28th, to Dr. Frank H. Fisher, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Fisher, of Oakland. Dr. and Mrs. Fisher are now residing in Oakland.

Mrs. Volney Spalding recently gave an elaborate dinner-party in honor of Mr. Frederic D. Yuengling, of New York, who has been visiting here for a couple of weeks. The others present were Mrs. A. M. Benham, Mrs. Hillyer, Mrs. Frank B. Reynolds, General Walter Turnbull, Mr. Lester O. Peck, and Mr. E. C. Macfarlane, of Honolulu.

Mrs. B. Mozley gave a charming lunch-party last Wednesday and delightfully entertained Mrs. A. M. Easton, Mrs. Ralph C. Harrison, Mrs. R. B. Forman, Mrs. H. T. Scott, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. T. C. Van Ness, Mrs. L. B. Parrott, Mrs. Robert Balfour, Mrs. Elliott, Mrs. Lucy Otis, Mrs. W. B. Tubbs, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Miss Mary B. West, and Miss Lena Blanking.

Dr. and Mrs. Grant Selfridge, *nde* Monteverde, gave their first post-nuptial reception last Monday evening at the Palace Hotel, and pleasantly entertained quite a number of their friends.

Mrs. John E. de Ruyter gave a pleasant matinee tea last Wednesday at her residence, and entertained a number of her lady friends.

The lectures given by Rev. Dr. Voorsanger on the Hebrew Scriptures, under the auspices of the Channing Auxiliary Society, have excited so much interest that he has kindly consented to supplement the course by an additional lecture, on "The Legends and Folklore of the Ancient Hebrews," which will be given in the evening, to allow the presence of many persons who were unable to hear those given in the afternoon. The interesting character of the subject will insure the scholarly lecturer a large audience. The lecture will be given in the parlors of the First Unitarian Church, corner of Franklin and Geary Streets, Thursday evening, December 15th, at eight o'clock. Admission, fifty cents. Season tickets will be accepted without extra charge.

The Christmas festival of the Occidental Kindergarten will take place at Union Square Hall, on Saturday, December 17th, at two o'clock.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have been passing the week in New Orleans, after making a tour of the Eastern States.

Miss Helen Curtis will leave on Sunday for Paris to join her sister, Miss Elizabeth Curtis, the artist.

Mrs. Austin Sperry and the Misses Estelle and Bertha Simpson have arrived in Genoa, Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Lugsdin and the Misses Lugsdin are in New York city.

Mr. C. M. Palmer has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mrs. John D. Yost and Miss Yost have returned from a year's visit to Paris, and are residing at 1820 Pacific Avenue.

Mrs. Peter Donahue, Mrs. E. Martin, and Mr. Peter D. Martin will return from the East in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. George A. Pope, *nde* Taylor, were at the Bay of Naples when last heard from.

Mr. Frederick R. Webster has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. James Irvine, *nde* Plum, are making preparations to visit their ranch in Orange County.

Mr. Horace G. Platt is paying a two weeks' visit to Victoria, B. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Ansel M. Easton returned last Saturday on the *Belgia* from a four months' visit to Japan and China.

Mr. T. H. Goodman has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Miss Beth Sperry, who are now in New York city, will return here about December 20th.

Mr. George Vernon Gray is passing a few weeks in Deming, N. M.

Hon. M. M. Estee has left New Orleans, and is in St. Louis.

Mr. Henry L. Dodge is at the Randall House in Washington, D. C.

Miss Florence Coleman has returned to her home in Grass Valley, after an enjoyable visit to Miss Edith Cohen, at "Fernside," in Alameda.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Spreckels and Miss Lurline Spreckels have returned from their Eastern and European trip.

Mrs. E. Dore has returned from a visit to friends in the Eastern States.

Mr. and Mrs. John Howell Janeway, Jr., *nde* McAllister, will reside in Trenton, N. J.

Miss Ruth Ryan is visiting Miss Ada Bush, at Redding, for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. J. C. Flood and Miss Jennie Flood are occupying their residence on California Street.

Mr. Louis Hirsch will leave for Central America on January 15th, and will be away about five months.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Belcher, of New York, are here on a visit Mrs. Josiah Belden.

Mrs. Alfred MacGrotty left last Tuesday for Chicago, where she will pass the winter with her son, who is now in school in Lexington, Ky.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Ford and family have returned to the city, after a four months' visit to relatives in England. Mrs. Ford will receive on Wednesdays at her home, 1620 Broadway.

Major Frank A. Vail has returned from a pleasant visit to Los Angeles.

Mr. E. C. Macfarlane returned to Honolulu on Friday, after a short visit here.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne has returned from a two weeks' visit to friends in Stockton and Sacramento.

Mr. Eugene Lent is here from Denver on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William M. Lent.

Mrs. B. D. Murphy and Miss Evelyn Murphy, of San José, are making preparations to pass the winter in the Eastern States.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis are expected

here from Marysville in about a week to remain during the winter.

Miss Nellie Jolliffe is visiting Mrs. George Harding, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Frank Vincent Wright, of San José, paid a brief visit here to friends during the past week.

Mrs. Jeremiah Clarke and Miss Lottie Clarke are en route from New York to Genoa, Italy, on the steamer *Enns*.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Brown have returned from Scotland and are in New York city.

Mr. J. Philip Smith is staying at the Coleman Hotel in New York city.

Mr. J. L. Martel and Miss Adèle Martel are paying a three months' visit to relatives in New Orleans.

Dr. M. Regensburger is expected to return from the East next Wednesday.

Mrs. I. W. Kersey will receive on Wednesdays at her residence, 709 Geary Street.

Major and Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin are at their cottage in Santa Cruz. They will go East on December 15th.

Mrs. W. E. Holloway is visiting friends in London.

Mr. E. J. Pillsbury will leave on December 17th to make an Eastern trip.

Mr. A. T. Badlam is visiting the southern part of the State.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Captain James R. Richards, Fourth Cavalry, U. S. A., has been granted three months' leave of absence, owing to illness.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has been ordered to return from Fort Monroe, and report to the commanding officer at Fort Canby.

Mrs. C. M. Perkins sailed on the steamer *China* last Tuesday to join her husband, Lieutenant Perkins, U. S. M. C., who is in China with the Asiatic squadron.

Lieutenant William H. Coffin, U. S. A., has been staying at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, D. C., until last Thursday, when he left there for other points.

General A. V. Kautz, U. S. A., has returned from Europe, and will pass the winter in Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant J. H. C. Coffin, U. S. M. C., who is on leave of absence from Mare Island, is at the Army and Navy Club in Washington, D. C.

Colonel James Forney, U. S. M. C., is at the marine barracks, in Brooklyn, N. Y.

— WE TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING THAT The Maze has added a new department to its present mammoth business, and henceforth will sell toys. Their toy department is now fully stocked with everything in this line, and a view of it will delight the juvenile heart beyond measure. They are receiving novelties every day from Paris, and carry from the most expensive to the most moderate-priced goods. Everybody now knows where The Maze is, corner of Market and Taylor Streets, and, during this month, the store will be kept open until nine o'clock every evening. In accordance with its usual enterprise, The Maze has secured the valuable services of Mrs. C. Myers, the most efficient artist in the line of stamping in the United States. They guarantee that she will do the most beautiful class of work at prices far below what are charged elsewhere. As a matter of convenience for customers, stamping will be done while they wait.

## In the Land of Champagne.

(Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.)

The establishments of the Reims wine shippers occupy some of the most important buildings in that old city, and their cellars, excavated in the chalk beneath, extend far in every direction, an endless labyrinth of vaulted corridors and galleries, often in two stories, filled with square piles of bottles, and here and there, casks of wine reserved for bottling. Of these great establishments the most striking is that of Messrs. Pommery and Greno (now Veuve Pommery, Fils et Cie.), situated in the outskirts of the city. Its lofty castellated tower is visible from afar. It is entered by a Gothic portico, leading into a vast hall, 130 feet long and 90 feet wide, the roof supported by iron girders without pillars. Rows upon rows of casks of old champagne vintages are piled on all sides; to the left hand are two immense tuns ("foudres"), with a capacity of 5,500 gallons, around which is a platform reached by a staircase, for the working of the handles of the wine-making apparatus. The cellars are formed by 130 large shafts, which are 90 feet deep and 60 feet square at the bottom, connected by galleries so extensive that one may walk through passages for seven miles without going twice over any part. These cellars contain 12,000,000 bottles of wine, a stock being always kept equal to five years' average supply. It is not the custom with the champagne merchants of Reims to treat their employees as the traditional confectioner treats his apprentice. They do not, in fact, attempt to breed in them a distaste for champagne. That, I suppose, were a crime of high treason against the majesty of the noble vine. In the premises of Pommery, indeed, it is the vogue to offer one glass of champagne daily to the persons employed. That taken before work begins may well be thought to serve as an agreeable and useful stimulant to labor. One set of cellars in Reims much resembles another. There is, however, something peculiarly captivating to the imagination in the larger and loftier vaults of the great house of Pommery. Here the eye is appealed to much more than in the galleries of others. There is no electric lighting; but the daylight descends in places down huge yawning shafts pierced in the chalk. The Romans are said to have begun these useful excavations in Reims, and Messrs. Pommery & Greno have much improved upon their freehold of old Rome's labors. It is impossible to give an exact account of the number of bottles in their cellars; there are miles of them, with from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 bottles by the wayside, and between 500 to 600 men and women to attend to them.

**The Latest Discovery and Craze in Paris.**  
Gray hair restored to all shades; perfectly harmless. Face cream, powder, and lotion, indorsed by Dr. Dennis of this city; also the only emporium for "Henna leaves and powder" to produce reddish tinge in hair. Great reduction in prices at Strozynski's, cor. of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

## Morris &amp; Kennedy

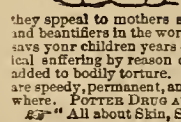
Have a very choice collection of California Souvenirs suitable for Christmas Presents — Old Missions, Small Water-Colors, etc. Nos. 19 and 21 Post St.

— KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, *unruled* paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

— J. W. CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, MERCHANT TAILOR, has a fine line of latest English worsteds.

## What Can Cuticura Do

Everything that is cleansing, purifying, and beautifying for the Skin, Scalp, and Hair of Infants and Children, the CUTICURA REMEDIES will do. They speedily cure itching and burning eczema, and other painful and disfiguring skin and scalp diseases, cleanse the scalp of scaly humors, and restore the hair. Absolutely pure, agreeable, and unfailing, they appeal to mothers as the best skin purifiers and beautifiers in the world. Parents, think of this, save your children years of mental as well as physical suffering by reason of personal disfigurement added to bodily torture. Cures made in childhood are speedy, permanent, and economical. Sold everywhere. *FORRETT DRUG AND CHEM. CO., BOSTON.* "All about Skin, Scalp, and Hair" free.



**BABY'S** Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

**ACHING SIDES AND BACK,**  
Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Weaknesses relieved by one application of the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster, the first and only pain-killing plaster.



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In Quarts and Pints.

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The Entire Collection will be Sold Without Reserve or Limit. Chairs provided for Ladies, who are specially invited. **PERCY L. DAVIS & CO., Auctioneers.**

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## Holiday Gifts!

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL,

—AT—

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House Coats.

Gowns, Bath Robes,

Traveling Shawls,

Rugs, Satchels,

Imported Neckwear, Hosiery,

Mufflers, Reefers,

Handkerchiefs, Plain or Initial,

Silk or Linen,

Suspenders.

Full Dress Shirts and Bows.

Umbrellas,

## LADIES' CARTERS

À LA REINE.

—AT THE—

Leading Establishment.

## ROOS BROS.

27 to 37 KEARNY ST.



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest United States Government Food Report.*

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# ANTEDILUVIAN WHISKEY



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RICH  
AS  
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—AND—  
SMOOTH  
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THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO.  
PACIFIC COAST AGENTS.

LADIES WILL FIND THE  
LATEST STYLES AND BEST-FITTING  
-CLOAKS-



—AT THE—  
**California Cloak Co.**  
CHAS. MAYER, JR., & CO.

Large Stock of Misses' and Children's Cloaks and Ladies' Suits and Furs on hand.

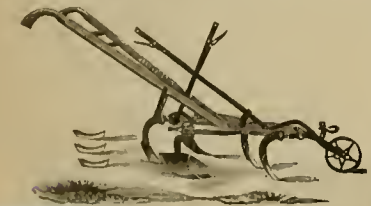
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First Floor up. Opp. White House

**CLARKE'S** ABSOLUTELY PURE.  
The purity—age and elegant bouquet of Clarke's Pure Rye has won for it the title—  
**PURE RYE**  
The Finest Whiskey in the World  
and places it foremost for medicinal, club and family use. Each package bears U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity. None genuine without trademark C. B. & Co., on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per Doz. \$12; per Gal. \$15.00, securely packed. We acknowledge orders for sale by all druggists or G. L. BURN, GILKIS & CO., Sole Agents, 20 A-H St., Peoria, Ill.

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by one who was deaf for 30 years. Call, or send stamp for particulars and testimonials. **JOHN A. KAMORE**, Hammond Building, Fourth and Vine, CINCINNATI, O.

**BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM**  
THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.  
A DELICIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF INDIGESTION.  
1-3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.  
**CAUTION**—See that the name Beeman is on each wrapper.  
Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package to  
**BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 23 Davis St., S. F., Cal.**  
ORIGINATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

**Money IN Farming**  
Not if the farmer throws it away. Not if he spends an hour on a row of onions, which the "Planet Jr." Wheel Hoe would do better in six minutes. Not if he takes half an hour to "set" his old cultivator, when he could change a "Planet Jr." without stopping his horse. Not if he wastes his seed in sowing thick, and then his time in thinning, when he might save both with the new Hill-Dropping Drill. Money lies in raising double the stuff at half the cost. It can be done.



The "Planet Jr." Catalogue costs nothing. Doing without it is expensive. Write for the latest.  
**G. G. WICKSON & CO.,**  
3 and 5 Front Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## TRIXIE'S TRICKS.

FRED coming dejectedly into room where HIS SISTER sits reading, thumps down into seat. Dead silence.

HIS SISTER [apart]—Of course! His face is flushed, he's wrinkled about the eyes; he's been biting his mustache, and has forgotten to turn down the bottoms of his trousers! And he slammed the street-door, and banged things around dreadfully in the hall. Yes, indeed! [Sniffs.] Exactly—violet sachet-powder, which is what she always uses. Oh, and there's a long white hair caught in his boot-lace! That came from the wolf-skin in the south-east corner of her parlor, and it means that she sat in the great stuffed chair, with her back turned to the window—naturally enough, for she looked terribly yellow when I saw her this morning. Then the band of his scarf is all up over his collar from his leaning forward—so she wouldn't let him sit near her, evidently. Oh, yes, I understand. [Aloud.] Fred!

FRED [deep bass]—Humph?  
HIS SISTER—What did you two quarrel about?  
FRED [taken unawares]—Wh—who—where? I don't know what you—

HIS SISTER [with razor-like incisiveness]—Nonsense, Fred! You've been to see Trixie Twigg, and you didn't find her precisely as you expected, and you sulked, and then got angry, and then pathetic, and then maudlin, and then surrendered altogether; and she just simply walked on you and did whatever in this mortal universe she pleased, and finally sent you away after you had begged her pardon for what you hadn't done and she had, at least a dozen times—without getting it. There!

FRED [astonished]—Jove, Nell, how could you guess?

HIS SISTER [intensely scornful]—Guess? She's a girl—I'm another! Aren't we all as much alike as so many four-to-seven teas? It's only the difference in the men that gives us any variety whatever—and even then it's easy guessing. I know you, Fred, and so I know perfectly well how Trixie Twigg manages you—goosie! Come, tell me the rest!

FRED [glad to relieve his feelings]—Oh, Nell, she said—

HIS SISTER [superlatively scornful]—Said! The idea of paying any attention to what a girl says—except to notice what she doesn't say! How did she look? How did she act? That's the question!

FRED [steeped in gloom]—She looked like an angel. [Groans.]

HIS SISTER [laughing]—But didn't act like one, you want to say, poor Freddie. No, we seldom do. Well?

FRED—She seemed very different from what she was the last time we met.

HIS SISTER [addressing the world in general]—He thinks that is something strangely new! And yet he has a sister in the house—and a barometer!

FRED—Somehow, it all went wrong from the start. She disputed or ignored everything I said; but when she had completely shut me up, she wouldn't say anything herself, and we came to a dead standstill. Then—

HIS SISTER—Then you tried to find out what was the matter by asking her questions, you poor old stupid!

FRED [surprised]—Stupid? How else should I find out?

HIS SISTER—You'd only to hold your tongue and she'd have told you of her own accord—probably after you'd said "Good-evening," and got half-way to the door. But you must ask her questions! Like a man!

FRED—Anyhow, the plan didn't succeed. "There was nothing wrong, she wasn't in the least offended," and so forth. At last I lost my temper—and—well—h'm—I—

HIS SISTER [much amused]—You went through the various performances I mentioned a little while ago—and she did, too! Now, what do you suppose it meant?

FRED [in despair]—It meant that I am done for—that she hates me!

HIS SISTER [contemptuously]—Pshaw! It meant that her new gown was three inches too short in front, and she'd just found it out that morning. As the dressmaker wasn't there, and you were, she took it out on you. That's what it meant!

FRED [incredulously]—No!

HIS SISTER [decisively]—Yes; she had told me about the dress a few hours before. If I'd known you were going there, I'd have warned you. Only—

FRED—Only what?

HIS SISTER—Where did she look when she was at her worst—over you, away from you, or at the floor?  
FRED—Away from me—as if I weren't worthy her notice. [Groans.] I hardly saw anything but her profile.

HIS SISTER [greatly interested]—Her worst point—mercy, those ears! Why, she must have been awfully wrought up! Did she do anything unusual?

FRED [reflecting]—Nothing but crochet. Never saw her do that before.

HIS SISTER [excited]—Nothing but—oh, you men! That was because she was so nervous she couldn't keep her hands still—had to occupy them with something. And—

FRED [indifferently]—She complained of a cold,

kept coughing, and finally wrapped some sort of worsted thing around her neck.

HIS SISTER [leaning back in chair]—That's sufficient. She hasn't a particle of a cold. I know all about it now.

FRED [densely]—I'm blessed if I do.

HIS SISTER [perfectly positive]—No, you'd never have thought of looking at her throat, though it's there and not in our faces that we show our feelings; but she was breathing as fast as a sleeping kitten, no doubt choking every other second—and she did what she could to conceal it. I'm sure!

FRED [staring]—Sure of what?

HIS SISTER—Of this, Fred. She was cross about the dress, felt womanish, and therefore set to work to make herself thoroughly miserable by making you so. We behave like that only to one man. The girl's in love with you!

FRED [jumping up]—In love with me?

HIS SISTER [watching him like a cat]—In love with you! [Pause, during which FRED ruminates and HIS SISTER intently studies his face.]

FRED [sitting down again]—Oh, indeed?

HIS SISTER [with a species of joyful disappointment]—Fred Jones! Why don't you dance about, or sing, or shout, or give three cheers, or break something? You don't seem glad a bit. Aren't you going to rush off and propose?

FRED [calmly]—Not precisely. You see, Nell, if we should marry, her dresses might very often come home three inches too short in front. Good-bye, I'm going up to smoke.

HIS SISTER [vehemently]—You fickle thing! I'll never, never, never speak to you again, you—splendid, sensible boy, you!

[Exit FRED, smiling.]

HIS SISTER [sola]—Oh, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad, glad, glad! [Making an ironical bow to vacancy.] Ah, Miss Trixie Twigg!—Manley H. Pike in Puck.

## DR. PRICE'S BAKING POWDER.

Supplying the Army, Navy, and Indian Department.

Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The purchasing agents of the United States Government have ordered nearly one hundred thousand pounds of Dr. Price's Baking Powder in the first five months of this year, 1892.

The government exercises great care in selecting its supplies of all kinds, rejecting everything that is not of the best, and the very fact that it has adopted Dr. Price's Baking Powder is proof that it has found it the best of all the baking powders. Dr. Price's is peculiarly adapted for export, as neither long sea voyages nor climate changes affect it, this brand keeping fresh and sweet for years, while other baking powders deteriorate rapidly.

It is guaranteed to the government to be a pure cream of tartar powder free from ammonia, alum, or other harmful substances, and it is also the only baking powder prepared by a physician of high standing.

If friends of Industrial Education for the Indian happen to think of trifles cast aside in well-to-do families which they care to drop in the mail, they may thus, with very little trouble and slight expense to each person, supply in the aggregate Christmas remembrances for all of the Parris pupils, and gladden a host of little Indian hearts that are delving into the mysteries of the white man's ways. Anything that will be of service to boys and girls from eight to sixteen years of age, will be acceptable, and should be mailed to Superintendent Indian Industrial Training School, Parris, California.

## She's Off!

Who or what? Why the good ship —, and if there is a passenger on board of her unprovided with that grand preventive of seasickness and all disorders of the stomach, liver, and bowels, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, all we have to say is, he or she is very unthankful. There is nothing comparable to this medicine in cases of malarial fever, rheumatism, nervousness, and loss of strength.

Ex-Governor Taylor, of Tennessee, has a new joke. It runs like this: Pat was about to die. The priest had been called and had administered the last services. Then he said: "Pat, is there anything else you desire?" "Yes," said Pat; "I want to be buried in a third-party grave-yard." "Why, Pat," said the priest, "why is that?" "Well, your riverence," says Pat, "a third-party grave-yard is the last place the devil would look for a Democrat."

Don't neglect your cough! Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will cure it, and prevent consumption. Write J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, for evidence.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS—KODAKS REDUCED TO \$6.00, \$8.50, \$10.00, \$15.00, \$25.00. Photographic apparatus and supplies. Instruction free. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

DR. H. G. YOUNG, Dentist. Extraction painless; plate work, bridge work, and teeth without plates a specialty. 1841 Polk Street, near Jackson.

GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

## WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



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St. Helens, England, is the seat of a great business.

## BEECHAM'S PILLS

are made there. They are a specific for all Nervous and Bilious Disorders arising from Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Disordered Liver and all Female Affections.

THEY ARE COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box. New York Depot, 466 Canal St.

## Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—  
Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

**W. Baker & Co.'s**

## Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.**

GRAND NATIONAL PRIZE of 16,600f.

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**LAROCHE'S INVIGORATING TONIC,**

CONTAINING  
Peruvian Bark, and Pure Catalan Wine.

Endorsed by the Medical Faculty of Paris, as the Best Remedy for

LOSS OF APPETITE, FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, NEURALGIA and INDIGESTION.

An experience of 25 years in experimental analysis, together with the valuable aid extended by the Academy of Medicine in Paris, has enabled M. Laroche to extract the entire active properties of Peruvian Bark (a result not before attained), and to concentrate them in an elixir, which possesses in the highest degree its restorative and invigorating qualities, free from the disagreeable bitterness of other remedies.

22 rue Droguet, Paris.

**E. FOUGERA & CO., Agents for U. S.,**

30 North William street, N. Y.

## LAROCHE

**MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.**  
\$12 Buys a \$25.00 Improved Oxford Sewing Machine, perfect working, reliable, easily finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments. FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 6 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for FREE CATALOGUE. Mention paper. GIFFORD MFG. CO., Dept. X 37 CHICAGO, ILL.

**IMPROVED HALL TYPEWRITER.**  
The best and most simple machine made. Interchangeable Type into all languages. Durable, easiest running, rapid as any. Endorsed by the Clergy and literary people. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Agents wanted. Address N. Typewriter Co., 611 Wash. St., Boston, Mass.

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1769 and 1771 Broadway, New York.



## STORYETTES.

## Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

A surprising answer was elicited at a recent examination at a board school in London. "Who was David?" asked the inspector. "King of Israel and the son of Jesse," replied a bright boy. "Who was Jesse?" continued the inspector. "The Flower of Dunblane," said the scholar, after a slight pause.

A certain act of patronage was conferred by a poet, whose name began with a T, on Alexander Smith, which the young man very naturally resented. When T— observed: "Never mind what the critics say, I like your poems," Smith is said to have replied: "Oh, sir, do not discourage me."

A lady writes from Germany that she is discouraged about learning the German language. A German friend, who tried to converse with her in English, made such a mistake that she fears she may do as badly in German. The German gentleman innocently gave this rendering of a familiar saying: "The ghost is willing but the meat is feeble."

Gambart, the art-dealer, sent Holman Hunt to the Holy Land to paint a picture similar to the "Light of the World." Hunt returned with "The Scapegoat," which so disappointed Gambart that he refused to accept it. Seeing Linnell, the painter, shortly afterward, he plaintively said: "I wanted a nice religious picture, and he bainted me a great goat."

Once while canvassing his State during a political season, John Quincy Adams was approached by a well-to-do farmer, who introduced himself and said: "Mr. Adams, I'm glad to meet you; my wife remembers you well; she was in your family when you were a boy, and often combed your hair." "Well," said Mr. Adams, sharply, "I suppose she combs yours now."

Many housekeepers can sympathize with the old Virginia lady who said to her friend, on finding a treasured old cup cracked by a careless maid: "I know of nothing to compare with the affliction of losing a handsome piece of old china." "Surely," said the friend, "it is not so bad as losing one's children." "Yes it is, for when your children die you do have the consolation of religion, you know."

James Quin, the actor, was extremely indignant at the success of Garrick, and retired from the stage. The public missed him, but not to the extent he imagined, and he, therefore, became anxious to return. By way of hinting the possibility of such an occurrence, he wrote to Rich, the manager, a note remarkable for its brevity: "I am at Bath. Quin." To this an answer, equally laconic, came back: "Stay there, and be d—d. Rich." But Quin could be sarcastic, too. One day a young jockanapes said to him: "What would you give to be as young as I am?" "In truth, sir, I would submit to be as old as I am," said the old fellow.

The Bishop of Exeter was constantly annoyed by the intrusion of strangers into his grounds, and put up very stringent notices forbidding trespassers. One morning he was walking along, in a meditative mood, when suddenly two ladies broke through the shrubs and stood awkwardly enough confronting him. They stammered out some excuse, saying they did not know they were in private grounds. His lordship made them a profound bow, pointed to the printed notice, adding: "But, perhaps, you do not read; however, as you seem to have no scruples, pray go on, go along the paths, into the flower-garden, across the lawn, enter the house, visit the drawing-room, dining-room, and study; but let me recommend you not to penetrate into the bedrooms at this early hour, as the housemaids may not have done their work." The intruders must have wished themselves in another diocese.

At a recent corner-stone laying in Newark, the corner-stone was swinging in the grasp of a powerful crane above the hole left for it to fit in. Down in this hole an Irishman was fussing about with a hed of mortar. Suddenly a portion of the tackle slipped and down came the stone with a run. It lit on the Irishman's back, and everybody expected to see him flattened out thin as paper when the stone was lifted half a minute later. No sooner was the stone clear of the hole though, than the man sprang up like a jack-in-the-box. He was covered with mortar from

head to foot, and was coughing, sneezing, and spitting to get it out of his nose and mouth. As soon as he could speak, he addressed the men managing the crane: "Here now! Here now!" he yelled. "Oi can stand a joke as well as any mon, but any of yees can have me job after that," and he put on his coat and went away, persuaded the highly respectable assemblage had put up a joke on him.

An Eastern captain of a coasting vessel tells a remarkable story of a "green hand," an Irishman, whom he employed at a pinch: "When we was under way," said the captain, "I had a mind to try him on the lookout, after we struck clear water, as he couldn't tell a halliard from a sheet line. 'Long about dark I stayed on deck, the mate at the wheel. Pretty soon he comes aft and says: 'There's something foreinst the boat, sorr.' 'What is it?' I says. 'I don't know, sorr,' says the man. 'Well, go back and find out and report,' I says then, and back he goes. A few minutes and back he comes aft. 'I don't know what it is yet,' he says, 'but it's coming this way, and we can find out for sure in a little while.' 'You go forward, and don't come back till you know what it is,' says I, gettin' mad. He goes up again, but is back again in a minute and all smiling. 'Well?' says I. 'If you please, sorr, I don't know for sure what it is,' says he, 'but whatever it is, it has a red light and a green light, and I think it must be a drug-shore.'"

The disappearance of Benjamin Bathurst, a kinsman of Lord Bathurst, has never been explained. Bathurst was sent on a secret mission to Vienna, at the time that England, before opening the Peninsula campaign, sought to persuade Austria to declare, by way of distraction, war against France. Austria soon after crossed the French frontier, and Bathurst received hints of threatened personal doom. Hoping to avoid examination, he took a northerly route in returning to England, and on reaching Perleberg, in Brandenburg, he visited, in his agitation, the commandant of cuirassiers, requesting that sentries might mount guard at the inn where he stopped. These were supplied, and Bathurst spent the day in writing and destroying letters. Shortly before his carriage came to the door, in the dusk of a November evening, he told some troopers who escorted him that they might withdraw. While all the household was on the alert to see him off, he walked beyond the circle of the lantern-glare and was lost to sight at the head of the horses. This occurred on November 25, 1869, and Bathurst was never seen or heard of more, notwithstanding that England offered two thousand pounds sterling reward and Prussia one hundred Friedrichs d'or for the discovery even of his remains.

## Stimulate the Blood.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the great blood purifier. They are a purgative and blood tonic, they act equally on the bowels, the kidneys, and the skin, thus cleansing the system by the natural outlet of the body—they may be called the purgative sudorific and diuretic medicine. They stimulate the blood so as to enable nature to throw off all morbid humors, and cure disease no matter by what name it may be called. One or two of them taken every night will prove an infallible remedy.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS—BAROMETERS, COMPASSES, MICROSCOPES, MAGIC-LANTERNS, DRAWING INSTRUMENTS of all kinds. Henry Kahn & Co., 642 Market Street, Chronicle Building.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

## WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers. Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:

Majestic,.....December 14th Adriatic,.....January 12th  
Germanic,.....December 21st Germanic,.....January 18th  
Teutonic,.....December 28th Majestic,.....January 25th  
Britannic,.....January 4th Britannic,.....February 1st  
Saloon rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,  
29 Broadway, New York.

## PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 21.  
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., Oct. 6, 11, 16, 21, 26, 31, Nov. and Dec. 5, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30.  
For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.  
GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Cod-liver oil suggests consumption; which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumption—when you begin to get thin. Consumption is only one of the dangers of thinness.

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Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 31.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD  
VIA  
SAUSALITO FERRY.

## TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:55, 9:10 A. M.; 1:35, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 1:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12:15 P. M. { except
8:00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, Tomas, and Way Stations.	Monday
		6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays
1:45 P. M. Saturdays		6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomas, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomas, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager. F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt. General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

## PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.

Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Dec. 5th, SS. City of Sydney; Dec. 15th, SS. San José; Sunday, Dec. 25th, SS. San Juan.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

SS. City of Panama will sail for Panama at noon, Saturday, December 17th, calling at Mazatlan, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocos, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.: China,.....(via Honolulu),.....Tuesday, Dec. 6, at 3 P. M.  
Peru,.....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro,.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking,.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M.  
Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.  
For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 302 Front Street.  
ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL  
STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING!  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for Hongkong, 1892.  
Belgic,.....Thursday, December 15  
Oceanic,.....(via Honolulu), Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93  
Gaelic,.....Tuesday, January 24  
Belgic,.....Thursday, February 23  
Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.  
For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.  
T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento, Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San José.	8:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.	6:15 P.
* 7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.	8:45 P.
* 9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.	8:45 P.
* 12:00 M.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.	7:15 P.
* 1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.	9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.	8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fé Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.	7:45 A.
† 6:00 P.	Vallejo.	† 8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.	12:15 A.

## SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

† 11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.	† 8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	6:20 P.
* 2:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.	* 10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.	9:50 A.

## COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San José and Way Stations.	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.	3:30 P.
* 2:30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.	* 10:37 A.
* 3:30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.	* 9:47 A.
* 4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	* 8:06 A.
5:15 P.	San José and Way Stations.	8:48 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.	6:35 A.
† 11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.	† 7:30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

The way to make advertising pay is to treat customers in such fashion that a second visit will result. The first returns from an advertisement by no means pay expenses; but if the visitor is converted into a permanent customer, then it is that the value of this means of making known one's business becomes apparent.—J. H. Cooperthwaite.

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY  
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:  
From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:55, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
3:30 P. M.	9:30 A. M.	Santa Rosa.	6:05 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.	
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	8:00 A. M.		7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	10:40 A. M.
5:05 P. M.	5:00 P. M.	Glen Ellen.	6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	6:10 P. M.
3:30 P. M.	5:00 P. M.		6:05 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Pieta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Sarana Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willis, Chilo, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usl, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.75; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$7.00; to Guerneville, \$7.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$3.80; to Sebastopol, \$4.80; to Guerneville, \$5.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

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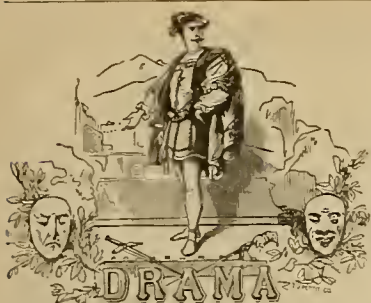
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TINTS





A comparison between the size of the audience which greeted Miss Marlowe, on her opening night, and that gathered to welcome "Ali Baba" on Saturday last, might lead one to say some hard things of San Francisco's dramatic taste. Still, as all the world knows, three-fourths of every community belong to the class that Howells calls "the esthetically idiotic," and these, like the little boy in *Punch*, "must be amused."

The very large audience of Saturday evening seemed to be immensely "amused" by "Ali Baba." It would be hard to say what "amused" it most—the donkey, Eddie Foy, or the glittering march of the Forty Thieves, warriors of a distinctly feminine appearance, who were sheathed from head to toe in gleaming brass. The dances of innumerable buxom corymbes, bravely attired in much gilt, little silk, and beautiful, curling wigs, were not half as much appreciated as Eddie Foy's dancing in "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."

In speaking truthfully of "Ali Baba," one should carefully collect all the adjectives bearing upon light, and color, and brilliancy. It is glittering, gleaming, glinting, glowing, sparkling, shining, shimmering, scintillating, coruscating, beaming, and so on through the list. Passing on from this to actual comparisons, it is like a kaleidoscope, the heavens on a bright night, the aurora as you see it in Northern Canada, the triple rainbow as they have it in Colorado after a bad storm, the shower of meteors that we were to have and did not, fine pyrotechnic displays as they present them at Coney Island, and anything else that is brilliant, and flashing, and startling, and original.

When Mr. Henderson decided to bring out a new extravaganza, we feel confident that he must have said to himself: "This will be a show the like of which was never seen on sea or land." And then Mr. Henderson dispatched his myrmidons north, south, east, and west to scour the country for the most beautiful females that ever blushed unseen in simple cottages upon the mountain sides; for the richest and costliest stuffs wherewith to clothe them; for the very largest glass jewels that ever were manufactured; for all the deepest colors of the rainbow, with which to paint tropical jungles that would make a tiger feel homesick and give an elephant the blues; for a large, bright, red, full moon that was as motionless as Joshua's sun; for an electric fountain, a cascade of real water, a golden grotto hung with flowers, and a large-sized and sweetly smiling human butterfly, which flapped its wings as it hung penolous from the flies.

"Ali Baba" has in some particulars cut loose from the traditions of its brilliant predecessors. There are no good and bad spirits in it. Indeed, we miss the Spirit of Evil who, generally, was quite a good dancer. There is no fairy queen either. No large and golden-locked lady, inclosed in a glittering corselet and with deeply pink tights, comes in and informs the audience that she has just been turned into a white dove. Even the Amazon march, without which no extravaganza could ever exist, is transformed into the march of the Forty Thieves. They come down a series of bridges across the real brook, and, glinting and gleaming through the foliage of dark trees, make a fine effect—figure after figure, all tall, some well made, sheathed in flexible metal which throws the light back from every joint and curve. No Amazons ever before wore such gay and gorgeous armor, or such fine brocaded eloks sweeping up the dust of the Grand Opera House stage—also, no Amazons before ever did so little marching, or ever relied so much on their stunning costumes to make the audience forget that they were to be defrauded of their dearly beloved military manœuvres.

Indeed, the costumes are the best things about "Ali Baba." There is not so much of them, but what there is of them is very fine. They are as new as Chicago itself. They have the same air of aggressive freshness. There is not a bit of tarnished unseel about them, or a shred of torn lace, or a breadth of faded satin. The people in the costumes are worthy of them. They, too, are blooming as the morning in the tropics. Never before was seen such a conglomeration of radiant beauty in radiant clothes. Apart from the costumes, these dazzling creatures have clothed themselves in cosmetics which completely conceal them from the vulgar public eye.

It was said that Minc Vestris used to be so deeply enameled that no one ever saw her real face. But she could not have been a circumstance to the two girls, one brune and one blonde, who enter in every scene and have nothing to do but smile at the parquets—an arduous rôle which they perform with conscientious thoroughness. To arrive at their real complexions one would have to sink a shaft through the upper crust of pearl powder and camelline.

In the grand ballet of jewels, the magnificence of the costumes reached its climax. Set after set of dancers come tripping in from the back of the stage, each one more brilliantly arrayed than the last. The snake-dancers' get-up was really a great success. It was suggestive of Cleopatra and Salammbô mixed. All the tones were of the softest greens and grays, with half-long skirts sewn with silver; it was completed by a big, dull-green snake that was wound three times about the dancers' waists. The harmony of colors was charming, and one immediately recalled Salammbô in the coils of her python.

But all the dresses of the different sets of dancers were handsome. There was a dance where they carried swords and wore gold color. There was a dance where they clashed cymbals and wore blue, with a good deal of silver. There were premières whose glittering costumes, fresh as a new cent from the mint, reminded one of the dress of Mrs. Merrydew when she played the prince in the Christmas pantomime, and which she afterward kept in a glove-box. At the finale of the act, the stage looked like a garden of tulips, so rich, so varied, and so brilliant were the colors. But there was not a single coryphée among the dozens in the ballet whose dancing rose above mediocrity. Premières, secundas, and the rank and file—there was not a real dancer among them.

As a pleasant diversion to all this rainbow-robed and resolutely dancing femininity, Herr Paul Marks was introduced in the middle of the grand ballet of jewels. Herr Marks, clothed all in brown tights and trunks and with a turban on his head such as the dowagers wear in Thackeray's pictures, rushed upon the stage, and, falling at the feet of the assembled ballet, held out his hands and showed that they were chained. The unfeeling coryphées turned aside from him and motioned him off. Herr Paul was just about to swoon with despair, when Miss Martha Umler, pretty as a rosebud, in palest pink and silver, came fluttering to the rescue, touched his chains, which immediately fell off, and then, followed by Herr Paul, who came in a very bad second, pirouetted and leaped about the stage.

The two Miss Umlers are exceedingly pretty girls of a fresh, blonde, German type, but their dancing is mediocre. All the dancing is mediocre—not alone that, either, but the dances themselves are dull, and old, and are almost precisely alike. It would be a good idea for Mr. Henderson to get Imre Kiralfy to compose some dances for him. No one ever got up such ballets as the Kiralfys. They had the souls of artists. They had the sense of color and of form that is so often seen in the Jews. Any upholsterer can combine colors as they are combined in "Ali Baba," but it takes an artist to create the effects that the Kiralfys did in "The Fall of Babylon" and "Nero."

Getting beyond costumes and scenery, one comes to the real cast of "Ali Baba," that handful of bright beings, the effulgence of whose talents and brilliancy of whose beauty has dazzled Chicago and captured San Francisco. There is one thing to be said for these unfortunates, and that is, that considering the awful dialogue they have to combat with, they do remarkably well. Probably, if they were cast in a play where the dialogue was not as flat as the Kansas prairies, and where they might now and then have a chance of saying something really bright, they would prove themselves brilliant geniuses.

We all know the story of how Judic, when she graduated from the Conservatoire, was set to act small parts in the classic drama, and how she was the dearest of failures. All the wicked witchery of her big, wide-opened eyes, all the soft, caressing sweetness of her satin-smooth voice, were lost and gone in the irksome hardship of having to force her talent into uncongenial channels. There is a story, too, that Sarah herself, before she understood her own genius, used to act in opera bouffe, and once appeared, heading a chorus, clad all in close-clinging, neat-fitting green, whereat, the story goeth, an irreverent voice in the front rows remarked: "Ah, the march of the grasshoppers!"

And so it may be with Miss Eissing. Being forced to recite the deadliest dialogue that ever was written, she has no chance of showing her real cleverness. She may be a mute, inglorious genius for all we know. She may be the Juliet of the age. The cruel author of "Ali Baba" has put into her mouth lines of a singular and unintermitting dullness that would break the spirit of Rachel or Bernhardt. Local gags and Chicago witticisms are the pearls and diamonds that drop from the beautiful Ali Baba's carmine lips. It is a wonder that, at the same time, tears of despair do not fall from her charming eyes. But, perhaps, Miss Eissing bears up by thinking that the masses must be amused, and that it is for this exalted cause she has been forced to make of herself a martyr, and cause torments to members of the audience who do not appreciate Chicago wit.

Beside Miss Eissing, other old familiar faces are seen in the company—Henry Norman and Eddie Foy. The former, who used to be so clever at the Tivoli, bears up bravely against the horrors of the dialogue; but the latter seems to have composed his own speeches, and hence they are more bearable. His songs are really funny. Why does not Mr. Henderson get him to write the whole of "Ali Baba" over? Ida Mülle is always the same. She is a dependable little person. The Irish messenger-boy, who has a faint brogue grafted on a razor-edged Chicago accent, was once Cupid. How

are the mighty fallen! The ex-Cupid has grown fat, but her little voice is just as high up in her head as ever, and she recites her lines in the same sweet little way, as if she had not the least idea what they were about.

At the theatres during the week commencing December 12th: James T. Powers in "A Mad Bargain"; the Tivoli Company in four operas; Henderson's Extravaganza Company in "Ali Baba"; Williams's Comedy Company in "Bill's Boot"; and Henley and Boucicault in "Captain Herne."

A fine "Bird's-Eye View of San Francisco" has just been published by C. Beach, of 107 Montgomery Street. It is a large and clean-cut lithograph, measuring twenty-eight by forty-two inches, and shows the peninsula of San Francisco as it would be seen from a point over Alcatraz Island. The streets are plainly named, and all the buildings of the city are outlined, eighty-seven of the public edifices and prominent private houses being numbered to correspond with a printed list on the margin. The view is sold in tubes, ready for mailing, for \$1.00; on rollers, for \$1.50; and handsomely framed, for \$4.50.

The managers of the Children's Hospital are now making their annual appeal to the generous-hearted public for contributions that will help to cheer the hours of the patient little sufferers at the hospital. It is to be hoped that the appeal will not go unnoticed, as the charity is certainly a most worthy one. Contributions of whatever nature will be gladly received, and may be sent to Mrs. John D. Yost, at 222 Sutter Street, who has the matter directly in charge.

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Season tickets (reserved), \$3.00. Single reserved, \$1.25. Admission, \$1.00.

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**NOTICE OF REMOVAL.**

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The annual meeting will be held at Los Angeles, January 1, 1893. (Signed) ROBERT GRAHAM, Secretary Cal. Fruit Express Co.

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**THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.**

He—"I love you; will you marry me?" She (haughtily)—"You forget yourself, sir." He—"I have to; I'm poor."—Life.

Paved like: Jimson—"How did you like Chicago? I am told the streets there are ill-paved." Weed—"They are paved with good intentions."—Truth.

"She's a fine girl. No flummery. A straight up-and-down philanthropist." "But I don't like these straight up-and-down girls. They're had form."—Puck.

English arrival (pipe in mouth)—"Good-morning, St. Peter. Have apartments been reserved for me?" St. Peter—"Sir, the smoking-room is down below."—Truth.

Charley Liveway—"Why do you Bostonians eat baked beans?" Athenia Hubbs—"The progress of evolution. We gave up eating them raw, several links ago."—Puck.

He—"That friend of yours is very familiar. He slapped me on the back and called me 'old man.'" She—"So he told me. He said he had forgotten your name."—Life.

Citizen—"Why don't you arrest that man? He's drunk. He's creating a disturbance." Officer (who recognizes a personal friend)—"Ah, that's all right. He walks that way."—Truth.

Teneyok—"The Perks have taken their cook abroad with them this year." Blueton—"Yes. She invited them to stay a month at her mother's summer residence in Connaught."—Bazar.

Missess—"Now that you have finished the course at the cooking-school, I presume you are ready to go to work." Latter-day domestic—"I don't know, mum. Th' teacher said if I was goin' to use a gas-line-stove, I'd better take a course o' scientific lectures at th' Harvard Annex."—New York Weekly.

"Look here, Marks," said the Simon Lagree of the Uncle Tom's Cabin Company playing in Oklahoma, "we'd better be packing our baggage and pulling out of here lively." "Why, what is the matter?" asked Lawyer Marks. "I have just heard it whispered about that there would be a beautiful exhibition of shooting stars to-night."—Puck.

Bobby (at the breakfast-table)—"Maud, did Mr. Jones take any of the umbrellas or hats from the hall last night?" Maud—"Why, of course not; why should he, Bobby?" Bobby—"That's just what I'd like to know. I thought he did, because I heard him say when he was going out, 'I'm going to steal just one, and—' Why, what's the matter, Maud?"—Bazar.

"I like it very much," his friend said, as they looked through the house which Mr. Gratebar is building in the suburbs; "but I don't see why you need such an immense ice-box, and I don't see why under the canopy you build it on the second floor." "Ice-box!" said Mr. Gratebar; "why, my dear boy, that isn't an ice-box; that's my own room, and I am building it with double ceiling, double floor, double walls, and a double door, so that I can't hear the children at play."—New York Sun.

The nineteenth annual exhibition of the drawings and studies of the pupils of the California School of Design opened last Thursday, and has attracted many visitors. This (Saturday) evening the medals will be awarded and an entertainment given.

**A Social Manual.**

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

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**MUSICAL NOTES.**

**The Fleissner-Lewis Concert.**

A complimentary concert was given to Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis last Thursday evening, at which there was a large attendance. The programme was interesting and comprised the following selections:

Quartet, "Love Song," barcarole, Brahms, San Francisco Ladies' Quartet—Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis, Mrs. A. L. Sunderland, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow, Mrs. Annie Story; contralto solo, "Sylbi," Puzzi, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow; piano solo, polonaise in E, Liszt, Mr. Ernest Hartmann; soprano solo, "O, Don Fatale," ("Doo Cares"), Verdi, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; violin solo, ("Album Leaf," Brandt, ("La Ronde des Lutins, Bazzini, Mr. Hermann Brandt; trios, "The Evening Wind," ("In Summer Seeks Thy Sweetheart True," Reinecke, Mrs. A. L. Sunderland, Mrs. Marguerite Morrow, Mrs. Annie Story; soprano solo, ("Thou Art Like a Flower," Liszt, ("Ungeudig," Schubert, Mrs. Fleissner-Lewis; piano solo, fantasie, from "Faust," Hartmann, Mr. Ernest Hartmann; tenor solo, "Una Furtiva Lagrima," Donizetti, Mr. William Russell Herve; quartet, ("The Night," Schubert, ("Twelve Songs the Clock," Lloyd, San Francisco Ladies' Quartet; Mr. Otto Fleissner, accompanist.

**The Puerari Concert.**

Signorina Adele Puerari gave her first concert here last Sunday evening since her return from Europe, and was greeted by a large and fashionable audience. The programme was varied and pleasing, and much well-merited applause was bestowed on the participants. Signorina Puerari was in excellent voice, and received many beautiful floral tributes. The programme was as follows:

Violin solo, selected, Mr. A. H. Kayton; vocal duet, "Favorita," Donizetti, Signorina Adele Puerari and Cav. Ennio Caboni; vocal solo, "Bellegio lusignier," ("Semiramide," Rossini, Miss Tillie Bronaska; vocal solo, "Let me love thee," Arditi, Miss E. A. Haas; aria, "Don Carlos," Verdi, Cav. Ennio Caboni; cavatina, "Roberto il Diavolo," Meyerbeer, Signorina Adele Puerari; musical director, Signor G. B. Galvani. "Stenterello," "Woman by Force," a farce in one act, played by the Italian Philodramatic Society, cast: Giampetrolo Bomba, Signor F. Cavagnaro; Fabio Schuchini, Signor Ugo Paladini; Captain Lelio Saldi, Signor Luigi Scaglione; Clia Finocchi, Signor A. Canessa; Rosindo, Signor A. Simi; Prospero, Signor E. Giazzi; Stenterello, Signor A. L. Barbi.

**Abby Cheney Amateurs.**

The Abby Cheney Amateurs gave a pleasant entertainment last Tuesday evening, in Irving Hall, for the benefit of the Children's Hospital. A large audience enjoyed the following programme:

Third trio for piano-forte, violin, and cello, op. 59, Miss Cameron, Mr. Beel, Mr. Heine; piano-forte solo, fantasia, C major, op. 15 (first and second movements), Miss Hilda Newman; song, "The Arabian Slave," Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson; concerto for violin and piano, op. 64, Sigmund Beel, Miss Lillie Moulton; costume recital, "The Romance of the White Owl," James Lane Allen, read in costume by Edmund Russell; piano solo, "Perr Lynt," suite, Miss Grace Harrison.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give the second of his series of hallad concerts next Tuesday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. An excellent programme will be interpreted by some of our best local musicians. The vocalists will include Mrs. Lillie Birmingham, Miss Katherine Kimball, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Nielson, Mr. Stadfield, and Mr. Somers. Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen will play a violin solo by De Beriot, and a selection of Joseph Haydn's will be played by a string quartet comprising Mrs. Roberta E. Lee Wright-Hellman, Miss Daisy Polk, Miss Marie Hayn, and Miss Ethel Jory.

The New England Conservatory of Music is particularly fortunate, not only in the high grade of instruction it offers its pupils, but also in the excellent influences that surround them outside as well as inside the institution. It is strongly commended for the "judicious safeguards provided for the moral protection of young women outside the parental roof" by Bostonians of such standing as Richard H. Dana, Edward Everett Hale, Rev. Philip S. Moxom, Rev. A. J. Gordyn, Rev. A. D. Mayo, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Mrs. Ole Bull, and Mrs. Joseph Cook.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham will give his second annual concert, in aid of the endowment fund of the Children's Hospital, next Wednesday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall. Mr. Graham will sing two new songs, musical settings of two of Eugene Field's quaint mediæval lullabies, the music of which was written by Mr. D. B. Gillette, Jr., of this city. He will be assisted by Mrs. Carmichael-Carr, Mrs. Mary Wyman-Williams, Mr. Sigmund Beel, and Mr. Louis Heine in an excellent programme, and General W. H. L. Barnes will deliver an appropriate address.

The Philharmonic Society will give its second concert of the fourteenth season next Tuesday evening, under the direction of Mr. Hermann Brandt. The society will be assisted by Signor Ursomando, pianist, and Mr. G. B. McBride, vocalist.

For the benefit of the San Francisco Girls' Union, a tea and musicale will be given next Wednesday, at 909 Taylor Street, from two until ten o'clock in the evening.

The young ladies of Trinity Home Circle, under the direction of Mrs. W. H. Taylor, will give a paper tea at the Home, 1611 Bush Street, Tuesday afternoon and evening, December 20th. A musical programme will be given, and various articles fashioned of tissue-paper will be sold. An admission fee of fifty cents will be charged, including refreshments.

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Jay Gould had one praiseworthy characteristic—he made no gratuitous false pretenses. In order to lure his prey within reach, he would pretend all that was necessary; but he prey once killed and eaten, Gould saw no need of disguises. He cared for men only as they offered opportunities for robbery, and he robbed them with such ease that he came to have a contempt for their brains. So utter was his contempt that he placed no value whatever upon their approval of himself, and, therefore, never did one deed to win their applause. When death approached, it made no change in Jay Gould. He had lived wholly for himself, and, since life was to be taken away, he endeavored to perpetu-

ate his selfishness by the most efficient means permitted under the disagreeable circumstances. He did his best to bequeath the world a substitute for himself by leaving his great fortune tied up in a trust, extending to two generations, and placing his eldest son in command of it. Possibly there was an element of cynical revenge in this. Society turned the cold shoulder on him and his, and, viewing the social advantages of entailed wealth in the instances of the Astor and Vanderbilt families, he willed that the Gould family, snubbed by them and others of the *haute finance* during his life, should in time to come graduate, by virtue of permanent wealth, into the most exclusive retreats of plutocratic vulgarity. But whatever his motive in erecting a fence of legal pickets around the heap of dross which he had piled up, to protect it against the hand of chance and the possible wishes of his heirs, Jay Gould remains a great and unpleasant power in the world which he is no longer permitted to inhabit. The race is not rid of him yet, and will not be of him and his kind until it shall have the wit to emancipate itself altogether from the rule of dead men. The framers of our union of States took a step in this direction when they forbade the enactment of laws of primogeniture and entail; but experience has demonstrated that, in spite of that inhibition, it is practicable to conserve vast estates, great fortunes, from one generation to another. Cornelius Vanderbilt, a boatman, and John Jacob Astor, a German peddler, both founded dynasties that conspicuously defeat the purpose of the constitution. Each reigning Vanderbilt and Astor has made his eldest son his heir, portioning off the other members of the family, male and female, with competences relatively insignificant but yet sufficiently ample to maintain a social state becoming to those of the blood royal. Gould has bestowed a third dynasty upon New York and the republic. Under his will his grandchildren become the successors of their parents in possession. Further than this the law would not allow him to go in arranging the future of his millions.

There is no apparent reason why the Goulds of the present and those who follow should not obey the custom decreed by Jay the First, even as the successive heirs in tail have been loyal to the designs of John Jacob the First and Cornelius the First. There is abroad among Americans an easy-going, optimistic trust that fate will give very rich men spendthrift sons who can be depended on to serve their country by ruining themselves, but the history of the two New York families named proves how unsubstantial is this reliance. That there are not many more immensely opulent families is owing to two causes—the youth of the country and the recent creation of the material conditions which render easy the rapid accumulation of colossal fortunes. A century hence, unless preventive law shall step in, every city of the Union will have its Vanderbilts, and Astors, and Goulds—an aristocracy of birth endowed with all the enormous power—commercial, social, and political—resulting from inherited wealth. The prestige of such families necessarily grows with each generation. Privilege, like money, draws interest. In no important sense is such an aristocracy different from a nobility. In the particular of titles only have European nobles an advantage, and the day would assuredly come when the hereditary aristocracy of America would see to it that that difference should disappear. Men are the same in all countries and at all times. Whatever lends distinction is sought after, and wealth never rests content while one inch remains to be won that would widen the social chasm between itself and poverty. A century has taught us that political equality is no hindrance to social inequalities as glaring as any that exist in monarchies. And he must be a very hopeful soul who fancies that political equality can long coexist with an entailed plutocracy. The liberty of the many has always waned in proportion as the few have waxed in wealth and power. There is no magical means whereby like causes can be estopped from producing like results in the American as in the Roman republic. Italy was sapped and desolated by her Vanderbilts and Astors.

There is nothing inconsistent with allowing the fullest play

to legitimate energies and ambitions in the advocacy of laws which shall limit the power of the dead to govern the living. There are already many laws of this nature. In New York, as he would have been in this State, Jay Gould was withheld by the statute of restraint upon alienation from leaving his property to whomsoever he pleased forever. Fortunately the law restricted the choice of heirs to his descendants living at the time of his death. One may not without limitations even devise his property for charitable uses, and in many important directions the bar of the law confronts the will of the dying. There is much open ground for progress on the same lines, that would greatly reduce the chances of fortunes remaining intact after the builders of them have passed away. A tax upon inheritances is but a public devise. Setting a maximum on the amount that could legally be bequeathed, would compel the evader of the primogeniture and entail prohibition of the constitution to dispose of his wealth before his death, and the extension to all property, up to a given quantity, of the example of California in fixing a time of disposition long enough before dissolution to assure a sound mind in the disposer would prevent death-bed distributions. The difficulty of justly hampering the will of a man to do with his own as he chooses is recognized, and there is force in the argument that it would be more rational for society to attack the problem at the other end—to make the acquirement of such fortunes as those of the Astors, and Vanderbilts, and Goulds impossible. But, unfortunately, that solution is apparently beyond the capacity of the race's ingenuity. The socialists, and anarchists, and Georges all have their patent plans for preventing the unequal distribution of wealth, but as the world shows no disposition to tear down the social structure in order to build it anew, practical men will continue to believe that immediate results are to be looked for in dealing with fortunes after they have been made. In the general and deepening conviction among the intelligent that the living and posterity should be protected against the rolling snow-balls of entailed masses of money such as has been wrenched from Jay Gould by death, there is none of that mean envy of the rich by the poor upon which the socialists of every variety play. The conviction is founded in a patriotism sufficiently unselfish and enlightened to look beyond the interests of the living to the republic of future generations. To the *Argonaut* it seems that no subject could more worthily than this engage the thought of lawyers of the grade who are capable of occasionally giving their trained minds to matters which are barren of fees.

The split in the Traffic Association between merchants who want a general reduction of freight rates and merchants who desire that rates shall be reduced to San Francisco and maintained to other interior points, in order that San Francisco shall regain her position as a distributing market, illustrates the narrowness of the local commercial mind, and presages the inevitable defeat of the shippers in their contest with the railroad. It is amazing that men of ordinary intelligence should proclaim their desire to secure a lower rate of freight between Chicago and San Francisco than between Chicago and Salt Lake, in order that the latter shall be compelled to import its Eastern supplies by way of the bay. So barefaced an exhibition of selfishness inspires the suspicion that the gentlemen who parade it are suborned to do so by the railroad in order to discredit the Traffic Association. In the early days of anti-monopoly agitation, it was one of the stock arguments against the railroad that its freight rate from Chicago to Sacramento was made by adding the rate from Chicago to San Francisco to the rate back from San Francisco to Sacramento. Now, the bolters of the Traffic Association arraign the railroad for not doing this very thing.

It is not in the power of the association to efface geographical lines, and though the railroad can afford to haul a train-load of goods from the East to San Francisco at a less rate per ton than it can transport half a carload or a carload from the same point to Sacramento, yet still, in the long run, mileage must govern, and the short haul will cost less money than the long haul. What protects San Francisco from the competition of interior points as distributing markets



its situation on tide-water. It must always be the distributing market for articles which reach the State by sea, such as coal, iron, cement, tea, coffee, and the products of regions which are separated from California by oceans. The advantage which the port enjoys in this respect is likely to assist it in becoming a general distributing market for all classes of goods. When the interior merchant has to come here to buy his tea, and coffee, and sugar, and hardware, and coal, and cement, he is likely to effect his purchases of dry goods and notions at the same point, and the fact that Sacramento can get dry goods cheaper from Chicago than San Francisco can is not going to tempt him to replenish his general stock there. The effort of city merchants to induce the railroad to discriminate against interior points is a silly enterprise and can accomplish nothing.

What this city wants is to utilize the natural advantage of its location on the sea-shore. That alone will secure its position as a distributing market for so many classes of goods, that convenience will be apt to make it a distributing market for all, and then what we want of the railroad is cheap local freights to distribute the goods throughout the interior, and to bring here the produce of the interior to pay for them. If, by liberal encouragement to steamship and clipper lines, we can stimulate an import trade by sea, self-interest should sooner or later compel the railroad to promote interior distribution by a reasonable tariff of local freights.

The gentlemen who are at the head of the movement for a new transcontinental line no doubt mean well. But it may be a question whether they would accomplish the end they have in view if they attained their utmost desires. It is not easy to see how a new line would keep out of the Transcontinental Pool. Nor could any new road be run with such economy that it could carry freights for less money than the short line through Canada, or the cheaply operated Sunset line. The chances are that after it had been in operation for a year, its freight schedule would not vary much from the one which is now in force on the Southern Pacific. If instead of building to Salt Lake, these gentlemen concentrated their energy and their capital on the construction of a system of local roads, radiating from San Francisco, and striking all the centres of consumption in the interior, they would have a better prospect of curing the present evil of costly transportation. Such roads, if run by electricity, might be operated for less money than the Southern Pacific lines. There is no reason why they should not cut freights in two, if not in three.

In two months, a new line of steamers will be carrying goods from New York to San Francisco, via Panama, in about twenty days. Inside of a year, another line, crossing the continent at Tehuantepec, will perform the same journey in a few days less. By the latter line, if not by the former, novelties in dry goods and other seasonable articles will reach this city from New York in about the same number of days as the transcontinental freight-trains consume on the direct journey. When these two lines of steamers are running, the port will be independent of the railroad, so far as its imports are concerned. The problem will then be to distribute those imports throughout the interior as cheaply as the railroad pool can carry them direct from New York. It must be expected that the Southern Pacific will protect its own route by high local rates. Here is where the usefulness of new railroads can be realized. If new freight roads, operated by electricity, are built to San José, Stockton, Fresno, Sacramento, the State line, Red Bluff, Santa Rosa, Marysville, and eventually into the Willamette Valley, in Oregon, it will puzzle the Southern Pacific to carry them across the continent in competition with these roads and their sea connection, via Tehuantepec. That would secure San Francisco's supremacy as a distributing centre much more effectually than a bargain with the Southern Pacific to discriminate against the interior in favor of the city.

The Rev. S. M. Brandi, S. J., rises on behalf of the Roman Catholic Church to answer in the *North American Review* for December the question: "When is the Pope Infallible?" It is impossible to overstate the importance of this inquiry, for it is obvious that if the Almighty has from generation to generation selected a single member of the human family through whom to address the swarming millions of the earth, the race should at all times be eager to suspend other concerns in order to learn how to recognize the voice of Deity. For it appears that Omnipotence has not chosen to make his one human mouth-piece always infallible, but only sometimes—that is to say, when the mouth-piece is not officially employed, it is as liable as the rest of us to babble error. Father Brandi undertakes to inform the world of the signs by which we may discriminate between the official and non-official utterances of the mundane end of this one-wire telephone connecting the planet with heaven. He says:

"Papal infallibility is defined, by Catholic theologians, to be a supernatural assistance of the Holy Ghost, whereby the Pope, as head of the whole church, is preserved free from error, whenever he defines a doc-

trine that belongs to faith or morals. Hence the reader will easily understand that, in Catholic theology, an infallible Pope does not mean one gifted with inspiration, or commissioned to reveal to the Catholic world new dogmas. . . . All Catholic theologians agree in deeming the existence of any new Catholic revelation after the times of the apostles."

The Pope exists, then, merely as a terrestrial deputy, to look after details—to carry the oil-can of authority where-with to keep the machinery of faith and morals working smoothly. On this point, at the beginning of his paper, Father Brandi is particularly strong. He says, with all the emphasis of italics, that the Pope is infallible "only in his official capacity, as supreme teacher of the church, and only when, in virtue of his apostolic power, he defines a doctrine that belongs to faith and morals."

In illustration, sample infallible communications are quoted. Some of these, however, do not, to an intelligence denied Roman Catholic direction, appear to bear out Father Brandi's idea of Papal limitations, or, at all events, to place such boundaries to the realm of faith and morals as will exclude anything that His Holiness may choose to include. For example, nothing could seem to be farther removed from faith and morals than the sort of government which successive Popes gave the Italian Papal States, yet both Pius the Ninth and his successor, Leo the Thirteenth, "in their official capacity, and not merely as private persons, have repeatedly and solemnly affirmed the necessity of the temporal power." It follows, therefore, Italian national unity was achieved in defiance of the Almighty's wishes, and King Humbert reigns under the severe disadvantage of heaven's disapproval. The whole field of secular politics, moreover, has been brought within the domain of faith and morals by the pontiffs, to the end that the same might enjoy the inestimable blessing of infallible illumination. If anything remains beyond the range of the Pope's unerring judgment, it is because it has not seemed worth bringing within rifle-shot, if we may be permitted the metaphor. Thus, as to the present Pontiff, Father Brandi shows that he has branded with his infallible condemnation "all the modern errors such as Pantheism, Agnosticism, Rationalism," etc., and, likewise, Socialism and Communism. Going still further, Leo has fallen foul of the American Declaration of Independence, on whose principles the government of this republic are planted. That instrument specifies certain inalienable rights of men, and adds that "to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." The Pope does not subscribe to this theory at all, for in his encyclical *Immortale Dei*, November 1, 1885, he, "knowing that he is the apostolic ambassador to all the faithful," and "judging it to be the duty of his apostolic office," he proposes to all "what the Catholic Church teaches and prescribes on this question" of government, viz: "That public authority (ultimately) is not from the people but from God."

The Declaration of Independence holds that "whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends"—the good of the people—"it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. But the Pope says, in the encyclical already quoted, that "rebellion against legitimate authority is against reason." The Constitution of the United States has no better luck than the Declaration of Independence. The first amendment to the constitution reads:

"Congress shall make no law respecting the establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press."

Pope Leo the Thirteenth, however, declares:

"That neither the individual nor the state may dispense with religious duties or be indifferent with regard to the various forms of worship: that the unbridled freedom of thought, and of the press, can never be a right or deserve favor and protection."

This is serious. If Pope Leo the Thirteenth is in reality the mouth-piece of God, as all Roman Catholics are required to believe, every American citizen is living in deadly sin. No Roman Catholic can be naturalized who does not swear to support the Constitution of the United States, and the constitution is irreconcilably in conflict with the principles of government laid down by the Infallible One—or, in other words, he is in hardy contempt of the will of the Creator. For the Roman Catholic citizen there is no escape from this unpleasant predicament consistent with the retention of his faith. For others, fortunately for the republic, if not for their own souls, there is open a path upon which no Father Brandis walk. These others may permit themselves to doubt whether the old gentleman in the Vatican at Rome, Italy, is really the favored individual that he thinks he is. To the mind which has never been brought under the sway of grace, and is just as God made it, the impious thought will occur that, if the Almighty some nineteen hundred years ago had determined to set up a Lord-Lieutenant here below, He would have given him a commission so

signed and sealed and blazoned (for his own and his successors' use) that it would have been beyond the power of the human brain to doubt its genuineness any more than the existence of the universe can be questioned. It not having occurred to the Deity to take that precaution, there is room for hope that those of us who are disposed to deem the celestial credentials of the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States as good as those of the Pope, may be saved from the roasting which the Rev. S. M. Brandi, S. J., expects to view in cool and feathered security from the battlements of heaven.

The *Argonaut* begs to acknowledge receipt of a number of communications from members of the fair sex in reply to articles which have appeared in these columns on the weaknesses, charming and otherwise, of lovely woman. Of these, some are considerate of the feebleness of the masculine intellect, and indulgent to the errors which a mere man must make in discussing the daughters of Eve; others are rather acrid, not to say shrill. The *Argonaut* is grateful for both: from the one it learns its errors, while the others confirm its purpose to go on exhorting until there is no flaw in the San Francisco girl which can be detected even by another girl.

Just now the girls who are attracting most attention are the débutantes of the season. On their New York sisters, our flippant correspondent "Flaneur" discoursed last week. But the débutante of San Francisco, while more closely resembling the débutante of New York than her sisters in Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, and other villages, still differs from her in so many particulars that many of the zoölogical laws fail to apply to both. For instance, the New York débutante is raised in secret, so to speak, under glass, and is not revealed till full-grown, and in a full suit of shining armor, she leaps like the Queen of the Amazons into the social circle; while our home débutante, and ever carefully educated, has seen something of the pomps and vanities of a wicked world at home, at Monterey, and at Santa Cruz long before her coming-out party.

Again, in New York, the débutantes form a class apart from the established belles of society, married and unmarried. Here, owing to the smaller numbers of the recognized members of society, they all mix together. In New York, a girl who has been out three or four years rather looks down upon the boarding-school miss, and repels with vigor her attempts to penetrate the magic circle; here, the Irish axiom applies: "Every girl's as good as another, and a little better, too." In New York, the débutantes have their own boys—college students, graduates, and the like, whom they met at dancing-school—dear little chaps, with smooth faces, sleek hair, nicely brushed, and an air of veteranism which reveals the recruit; here, a débutante will not flinch from the approaches of a grizzled man of the world, and will take delight in carrying him off under the noses of elderly girls who have wasted their smiles on him for years.

Indeed, it is said by the social observer that the courts of this year's débutantes consist largely of men of mature years. There are boys, too, galore; but this season the new faces are unusually attractive to their seniors, and they stand back. The ball-rooms are full of sweet young faces. Their modesty and simplicity and their shy ingenuousness are irresistible—for a time—to the gnarled society man, who is accustomed to be understood *à demi mot*.

But it is only for a time. Débutantes, like nougat, can only be taken in small doses. Conversation is not their forte, and after a time the eye tires of contemplating the fairest face and the most perfect form. Therefore, when the first radiance of the peerless débutante of seventeen has been absorbed, the male creature pines for food for the mind as well as the eye, and falls back on girls who have been out for—well, let us say for several years, and who, as Lady Kerr said, know everything which can be known. It is then that the veteran belle chuckles in the joy of triumph over her nursery rival. She knows exactly when to speak and when to be silent, and if she speaks, she knows what to say, and how. Her eyes have taken a post-graduate course in archery. It is she who carries off the matrimonial prizes—when she is fortunate enough to rescue the men from the grasping clutch of the young married women, who, having won the world, sigh for other worlds to conquer.

It is not the business of débutantes to marry. It is theirs to learn the world and all the wonders thereof—what various kinds of people go to make a society, as various ingredients go to make a salad; how they should replace the awkwardness of the school-room with the grace of the salon; how they should demean themselves so as to make men like them, and the women forbear in their jealous *persiflage*. Above all, friction with well-bred women and men should teach them to know themselves, and to realize wherein they excel and wherein they fall short of excellence. Every girl has something beautiful in her, something good, and something bright. Few girls are altogether beautiful, or good,



bright. She who learns what are really her good points and bandicaps the average maiden who thinks that she is emulated perfection, and that all the world, at all times, could be at her feet. That has been the secret of one San Francisco girl, who shall be nameless, but who has won more hearts, male and female, than any of her contemporaries, and who combines more elements of perfection than any girl who can be named; and she, it is whispered, will not be stricken from the list of the marriageable girls of the period.

The International Monetary Conference at Brussels appears likely to adjourn without result. The position taken by the American delegates was that the nations should agree on the unrestricted coinage of gold and convert into money of debt-paying power, with a permanent international ratio of  $15\frac{1}{2}$  or 16 to 1. England, Germany, and Austria positively refused to open their mints to the unrestricted coinage of the white metal if the coins were to be a legal tender. Under the circumstances, M. Tirard, on behalf of France, said that his country was doing all that could be expected of her, when she maintained at par the largest stock of silver coins held by any nation in the world. There does not seem here to be any room for compromise, and the consequence is that the conference will probably adjourn without recommendation.

The simple truth is that the conference undertook an impossibility, and have found out the fact. Mr. McCleary and Senator Jones asked them to make  $15\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of silver equal to an ounce of gold. Divine Omnipotence alone could do that. The relative value of the gold ounce and the silver ounce is regulated by demand and supply; when gold is scarce and silver plenty, the gold ounce will be worth more than  $15\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of silver; when silver is scarce and gold is plenty, as was the case thirty years ago, the gold ounce will buy  $15\frac{1}{2}$  ounces of silver.

Under ordinary circumstances, an increased demand for silver is equivalent to a diminution of supply. Thus a law which calls for an increased coinage of silver to take the place of quarter-eagles, or half-sovereigns, or ten-franc pieces, would, under usual conditions, cause silver to appreciate in value relatively to gold. But this proposition is limited in operation. When Congress passed a law requiring the mint to buy the entire product of the mines of the United States, the increased demand thus artificially created did not cause silver to appreciate relatively to gold; but, on the contrary, led to a severe depreciation in silver; the cause being the artificial attempt to disturb the laws of trade operated, as such attempts generally do, in the direction opposite to that which its authors sought. Just as Thaddeus Stevens's effort to reduce the premium on gold during the war put that metal to the highest greenback price it ever reached, so the ridiculous attempt of the silver men to stay the decline in silver by ordering government to buy it all created distrust, and depressed silver below the point at which it would have rested, if there had been no legislation at all.

Silver is depressed relatively to gold, because its production is increasing, while the production of gold is stationary or declining. When California and Australia were pouring into the channels of commerce \$100,000,000 of gold per year, silver rose in the world's markets till this country, which is coining it at the parity of 16 to 1 for gold, saw itself drained of its silver, and the act of 1853 was passed, reducing the weight of the silver coins and suspending the coinage. Twenty years later, the mint was still paying \$1.22 in gold for the silver ounce. Until 1860, in Spain, six ounces of silver were equivalent to one ounce of gold.

If, as some people think likely, the present act requiring the Treasury to buy 4,000,000 ounces of silver per month could be repealed, the chances are that the price of the white metal would rise, because people would infer that artificial efforts to boost it were going to cease, and that it was going to resume its natural level. But there can be no permanent recovery in silver as compared with gold until one of two things happens—either a decline in the output of the silver mines, or an increase in the output of the gold mines. Unfortunately, while there is little prospect of the former, the latter is quite a probable event. In two or three parts of the world, gold-fields of large extent are known to exist and are being very imperfectly exploited. There are gold-fields which have yielded profusely in past ages in that part of Africa which the French are now adding to their dominion. On the east coasts of the Amoor, in Asia, are rich placers, which will be worked vigorously when the Chinese and Russians have agreed upon the frontier of Manchuria. And finally, that portion of Venezuela, through which the southern tributaries of the Orinoco flow, has established its reputation as a rich gold territory by exporting some ten or eleven millions of gold per year. The territory, or a large part of it, is in dispute between England and Venezuela, and, thus far,

the former power has persistently refused to submit its claims to arbitration. Gold-seekers have prosecuted their work at the risk of arrest by the authorities of British Guiana, on one side, or by the Venezuelan officials on the other. It can not be long before the United States brings pressure to bear on Great Britain to do the fair thing and submit the frontier. When this is done, it is quite possible that Venezuela may be found as rich in gold as California was; that happening, the silver-miners would not need legislation to put up the price of their product.

There has recently broken forth a controversy which is exciting great interest throughout the country. We refer to the dispute over the silver statue which is to go from Montana to the Chicago Fair. Several actresses—among them Miss Ada Rehan, Miss Cora Tanner, Miss Lillian Russell, Miss Fanny Davenport, and others—have taken part in the discussion. The dissension which has been caused among these ladies is similar to that engendered by Paris among the goddesses of Olympus, when that gentleman was about awarding a prize for beauty. Paris, in this instance, is played by Sculptor Parks, of Chicago, and the prize is the privilege of posing for a rather lightly draped statue. We think that Miss Russell and Miss Davenport should be barred, as being heavy-weights. The contest, in our opinion, should be left open only to welter-weights, middle-weights, light-weights, feather-weights, and bantam-weights. Even Miss Rehan runs perilously close to the line. However, she may, perhaps, come in under the head of a welter-weight. At all events, she has succeeded, and her envious rivals ascribe it to the use of coin. This Miss Rehan denies. In the meantime, liberal details as to the lady's "measurements" are being given by an enlightened and enterprising daily press.

This suggests to us an idea. Why should not California be similarly represented? Instead, however, of confining the competition to actresses, let all of California's daughters be allowed to enter. Pope has said that "every woman is at heart a rake." He might have said more truthfully that every woman is enamored of her shape. Every philosophical observer has noted the propensity of the sex to reveal the physical charms with which Nature has or has not endowed them. The belief in their symmetry which women entertain is frequently a delusion, but it is a very general one. Witness the hall-rooms and the bathing-beaches. Then, too, at every masquerade the number of young women who fly into tight-fittings is astounding. Fat women, thin women, short women, tall women, straight women, crooked women—all seem to fancy that they have figures which would be a sculptor's dream. Women with handy legs, women with knock-knees, women with spring-halt, and women with splay feet incase their nether limbs in silken hose and proceed to dazzle the eye of man. With this large field of feminine vanity to work upon, what could not an enterprising daily paper do?

This is the plan we propose. We would suggest that our contemporary, the *Examiner*, should take it up, as that journal is noted for its enterprise. Let the *Examiner*, then, get up a scheme for sending to the World's Fair an allegorical figure representing "California." Let it be made of gold. Let it be lightly draped—the more lightly the better. Let the *Examiner* give a year's subscription to every young woman who will send five dollars and her full-length photograph in the costume of Venus Anadyomene, with a chance of winning the honor of posing for the statue. Think of the number of subscriptions that would pour in! Think also of the indignation when the winner was proclaimed! From Siskiyou to San Diego, from the Sierras to the sea, would stretch the march of the maidens. The tread of this grand army of beauty would make the floor of our Golden State quiver, like even unto one of our earthquakes.

According to the last census, there are in this State about one and a quarter millions of people. Of these, about 600,000 belong to the gentler sex. Of these, about 300,000 have left childhood behind. Of these 300,000, at least 295,000 have an implicit belief in their physical perfection. Perhaps 15,000 have brutal husbands, who differ with them, and would refuse to put up the entrance fee. This would leave 280,000. Five times 280,000 in dollars is \$1,400,000. Let the *Examiner* take one-half of this, and add the 280,000 names to its subscription-list. The other moiety would go toward the statue. Seven hundred thousand dollars would make a colossal statue of gold. Think of the State of California being represented at the World's Fair with a replica of her fairest and most shapely maiden, fashioned in the precious metal digged from the rock-ribbed sides of her granite mountains. Montana with her silver actress would not be in it with California and her golden daughter of the Golden West.

The last session of the Fifty-Second Congress, to expire March 4, 1893, is proceeding with the circumspection due to

the radical change made at the November election. It is quite apparent that nothing will be done, at least on the part of the Republicans, in relation to the tariff, and unless the Republican senators concur in bills and amendments on matters of tariff that come from the House, no change can be made in the tariff as it is. It can be received as a clear conclusion, from the tone and temper of his annual message, that President Harrison will not deviate from his plainly declared line of doctrine and policy in the approval or rejection of bills upon the subject. But already a bill has been introduced in the popular branch, on the Democratic side, by Harter, of Ohio, to levy duty of one-half cent per pound on all kinds and grades of imported sugar, and for the repeal of the bounty of two cents per pound on sugars, whether the product of cane or of beets. All bills of like nature, or for free wool and other raw material, and for any change of tariff, can be rightfully left to the action of the Democratic Congress and administration, to succeed to full power March 4th next, in accordance with the popular will as expressed at the polls. Legislation upon silver and cognate matters, unless it be for the cessation of the purchase by the government of four million five hundred thousand ounces of silver bullion every month, can not be reasonably expected until after the International Monetary Conference sitting at Brussels shall have concluded its session and adjourned. But, as with the tariff, to the succeeding Democratic administration, with Congress in party accord, legislation on the silver question should be committed. The proposition to organize and establish a national board of health, with national quarantine stations upon the two great oceans, the Gulf of Mexico, and the great frontier lakes, is not an involved political issue of the late election, and in view of the menaced more serious invasion of Asiatic cholera next year is especially urgent. Likewise and equally important and urgent is salutary legislation to restrict or absolutely prohibit the intolerable and increasing influx of European immigration. It is not a party question, nor is the element of religious creeds commingled with it. It is purely and simply a matter of national healthfulness and sanitation, affecting American citizenship, American industry, and the labor pursuits of the whole country. It means the prompt abatement of the wide-spreading evil which scatters pestilential maladies throughout the land and infects every community with the virus of disorder, violence, and crime, crowding the alms-houses and filling the prisons, also causing turbulence, lawlessness, and local insurrections in every commonwealth. Senator Chandler has introduced a bill for the exclusion of European immigrants for one year. It is barely a plan of suspension of the cause, without sufficient care to eradicate the evil and produce wholesome effect. It may be better than no remedy at all; but that is questionable. At the lowest, the period of prohibition should be placed at five years, and in that period the peoples of Europe would be brought to the understanding that the United States was no longer the refuge of the pauperized, and turbulent, and criminal of every foreign clime, the haven of the wretched and vile of every nation. There is already more than is fairly endurable of the objectionable immigration. More will be intolerable. To stop their coming is the proper method of abatement. There is the flavor of invidious and difficult discrimination in allowing some of the multitude to land and rejecting others. Thorough prohibitory regulation is the better policy and essential plan. To make this plan effective, absolute exclusion for the period of five years best commends itself to the sound sense of the American people.

Dr. Parkhurst, in New York, has found imitators elsewhere. In Pittsburg, and in other cities, there has been a crusade started against fallen women. In San Francisco, it has been confined to newspaper criticism, and the chief of police here has announced that in his opinion at least seventy-five per cent. of these women are ready and willing to reform if they could find anywhere to go. That seems to be the trouble in Pittsburg. There, after a great deal of agitation, the clergymen of the place succeeded in getting the mayor to order the women to leave the city. Unfortunately, they collected in front of the houses of the clergymen, to ask for assistance and advice. They had no money and nowhere to go. The clergymen were stumped. They had nothing to say. They made speeches to the women and begged them to disperse. The result was that the women went back to their old quarters, and things in Pittsburg are very much as they were before. Considering the difficulty of this problem, how would this do for a solution? No one will take these women in. Why will not the clergymen of the United States employ them as domestic servants? Jesus of Nazareth did not despise Mary Magdalene. Will the shepherds of our modern flocks follow His example? And if they will not, why should the flocks do that which the shepherds shun?



## AN AMERICAN HUSBAND.

And How he was Hated by the Father of his Mexican Wife.

Don Juan Nepomuceno Mata was giving, as he did every year, a *novena* of *posadas*. They had now reached the last celebration of the nine—the twenty-fourth of December. To a Northern eye, this would seem a strange eve of Christmas. In the great court-yard of Don Juan Nepomuceno's house a cocoa-palm was rustling; banana-trees drooped their long, silky leaves, with edges whipped to ribbon-fringes; the intense tropical moon-rays brought out, almost as sharply as would electric illumination, the vivid scarlet great whorls of bracts of tall poinsettias, the "Flower of the Nativity"; pink *crêpe* myrtles made little clouds of pallor against the darker herbage; a clarin—the "bugle-bird" of tropical Mexico—from his cage, bung on a column of the long-arched corridor, was pealing his jubilant call, clear as a trumpet-blast, sweet and tender as the tones of a night-tingale.

In the splendid salon of Don Juan Nepomuceno were assembled many persons; most of an extensive *parentesco*—his kindred—had come, besides numerous friends. They sat, in decorous stiff rows, on the sofas and chairs ranged around the wall, after the fashion of the country. Without leaving their seats, each talked softly to his neighbor.

At the farther end of the long *sala* was constructed the *Nacimiento*, desired at this season by every householder, whether high or low, of the faithful. Don Juan Nepomuceno, conservative in all things, was a most consistent churchman.

In this house it was a luxurious display, this objective allegory of the birth of the Saviour of mankind. Here was an artificial hillock, a terraced mound covered with moss, with twigs and branches that stand for trees, banked on a firm foundation against the wall; there were the figures of the three kings, the magi, the shepherds, with their flocks and herds; there, in the little grotto at the apex, were the Virgin Mary and the reverent, reverend Joseph; as yet the *Niño*, the image of the sweet Babe Divine, was not visible—it would be added on this, the last night of the *posadas*. In this *Nacimiento* of opulent Don Juan Nepomuceno, the trees and moss were not powdered with flour, but with glittering, flashing diamond-dust; for bits of crystal, embedded in the moss, to imitate lakes and pools, here were flakes of rich plate mirror; instead of lighted shreds of wick, floating in clay pannikins of rank oil and shining through colored water in coarse glass bottles, the lights here were scented tapers, shaded by softly-tinted globes; the figurines of angels and men, and all the lower creatures come to the Adoration, were not of cheap, common clay or wood, but of costly wax and porcelain; the canopy of the vault overhead was of rich azure silk, and the stars, sparkling among its veiling clouds of sheer, fine tulle, were all of precious gems. Yet, rich as it was, beautiful as it was, costly as it was, only in cost and finish did this shrine of Don Nepomuceno differ from the *Nacimientos* built in thousands of homes of the abjectly poor, where the porters, bucksters, washerwomen, water-carriers, aye, beggars themselves! sought by direct appeal to the responsive eye of the flesh to revive and deepen in their hearts the impression of the Divine Passion. And, remembering the humble origin and lowly surroundings of Him whose birth they thus commemorate, who shall say that the poorer showing is not the nearer to His likeness?

"But how the Señor Mata must lavish money!" said Pablo Melendez, one of the guests, to another, José Quintana. "It is easy to see that he has no children for whom to save. Yet—stay—do I mistake? I seem to remember—is it not so that he has a daughter?"

"*Hombre!* man! pray speak not of that!" cried Señor Quintana, who was a resident of the seaport town, knowing all about their host, whereas Melendez was from the plateau up near Durango; "it is easy, *amigo mío*, to see that you are a stranger here, and know not whereof you speak. *Valgame Dios!* if Juan Nepomuceno had heard you! Why, this subject of his daughter is the sorest of all topics. Even his confessor dares not mention her to him!"

"*Virgen Santísima!* what an escape!" ejaculated Melendez; and, indeed, such a breach of social tact is a very serious matter among the Mexican aristocracy. "But, my dear friend—it is a natural curiosity—we will speak very low—what, then, of the daughter? Is it a question of dishonor?"

"Of disgrace black enough in the eyes of Juan Nepomuceno—yes!" gurgled fat Quintana; "of dishonor, no! Dishonor runs not in the blood of the Matas. The thing is that Elenita married a *gringo*."

"Married an *Americano!* But how, then! I fain would marry to one my own Rosita—they make excellent husbands for our maidens. Was this one ill-bred—a pauper? or *mala gente*—a bad lot?"

"No! no! Nothing of that! He is *ingeniero*—a civil engineer—you know how well that profession succeeds in Mexico in these days. And he has money of his own, moreover. But Juan Nepomuceno hates all Americans. His father and brothers fell in the War of '46—he himself fought against the stormers of Chapultepec—he had just been entered as a cadet there. He will not see that it was the fortune of war—he makes it a personal wrong—Juan 'Cheno always was *terco*—pig-headed! Well, when this young Meestair Leencone—a *partido* all of the most desirable—asked for Elenita, her father raged like a *rengron*, a black jaguar of the jungle, and covered the young man with insults. But Elena has of her father's resolution; she invoked the law of appeal for lovers, and had herself given in care of General Valle's family, pending investigation of the character of her *pretendiente*, which proved beyond suspicion. So, in despite of her father's prejudice, they were married. Since then—it is six years—Juan Nepomuceno will hear no mention of Elena or of the Americans."

Pablo Melendez wagged his head: "*Qué lástima!* what a pity!"

"Yes," went on Quintana, "and a pity for the town, too.

This new company to put in water-works would not only bring us water good and cheap, but they would spend much money and employ some thousand *peons*—think of that, in these hard times! But our state laws require for this the consent of the *Jefe Político*, and Juan 'Cheno will not give it, for the *empresarios* are American. And he has only just been reflected"—this with naive regret; "but we must be silent; the procession begins."

Most of the guests had formed in double file, and, bearing lighted candles, they marched through the rooms and corridors, singing chants, intoning the Litany, and now and then pausing to ask for *posada* (lodgings), in imitation of the movements and halts of the Holy Family, seeking shelter in Bethlehem of Judea. The uncomfortably stout among the matrons remained seated, to represent the *posaderos*. Presently the *cura* gave his blessing, that the march might not be prolonged to fatigue, and so interfere with the subsequent dancing.

As the chosen one started to lay the babe's image in the manger, there was a stir, whispering, and tittering among the servants hanging about the court-yard for peeps through the doors. Then came the clip-clap of light but decided little steps, and a child entered the *sala*. She looked about five years old. She carried herself with confidence. She was dressed prettily and simply. Her face was very fair, and her long hair was light, but her eyes—"Son ojos del país" ("They are the eyes of the country"), said they who looked upon her.

As if by instinct, she went straight to Don Juan Nepomuceno.

"Señor," she said, very plainly and clearly, "I knocked, and your *portero* wised not to let me come in, but I would! And the people in the *patio*—I made them let me pass to the *sala*—they were but servants, and I knew their master would let me rest here—is it not so, señor—until Mamacita and Papacito come to find me. I came out of the hotel to see the toy-sellers, and I lost me, and I am very tired and sleepy."

"The precious child!" "A little seraph!" "And she has come to seek *posada*, like the *Santo Niño!*" cried the ladies, moved fairly to tears by the little stranger. Child-like, she swerved aside, to the waxen image, and touched it gently.

"It is not—I thought it was a real baby, but—oh! I know! it is the Holy Child! Why! why! he was tired, too, and there was no house for him. But"—she turned back to Don Juan Nepomuceno with sweetest confidence—"you will take care of me, for my Mamacita—no, señor?"

"Of a truth, then, I will, *mi alma*—my soul!" said the old *caballero*; by this only he in the room had not seen that the artless face of the child was a lovable replica of his own stern features; "but, to find thy parents—tell me thy name!"

"Oh, they will find me! But my name is Juana Nepomucena Lincoln y Mata"—she added her mother's to her father's surname in real Spanish fashion.

Don Juan Nepomuceno gasped. "I knew not there was a child," he said to himself, "and they have given her my name!"

The iron-mailed hand on the great street-door clanged on the buckler that was its knocker. A moment later a voice spoke in the *patio*, in excellent Spanish, but with strong foreign accent:

"Oh, Señor Arriaga! I am glad you chance to be in the court—you will kindly bear my message, and spare my entering to intrude on Señor Mata? The *gendarme* on the corner told me he saw my little daughter wander in here. We came to the port again to take ship to-morrow and the child slipped away from the hotel—we have twenty men out searching—my wife is frantic with distress and dread. Will you kindly bring the little one out to me?"

Don Juan Nepomuceno strode to the *sala's* door: "Carlos Lincoln, you took my child from me, and yours has brought her back again. Go quick and fetch your wife. Your little girl"—the old man looked down fondly at the child nestled in his arms—"has found her *posada*—her true and rightful lodging!"

Y. H. ADDIS.

SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1892.

A curious "industry," if it can be called such, has been added to street employments. James Payn says that he recently saw a little crowd in shrieks of laughter collected around a man who was apparently examining the contents of a shop window. In his hand he held a double mirror, which showed him every one who passed behind him. On each of these persons he made a criticism, for the benefit of his audience: "There goes a city clerk, not on a holiday. I should say he had just been interviewed by his employer." "There goes a tailor, not, one would think, accustomed to pedestrian exercise; but we hope he won't cross his legs," etc. It was rather personal; but the objects of these remarks were, of course, unconscious of them, which greatly increased their piquancy. When this improvisatore sent round the hat—and he had a child with him to take it round—the collection seemed remunerative.

A company has recently been organized in London to insure married people against twins and triplets. A married man expecting to become a father must deposit twenty-five dollars to become a policy-holder. In case the policy-holder's wife has twins, he will receive two hundred and fifty dollars; in case she has triplets, three hundred and seventy-five dollars. The company is called the "Provident Bounty Association." It has issued a prospectus calling attention to its conditions of issuing policies, which it says are simple and are intended to appeal especially to the lower middle class, including young bookkeepers, shop-clerks, and small tradesmen.

Furnished flats, with pianos built into the walls, are the latest. In New York, of course.

## INTAGLIOS.

## The Three Kisses.

The purest kiss  
In the world is this—  
The kiss that a mother lays  
On her child's fresh lips  
As he blithely trips  
To meet the world and its ways.

The sweetest kiss  
In the world is this—  
The first long kiss of love,  
When time is not,  
And earth's forgot,  
And Eden drops from above.

The saddest kiss  
In the world is this—  
The kiss on unanswering clay,  
When dead lips tell  
We must sob farewell  
Till the dawn of the judgment day.

—Susie M. Best.

## King Apollo.

When my lady sleeping lies,  
Her sweet breaths her lips unbar,  
Which, when King Apollo spies,  
With dreamy footfall not to mar  
The dear sleep,  
Through the rosy doors ajar  
He with golden thoughts doth creep.

—Michael Field.

## An Aowser.

"The gods have hated me," one said,  
"That they seed black-browed Woe to sit  
Beside my hearth." Her sombre head  
Woe raised, and answered: "Slow of wit

"In sooth thou art, and dull of sight,  
Who thus the eternal gods dost blame.  
To those whom the gods' hate doth blight  
Is set io wrath, not woe, but shame!"

## Good-Night.

Good-night! I have to say good-night  
To such a host of peerless things!  
Good-night unto that fragile hand,  
All quently with its weight of rings,  
Good-night to fond uplifted eyes,  
Good-night to chestnut braids of hair,  
Good-night unto the perfect mouth,  
And all the sweetness nestled there!  
The snowy hand detains me—then  
I'll have to say good-night again.

But there will come a time, my love,  
When, if I read our stars aright,  
I shall not linger by this porch  
With my adieus. Till then, good-night.  
You wish the time were o'er? And I.  
You do not blush to wish it so?  
You would have blushed yourself to death  
To o'w so much a year ago.  
What! both these snowy hands? Ah! then,  
I'll have to say good-night again.

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

## Expectation.

Between the sunset and the suo  
Night slumbers on the sleeping bars  
Add through its curtain, one by one,  
Gleam tender glances of the stars  
Between the sunset and the suo.

And so between my love's lips lies  
An untold message meant for me;  
Whether 'twill bring me sweet surprise,  
Or dole, or doubt, or Paradise,  
Is known alone to destiny.

Yet, as I wait, a dream of tears  
Between her eyelids and her eyes,  
A mystery of mist, appears,  
That hints of hope and flatters fears;  
And on her lips a burst of sighs,  
And on her lids a red that dies  
To slumberous shadows that fall and rise,  
Till, as I seek some sign to see,  
Between her eyelids and her eyes  
Love lights his lamp and laughs at me.

—Francis Howard Williams.

## A Stolen Visit.

This is her dainty room,  
Where youth and beauty found their perfect bloom;  
This is her cozy chair;  
How oft her form has nestled softly there!  
Here is her gleaming glass,  
By which her graceful figure used to pass;  
And, though she be away,  
It seems her smiles are there, and still will stay.  
These are her favorite books,  
The pages longing for her loving looks.  
Here is her happy bed,  
The pillow where she nightly rests her head.  
She comes—her step I know:  
Bless thee, sweet room! Alas, that I must go!

—George Birdseye.

## The Way of It.

This is the way of it, wide world over:  
One is beloved, and one is the lover;  
One gives, and the other receives.  
One lavishes all in a wild emotion.  
One offers a smile for a life's devotion;  
One hopes, and the other believes.  
One lies awake in the night to weep,  
And the other drifts into a sweet sound sleep.

One soul is aflame with a god-like passion,  
One plays with love in an idler's fashion;  
One speaks, and the other hears.  
One sobs "I love you," and wet eyes show it,  
And one laughs lightly and says, "I know it."  
With smiles for the other's tears.  
One lives for the other and nothing beside,  
And the other remembers the world is wide.

This is the way of it, sad earth over:  
The heart that breaks is the heart of the lover,  
And the other learns to forget.  
For what is the use of endless sorrow?  
Though the sun goes down, it will rise to-morrow,  
And life is not over yet.  
Oh! I know this truth, if I know oo other,  
That Passionate Love is Pain's owo mother.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



## THE WOMEN OF DUMAS.

The Dramatist Explains his Heroines' Views of Marriage.

I confess that I am not an ardent admirer of Alexander Dumas. It has always seemed to me that he is a little too fond of preaching. His sermons are not of the kind we are accustomed to hear from a pulpit; nevertheless, they are dogmatic, and, according to his lights, he is a moralist. Whether or no he has ever done anything to improve public morality is another thing. He not only puts sermons in the mouths of his characters when his plays are published—that is to say, collected into volumes—he adds a homily in the form of a preface or a notice.

In the last volume, which has just appeared, the preface form is abandoned for the "notice"; since "L'Etrangère" came out, for some reason or other, he made up his mind to have done with prefaces. Really the name matters little. If any one were foolish enough to deny the talent and reputation of Dumas as a dramatist, the extraordinary amount of interest excited by these "notices" would give him the lie. Yes, everything that comes from the pen of Dumas has its importance; and when the "Chemin de Dumas" or "Route de Thèbes," whichever he chooses to call it—the piece on which our author is now engaged—is being rehearsed at the Français, we shall know that Dumas—in spite of all the new school of dramatists says to the contrary—is still the biggest man among them.

This new volume, which has set every one talking about Dumas, contains three plays—"La Princesse de Bagdad," "Denise," and "Francillon." The first is the best known, both at home and abroad, and it is the one we re-read with the greatest pleasure. The plot is simply this: A woman, reared in the lap of luxury, educated by a mother of no reputation whatsoever, and married to a man who adores her, but who has never succeeded in touching her heart, is suspected by her husband of an intrigue, and, suffering under this suspicion, is on the point of running away with her supposed lover—partly out of pique and a desire for revenge and partly because she is afraid of the poverty which her extravagance and thoughtlessness had helped to plunge them into. At the eleventh hour she is saved by her love for her child, who clings to her and begs her not to go away without him: the impatient lover thrusts the hoy rudely away, when the lioness is aroused in the woman, who springs upon the aggressor and almost strangles him. The husband is brought in at the crucial moment, the lover disappears, and all is forgotten and forgiven. The title of the play is the pet name of Lionnette, who has royal blood in her veins, on her father's side, and has inherited his pride, with a dash of the *courtisane* from her vicious little Parisian mother. Doubtless, we feel less sympathy with the husband—Jean de Han—than we ought, considering all; but then husbands are proverbially uninteresting. True, in this case, the lover is still less so. Nourvady is an utterly unscrupulous man. He is fabulously rich. His love-making takes a practical turn, he showers gold at the feet of Lionnette—or rather, he settles a million or so of her outstanding bills. Naturally, Jean believes that his wife is in league with Nourvady, and, in the second act, she is surprised in the house of the latter, having gone thither for the express purpose of upbraiding him with his perfidy in thus compromising her. Scorned and insulted by Jean, Lionnette determines to accept the proposals of Nourvady (who thinks he has left her no choice), though despising him heartily.

Dumas tells us that he wrote "La Princesse de Bagdad" in seven days—adding, nights included; but has little else to tell us about it, reserving his prose for a most virulent attack on the spirit of envy and hatred which he says is rife in the world. The fact is, he is still sore with the memory of the unfavorable manner in which this play was at first received. He is firmly convinced that the audience came with the express purpose of hissing (and, indeed, the subsequent success it attained renders this very probable), not the piece itself but the author of the "Question du Divorce"—a pamphlet he had published a short time previously.

In "Denise," Dumas works out a social problem according to his lights—much the same problem that Hardy places before his reader in "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." A young girl, who has given herself to a lover who has proved worthless, is courted by another—a man whom she honors and loves. Under ordinary circumstances, it would be her distinct duty to refuse the hand of the man who believes her to be an innocent woman; but Denise is placed in a terrible dilemma. Fernand—her former lover—wishes to marry Marthe de Bardeaves, the sister of the Comte André, and it is to save Marthe from becoming the wife of one so worthless that Denise confesses her shameful secret, thereby not only reducing André to despair but also her worthy old father—the soul of honor and probity. In the end, André, conscious of the immense sacrifice she has made, marries Denise, to the horror of the more polite portion of the audience.

Many persons, says M. Dumas, have asked him if André would never have regretted this step, and if he really would have been happy; to which the author answered sententiously: "Who never regrets what he has done? If M. de Bardeaves has as grand a soul as the woman he has taken to wife, he will regret nothing and be happy." One evening, be says, a grand lady, in that tone which is reckoned peremptory in her world, accosted him with: "Now, tell me, my dear M. Dumas, who are the women who are going to receive this man who marries the mistress of another man?" To which the playwright made this scathing rejoinder: "The same women, madame, who received Peter the Great after he had married the mistress of Mentschikoff and Bonaparte after he had become the husband of the mistress of Barras!" The lady—I was going to say, princess—is not named, but the choice of the two examples is sufficient to make us pretty sure of her identity.

In drawing the character of Denise, the author is quite aware that he has made her an exceptional woman; at the

same time, he admits that had it not been for Marthe, she would neither have told her love nor her secret. And he maintains that not three in a hundred would do so without some powerful motive. He does not seem so sure that André is an exceptional character, yet judging from what was said in society when the play was brought out, I deem that not three in three thousand French gentlemen would have married a girl after such an avowal.

"Twenty-five years ago, at least," Dumas tells us, apropos of "Francillon," "I occupied a seat in the box of a friend at the opera. His wife, very handsome, a thoroughly good woman, and both witty and original, was there, also. Her husband was seated behind us, and he kept his glass fixed in the direction of an extremely pretty woman, seated some way off. Madame suddenly became aware of what he was doing. 'Stare at Mme. X. as much as you like, make love to her if you think fit,' she said to him; 'but I have warned you; if ever I hear you have a mistress—this one or another—I shall take a lover.' Her husband retorted incredulously. 'It depends on you,' she went on, 'and you may be sure I should confess immediately.' My fair neighbor spoke very seriously. Later in the evening we were left alone together, then she turned to me and said: 'That is the only means I have to keep him faithful. He is extremely jealous of me, and he is convinced I should do what I say. But, in reality, it is only a vain threat.' This conversation provided me with the original idea of 'Francillon.'"

Unlike the "Princesse de Bagdad," which took such a short time to write—though heaven knows how long he carried the idea about in his brain, "gestation long and labor rapid," as he describes it—"Denise" was a long time before it reached maturity; "Claudie" haunted the writer, and ten times he was on the point of abandoning the subject, he tells us, so afraid was he of being suspected of appropriating George Sand's property. As for "Francillon," its conception was due in part to accident, and it was finally terminated to fulfill an engagement made with the director of the Français, who began to clamor for the "Route de Thèbes"—the famous five-act comedy he has been occupied upon for so long. "The further I get with this work, the greater the difficulties I have to contend with; but I have arrived at an age when difficulties alone attract." The suggestive conversation alluded to had born no fruit when a young dramatist asked to submit a manuscript to him, the fundamental idea of which proved to be somewhat similar to the shadowy plot he had laid by in one of the pigeon-holes of his brain. To Dumas's way of thinking, the subject was treated too dramatically; so, instead of merely touching upon the piece, he sat down and rewrote the first act. This done, he found he had wandered very far from the original *scenario*; so he went to Gondarax and told him what he had done, offering to hand the act over to him, but the latter very judiciously replied that, in that case, the play would not be his at all, and declared he preferred to remain in ignorance of what Dumas had written, and to do the best he could by himself. After some time, "Miss Fanfare," for such was its name, was produced at the Gymnase with moderate success, and then, when "La Route de Thèbes" proved such a tough job, he bethought him of the act in his desk, and set to and wrote the rest.

It has been argued among the critics that Francillon should have been made to carry out her threat to the bitter end, otherwise her character is false. To this her biographer answers: "I wonder whether these gentlemen would carry out their argument if their mother, sister, wife, or even their mistress were concerned. They would be sure to declare that those they loved were incapable of such baseness; and as the mothers, sisters, wives, and mistresses of these critics are not the only decent women in the world, I have thought fit to add my heroine to the number." In support of his theory, the author transcribes a letter in his possession, in which the singer, Ellevion, who was a great favorite with the ladies of the First Empire, gives a true and very particular account of an adventure that had just befallen him. A great lady, having surprised her husband in an intrigue, determined to be revenged upon him, and immediately indited an invitation to the handsome tenor for that same evening. As she was not troubled with prudery, she was not content with a pretense after the manner of Francillon (who, you will remember, brought a false accusation against herself), and called in her husband to inform him of what she had done before dismissing her lover. The marquis forgave his wife, which is more than the modern De Riverolles would have been guilty of doing—and, moreover, let Ellevion off scot-free, whereas the husband of Francillon would have considered that rather worse than the offense itself.

"You have only to read that letter to satisfy yourself that Francillon could never have acted like that unscrupulous little marquise," affirms Dumas. He also tells us that she—the marquise—lived to a ripe old age, and died in the odor of sanctity, having buried her husband years before. The old skeptic wonders if she confessed her sin, and adds that if she did, the church is truly an indulgent mother to its children.

Appended to the volume, of which this is a rapid survey, are the reports of the censor on "La Dame aux Camélias" and "Diane de Lys," curious documents enough. It is not generally known that the necessary permission for their representation was withheld for several months. "La Dame aux Camélias" is described as "a picture of society, in which the choice of the characters and the crudity of the coloring pass the limits of the most advanced toleration," and "its impropriety is increased by the fact that it is the real story of a woman lately deceased." This was in August, 1851. In the following month a fresh attempt was made to obtain the sanction of the censor, Dumas having revised his manuscript and taken out certain passages which had particularly shocked the sensibilities of this authority on theatrical morality. But all to no purpose; it was refused a second time, and again in October, which, however, did not prevent their giving in at last. Nowadays, "La Dame aux Camélias" shocks no one's susceptibilities here.

PARIS, November 25, 1892.

PARISINA.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

M. Pasteur is an unlicensed practitioner and has to employ one of the regulars to perform the slightest surgical operation needed in his business.

Herr Krupp has, according to recent statistics, the highest declared income in Germany. It is six million seven hundred and sixty thousand marks per annum.

George W. Childs has a cabinet of after-dinner coffee-cups in his editorial sanctum, and it is his graceful custom to offer every lady visitor to the office her choice of this very elegant china.

M. Deihler, the retired executioner, who could find no landlord willing to rent him a house in Paris, has at last a settled abode, thanks to the authorities of the city of Paris and the French Government.

Sir E. Watkin, the railway magnate, says the most costly piece of railway line in the world is that between the Mansion House and Aldgate Stations in London, which required the expenditure of close upon ten millions of dollars a mile.

Jay Gould was rich enough to give every man, woman, and child in the United States a gold dollar, and then have left more money than he could ever hope to spend. The idea of doing this, however, probably never suggested itself seriously to Mr. Gould.

David P. Thompson, the new minister to Turkey, speaking of himself, says that he is "a blacksmith by trade, a surveyor by profession, and a hanker by occupation." He has served as governor of Idaho one term, mayor of Portland three terms, and State senator four years.

Henri Rochefort evinces his undying hatred of the Germans in various ways. The most pronounced and public is the keeping of a standing notice in the business office of his newspaper which is in substance this: "No advertisements accepted from Germans under any circumstances."

Mme. de Lesseps, who ought to know, says that her husband is eighty-seven years of age. He is, therefore, the Nestor of the French Academy, and M. Legouvé, who has been posing in that character, will have to step down. The youngest member is M. Pierre Loti, who is forty-three.

M. Marinoni, who commenced life as a machinist's apprentice, is now chief owner of *Le Petit Journal* of Paris, France, circulating nearly one million two hundred and fifty thousand copies daily, and proprietor of several valuable patents, including the famous rotary printing machine that bears his name.

Dr. J. P. Munn has for several years received forty thousand dollars a year to act as Jay Gould's exclusive physician. This is probably the largest annual fee for exclusive attention ever earned by an American practitioner. Dr. Munn was already a very wealthy man, having a fortune of one million dollars of his own. Besides, he had married a lady who had inherited something over three millions of dollars.

A daughter of the Duchesse de Luynes is to wed the heir of the Duc de Noailles. The bride's mother was left a widow at twenty, her husband dying in the war. The *Pall Mall Gazette* recalls the fact that, insinuations having been made as to his courage, the duchesse had his body exhibited, to show his wounds, in the hall of the splendid family seat, Dampierre, about twenty-five miles from Paris, where his daughter is to be married.

Eugene Field, the Chicago writer and humorist, is visiting in Boston, and the *Advertiser* of that city prints his sketch of him: "Mr. Field looks somewhere between twenty-five and fifty-eight years old. His face is smooth, and so is much of the rest of his cranium. He looks the New Englander of the Hosea Biglow type, and the only thing that surprises one when he owns up to having been born in Massachusetts is that it was not New Hampshire. His frame is tall and osseous, and his hands, complexion, and furrowed facial surfaces would do no discredit to the worst specimen of the genus horny-handed labor."

Dr. Cornelius Hertz, who has been figuring in the Panama Canal scandal in Paris, apparently as the manipulator of the corruption fund, and who is connected in some mysterious way with the death of Baron Reinach, was well known in San Francisco ten or a dozen years ago. He was a familiar figure about town, a member of several clubs, and prominent as a promoter of various more or less brilliant schemes. Among his patients was a Mr. Henry, a man of much wealth, and after Dr. Hertz's disappearance, it was found that Hertz had executed and discounted several promissory notes for considerable sums which bore Mr. Henry's indorsement. As the latter denied all knowledge of the transaction, it was supposed that Hertz had mesmerized—or, in more modern parlance, hypnotized—his wealthy client.

When Mr. Gould came home from his office, his wife was always awaiting him. In the country, if entertaining guests, Mrs. Gould would disengage herself for this moment of home-coming. After Mrs. Gould's death, her daughter Helen took her place, and no enticement without ever prevented her from welcoming her father on his return home. His womankind were kept apart from all considerations of business. At Mrs. Gould's death, her fortune, which was considerable, was still invested as it was left her by her father. Mr. Gould abhorred all business dealings with women. Early in his career on the market, two maiden aunts up in the country sent him their savings—five hundred dollars—to speculate for them in stocks. He did so, and lost it. The money was strictly returned to them, and at no inconvenience to Mr. Gould. But this seemed to open depths which might become deeper. He was frequently entreated afterward by women who were near to him, women outside, but his dealings thenceforth were with men.



## A WILD MIDNIGHT HUNT.

How a Polish Husband's Hounds Found Strange Game in the Snow.

I was returning home after a prolonged stay in St. Petersburg, intending to linger on my way and test with mine own ears certain among the many dialects of Eastern Europe (anent which there is a symmetrical little cluster of philological knotty points it is my modest intention one day to unravel; bower, that is neither here nor there). On the road from Ukraine to Hungary, I bethought myself opportunely of proving the once pressingly offered hospitality of the Baron Kossowski.

He was a tremendous sportsman. I first came across him at McNeil's place, in remote Ireland. Now, being in Bukowina, within measurable distance of his Carpathian abode, and curious to see a Polish lord at home, I remembered his invitation. It was already of long standing, but it had been warm, born, in fact, of a sudden fit of enthusiasm which I may as well tell you about.

It was on the day of, or rather, to be accurate, on the day after, my arrival, toward the small hours of the morning, in the smoking-room at Rathdrum; our host was peacefully snoring over his empty pipe and his seventh glass of whisky, also empty. The rest of the men had slunk off to bed. The baron, who, all unknown to himself, had been a subject of most interesting observation to me the whole evening, being now practically alone with me, condescended to turn an eye as wide awake as a fox's, albeit slightly blood-shot, upon the contemptible white-faced person who had preferred spending the raw hours over his papers, within the radius of a glorious fire's warmth, to creeping slyly over treacherous quagmires in the pursuit of timid bog creatures (snipe-shooting had been the order of the day)—the baron, I say, became aware of my existence, and entered into conversation with me.

He would, no doubt, have been much surprised could he have known that he was already mapped out, craniologically and physiognomically, catalogued with care, and neatly laid by in his proper ethnological box, in my private type museum; that, as I had sat and examined him from my different coigns of vantage in library, dining, and smoking-rooms that evening, not a look of his, not a gesture went forth, but had had significance for me.

You (I had thought), with your broad shoulders and deep chest; your massive head that should have gone with a tall stature, not with those short, sturdy limbs; with your thick red hair that should have been black, as, for that matter, should your wide-set yellow eyes—you would be a real puzzle to one who did not recognize in you equal mixtures of the fair, stalwart, and muscular Slav with the bilious-sanguine, thick-set, wiry Turanian. Your pedigree would, no doubt, bear me out; there is as much of the Magyar as of the Pole in your anatomy. Athlete, and yet a tangle of nerves; a ferocious brute at bottom, I dare say, for your broad forehead inclines to flatness; under your bristling beard your jaw must protrude, and the base of your skull is enormously thick. And, with all that, capable of ideal transports; when that girl played and sang to-night, I saw the swelling of your eyelid veins, and how that small, tenacious, claw-like hand of yours twitched. You would be a fine leader of men; but God help the wretches in your power!

So had I mused upon him. Yet I confess that when we came into close contact with each other, even I was not proof against the singular courtesy of his manner and his unaccountable personal charm.

Our conversation soon grew interesting, to me as a matter of course, and evidently to him, also. A few general words led to interchange of remarks upon the country we were both visitors in, and so to national characteristics—Pole and Irishman, be it remarked, have not a few in common, both in their nature and history. An observation which he made—not without a certain flash in his light eyes and a transient uncovering of the teeth—on the Irish type of female beauty, suddenly suggested to me a stanza of an ancient Polish ballad, very full of milk and blood imagery, of alternating ferocity and voluptuousness. This I quoted to the astounded foreigner in the vernacular, and this it was that metamorphosed his mere perfection of civility into sudden warmth, and, in fact, procured me the invitation in question.

When I left Rathdrum, the baron's last words to me were that if I ever thought of visiting his country otherwise than in books, he held me bound to make Yany, his Galician seat, my head-quarters of study.

Therefore, from Czernowicz, where I stopped, I wrote, received in due time a few lines of prettily worded reply, and ultimately entered my sled in the nearest town to, yet at a most forbidding distance from, Yany, and started upon my journey thither.

On the afternoon of my second day's drive, the snow, which had till then fallen fine and continuous, ceased, and my Jeliu, suddenly interrupting himself in the midst of some exciting wolf story quite in keeping with the time of year and the wild surroundings, pointed to a distant spot against the gray sky to the north-west, between two wood-covered folds of ground, the first eastern spurs of the great Carpathian chain.

"There is Yany," said he.

I looked at my far-off goal with interest. As we drew nearer, the sinking sun, just dipping behind the hills, tinged the now distant frontage with a cold, copper-like gleam, but it was only for a minute; the next, the building became nothing more to the eye than a black irregular silhouette against the crimson sky.

Before we entered the steep avenue of poplars the early winter darkness was upon us, rendered all the more depressing by gray mists which gave a ghostly aspect to such objects as the sheen of the snow rendered visible. Once or twice there were feeble flashes of light looming in iridescent halos as we passed little clusters of cottages, but for which I should have been induced to fancy that the great Hof stood alone in the wilderness, such was the deathly stillness

around. But even as the tall, square building rose before us above the vapor, yellow-lighted in various stories and mighty in height and breadth, there broke upon my ear a deep-mouthed, menacing bay, which gave at once almost alarming reality to the eerie surroundings.

"His lordship's boar and wolf-hounds," quoth my charioteer, calmly, unmindful of the hideous concert of barks and howls which ensued as he skillfully turned his horses through the narrow gateway and flogged the tired beasts into a sort of shambling canter that we might land with glory before the house door—a weakness common, I believe, to drivers of all nations.

I alighted in the court of honor, and while awaiting an answer to my tug at the bell, stood, broken with fatigue, depressed, chilled, and aching, questioning the wisdom of my proceedings and the amount of comfort, physical and moral, that was likely to await me in a tête-à-tête visit with a well-mannered savage in his own home.

The unkempt tribe of stable retainers who began to gather round me and my rough vehicle in the gloom, with their evil-smelling sheep-skins and their resigned, battered visages, were not calculated to reassure me. Yet when the door opened there stood a smart chasseur and a solemn major-domo, and there was displayed a spreading vista of warm, deep-colored halls, with here a statue and there a stuffed bear, and, underfoot, pile carpets strewn with rarest skins.

Marveling, yet comforted withal, I followed the solemn butler, who received me with the deference due to an expected guest, and expressed the master's regret for his enforced absence till dinner-time. I traversed vast rooms, each more sumptuous than the last, feeling the strangeness of the contrast between the outer desolation and this sybaritic excess of luxury grow ever more strongly upon me; caught a glimpse of a picture-gallery where peculiar yet admirably executed latter-day French pictures hung side by side with ferocious boar hunts of Snyders and such kin; and at length was ushered into a most cheerful room, modern to excess in its comfortable promise, where, in addition to the tall stove necessary for warmth, there burned on an open hearth a vastly pleasant fire of resinous logs, and where, on a low table, awaited me a dainty service of fragrant Russian tea.

My impression of utter novelty seemed somehow enhanced by this unexpected refinement in the heart of the solitudes and in such a rugged shell, and yet, when I came to reflect, it was only characteristic of my cosmopolitan host. But another surprise was in store for me.

When I had recovered bodily rest and mental equilibrium in my downy arm-chair before the roaring logs, and during the delicious absorption of my second glass of tea, I turned my attention to the French valet, evidently the baron's own man, then deftly unpacking my portmanteau, who, unless my practiced eye deceived me, asked for nothing better than to entertain me with agreeable conversation the while.

"Your master is out, then," quoth I, knowing that the most trivial remark would suffice to start him.

True, monseigneur was out; he was desolated, in despair (this with the national amiable and imaginative instinct), but it was doubtless important business. M. le Baron had the visit of his factor during the midday meal; had left the table hurriedly, and had not been seen since. Mme. la Baronne had been a little suffering, but she would receive monsieur.

"Madame!" exclaimed I, astounded. "Is your master then married? since when?"—visions of a fair Tartar, fit mate for my baron, immediately springing somewhat alluringly before my mental vision. But the answer dispelled the pleasing fancy.

"Oh, yes," said the man, with a somewhat peculiar expression. "Yes, monseigneur is married. Did monsieur not know? And yet it was from England that monseigneur brought back his wife."

"An Englishwoman!"

My first thought was one of pity—an Englishwoman alone in this wilderness, two days' drive from even a railway station—and at the mercy of Kossowski! But the next minute I reversed my judgment. Probably she adored her rufous lord, took his vaneer of courtesy—a vaneer of the most exquisite polish, I grant you, but perilously thin—for the very perfection of chivalry; or, perchance, it was his inner savageness itself that charmed her; the most refined women often amaze one by the fascination which the preponderance of the brute in the opposite sex seems to have for them. I was anxious to hear more.

"Is it not dull for the lady here at this time of year?"

The valet raised his shoulders with a gesture of despair that was almost passionate.

"Dull! Ah, monsieur could not conceive to himself the dullness of it. That poor Mme. la Baronne! not even a little child to keep her company on the long, long days when there was nothing but snow in the heaven and on the earth, and the howling of the wind and the dogs to cheer her. At the beginning, indeed, it had been different; when the master first brought home his bride, the house was gay enough. It was all redecored and refurbished to receive her (monsieur should have seen it before—a mere *rendezvous de chasse*—for the matter of that so are all the country-houses in these parts). Ah! that was a good time! There were visits month after month, parties, sleighing, dancing, trips to St. Petersburg and to Vienna; but this year it seemed that they were to have nothing but boars and wolves—how madame could stand it—well, it was not for him to speak." And heaving a deep sigh, he delicately inserted my white tie round my collar, and, with a flourish, twisted it into an irreproachable bow beneath my chin.

I did not think it right to cross-examine the willing talker any further, especially as, despite his asseveration, there were evidently volumes he still wished to pour forth; but I confess that, as I made my way slowly out of my room along the noiseless length of passage, I was conscious of an unwonted, not to say vulgar, curiosity concerning the woman who had captivated such a man as the Baron Kossowski.

In a fit of speculative abstraction I must have taken the wrong turning, for I presently found myself in a long

and narrow passage I did not remember. I was retracing my steps when there came the sound of rapid footfalls upon stone flags; a little door flew open in the wall close to me, and a small, thick-set man, huddled in the rough sheep-skin of the Galician peasant, with a mangy fur cap on his head, nearly ran headlong into my arms. I was about condescendingly to interpellate him in my best Polish, when I caught the gleam of an angry yellow eye and noted the bristle of a red beard—Kossowski!

Amazed, I fell back a step in silence; with a growl like an uncouth animal disturbed, he drew his filthy cap over his brow with a savage gesture, and pursued his way down the corridor at a sort of wild-boar trot.

The first meeting between host and guest was so odd, so incongruous, that it afforded me plenty of food for a fresh line of conjecture as I traced my way back to the picture-gallery and thence successfully to the drawing-room, which, as the door was ajar, I could not this time mistake.

It was large and lofty and dimly lit by shaded lamps. Through the rosy gloom I could at first only just make out a slender figure by the hearth; but as I advanced this was resolved into a singularly graceful woman, in a clinging fur-trimmed velvet gown, who, with one hand resting on the high mantel-piece, the other hanging listlessly by her side, stood gazing down at the crumbling wood-fire as if in a dream.

My friends are kind enough to say I have a cat-like tread; I know not how that may be; at any rate, the carpet I was walking upon was thick enough to smother a heavier footfall. Not until I was quite close to her did my hostess become aware of my presence. Then she started violently and looked over her shoulder at me with dilating eyes. Evidently a nervous creature—I saw the pulse in her throat, strained by her attitude, flutter like a terrified bird.

The next instant she had stretched out her hand with sweet English words of welcome, and the face, which I had been comparing in my mind to that of Guido's Cenci, became transformed by the arch and exquisite smile of a Greuse. For more than two years I had had no intercourse with any of my nationality. I could conceive the sound of his native tongue under such circumstances moving a man in a curious, unexpected fashion.

I babbled some commonplace reply, after which there was silence while we stood opposite each other, she looking at me expectantly. At length, with a sigh checked by a smile and an overtone of sadness in a voice that yet tried to be sprightly:

"Am I then so changed, Mr. Marshfield?" she asked. And all at once I knew her—the girl whose nightingale voice had redeemed the desolation of the evenings at Rathdrum, whose sunny beauty had seemed—even to my celebrated cold-blooded asceticism—worthy to haunt a man's dreams. Yes, there was the subtle curve of waist, the warm line of throat, the dainty foot, the slender tip-tilted fingers—witty fingers, as I had classified them—which I now shook like a true Briton, instead of availing myself of the privilege the country gave me, and kissing her slender wrist.

But she was changed, and I told her so with unconventional frankness, studying her closely as I spoke.

"I am afraid," I said, gravely, "that this place does not agree with you."

She flushed to the roots of her red-brown hair. Then she answered, coldly, that I was wrong; that she was in excellent health; but that she could not expect, any more than other people, to preserve perennial youth (I rapidly calculated she might be two-and-twenty), though, indeed, with a little forced laugh, it was scarcely flattering to hear one had altered out of all recognition. Then, without allowing me time to reply, she plunged into a general topic of conversation which, as I should have been obtuse, indeed, not to take the hint, I did my best to keep up.

But while she talked of Vienna and Warsaw, of her distant neighbors and last year's visitors, it was evident that her mind was elsewhere, her eye wandered, she lost the thread of her discourse, answered me at random, and smiled her piteous smile incongruously. However lonely she might be in her solitary splendor, the company of a countryman was evidently no such welcome diversion.

After a little while she seemed to feel herself that she was lacking in cordiality, and bringing her absent gaze to bear upon me, with a puzzled, strained look:

"I fear you will find it very dull," she said; "my husband is so wrapped up this winter in his country life and his sport; you are the first visitor we have had. There is nothing but guns and horses here, and you do not care for these things."

The door creaked behind us, and the baron entered, in faultless evening-dress. Before she turned toward him, I was sharp enough to catch again the unleaping of a quick dread in her eyes—not even so much dread, perhaps, I thought afterward, as horror—the horror we notice in some animals at the nearing of a beast of prey. It was gone in a second, and she was smiling; but it was a revelation.

Perhaps he beat her in Russian fashion, and she, as an Englishwoman, was narrow-minded enough to resent this, or, perhaps, merely I had the misfortune to arrive during a matrimonial misunderstanding.

The baron would not give me leisure to reflect, he was so very effusive in his greeting—not a hint of our previous meeting—unlike my hostess, all in all to me, eager to listen, to reply, almost affectionate, full of references to old times and genial allusions. No doubt, when he chose, he could be the most charming of men; there were moments when, looking at him, in his correct attire, hearkening to his cultured voice, marking his quiet smile and restrained gesture, the almost exaggerated politeness of his manner to his wife, whose fingers he had kissed with pretty, old-fashioned gallantry upon his entrance, I asked myself could that encounter in the passage have been a dream? could that savage in the sheep-skin be my courteous entertainer?

"Just as I came in, did I hear my wife say there was nothing for you to do in this place?" he said presently to me. Then turning to her:

"You do not seem to know Mr. Marshfield. Wherever



he can open his eyes, there is for him something to see which might not interest other men. He will find things in my library, for instance, which I have no notion of. He will discover objects for scientific observation in all the members of my household, not only in the good-looking maids, though he could tell their points as I could those of a horse. We have maidens here of several distinct races, Marshfield; we have also witches, and Jew leeches, and holy-daft people. In any case, Yany, with all its dependencies, material, male and female, are at your disposal for what you can make out of them.

"It is good," he went on gayly, "that you should happen to have this happy disposition, for I fear that, no later than to-morrow, I may have to absent myself from home. I have heard that there are more news of wolves—they menace to be a greater pest than usual this winter; but I am going to drive them on quite a new plan, and it will go hard with me if I don't exterminate them. Well for you, by the way, Marshfield, that you did not come within their scent to-day." Then, musingly: "I should not give much for the life of a traveler who happened to wander in these parts just now—" Here he interrupted himself hastily, and went over to his wife, who had sunk back on her chair, livid, seemingly on the point of swooning.

His gaze was devouring; so might a man look at the woman he adored in his anxiety.

"What—faint, Violet—alarmed?" His voice was subdued, yet there was an unmistakable thrill of emotion in it. "Pshaw!" thought I to myself, "the man is a model husband."

She clenched her hands, and, by sheer force of will, seemed to pull herself together. These nervous women have often an unexpected fund of strength.

"Come, that is well," said the baron, with a flickering smile; "Mr. Marshfield will think you but badly acclimatized to Poland if a little wolf scare can upset you. My dear wife is so soft-hearted," he went on to me, "that she is capable of making herself quite ill over the sad fate that might have, but has not, overcome you. Or, perhaps," he added, in a still gentler voice, "her fear is that I may expose myself to danger for the public well."

She turned her head away, but I saw her set her teeth as if to choke a sob. The baron chuckled in his throat, and seemed to luxuriate in the pleasant thought.

At this moment folding-doors were thrown open and supper was announced. I offered my arm, she rose and took it in silence. This silence she maintained during the first part of the meal, despite her husband's brilliant conversation and almost uproarious spirits. But, by and by, a bright color mounted to her cheeks and lustre to her eyes. I suppose you will think me horribly unpoetical if I add that she drank several glasses of champagne one after the other, a fact which, perhaps, may account for the change.

At any rate, she spoke, and laughed, and looked lovely, and I did not wonder that the baron could hardly keep his eyes off her. But, whether it was her wifely anxiety or not, it was evident her mind was not at ease through it all, and I fancied that her brightness was feverish, her merriment slightly hysterical.

After supper—an exquisite one it was—we adjourned together, in foreign fashion, to the drawing-room; the baron threw himself into a chair, and, somewhat with the air of a pasha, demanded music. He was flushed; the veins of his forehead were swollen and stood out like cords. The wine drunk at the table was potent—even through my phlegmatic frame it ran hotly.

She hesitated a moment or two, then docilely sat down to the piano. That she could sing I have already made clear; bow she could sing, with what pathos, passion, as well as perfect art, I had never so fully realized before.

When the song was ended, she remained for awhile, with eyes lost in distance, very still, save for her quick breathing. It was clear she was moved by the music; indeed, she must have thrown her whole soul into it.

At first we, the audience, paid her the rare compliment of silence. Then the baron broke forth into loud applause.

"Brava! brava! that was really said *con amore*. A delicious love-song—delicious—but French! You must sing one of our Slav melodies for Marshfield before you allow us to go and smoke."

She started from her reverie with a flush, and, after a pause, struck slowly a few simple chords, then began one of those strangely sweet, yet intensely pathetic Russian airs, which give one a curious revelation of the profound, endless melancholy lurking in the national mind.

"What do you think of it?" asked the baron of me, when it had ceased.

"What I have always thought of such music—it is that of a hopeless people—poetical, crushed, and resigned."

He gave a loud laugh. "Hear the analyst, the psychologist! Why, man, it is a love-song! Is it possible that we, uncivilized, are truer realists than our hypercultured Western neighbors? Have we gone to the root of the matter, in our simple way?"

The baroness got up abruptly. She looked white and spent; there were bistre circles round her eyes.

"I am tired," she said, with dry lips; "you will excuse me, Mr. Marshfield, I must really go to bed."

"Go to bed; go to bed," cried her husband, gayly. Then, quoting in Russian from the song she had just sung: "Sleep my little soft, white dove, my little innocent, tender lamb!"

She hurried from the room. The baron laughed again, and, taking me familiarly by the arm, led me to his own set of apartments for the promised smoke. He ensconced me in an arm-chair, placed cigars of every description and a Turkish pipe ready to my hand and a little table, on which stood cut-glass flasks and beakers in tempting array.

After I had selected my cigar with some precautions, I glanced at him over a careless remark, and was startled to see a sudden alteration in his whole look and attitude.

"You will forgive me, Marshfield," he said, as he caught my eye, speaking with spasmodic politeness. "It is more

than probable that I shall have to set out upon this chase I spoke of to-night, and I must now go and change my clothes that I may be ready to start at any moment; this is the hour when it is most likely these hell beasts are to be got at. . . . You have all you want, I hope," interrupting an outbreak of ferocity by an effort after his former courtesy.

It was curious to watch the man of the world struggling with the primitive man.

"But, baron," said I, "I do not at all see the fun of sticking at home like this. You know my passion for witnessing everything new, strange, and outlandish. You will surely not refuse me such an opportunity for observation as a midnight wolf-raid. I will do my best not to be in the way, if you will take me with you."

At first it seemed as if he had some difficulty in realizing the drift of my words, he was so engrossed by some inner thought; but as I repeated them, he gave vent to a loud cackling.

"By heaven, I like your spirit!" he exclaimed, clapping me strongly on the shoulder. "Of course you shall come. You shall," he repeated, "and I promise you a sight, a hunt such as you never heard of dreamed of; you will be able to tell them in England the sort of thing we can do here in that line. Such wolves are rare quarry," he added, looking slyly at me, "and I have a new plan for getting at them."

There was a long pause, and then there rose in the stillness the unearthly howlings of the baron's hounds, a cheerful sound, which only their owner's somewhat loud converse of the evening had kept from becoming excessively obtrusive.

"Hark at them—the beauties!" cried he, showing his short, strong teeth, pointed like a dog's, in a wide grin of anticipative delight; "they have been kept on pretty short commons, poor things. They are hungry. By the way, Marshfield, you can sit tight on a horse, I trust? If you were to roll off, you know, these splendid fellows, they would chop you up in a second—they would chop you up," he repeated, unctuously; "snap, crunch, gobble, and there would be an end of you!"

"If I could not ride a decent horse without being thrown," I retorted, a little stung by his manner, "after my recent three months' torture with the Guard Cossacks, I should, indeed, be a hopeless subject. Do not think of frightening me from the exploit, but say, frankly, if my company would be displeasing."

"Tut!" he said, waving his hand impatiently; "it is your affair. I have warned you. Go and get ready, if you want to come. Time presses."

I was determined to be of the fray; my blood was up. I have hinted that the baron's Tokay had stirred it.

I went to my room and hurriedly donned clothes more suitable for rough night-work. My last care was to slip into my pockets a brace of double-barreled pistols, which formed part of my traveling kit.

When I returned, I found the baron already booted and spurred, this without metaphor. He was stretched full length on the divan, and did not speak as I came in, nor even look at me. Chewing an unlit cigar, with eyes fixed on the ceiling, he was evidently following some absorbing train of ideas.

The silence was profound; much time went by; it grew oppressive; at length, wearied out, I fell, over my cibouque, into a doze, filled with puzzling visions, out of which I was awakened with a start. My companion had sprung up, very lightly, to his feet; in his throat was an odd, half-suppressed cry, grewsome to hear. He stood on tiptoe, his eyes fixed, as though looking through the wall, and I distinctly saw his ears point in the intensity of his listening.

After a moment, with basty, noiseless energy, and without the slightest ceremony, he blew the lamps out, drew back the heavy curtains, and threw the tall window wide open.

A rush of icy air and the bright rays of the moon—gibbous, I remember, in her third quarter—filled the room. Outside the mist had condensed, and the view was unrestricted over the white plains at the foot of the hill.

The baron stood motionless in the open window, callous to the cold, in which, after a minute, I could hardly keep my teeth from chattering, his head bent forward, still listening. I listened, too, with all my ears, but could not catch a sound; indeed, the silence over the great expanse of snow might have been called awful; even the dogs were mute.

Presently, far, far away, came the faint tinkle of bells—so faint at first that I thought it was but fancy, and then distinct. It was even more eerie than the silence, I thought, though I knew it could come but from some passing sleigh. All at once that ceased, and again my duller senses could perceive nothing, though I saw by my host's craning neck that he was more on the alert than ever. But at last, I, too, heard once more, as it were, the tread of horses, muffled by the snow, and unaccompanied by any jingling of bells, intermittent and dull, yet drawing nearer. And then, in the inner silence of the great house, it seemed to me I caught the noise of closing doors. But here the hounds, as if suddenly becoming alive to some disturbance, raised the same fearful concert of yells and barks with which they had greeted my arrival, and listening became useless.

I had risen to my feet. My host, turning from the window, seized my shoulder with a fierce grip and bade me hold my noise; for a second or two I stood motionless under his iron talons, then he released me with an exultant whisper:

"Now for our chase!" and made for the door with a spring. Hastily gulping down a mouthful of arrack from one of the bottles on the table, I followed him, and, guided by the sound of his footsteps before me, groped my way through passages black as Erebus.

After a time, which seemed a long one, a small door was flung open in front, and I saw Kossowski glide into the moonlit court-yard and cross the square. When I, too, came out he was disappearing into the gaping darkness of the open door of the stables; and there I overtook him.

A man who seemed to have been sleeping in a corner jumped up at our entrance and led out a horse ready saddled. In obedience to a gruff order from his master, as the latter

mounted, he then brought forward another which he had evidently thought to ride himself, and held the stirrup for me.

We came delicately forth, and the Cossack hurriedly barred the great door behind us. I caught a glimpse of his worn, scarred face by the moonlight as he peeped after us for a second before shutting himself in—it was stricken with terror.

The baron trotted briskly toward the kennels, from whence there was now issuing a truly infernal clangor, and, as my steed followed suit of its own accord, I could see how he proceeded dexterously to unbolt the gates without dismounting, while the beasts within dashed themselves against them and tore the ground in their fury of impatience.

He smiled as he swung back the barriers at last, and his "beauties" came forth. Seven or eight monstrous brutes, hounds of a kind unknown to me; fulvous and sleek of coat, tall on their legs, square-headed, long-tailed, deep-chested, with terrible jaws slobbering with eagerness. They leaped around and up at us, much to our horses' distaste. Kossowski, still smiling, lashed at them unsparingly with his hunting-whip, and they responded, not with yells of pain, but with snarls of fury.

Managing his restless steed and his cruel whip with consummate ease, my host drove his unruly crew before him, out of the precincts, then halted and bent down from his saddle to examine some slight prints in the snow which led, not the way I had come, but toward what seemed another avenue. In a second or two the hounds were gathered round this spot, their great snake-like tails quivering, nose to earth, yelping with excitement. I had some ado to manage my horse, and my eyesight was far from being as keen as the baron's, but I had then no doubt he had come already upon wolf tracks, and I shuddered mentally, thinking of the sleigh bells.

Suddenly Kossowski raised himself from his precarious position. Under his low fur cap his face looked scarcely human in the white light; and then he broke into a hand-canter, just as the hounds dashed, in a compact body, along the trail.

But we had not gone more than a few hundred yards before they began to falter, then straggled, stopped, and ran back and about with dismal cries. It was clear to me they had lost the scent. My companion reined in his horse, and mine, luckily a well-trained brute, balted of itself.

We had reached a bend in a broad avenue of firs and larches, and just where we stood, and where the hounds ever returned and met nose to nose in frantic conclave, the snow was trampled and soiled, and, a little further on, planned in a great sweep as if by a turning sleigh. Beyond was a double-furrowed track of skates and regular hoof-prints leading far away.

Before I had time to reflect upon the bearing of this unexpected interruption, Kossowski, as if suddenly possessed by a devil, fell upon the hounds with his whip, flogging them upon the new track, uttering the while the most savage cries I have ever heard issue from human throat. The disappointed beasts were nothing loth to seize upon another trail; after a second of hesitation they had understood and were off upon it at a tearing pace, and we after them at the best speed of our horses.

Some unfounded idea that we were going to escort or rescue benighted travelers flickered dimly in my mind as I galloped through the night air; but when I managed to approach my companion, and called out to him for explanation, he only turned half round and grinned at me.

Before us lay now the white plain, scintillating under the high moon's rays. That light is deceptive—I could be sure of nothing upon the wide expanse but of the dark, leaping figures of the hounds already spread out in a straggling line, some right ahead, others only just in front of us. In a short time, also, the icy wind, cutting my face mercilessly as we increased our pace, well-nigh blinded my eyes with tears of cold.

I can hardly realize how long this pursuit after an unknown prey lasted; I can remember only that I was getting rather faint with fatigue, and ignominiously held on to my pommel, when, all of a sudden, the black outline of a sleigh merged into sight in front of us.

I rubbed my smarting eyes with my benumbed hand; we were gaining upon it second by second; two of those hell-hounds of the baron's were already within a few leaps of it.

Soon I was able to make out two figures, one standing up and urging the horses on with whip and voice; the other clinging to the back seat and looking toward us in an attitude of terror. A great fear crept into my half-frozen brain—were we not bringing deadly danger, instead of help, to these travelers? Great God! did the baron mean to use them as a bait for his new method of wolf-hunting?

I would have turned upon Kossowski with a cry of expostulation or warning; but he, urging on his hounds as he galloped on their flank, howling and gesticulating like a veritable Hun, passed me like a flash. And all at once I knew.

And I confess it seemed to me a little strong, even for a baron in the Carpathians. The travelers were our quarry! But the reason why the Lord of Yany had turned man-hunter, I was yet to learn—just then I had to direct my energies to frustrating his plans. I used my spurs mercilessly. While I drew up even with him, I saw the two figures in the sleigh change places; he who had hitherto driven, now sat back. There was the pale-blue sheen of a revolver-barrel under the moonlight, followed by a yellow flash, and the nearest hound rolled over in the snow.

With an oath the baron twisted round in his saddle to urge on the remainder. My horse had taken fright at the report, and dashed irresistibly forward, bringing me at once almost level with the fugitives, and the next instant the revolver was turned menacingly toward me. There was no time to explain; my pistol was already drawn, and as another of the brutes bounded up, almost under my horse's feet, I loosed upon him—I must have let off both barrels at once.



weapon flew out of my hand; but the hound's back was broken. I presume the traveler understood; at any rate, he did not fire at me.

In moments of intense excitement like these, strangely enough the mind is extraordinarily open to impressions. I shall never forget that man's countenance, in the sledge, as he stood upright and defied us in his mortal danger; it was young, very handsome, the features not distorted, but set into a sort of desperate, stony calm, and I knew it, beyond all doubt, for the face of an Englishman. And then I saw his companion; it was the baron's wife. And I understood why the bells had been removed.

It takes a long time to say all this; it required only an instant to see it. The loud explosion of my pistol had hardly ceased to ring before the haron, with a fearful imprecation, was upon me. First he lashed at me with his whip as we tore along side by side, and then I saw him wind the reins round his off-arm and bend over, and I felt his angry fingers close on my right foot. The next instant I should have been thrown out of my saddle; but there came another shot from the sledge. The haron's horse plunged and stumbled, and the baron himself, hanging on to my foot with a fierce grip, was wrenched from his seat. His horse, however, was up again immediately, and I was released, and then I caught a confused glimpse of the frightened and wounded animal plunging and drawing wildly away to the right, leaving a black track of blood behind him in the snow; his master, entangled in the reins, running with incredible swiftness by his side and endeavoring to vault back into the saddle.

And now came to pass a thing which, in his savage plans, my host had doubtless never anticipated.

One of the hounds that had during this short check recovered lost ground, coming across this hot trail of blood, turned away from his course, and, with a joyous yell, darted after the running man. In another instant, the rest of the pack was upon the new scent.

As soon as I could stop my horse, I tried to turn him in the direction the bounds had taken, but just then, through the night air, over the receding sound of the horse's scamper and the sobbing of the pack in full cry, there came a long scream and, after that, a sickening silence. And I knew that somewhere yonder, under the beautiful moonlight, the Baron Kossowski was being devoured by his starving dogs.

I looked round, with the sweat on my face, vaguely, for some human being to share the horror of the moment, and I saw, gliding away, far away, and silently in the white distance, the black silhouette of the sledge.

It will interest you but slightly to bear how I found my way back to the Hof, or how I told as much as I deemed prudent of the evening's ghoulish work to the baron's servants, who, by the way, to my amazement, displayed the profoundest and most unmistakable sorrow at the tidings, and sallied forth (at their head the Cossack who had seen us depart) to seek for his remains. Excuse the unpleasantness of the remark: I fear the dogs must have left very little of him, he had died them so carefully. However, since it was to have been a case of "chop, crunch, and gobble," as the baron had it, I preferred that that particular fate should have overtaken him than me—or, for that matter, either of those two countrypeople of ours in the sledge. Nor am I going to inflict upon you a full account of the impressions I received when I found myself once more in that immense, deserted, and stricken house so luxuriously prepared for the mistress who had fled from it; how I philosophized over all this, according to my way; the conjectures I made as to the first acts of the drama; as to the untold sufferings my countrywoman must have endured from the moment her husband grew jealous till she determined on this desperate step; as to bow and when she had met her lover, how they communicated, and how the baron had discovered the intended flitting in time to concoct his characteristic revenge.

One thing you may be sure of—I had no mind to remain at Yany an hour longer than necessary, and even contrived to get well clear of the neighborhood before the lady's absence was discovered. Luckily for me, or I might have been taxed with connivance; though, indeed, the simple household did not seem to know what suspicion was, and accepted my account with childlike credence, very typical and very convenient to me at the same time.

The sequel I happen to have ascertained only a few weeks ago.

It was at the play; between the acts; from my comfortable seat (first row of the pit). I was looking leisurely round the house, when I caught sight of a woman, in a box close by, whose head was turned from me, and who presented the somewhat unusual spectacle of a young neck and shoulders of the most exquisite contour and perfectly gray hair; and not dull gray, but rather of a pleasing tint—like frosted silver. This aroused my curiosity, I brought my glasses to a focus on her, and waited patiently till she turned round. Then I recognized the Baroness Kossowski, and I no longer wondered at the young hair being white.

She looked placid and happy; strangely so, it seemed to me, under the sudden reviving in my memory of such scenes as I have now described. But presently I understood further; beside her, in close attendance, was the man of the sledge—a handsome fellow, with much of a military air about him.

During the course of the evening, as I watched, I saw a friend of mine come into the box, and at the end, I slipped out into the passage to catch him as he came out.

"Who is the woman with the white hair?" I asked. Then, in the fragmentary style approved of by ultra-fashionable young men (this earnest, languid mode of speech presents curious similarities in all languages), he told me: Most charming couple in London—awful pretty, wasn't she? He had been in the Guards—*attaché* at Vienna once, he believed—they adored each other. White hair, devilish queer, wasn't it? Suited her, somehow. And then she had been married to a Russian, or something, somewhere in the wilds.

And that was the end of this strange experience.

EGERTON CASTLE.

## JAY GOULD'S METHODS.

"Flaneur" writes about the Dead King of Finance.

The private life of a king of finance, like Jay Gould, would be interesting if it could be described. But men in his station really have no private life. When Mr. Gould emerged from his bedroom in the morning, two or three brokers, as many speculators, and as many polite beggars were waiting for him in his reception-room, and what they said to him and he to them was in the evening papers. He left for his office at half-past nine o'clock, and spent his day in doing business like other men. He tried to save his evenings for his family; but there were so many privileged acquaintances who had the entry of his house that he rarely accomplished his desire. He accepted no invitations, went to no dinners, belonged to no clubs. The only people who got at the real man, through the financier's coat of mail, were those who were invited to accompany him on a sail on his yacht to his place up the river; and the distance was so short and the yacht so swift that the landing was reached before he had got well into a subject.

At Irvington he led a quiet life with his family. They were all genial people. Neither George nor Edwin have been popular, because they declined to cut what is supposed to be the correct caper for rich men's sons, and steadily refused to drink or gamble—outside of Wall Street—or to *desipere in loco* with Lais. They were voted "pokey" by the youths who need brandy-and-soda in the morning, and who call the janitress at Dr. Parkhurst's gilded temples by her Christian name. But they seem to be steady, respectable youths, who put in their regular six days' work in the week as if their dinner depended upon it. The bright star of the Irvington home was Mrs. George Gould, who was known to theatre-goers as Edith Kingdon, as pretty, and sweet, and vivacious a young lady as can be met in a day's march anywhere. She was an especial pet of her father-in-law, and shared his affections with his own daughter, Helen, who is a lovely character, better known among the poor and suffering than among the Four Hundred.

Before Mr. Gould bought his place on the river, he spent his summers in a cottage at Long Branch, and went up and down in the regular boat. He was not so well thought of then as he became afterward; his acquaintance was chiefly limited to his brokers—jolly Cbarley Osborn, who had to tie up the three millions he left to prevent his scapegrace son Howell from distributing it among the *corps de ballet*; genial Sam Mills, the best-natured and brightest soul alive, but who never knew when to go ashore in a storm; keen Washington Connor, who made his fortune by carrying off the books of the Gould firm on Black Friday; and three or four others whose names have passed into history. With these intimates, a bottle or two which Mr. Gould did not help to empty, and a box of cigars which he did not smoke, he would spend the summer evenings on the balcony of his cottage, looking out on the rollers of the Atlantic as they tumbled over the sands. Here he planned his great *coups*. And though he appeared to be frankness itself, although to hear him you would suppose he had emptied his soul down to his very boots, he never told his secrets. None of his brokers ever felt sure that they knew what he was doing. He fooled them most completely when he told them the truth. When he took Union Pacific at twelve dollars and carried it to eighty dollars, he could not conceal this operation, and his brokers all took passage in his boat. But when the stock rose to forty-five dollars, they felt nervous, and they asked Gould what they should do. He bade them hold on for much bigger prices. That convinced them that he was selling, and they went ashore. They lost thirty dollars a share by mistrusting him.

In stock speculation, no one ever tells any one all the truth. Gould obeyed the common law. When indiscreet acquaintances asked him impertinent questions, he gave them answers which were neither calculated to reveal his position nor to guide the questioner. He used to carry round a little memorandum-book, or a scrap of paper, on which his position in the market was set down in black and white. This he would show quite freely. But no one could feel sure that there was not another paper which was not so freely shown, and which disclosed a very different state of things. According to the first paper, it might appear that he was long five thousand Erie; but the other paper might show that in other offices he was short fifteen thousand—which would exhibit him as a bear in Erie to the extent of ten thousand shares. Like most self-contained men, he rarely showed resentment; but when a man went out of his way to injure or traduce him, he generally got even sooner or later, as Jim Keene and Selover can testify.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt had a way of using his son William, the father of the present Cornelius, to fool speculators. When the commodore held a block of stock which he wanted to sell, he would give William a confidential point to buy, strictly enjoining him not to tell. William, as the old man well knew, would not only buy himself, but would give the point to half a dozen bosom friends. And among them they made a market for the old man to unload on. Then the commodore would reimburse William's loss, and regret that on this occasion his point had not answered the purpose. Gould had no William to use as a stool-pigeon. But when he was in unusually buoyant spirits, and was radiantly confident of the future of the country, those who knew him best thought it was a good time to stand from under.

He became rich, very rich, at quite an early period of his career. It is about twenty years since he made his great operation in Union Pacific, out of which he probably realized fifteen millions. The stock had a bad name, and was unavailable as collateral. Many thought that he had overstrained his strength in buying such a quantity of such property. One of these happened to call on Gould in Forty-Seventh Street, and was shown into the basement which at the time served him as an office. On the centre desk stood a bound volume about a foot long, eight inches wide, and

six inches thick. Gould drew attention to it, saying that it was a "pretty book," and bidding his visitor inspect its pages. It was a volume of certificates of stock in the Union Pacific, all in Gould's name, each for one hundred shares, and each correctly signed, countersigned, and dated, but not *indorsed*. There were probably a thousand certificates in the volume, and at the market price of the day, they represented about five millions of dollars of idle money.

Of the famous firm of Gould, Sage & Field, Sage is now the sole survivor. Field's money drifted to Gould by the attraction of cohesion. If Gould had lived, it would have been a question whether he would have swallowed Sage or Sage him.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 12, 1892.

The income-tax report for the Kingdom of Prussia, published some weeks ago, shows an increasing number of millionaires. There are 8,445 persons who confess to more than 900,000 marks. The actual millionaires of Prussia are divided into three classes—the mark millionaires, the thaler millionaires, and the so-called income millionaires. Before the new mark coinage was introduced into the German Empire, a millionaire meant a man who had a million thalers. The introduction of the mark has now enabled the owner of a third of that sum to claim the title. If the mark millionaires are struck from the list and only thaler millionaires admitted, the total in Prussia at present is 1,780. Last year there were only thirteen persons in Prussia who confessed to being income millionaires. The drastic application of the new income-tax law has raised the number in 1892 to thirty-five persons. Their names are not known, though the provinces in which they live are given. Eight of the number are taxed upon a yearly income of 1,500,000 to 3,000,000 marks. Six of them are Berliners, one a Wieshadener, and one a Dusseldorfer. The Wiesbaden millionaire is, no doubt, Rothschild, as Frankfort-on-the-Main is in the Wiesbaden district. The Dusseldorf millionaire is conjectured to be Krupp, of Essen. The four richest men in the kingdom are set down by the *Reichsanzeiger* as having yearly incomes respectively of 7,000,000, 4,980,000, 4,020,000, and 3,000,000 marks.

A strange thing happened at a dance given by a member of the Russian nobility long ago. The night was bitter cold, but the cold bleak winds did not reach the interior of the ball-room. Here there was warmth and comfort, and the gay dancers became overheated, and they perspired freely—the air of the room, having been dry and like a sponge, quickly absorbed the moisture from their persons. A Russian count, being uncomfortably warm, opened a window which admitted a current of cold air, and the effect was novel and instantaneous. Immediately a part of the moisture was turned into little crystals, shining silver white, that floated in the air, and, to the astonishment of all, there was a miniature snow storm in the midst of the gay throng.

A kangaroo is the latest candidate for the boxing championship, and is daily baving a "mill" with its captor and trainer, Professor Landerman, at the Westminster Aquarium. The animal fights under the Marquis of Queensbury's rules, shakes hands before starting, promptly ceases hostilities at the call of "Time," and retires to his own corner between the rounds, though he is guilty of occasional lapses. The contest on the first day opened in favor of the man, but the kangaroo, after the third round, had not turned a hair, while his opponent was in a profuse perspiration. The London papers say that the exhibition is most amusing and interesting.

This is the singular hallucination of a man and wife, who live in a small cottage in Peekskill. They imagine that deadly gases are pumped into their house by the neighbors and that at night invisible pumps are used. The doors and windows are closed tightly all the time; all the cracks and every small opening into the outside world are stuffed with paper, and in this sealed house the man and wife walk round about in constant guard against the horrible vapory enemy.

An ocean-going steamship, first-class in general construction, but fitted below with small iron cages for the accommodation of her passengers instead of state-rooms, is building on the Clyde, and is to be launched in a very short time. It was contracted for by the Russian Government, and is intended for the business of conveying convicts. The vessel is of about six thousand tons. No secret is made of her character or as to who her owners are to be.

Joseph Edmond Roques, who was found drowned in a small stream near Saint-Sulpice, has been known in France for years as "Le Roi des Condamnés." He was, also, the king of tramps. During the last forty years, Roques was arrested and convicted ninety-five times. Once he was sentenced to death by a court-martial, but sentence was set aside. Most of the convictions were for violation of railroad laws.

A startling proposition, backed up by confident prophecy, is discussed by Dr. H. Mehner in the columns of the Berlin paper *Urania*. Dr. Mehner learnedly discusses the question of driving a tunnel through the earth from Berlin to Chicago, through which, and by means of gravitation alone, the journey between the two places could be quickly and comfortably made. He expresses a decided opinion that the scheme is physically possible.

Officers' casinos have been established by the German Government, where army officers with lean pocket-books may get schnapps, wine, and other drinks at fixed moderate prices. The maximum charge for a bottle of champagne is sixty-two cents.



VANITY FAIR.

The "smart" set of the metropolis lacks reasonableness (*Harper's Weekly* declares). The men do dance and dine, who wait upon the opera as a duty, and sup afterwards for pleasure, the "owls" of the clubs, the midnight spendthrifts of their physical and nervous resources—most of these in this country are business men. If they go to bed at three in the morning, they must, nevertheless, be down-town at eight or nine. They go about their business with laggard steps and worn-out nerves. Is any wonder that so many are unsuccessful, and the financial failures, until they marry the fortunes made by more prudent and better Americans of an earlier generation? American women are very beautiful and charming. They know more and talk better than any other women in the world, except their sisters of France. This class and that has been called the only American aristocracy, and there is truth underlying the claim of each. The tramp aristocrat because he is an idler. The illegitimate boy is an aristocrat because he has much leisure for sport. The army and navy officers are aristocrats because they are the permanent representatives of the government. But, after all, the woman of fashion is the finest and most charming aristocrat in the country. If any one can sit up late and have plenty of leisure to sleep away the crowd's bet of fatigue, it is she, and yet even she has no right to tempt the fates after the manner of the British maid and matron. She has more to do. The demands of our complex society upon the women of the country are greater and more exacting than those made upon the feminine members of a monarchical aristocracy. The American woman of fashion is usually pretty, clearly tired enough when she begins to dress for dinner. Besides, with all due respect to our cousins on the other side of the water, we do not care to have her exactly like the Englishwoman. All this is apropos of a new club designed to furnish leisure, entertainment, and snapper to its members after the theatres are out. Unsatisfied beings are to be provided with an excuse for "keeping it up" far into the morning. Occasional sittings up are bad enough, but when early morning bed-time becomes chronic in cities, it will be bad for our youth of both sexes.

Young people are even now planning for new parties to the country and dreaming of ice-creams, sleigh rides, and skating partners (says the *New York Sun*), instead of cotillion favors, ball rooms, and Lander's orchestra. Indeed, a town house will very soon be a superfluity, for Americans are getting to be as fond of their country homes as the English, and will, before long, spend all the months of the year in them that they can spare from Japan, India, Monte Carlo, the moors of Scotland, the London season, German watering-places, and Parisian excitements. As "New Yorkers" they no longer appear before the world; but the names of their country homes, with the States in which they are located—corresponding to the English "shires"—will be printed on their visiting-cards, and, at least in Europe, will produce a much more distinguished effect.

At Worth's, at Doucet's, at Rouff's, at Laferriere's, at Virot's, and at Reboux's, indeed everywhere the same tendency to vulgar extravagance is apparent. Nothing is more amusing and instructive than to make the round of these various *couturiers* and *modistes*. Each place has its own peculiarities, its own customs and characteristics. Worth has always possessed a "cachet" all his own, which is sometimes rather glaring and extravagant. M. Worth is a very amusing type, who appears before his fair clients wearing a gorgeous robe-de-chambre and a velvet skull-cap heavily embroidered with gold. He is amiable and engaging with pretty women, but plain faces find no favor in his severe eye, and he treats downright homeliness with undisguised contempt. He makes but one exception in this, his invariable rule, and that is when the "ugly duckling" is gifted with an abnormally fine figure, a fact which is more frequent than might be believed. Spanish wines and cakes, sandwiches and fruit, are

served in a little salon adjoining Worth's study or "studio," as he calls it; and there a galaxy of lovely women congregate daily about five o'clock to discuss the new styles of fashion, and to consult *le grand artiste*, who poses in front of the fire-place as if he were about to confer his blessing on his attractive clients. At Doucet's, who ranks immediately after Worth, there is always an uncomfortable bustle and helter-skelter of visitors. The show-rooms are tastefully decorated with Louis-Seize draperies, but they are decidedly too crowded.

An amusing complication has arisen in the preparations being made for the Daughters of the Confederacy ball, in St. Louis. The "Colonial Minuet," in costume, with which the event is to be opened, is responsible for it. Those who appear in it must dress in colonial style; that is, they must wear knee-breeches. The youths of the present generation, it is said by acatomists, are not remarkable for the splendid symmetry of their nether limbs. They do not, as a rule, take enough exercise, and, therefore, the average shank is not a thing of beauty. The turn of a colonial gentleman's ankle and the contour of his leg should be, especially when he places them on exhibition, sights pleasing to look upon. From the mild and delicately worded protest that is coming from those assigned and to take part in the minuet, one may well believe that the leg of to-day is a sight of altogether another kind.

For the moment, at any rate, swagger is not the fashion (says the *London Spectator*). The most obvious and disagreeable form of self-assertion, which consists in making other people conscious of their inferiority by intensely unpleasant and supercilious behavior, has, of course, been dead and done with, as a social claim, for half a generation. The high-born and wealthy heroes of the old novelists, who were too great to speak at the breakfast-table, and "turned to fling a morsel to their dogs with an air of high-bred nonchalance," exist no longer in fiction, and very rarely in life. Mr. Grandcourt was, perhaps, the last of them. But swagger in its minor and more amusing manifestations is also dying. One of the later forms of swagger, much affected by men of the bachelor leisure class, and especially by the much-abused "lotus-eaters" of clubland, was the *nil admirari* attitude. It had quite a vogue for a time, and in addition to conveying an impression of superiority, it saved a great deal of trouble. Older men, who had seen life, were spared the effort of bearing about it again; and young men, who had not, were enabled to convey the impression that they had. This form of swagger is still in use as a weapon against the bore, but as a fashionable cult it exists no longer. The leisure class, as such, does not assert itself by any explicit form of swagger, and would seem for the moment to set before it the ideal of the "plain man" in its dealings with the world. Probably the strongest guarantee for the continued decline of swagger is the growth of frankness. Formerly, to refer to money as a consideration in action was considered ill-bred. That form of swagger is certainly a thing of the past. Nothing is more common than to hear the remark: "I wish I could afford it," or "I can't afford it."

It is not true, it now appears, that ladies, to the number of five or six, are in the habit of following the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds astride upon their horses, after the manner of men. Only one female rider makes bold to bestride her horse with these famous hounds, and as yet she has no imitators. One swallow does not make a summer, and it is not probable that this bold, and very likely bad, rider's example will affect her sisters, or abolish the side-saddle. She is probably a bad rider, because some horsemen say that a side-saddle gives a more secure seat than a man's. To ride in a side-saddle is also a prettier attitude for a woman than to sit astraddle of her horse. In parts of the South of Europe women habitually bestride their mules and ponies, and the seat is ugly. If hunting-women find they neither look well nor go well on a man's saddle they will certainly abide by the side-saddle of their fore-mothers.

In the seventeenth century a great variety of masks were worn. Ladies who had "coraline" lips preferred them short, as was natural; for others, who wished to hide the lower part of the face, the mask was completed by a chin-piece of linen, which afterward passed under the chin and over the ears. In 1632, a new mask called the "mimi," from the Italian "mimics," was all the rage and threatened to usurp the place of the black one; it was even the cause of violent quarrels between the ladies who held to the latter and those who preferred the latest novelty. Some years later, it became the fashion to trim the upper part of the mask with a ruche of lace, to lengthen it with a beard of the same material, and even to cover it more or less with lace to the borders of the eye-holes. Young ladies of this period, however, frequently contented themselves with covering the face with a piece of black crape, for coquetry's sake and to appear the fairer.

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LITERARY NOTES.

Holiday Publications.

Irene E. Jerome's annual "gift book" is "Sun Prints in Sky Tints," a collection of selections from the poets which she has illustrated with bits of landscape and flower pieces. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Florence and Edith Scannell had a good idea when they conceived the Christmas in Many Lands Series. It is a set of four little books, each of which contains a story of Christmas in some foreign land—"Jean Noel," France; "Dulce's Promise," England; "The Little Musician," Italy; and "Lischen and the Fairy," Germany. Each volume is illustrated profusely in half-tone. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston; price, 50 cents each; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Original Papers: With a Portrait of the Lady," by Chester Bailey Fernald, is a novelette in a decidedly novel setting. It is a love story told in a series of letters, telegrams, and newspaper clippings. The story is fairly interesting, and its unfolding in the angular chirography of the heroine, the round hand of the young man, the type-written telegrams, and the clever fac-simile of the leading papers of San Francisco is ingenious and attractive. It is appropriately issued at this holiday season. Published and for sale by H. S. Crocker & Co., San Francisco; price, \$2.00.

A new edition has been issued of W. E. Brown's "Jack and Jill." To Mr. Brown's essay on the familiar nursery rhyme, his metrical versions of it as it might have been written by Tennyson, Buchanan, Read, Thomas Moore, Walt Whitman, Dobson, and Swinburne, and Thomas Hood's versions in two languages, is prefixed an introduction by Joaquin Miller, describing the Boys' Free Reading-Room of the Silver Street Free Kindergarten, illustrated by several full-page reproductions of photographs of scenes in the reading-room, for the benefit of which this new edition is published. It is a dainty book, entertaining in text, prettily illustrated by Elizabeth Curtis, and handsomely bound and printed. Published and for sale by William Doxey, San Francisco; price, \$2.50.

"The Fan Calendar," designed by Maud Humphrey, is a card in fan shape representing a feather fan, in the midst of which is a child's face, the calendar being on the reverse side. "The Fairy Calendar" consists of a dozen cards of quarto size, each showing a pretty picture of child-life, reproduced in colors from water-color designs by Miss Humphrey, with a calendar for the month in the corner of the field. "Kalendar of Beautie" is another set of cards, quarto size, each one of which bears the calendar of two months, with an appropriate design by Miss Humphrey, showing a Watteau dairy-maid or patched and powdered marquise in delicate colors. "The Ideal Calendar" is Miss Humphrey's master-effort of the season. Of the half-dozen large sheets on which the calendar is inscribed, each displays a large ideal head of a young girl, of matchless complexion and no expression at all. They are very prettily colored, and may be considered types of beauty of a kind. Published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York; price, 35 cents, \$1.50 \$1.50, and \$2.00, respectively; for sale by William Doxey, C. Beach, and A. M. Robertson.

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### LITERARY NOTES.

#### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The first book undertaken by the Authors' Club of New York is now in the press. It consists of contributions, presumably by members, in prose and in verse, each of which will be signed by its author with pen and ink. The decorative head-bands and tail-pieces will be specially designed for their places. Only two hundred and fifty-one copies will be printed and bound in a "style completely new and characteristically American." Subscriptions are set at one hundred dollars per copy.

Mme. Adelaide Ristori, the famous tragedienne, has written, for an Eastern magazine, two important autobiographical papers, in which she will tell "How I Became an Actress" and describe "The Methods of My Art."

Rudyard Kipling has written a fairy story which is to appear in an early issue of *St. Nicholas*. The leading cities of the United States will be described by well-known residents in a series of illustrated articles in *St. Nicholas* during the coming year. The poet, Stedman, will write of New York; Dr. Lyman Abbott of Brooklyn; T. W. Higginson of Boston; President D. C. Gilman of Baltimore, etc.

Mr. Grant Allen has been giving a lecture on "The Novel as She is Wrote," which contains some amusing information. It may be summarized as follows:

When the plot has been selected, the writer proceeds to elaborate it and spread it out thin over the requisite number of chapters. This requires the introduction of episodes, and he usually introduces twenty-six, one for each instalment. One well-known novelist writes his great scenes first—the scenes on which everything hinges—and afterward works backward to the chapters that lead up to them. In this way he is in no doubt as to the situation of the doors of the drawing-room or the precise date on which the murder was committed. The good, solid, domestic, bread-and-butter novelist writes straight ahead from the first chapter. The conscientious novelist—and there are such—writes skeleton chapters first and draws them gradually out, making the conversations and the episodes more life-like by constant addition. The most ordinary way of writing is to write all the chapters out tolerably fully at first, but without much attempt at literary style, and then to go over the whole ground piecemeal, making additions of the sort which give literary flavor to the composition. As for the humor, that is usually inserted afterward.

The authorities of the French navy propose to confer honor on the "Boy" who "stood on the burning deck." They are about to name a new torpedo-boat the *Luce de Casabianca*.

It is remembered of the late Thomas Adolphus Trollope that he said one day, with the honest frankness and simplicity which always characterized him: "My English novels I can not recommend; I know very little practically of English life; but all that I have written of Italy and Italians is worth reading." For over fifty years Trollope lived in Italy, and those Italian novels of his have undeniably a marvelous truth to life. It is to be hoped that some American publisher will be moved to issue editions of "Marietta," "Beata," and "Beppo."

The latest issue of D. Appleton & Co.'s *Monthly Bulletin* is an illustrated edition, handsomely printed and containing a number of portraits and other pictures from the books catalogued.

Sir Joseph Olliffe, whose papers are now believed to have been extensively used in the production of that much discussed work "The Englishman in Paris," was the original of the doctor in Daudet's "Nabob." With the Duc de Morny he founded Deauville, which, until the sea receded, was a formidable rival to Trouville.

The *Youth's Companion* announces that the prizes offered last year for the best serials have been awarded and paid as follows:

First prize, two thousand dollars, to Miss Amanda M. Douglas, New York, for a story entitled "Lary"; second prize, one thousand dollars, to Charles W. Clarke, Post Falls, Idaho, for "Armajo"; third prize, one thousand dollars, to Miss Edith E. Stowe (Pauline Wesley), New Haven, Conn., for "Cherrycroft"; fourth prize, one thousand dollars, to Miss M. G. McClelland, Norwood, Va., for "Sam."

The Council of the Society of Authors, of which Tennyson was president, have elected Mr. George Meredith as his successor.

M. Zola has accepted the proposals of the *London Weekly Times and Echo* for the serial rights in England of his forthcoming novel, "Dr. Pascal," and the English translation will commence publication in that journal simultaneously with the serial publication in Paris, toward the end of February next. The novel will, Zola says, be mainly "a story of the emotions."

The tenth volume of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" will shortly be published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, completing the work, which is the best in all respects of the smaller encyclopædies.

Many English post-offices have displayed signs this week, reading: "No More Shilling Postal Orders; All Sold." This is the latest effect of the "missing word craze" which has seized Britain, of which a *Sun* correspondent writes:

"One pool alone, that managed by *Pearson's Weekly*, received during a single week more than 217,000 shillings, each accompanied by a guess as to the missing word in a phrase printed the week before. The sentence occurred at the end of the paragraph describing the practice of the Romans, who, when they invaded Britain, are said to have beaten their bare legs with nettles in order to neutralize the effect of the cold. The closing sentence was: 'To our minds, such vigorous treatment hardly seems—' The \$34,000 in the pool was divided among the 370 individuals who sent in the word enjoyable, each receiving \$145 for one shilling risked. It looks like an easy trick, especially if one makes judicious use of a book of synonyms and sends

in fifteen or twenty words with as many shillings. The pool mentioned is but one of a dozen. The amount paid in for the current week will probably exceed \$125,000. Here is a great find, almost unknown a month or six weeks ago, suddenly developed into national importance. Already public moralists have raised a loud protest, and the big London dailies, which print carefully prepared race-tips every day, condemn the new craze on high moral grounds. The treasury has summoned one of the pool managers, the publisher of *Pick-Me-Up*, to answer in the police court for violation of the Lotteries Act. All the publishers running word-competitions will unite in the defense. Their main reliance is that competitions are contests of skill, not of chance. Mr. Asquith, Home Secretary, says that if the competitions are not pronounced illegal under the existing laws, he will ask Parliament for a special enactment prohibiting all prize competitions, which are now the chief features of cheap weeklies."

The prize of thirty thousand pesetas offered by the Spanish Government for the best history of Columbus and his voyages, to be written in connection with the centenary celebrations, has not been awarded. A "gratification" of one thousand pesetas has been given to a Belgian, and one of eight hundred pesetas to a Spaniard, both of whom vainly competed for the first prize.

Mr. Edmund Gosse's first romance, "The Secret of Narcisse," is, if we may believe English critics, a successful effort. It is a story of mediæval craftsmanship and superstition, the metal-working hero being burned as a dealer in "black magic" for inventing a musical skeleton.

Poulney Bigelow has entitled his forthcoming book "The Ragged Edges of the Czar's Empire."

The Appletons announce that a new novel by Paul Lindau, author of "Lace," will be published immediately in the Town and Country Library. The title is "Hanging Moss," and the story describes certain phases of social life in Berlin, with a change of scene to this country in the latter part of the book. They have nearly ready in one convenient volume a collection of the choicest specimen of English verse, entitled "Three Centuries of English Love Songs." The selection has been made by Ralph Caine, a brother of Hall Caine, the novelist, and will be presented in a dainty, specially bound volume, with a frontispiece after Angelica Kauffman.

Henry M. Stanley is said to be at work on an article on the slave trade in Africa.

The Treasury Department has instructed customs officers that foreign publications, issued at regular intervals, containing parts of several continued stories, which publications are unsuited for binding in book-form, may be admitted free of duty, as periodicals. Heretofore, these publications have been classified as printed matter, dutiable at the rate of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*.

#### Recent Fiction.

"Holiday Stories," by Stephen Fiske, contains eleven short stories, chiefly in a humorous vein. Published by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul.

"West and East," an Algerian romance by Laura Coates Reed, has been issued in the International Library published by Charles H. Sergel & Co., Chicago; price, 50 cents.

"Em," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, has been issued in the Choice Series published by Robert Bonner's Sons, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Silent Sea," a novel by Mrs. Alick Macleod, has been issued in the Franklin Square Library published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Mrs. Bligh," by Rhoda Broughton, is a novel of modern English life that will amuse if it does not instruct. The heroine is a widow who comes out second best in a desperate flirtation with a middle-aged sculptor and who is heart-broken when he proposes to and is accepted by a flighty young woman named Pamela. It all comes out right in the end, of course, but the reader of love-stories will enjoy the complications and incidents that precede the happy denouement. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"An Earthly Paragon," by Eva Wilder McGlasson, tells of an Ohio girl who goes to live in a mountainous Kentucky region where she is the intellectual superior of those about her. She wins a backwoods Apollo away from the physically beautiful but dull beauty he is engaged to, and then herself falls in love with a New Orleans lawyer, whom she eventually marries, while the pretty girl dies of a broken heart and the Apollo drowns his sorrow in "mountain dew." The heroine's character is well portrayed, and the story is generally one to be commended. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"Aladdin in London," by Fergus Hume, is a good story spoiled by being badly told. The hero, a young man in love and head over ears in debt, becomes possessed, by a strange combination of circumstances, of an Oriental ring which places him in command of twenty million pounds sterling. He can have in his own name only one thousand pounds at a time, but he marries the girl, settles an income of five thousand a year on her and two thousand a year on her father, and then embarks a million pounds in a conspiracy to restore a deposed princess to her throne. The political complications and the attempts of an enemy to secure possession of the ring produce an absorbing series of incidents, but the characters are







SOCIETY.

The Austin-Sesson Wedding.

A quiet wedding took place last Wednesday evening in Alameda, when Miss Mamie Sesson and Mr. Joseph Austin were united in marriage at the residence of the bride. The bride is the daughter of the late John Sesson and sister of Mr. William T. Sesson, of Fresno. The groom is one of the park commissioners, and has for many years held a responsible position with the Pacific Mail Company. Only a few friends witnessed the ceremony. Miss Lizzie Tilson was the bridesmaid and General K. P. Hammond acted as best man. The affair was celebrated in a most pleasant manner. Mr. and Mrs. Austin have gone to San Diego and other southern points on their wedding trip, and when they return will reside at 323 Page Street.

The wedding gifts were very valuable and handsome, some of the most noticeable of them being from Mr. and Mrs. A. Page Brown, and Mrs. C. W. McAfee, and Mrs. Edward Dalton, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Marks, Hon. W. W. Stow, Mr. John McLaren, General R. P. Hammond, Mr. Harold Wheeler, Mr. W. T. Sesson, and Mr. J. G. Sesson. Among those present at the wedding were:

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dalton, Mrs. Sesson, Miss Lizzie Tilson, Mr. W. T. Sesson, Mr. J. G. Sesson, Mr. George H. Sesson, Hon. W. W. Stow, Captain Henry Bingham, General J. Wall, General R. P. Hammond, Mr. Alexander Chisholm, Mr. John McLaren, Mr. Alexander Hay, Mr. A. H. Woods, Mr. J. W. Kea, and Mr. James W. Kelly.

The Beaver-Lovell Wedding.

Mr. George L. Beaver, son of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Beaver, of this city, was married on December 14th to Miss Ella Lovell, at the home of her father, Mr. I. J. Lovell, one of the pioneers of the Santa Clara Valley. Only the immediate relatives were present. After their return from a southern trip, Mr. and Mrs. Beaver will reside permanently at Longwood, Santa Clara, where Mr. Beaver has been engaged in fruit-culture for several years.

The Owen Lunch-Party.

The Misses Breeze, who returned about two months ago from a year's visit to the East and Europe, were the particularly honored guests at a lunch-party given last Wednesday by Miss Owen, at her residence, 2101 California Street. Everything pertaining to the affair was reminiscent of Mexico; the decorations displayed the warm glow of that sunny land, the music, by the Hungarian band, was characteristic, and the menu, which was served under Ludwig's direction, savored to a degree of the delicacies that that portion of the Latin race favors so much. Nothing was left undone to make the affair successful, and it certainly was as pleasant as it was unique. Those present were:

Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Chauncey K. Whitlow, Mrs. P. E. Bowles, Mrs. William C. Ralston, Mrs. E. R. Dimond, Miss Owen, Miss Breeze, Miss Louisa Breeze, Miss Mamie Deming, Miss Juliet Conner, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Hilda Castle, Miss Adeline Taylor, Miss Florine Brown, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Mamie Holbrook, Miss Minnie Houghton, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Knowles, Miss Dunham, and Miss Ducklee.

The Crocker Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker gave a very pleasant lunch-party, at her residence on Sutter Street, in honor of Mrs. F. L. Stedman, nee Deming, who is here on a visit to her relatives. The decorations of roses and chrysanthemums were arranged in exquisite taste, and the repast was a most delicious one. Those present were:

Mrs. Clark W. Crocker, Mrs. F. L. Stedman, Mrs. C. A. Sprickles, Mrs. W. C. Van Fleet, Mrs. Frederick H. Green, Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, Mrs. Charles O. Alexander, Mrs. Vail, Mrs. Charles N. Shaw, Mrs. Alfred B. Ford, Miss Jennie Hooker, Miss Carroll, Miss Deming, and Miss Breeze.

The Dooley Lunch-Party.

Miss Dooley gave a charming lunch-party last Tuesday at the home of her mother, Mrs. Zimmerman, on Sutter Street, in honor of Miss Jennie Catherwood. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers, and covers were laid for twelve at a handsomely appointed table. Those present were:

Miss Dooley, Miss Catherwood, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Walsh, Miss Rising, Miss Dean, Miss Clark, Miss Lillian O'Connor, Miss Naud O'Connor, Miss Garber, and Miss Findley.

The Hanlon Reception.

The Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon entertained several of their friends very pleasantly last Tuesday evening at their residence, 1627 Jackson Street. Music and conversation formed the pleasures of a delightfully passed evening. Mrs. Charles F. Hanlon and Miss Winnie Sherwood contributed several piano solos, Miss Calhoun recited, and Miss Maude Badlam, Miss O'Kane, Mr. Arthur Banks, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Dr. L. Neumann, and Mr. J. C. Dunphy were among those who sang, and all of the selections were enjoyed. Just previous to midnight a bounteous supper was served, and afterward a few dances were participated in. Among those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Hanlon, Colonel and Mrs. C. F. Hanlon, Misses Emelie and Josie Hanlon, Miss Scott, of New Orleans, Miss Maude Badlam, Miss Winnie Sherwood, Miss O'Kane, Miss Calhoun, Mr. J. Fred Burgin, Mr. Frank Bradford, Dr. L. Neumann, Mr. John N. Featherston, Dr. Titcomb, Mr. Willard, Mr. J. C. Dunphy, Mr. Robert A. Irving, Mr. John F. Hanlon, and others.

A Naval Breakfast.

Captain I. Tashiro, commanding the Japanese warship *Arango*, was tendered a complimentary breakfast by the officers of the United States steamer *Rush* on Monday. Covers were laid for ten, and the table was beautifully decorated with Japanese chrysanthemums. A delicious *déjeuner à la fourchette* was served at twelve o'clock and a most enjoyable time was spent. Those present were:

Captain I. Tashiro and Commander S. Miu, of the imperial Japanese navy, Consul L. Chiuda, Lieutenant J. H. Newcomb, Lieutenant J. C. Cantwell, Lieutenant J.

E. Reinburg, Chief-Engineer G. M. Robinson, Assistant-Engineer W. C. Myers, and Assistant-Engineer Eugene Vallat, Jr., all of the *Rush*.

The King Matinée Tea.

A delightful matinee tea was given by Mrs. Homer S. King last Thursday, at her home on Leavenworth Street, complimentary to Mrs. George B. Williams, of London, and Mrs. Curtis Hillyer, of New York. Only about one hundred friends were invited and they were, in the main, friends of the two visitors who thus were afforded a pleasant means of meeting them socially again. The hostess had the assistance in receiving of Miss Connors, Miss Burling, Miss Nellie Hillyer, Miss Hilda Castle, and Miss Cornwall. The guests enjoyed conversation, as they always do at such gatherings, and the musical selections of a string orchestra. In addition, however, there were a number of pleasant surprises. Miss Nora Connell was present and sang several times in her usual charming way, and Mrs. Frances Edgerton gave a number of recitations in a finished manner. Among them were "By the Turret Stair" and one of James Whitcomb Riley's compositions. Then Mr. Edmund Russell, the Delsartean exponent, was heard in Swinburne's "Faustine" and he acquitted himself as he always does. The affair was successful in every way.

The Theller Matinée Tea.

A particularly charming affair was the young ladies' tea given last Thursday afternoon by Miss Florence Theller at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Theller, 2026 Pacific Avenue. Miss Theller was assisted by Mrs. E. A. Theller, Mrs. C. H. Gardner, Miss Rambo, Miss Luty, Miss Weihe, and the Misses Hyde. Her guests were very pleasantly entertained, from four until six o'clock, with social chat and music, and light refreshments were served as desired. Among the ladies present were:

Mrs. Samuel Theller, Mrs. E. A. Theller, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mrs. Hugh Sims, Mrs. Stadfeldt, Mrs. Alpheus Bull, Jr., Mrs. T. E. Luty, Mrs. C. H. Gardner, Mrs. Florence Theller, Miss Whitrow, Misses Borel, Miss Wardwell, Miss Rambo, Miss Wheaton, Miss Edna Robinson, Miss Gottig, Miss Bowen, Miss Luty, Miss Weihe, Misses Hyde, Misses Wethered, Miss Mamie Brown, Misses Morrison, Miss Andruss, Miss Ver Mehr, Miss Norwood, Miss Palmer, Miss Martin, Miss Van Pelt, Miss Maude Magee, Miss Rossiter, and others.

Ernst H. Ludwig has discontinued catering for the San Francisco Verein, as his business requires all of his attention.

— IT IS AN EDIFYING SIGHT TO SEE THE HUNDREDS of children who go every day to The Maze, the great department store, corner of Market and Taylor Streets. Any one following their footsteps will see that they go immediately to the toy department, where they feast their eyes on the treasures stored there in such a tempting manner. Fathers and mothers now know that with toys, as well as with anything else, they can make a dollar count for more at The Maze than anywhere else in the city. The stock is all bright, new, and fresh, and no one can compete with them in prices. That is why The Maze is doing such an immense business in toys.

What Every Lady Should Know.

Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Strozynski! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell style. Great reduction in prices.

S. STROZYSKI,  
Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

— CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS THE latest novelties in English walking-gloves, hosiery, collars, and cuffs.

— MOET & CHANDON CHAMPAGNES ARE THE third on the list of importations into the United States.

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STILL HOLDS THE FIRST PLACE IN POPULAR FAVOR. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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A new, strictly first-class, family hotel now open. Sunny suites and rooms elegantly furnished. Cuisine and service unexcelled.

THE FAMOUS  
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Furnishes the most exquisite Music for

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Musical Director and Manager of the  
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Care of Sherman, Clay & Co.'s Music Store.

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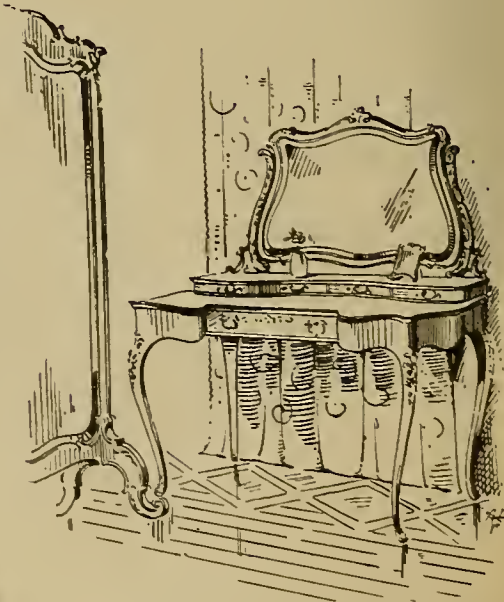
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GIVE  
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PRETTY PIECE  
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FOR A  
CHRISTMAS  
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IT MAKES  
HOME  
MORE  
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EVERYBODY  
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"HINTS ON  
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## SOCIETY.

## The Catherwood Tea.

The most brilliant affair of the week was the high tea that Mrs. Clara L. Catherwood gave last Wednesday at the Occidental Hotel in honor of her daughter, Miss Jennie Catherwood. The parlors of the hotel were utilized, owing to the fact that at her residence Mrs. Catherwood could not have entertained comfortably so many guests, and there were five hundred who called. The chandeliers, mirrors, and pictures were adorned with smilax and clusters of holly berries and red chrysanthemums tied with red silk ribbons, all of which produced a pretty effect.

Mrs. Catherwood appeared in an elegant princess robe of black velours de Lyons, made with a court-train and ornamented with rare point lace and diamonds. In receiving she was ably assisted by Mrs. W. H. L. Barnes, Mrs. Henry L. Dodge, Mrs. J. D. Fry, Mrs. Alexander Loughborough, the Hon. Mrs. Boyle, and Countess Fetics, all of whom were elegantly attired. Miss Catherwood wore a becoming gown of white silk, covered with white and gold net-work, and she had in her retinue a bevy of pretty assistants, comprising Miss Dooley, Miss Marie Zane, Miss Fanny Loughborough, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Miss Lillie Lawlor, Miss Manie Burling, Miss Laura McKinstry, Miss Gerald, Miss Mae Dimond, Miss Eleanor Dimond, Miss Ethel Smith, Miss Helen Smith, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Ethel Hooper, and Miss Bee Hooper.

The hostess and her daughter both possess in a high degree the faculty of entertaining. From four until seven o'clock the elder element predominated among the guests, and they met with cordial attention and generous hospitality. As by degrees they left the bright scene, their places were filled by the younger guests, and at eight o'clock the string orchestra in the hall played the first waltz. The parlor and the long corridors were canvased, and both were utilized by the dancers. A delicious supper was served throughout the evening. It was the original intention to have the affair terminate at nine o'clock, but two more hours of gayety were added, and it was not until eleven o'clock that adeux were said and the hostess and her fair daughter received the final congratulations of their well-pleased guests.

## The Fortnightly Club.

The members of the Fortnightly Club held their first meeting of this season last Wednesday evening, at the residence of Major and Mrs. J. L. Rathbone. The entertainment commenced with a series of tableaux, taken from illustrations in the *Paris Figaro*, in which the participants were Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mrs. Percy Moore, Mrs. Walter McGavin, and Mr. William Carrigan. Then Mr. Hallock played a cello solo which was followed by "Mrs. Jarley's Wax Works," a farce in which Mrs. Louis B. Parrott, Mr. J. B. Maillard, Mr. William Carrigan, Mr. Willis Polk, Mr. Percy Moore, and Mr. Harry Simpkins appeared. Then there was the march of the Amazons, by Mr. Maillard, Mr. Moore, Mr. Simpkins, Mr. Carrigan, Mr. Fay, and Mr. R. L. Coleman, who were attired as figures. Mr. Willis Polk appeared as the *première danseuse*, and danced most effectively. The entire performance was very laughable, and put every one in the best of humor. A delicious supper was served afterward. The next meeting will be at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre on December 28th.

## Notes and Gossip.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Miss Elise A. Kelly, of Mendocino County, to Mr. Louis P. Drexler, president of the California Jute Milling Company. The wedding will take place in January at the home of the young lady in Mendocino City.

The engagement is announced of Miss Leila Carroll and Mr. Adolph Scheld, both of Sacramento. They will be married prior to Lent.

Mrs. Russell B. Smith has announced the marriage of her daughter, Miss Blanche Beatrice Smith, to Dr. Bowditch Norton, which took place in New York city on Monday, December 5th.

The particular event of the coming week will be the second collation of the Friday Night Club. It will be a fancy dress, leap-year german, and the fair sex will hold full sway. Miss Emelie Hager will act as leader, and she will be assisted by Miss Sally Maynard and Miss McNutt. Gentlemen must wear either fancy dress or knee-breeches, but they will not be obliged to powder their hair. Army and naval officers are requested to appear in uniforms. As for the ladies, it is imperative that they shall wear fancy dress and have their hair powdered. Mr. Greenway states that no extra invitations will be issued, and that members must bring their cards of admission, as the doorkeeper will require them.

A hop will be given by the officers and ladies at the Presidio next Tuesday evening.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and Miss Hélène Berger will

give a reception, in their rooms at the Palace Hotel, on Monday evening, December 26th.

Miss Florence Weihe will give a matinee tea to-day (Saturday) at her residence on Jackson Street.

The members of the San Francisco Verein will give a ball on new-year's eve, and during the evening the German Theatre Company will produce a comedy.

A ball will be given at the Concordia Club on new-year's eve, and it is said that some novelties will be produced.

A ball will be given in Harmony Hall, Alameda, next Wednesday evening under the auspices of Mr. Henry Gutte and Mr. Harold Ward. The hostesses will be Mrs. A. H. Ward, Mrs. L. H. Bissell, and Mrs. Edward Maldonado.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rutherford gave a small but very pleasant dinner-party last Tuesday evening, at their residence, 1105 Bush Street, in honor of Mrs. F. L. Stedman.

Mrs. Selim E. Woodworth gave a delightful matinee tea last Monday at her residence, 2512 California Street. A large number of her friends called and were most pleasantly entertained in the prettily decorated parlors. Mrs. Woodworth was assisted in receiving and entertaining by Mrs. K. P. Schwerin, Mrs. William H. Ellicott, Miss Wethered, and Miss Gertrude Wilson.

The officers at Fort Mason gave a pleasant matinee tea last Thursday as a compliment to the officers of the Japanese man-of-war *Kongo*. The attendance was quite large and the affair was a perfect success in every way.

Mr. Callaghan Byrne gave a theatre-party to Miss Catherwood, last Monday evening, and had as his guests Miss Jennie Catherwood, Miss Laura McKinstry, Misses Smith, Mr. Duncan Hayne, Mr. W. S. McMurtry, and Mr. Leland S. Lathrop.

The guests at The Colonial enjoyed an informal hop at the hotel last Wednesday evening, which was delightful in every particular.

A paper tea will be given next Monday afternoon and evening by the young ladies of Trinity Home Circle, at the Home, 1611 Bush Street. There will be an excellent musical programme under the direction of Mr. H. J. Stewart, organist of Trinity Church, and the entrance fee of fifty cents will include refreshments. Mrs. Mary Wynne Williams, Miss Alice Ames, Miss Vassault, Miss Huntsman, and other musicians will appear.

The Occidental Kindergarten will hold its Christmas festival this (Saturday) afternoon, in Union-Square Hall.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William G. Irwin arrived here on Wednesday from Honolulu, and, after remaining here a short time, will go to New York city to attend the wedding of Miss Ivers and Mr. Robinson.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Howard have returned from their San Mateo villa, and will reside during the winter at 2709 Sacramento Street. Mrs. Howard will receive on Wednesdays.

Mrs. Henry Wetherbee has closed her residence in Fruit Vale, and will pass the winter at the Palace Hotel.

Mrs. William T. Ellis and Miss Hope Ellis came down from Marysville last Tuesday, and are at the Palace Hotel for the season.

Dr. Martin Regensburger has returned from his Eastern trip.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury will leave for an Eastern visit to-day.

Mrs. Charles Sonntag has returned from a prolonged tour of Europe, and is at the Palace Hotel.

Misses Lucy and Adelaide Upton are here from Sacramento on a visit to Mrs. Charles Felden.

Mrs. Frank McLaughlin and Miss Agnes McLaughlin left last Thursday to pass several weeks in the Eastern States. Colonel Edward A. Belcher has returned from the North-West, and will resume the practice of the law.

Miss Scott, of New Orleans, who with her invalid sister, who has been passing about six months here and in San Rafael, will return to her home to-day.

Miss Winnie Sherwood has been over from Alameda during the past week, visiting the Misses Hanlon.

Mrs. John Boggs has returned from a two months' visit to the East, leaving her daughter at school in Boston. Mr. and Mrs. Boggs have transferred the lease of the house they occupied on Jackson Street to Mr. Hugh Tevis, and will pass the winter at a down-town hotel.

Mrs. Francis Blake, Miss Alice Blake, Mrs. Walter D. Witham, Miss Ethel Pomroy, and Mr. E. B. Pomroy left last Saturday for Honolulu on the steamer *Monowai*, and will be away a couple of months.

Mr. Huddart, who has been visiting Mrs. Eugene B. Gibbs in Detroit, is expected back in about a week.

Mr. M. H. de Young returned from the East last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Tevis have been passing a couple of weeks at Palm Springs, in San Diego County.

Mr. Everett N. Bee returned from Central America last Monday after an absence of two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Elsie Hecht will leave Coronado Beach in a few days to pass a week in Los Angeles.

Mr. Robert A. Irving returned last Tuesday from a pleasant visit to Riverside, Los Angeles, and Coronado Beach. Mr. Frank S. Johnson went to New York last Thursday on a month's visit.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Miller, of Oakland, are at the St. James Hotel, in Jacksonville, Fla.

Miss Etta Birdsall, of Sacramento, is in Rome, Italy.

Mr. W. V. Huntington is at the Gilsey House, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter McG. McBean are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. Archibald J. S. McBean, who are here on a visit from the East.

Mr. F. I. Vassault, who has been in Tacoma for two years past, returned to San Francisco on Friday with the intention of residing here permanently.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, *né* Hooker, will receive on Wednesdays in January at their residence, 2509 Washington Street.

Miss Julia Peyton, of Santa Cruz, has been passing the week here as the guest of Miss Kate Jarboe. Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Treat, *né* Bosque, will reside at 182 Broadway.

Mr. Henry L. Dodge has returned from a visit to the East.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Stetson and Mr. and Mrs. Robert Oxnard have returned from a tour through the Eastern and Southern States.

Mr. Joseph Livingston and Mr. Jesse Wasserman are in Paris, where they will pass the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Son have moved into their new residence on Broadway near Webster Street. Mr. Son will go East Tuesday on a month's visit.

Miss Ruth Ryan has returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Ada Eush at her home in Redding.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Suro will leave for the East in time to reach New York city on January 2d.

Mrs. George W. Handy, wife of the late Dr. Handy, of Oakland, is at the Palace Hotel for the winter. Her daughter, Miss Georgia E. Handy, is with her, and will remain here until after the holidays.

Mrs. E. D. Murphy and Miss Evelyn Murphy will leave San José to-day to make a prolonged tour of the East.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head are staying at the Hotel Brunswick in New York city.

Mr. Richard Tobin was one of the guests at the high tea given last week by Mrs. Brander Matthews at her residence, 125 East Eighteenth Street, New York city.

Hon. Charles N. Felton is at the Windsor House in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Foster have returned from a pro-

longed visit to New York, Boston, and other Eastern cities. They will reside during the winter at 1001 Pine Street.

Miss George Masten, Miss Grace Thorne, and Miss Ruth Benson have returned from a pleasant visit to Miss Evelyn Murphy, in San José.

Mrs. L. S. Peace and Miss Peace returned last Wednesday from their Eastern and European trip.

Mrs. A. H. Rutherford left last Thursday for Sacramento to visit Mrs. J. B. Wright, who is quite ill.

Miss Mabel Love is now convalescing after her recent illness.

Miss Grace M. Spencer, of San José, has gone to Santa Barbara to join her father, Judge F. E. Spencer, who is there for the benefit of his health.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Upham are passing the winter at the Palace Hotel and will receive on the first and third Mondays of each month.

General John H. Dickinson and Captain Dougherty, U. S. A., of Angel Island, left last Wednesday to enjoy duck-shooting at Foulton Island for a few days.

Mr. J. D. Sherwood, of Spokane, is at the Palace Hotel where he will pass the winter with his mother and sister.

Mrs. Walter G. Anderson is visiting her mother in Portland, Ore., and will be away until after the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hielendal will pass the Christmas holidays at Monterey.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

Commander J. S. Skerrett, U. S. N., has been detached from duty as commanding of the navy yard at Washington, D. C., and ordered to command the Pacific Station.

Paymaster G. H. Read, U. S. N., has been detached from duty in New York and ordered to the *Marion*, which is at the Asiatic Station. He will leave here December 24th.

Dr. and Mrs. C. F. Stokes, U. S. N., *né* Birmingham, are in Yokohama.

Mr. Solon Arnold, U. S. N., of the *Mohican*, was married on December 15th to Miss Anita Campbell, youngest daughter of Mr. George J. Campbell, of Vallejo. The wedding took place at the home of the bride's father, and was delightfully celebrated. Chaplain Lewis, of Mare Island, officiated.

A recent musical living chess tournament showed the kings and queens in gorgeous costumes—exact reproductions of the Tudor period. The kings were in crimson satin and gold and white and gold, respectively, with gold crowns and sceptres; the queens wore petticoats of gold brocade, with court trains of white and of crimson. The bishops were in white and red satin, with long copes and mitres and bishop's crooks. The castles and pawns were in similar style, crimson and white, with gold and silver caps. As a spectacle, living chess is more attractive than living whist (says the *New York Times*), the intricacies of the latter game not being so amenable to representation as those of the former. Slow, stately movement to minut music is permissible at the chess delineations, making a succession of beautiful tableaux entirely intelligible to the progress of the game. Actually to follow the play at a living whist game would take the skill of Hoyle, Pole, and Cavendish combined.

## Suggestions for the Holidays.

You certainly have some relative or particular friend whom you intend favoring with a Christmas gift. That point established, the question then arises: "What shall the present be?" The solution of it is simple. Go to the beautiful store of Sanborn, Vail & Co., on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue, and secure the confidence of one of their many courteous salesmen, and it will take you but a few minutes to select your gift. If your taste inclines toward the artistic, you will be shown some lovely etchings, oil-paintings, or water-colors in frames that harmonize with the subjects and at prices that will harmonize with your purse. Then there are some very pretty and useful little articles that a lady can present to a gentleman to beautify his office-desk.

We refer now to calendar-frames, stamp-boxes, inkstands, and photograph-frames in the new style of silver-work.

Fine leather goods in the way of card-cases and purses are seen in the show-cases in infinite variety, as also are some handsome manure sets of fashionable design. These are all articles that ladies fairly yearn for, and the prices are very reasonable. As an ornament for a lady's dressing-room nothing could be better than a triplicate mirror. They are finished in beautiful enamel work and are a most useful addition to the boudoir. A few words must be said about the unusually fine stock of pier and mantel mirrors that Sanborn, Vail & Co., display. They have them in all sizes and in frames from the most modest description to the most elegant gilt work that artists are capable of executing.

## Fine Examples of Sculpture.

There is nothing within the province of art that is more beautiful than a finely executed piece of statuary, and the Roman and Florentine work is recognized as the best. Unfortunately there has been a scarcity here of the products of the noted sculptors of Italy; but this want has been filled by the arrival of twenty cases of statuary, consigned to S. & G. Gump, which they are exhibiting in their art-rooms, 1123 Geary Street. They come direct from the ateliers of the most famous sculptors of Rome and Florence, and were executed by such artists as Andreoni, Baschi, Lapani, and others of prominence. Among this notable collection is "The Rape of the Sabines," "The Kose of Sharon," "Venus Arising from the Sea," and other busts, groups, and statuettes that form a most artistic ensemble.

## The Latest Discovery and Craze in Paris.

Gray hair restored to all shades; perfectly harmless. Face cream, powder, and lotion, indorsed by Dr. Dennis of this city; also the only emporium for "Henna leaves and powder" to produce red, disb thing in hair. Great reduction in prices at Strozynski's, cor. of Ellis and Leavenworth Streets. Open evenings.

## Morris &amp; Kennedy

Have a very choice collection of California Souvenirs suitable for Christmas Presents—Old Missions, Small Water-Colors, etc. Nos. 19 and 21 Post St. Open evenings.

—CROSSE & BLACKWELL'S JAMS, IN ONE POUND glass jars, still take the lead. These goods are guaranteed to be made from selected fresh fruits and pure refined sugar only.

—HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW BAGDAD SILK scarfs in Persian designs? Carmany, 25 Kearny Street, has them.

## MANLY PURITY

To cleanse the blood, skin, and scalp of every eruption, impurity, and disease, whether simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or ulcerative, no agency in the world is so speedy, economical, and unfailing as the



## CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier and greatest of humor remedies. In a word, they are the greatest skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies of modern times, and may be used in the treatment of every humor and disease, from eczema to scrofula, with the most gratifying and unfailing success. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston. "How to Cure Blood Humors" mailed free.

PIMPLES, blackheads, red, rough hands and falling hair cured by CUTICURA SOAP.



## RHEUMATIC PAINS

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatic, sciatic, hip, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weaknesses. Price, 25c.



## CHAMPAGNE

KRUG & CO.

"PRIVATE CUVÉE."

In Quarts and Pints.

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## HELLMANN BROS. &amp; CO.

Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,

Telephone No. 414. 525 FRONT ST., S. F.

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-:- The Leading Jewelers -:-

128 KEARNY STREET, THURLOW BLOCK.

No Imitation Goods Sold.

Open Evenings During December. See Their Holiday Novelties.

## PERCY L. DAVIS &amp; CO.

Fine Art Auctioneers, 110 Montgomery St.

## Holiday Goods

## AT AUCTION.

A Rare Chance to Purchase Holiday Presents at Your Own Price.

OVER \$100,000 WORTH

—OF—

Japanese Curios, Fine French Novelties, Parisian Opera-Glasses, Bique and Terra Cotta Figures, etc.

33 Sales Daily at 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.

Chairs provided for ladies, who are especially invited. Sale is preemptory; no reserve or limit.

## Holiday Gifts!

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL,

AT

## Extremely Low Prices

House Coats,

Gowns, Bath Robes,

Traveling Shawls,

Rugs, Satchels,

Imported Neckwear, Hosiery,

Mufflers, Reefers,

Handkerchiefs, Plain or Initial,

Silk or Linen,

Suspenders,

Full Dress Shirts and Bows,

Umbrellas,

Initial and Plain Handkerchiefs,

Silk and Linen,

—AT THE—

Leading Establishment.

## ROOS BROS.

27 to 37 KEARNY



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



OLD FAVORITES.

HOOSIER VERSE BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

The Step-Mother.

First she come to our house,  
Tommy run and hid;  
And Emily and Bob and me  
We cried jus' like we did  
When Mother died—and we all said  
'At we all wish' 'at we was dead!

And Nurse she couldn't stop us,  
And Pa he tried and tried—  
We sobbed and shook and wouldn't look,  
But only cried and cried;  
And nen some one—we couldn't jus'  
Tell who—was cryin' same as us!

Our Step-mother! Yes, it was her,  
Her arms around us all—  
'Cause Tom slid down the hannister  
And peeked in from the hall.  
And we all love her, too, because  
She's part nigh good as Mother was!

The Raggedy Man.

O, The Raggedy Man! He works fer Pa;  
An' he's the goodest man ever you saw!  
He comes to our house every day,  
An' waters the horses, an' feeds 'em hay;  
An' he opens the shed—an' we all ist laugh  
When he drives out our little old whubble-y calf;  
An' nen—ef our hired girl says he can—  
He milks the cow fer 'Lizahuth Ann,  
Ain't he a' awful good Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

W'y, The Raggedy Man—he's ist so good  
He splits the kindlin' an' chops the wood;  
An' nen he spades in our garden, too,  
An' does most things 'at boys can't do.  
He clumbed clean up in our big tree  
An' shook a' apple down fer me—  
An' nother'n', too, fer 'Lizahuth Ann—  
An' nother'n', too, fer The Raggedy Man.  
Ain't he a' awful kind Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

An' The Raggedy Man, he knows most rhymes  
An' tells 'em, ef I he good, sometimes:  
Knows 'bout Giants, an' Griffuns, an' Elves,  
An' the Squidgum-Squees 'at swallows themselves!  
An', wite hy the pump in our pasture-lot,  
He showed me the hole 'at the Wunks is got,  
'At lives 'way deep in the ground, an' can  
Turo into me, er 'Lizahuth Ann!  
Ain't he a funny old Raggedy Man?  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

The Raggedy Man—one time when he  
Was makin' a little bow'n'-orry fer me,  
Says "When you're hig like your Pa is,  
Air you go to keep a fine store like his—  
An' be a rich merchant—an' wear fine clothes!—  
Er what air you go to, be goodness knows!"  
An' nen he laughed at 'Lizahuth Ann,  
An' I says "I go to be a Raggedy Man!—  
I'm ist go to be a nice Raggedy Man!"  
Raggedy! Raggedy! Raggedy Man!

Like his Mother Used to Make.

"I was born in Indiana," says a stranger, lank and slim,  
As us fellers in the restaurant was kindo' guyin' him,  
And Uncle Jake was slidin' him another punkin pie  
And a' extry cup o' coffee, with a twinkle in his eye—  
"I was born in Indiana—more'n forty years ago—  
And I hain't ben back in twenty—and I'm workin' back-  
'ards slow;  
But I've et in ever' restaurant twist here and Santy Fee,  
And I want to state this coffee tastes like gittin' home, to  
me!

"Pour us out another, Daddy," says the feller, warmin'  
up,  
A-speakin' 'cross a saucerful, as Uncle tuk his cup—  
"When I seed yer sign out yander," he went on, to Uncle  
Jake—

"Come in and git some coffee like yer mother used to  
make!—  
I thought of my old mother, and the Posey county farm,  
And me a little kid again, a-hangin' in her arm,  
As she set the pot a-hillin', broke the eggs and poured 'em  
in!—

And the feller kindo' halted, with a trinkle in his chin:  
And Uncle Jake he fetched the feller's coffee hack, and  
stood

As solemn, fer a minute, as a' undertaker would;  
Then he sorto' turned and tiptoed to'rds the kitchen door  
—and next,

Here come his old wife out with him, a-rubbin' of her  
specs—  
And she rushes fer the stranger, and she hollers out, "It's  
him!"

Thank God we've met him comin'!—Don't you know yer  
mother, Jim?"

And the feller, as he grabbed her, says: "You bet I  
hain't forgot—  
But, 'wipin' of his eyes, says he, "yer coffee's mighty  
hot!"

The Old Swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! where the creek so still and  
deep  
Looked like a baby-river that was laying half asleep,  
And the gurgle of the water round the drift just below  
Sounded like the laugh of something we onct ust to know  
Before we could remember anything but the eyes  
Of the angels lookin' out as we left Paradise;

But the merry days of youth is beyond our control,  
And it's hard to part forever with the ole swimmin'-hole.  
Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the happy days of yore,  
When I ust to lean above it on the old sickamore,  
Oh! it showed me a face in its warm sunny tide  
That gazed back at me so gay and glorified,  
It made me love myself, as I leaped to carass

My shadder smilin' up at me with such tenderness.  
But then days is past and gone, and old Time's tuk his  
toll  
From the old man come back to the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! In the long, lazy days  
When the humdrum of school made so many runaways,  
How ple'sant was the jurney down the old dusty lane,  
Where the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plane  
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole  
There was lots o' fun on hands at the old swimmin'-hole.  
But the lost joys is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll  
Like the rain that ust to dapple up the old swimmin'-hole.

Thare the bullrushes growed, and the cattails so tall,  
And the sunshine and shadder fell over it all;  
And it mottled the water with amber and gold  
Tel the glad lillies rocked in the ripples that rolled;  
And the snake-feeder's four gauzy wings fluttered by  
Like the ghost of a daisy dropped out of the sky,  
Or a wounded apple-blossom in the breeze's control  
As it cut across some orchard to'rds the old swimmin'-hole.

Oh! the old swimmin'-hole! When I last saw the place,  
The scenes was all changed, like the change in my face;  
The bridge of the railroad now crosses the spot  
Where the old divin-log lays sunk and forgot.  
And I stray down the hanks where the trees ust to be—  
But never again will they shade shelter me!  
And I wish in my sorrow I could strip to the soul,  
And dive off in my grave like the old swimmin'-hole.

When the Frost is on the Punkin.

When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the  
shock,  
And you hear the kyooock and gobble of the struttin' turkey-  
cock,  
And the clackin' of the guineys, and the cluckin' of the  
hens,  
And the rooster's hallylooyer as he tiptoes on the fence;  
O then's the times a feller is a-feelin' at his best,  
With the risin' sun to greet him from a night of peaceful  
rest,  
As he leaves the house, hare-headed, and goes out to feed  
the stock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the  
shock.

They's something kindo' harty-like about the atmosphere  
When the heat of summer's over and the coolin' fall is  
here—  
O! course we miss the flowers, and the blossoms on the  
trees,  
And the mumble of the hummin'-birds and huzzin' of the  
bees;  
But the air's so appetizin'; and the landscape through the  
haze  
Of a crisp and sunny morning of the airy autumn days  
Is a pictur' that no painter has the colorin' to mock—  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the  
shock.

The husky, rusty russel of the tassels of the coro,  
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;  
The stubble in the furries—kindo' lonesome-like, but still  
A-preachin' sermons to us of the harms they growed to fill;  
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;  
The hoeses in their stalls below—the clover overhead!—  
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the  
shock!

Then your apples all is gethered, and the ones a feller keeps  
is poured around the cellar-floor in red and yellor heaps;  
And your cider-makin' over, and your wimmern-folks is  
through

With their mince and apple-butter, and theyr souse and  
sausage, too!—  
I don't know how to tell it—but ef sich a thing could be  
As the Angels wantin' hoardin', and they'd call around on  
me—

I'd want to 'commodeate 'em—all the whole-indurin' flock,  
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the  
shock!

Little Orphant Annie.

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,  
An' wash the cups an' saucers up, an' brush the crumbs  
away,  
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth, an'  
sweep,  
An' make the fire, an' hake the bread, an' earn her board-  
an'-keep;  
An' all our other children, when the supper things is done,  
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun  
A-list'nin' to the witch-tales 'at Annie tells about,  
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

Onct they was a little boy wouldn't say his prayers—  
An' when he went to bed at night, away up stairs,  
His Mammy heered him holler, an' his Daddy heered him  
hawl,  
An' when they turn't the kivvers down, he wasn't there at  
all!  
An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole, an'  
press,

An' seeked him up the chimbley-blue, an' ever'where, I  
cussed;  
But all they ever found was thist his pants an' round-  
about—  
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,  
An' make fun of ever' one, an' all her blood an' kin;  
An' onct, when they was 'my company,' an' ole folks was  
there,

She mocked 'em an' shock'd 'em, and said she didn't care!  
An' that as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an'  
hide,  
They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her  
side,

An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore she knowed  
what she's about!  
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you

Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,  
An' the lamp-wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!  
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,  
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—  
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an'  
dear,  
An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's  
tear,

An' he's the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,  
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

COMMUNICATIONS.

Joaquin Miller on Byron.

SAN MATEO, December 6, 1892.

EDITORS ARGONAUT: When one poet writes about an-  
other, especially in a friendly way, we have a right  
to expect accuracy of statement, at least; but this is  
wanting in the article, recently published in one of  
the papers of this city, by Joaquin Miller, on Lord  
Byron, and headed "Some New Light on the Poet's  
Character." I am an admirer of Joaquin Miller, have  
read his poetry, and think most highly of some of it. There  
is a passage in "The Last of the Chastats" equal, I think,  
to anything in the descriptive line written by Byron himself.  
I refer to the passage—the hook I have not at hand—where  
the how is twanged and the arrow which kills is shot from  
the departing blood, and the sea, "with mouth a-foam,"  
laps up the blood—(I wish you would give the quotation  
here). But when Mr. Miller tells us he has made his home  
at Newstead Abbey, and occupied the very rooms and hed  
which the dead poet occupied, and which no one else has  
ever done, we naturally make up our mouths, as Dean  
Swift would say, for something new and dainty, touching  
so interesting a subject. But now comes the disappoint-  
ment. Many of the statements which follow are incoherent,  
and, I fear, wholly unreliable. "Annesley Hall," the home  
of Mary Chaworth, and a theme of Byron's poetry, is  
called "Annersley Hall" five times in the course of the  
article. We are told that "his autobiography—huge pile  
—was burned by Moore." Now, the fact is, Moore did  
not burn the autobiography, though he was present when  
it was burned in the grate in John Murray's parlor.  
Murray, who had advanced Moore three thousand guineas  
on the work, was in possession of the manuscript; and a  
meeting, attended by Hohhouse, Mrs. Leigh (the poet's  
sister), Thomas Moore, and John Murray, the publisher,  
was held on a Sunday morning in Murray's house in  
London, and then there the autobiography was con-  
signed to the flames. The money was returned to Murray,  
but I have the impression that it was made good to Moore.

Though the loss of that work to the world must be very  
great, the blame of it is not wholly, if at all, chargeable to  
Moore. Byron's friend, John Cam Hohhouse, to whom the  
last canto of "Childe Harold" is so touchingly and affec-  
tionately dedicated, and his sister, Augusta Leigh, must have  
had weighty reasons for wishing the destruction of the  
autobiography, or else it surely would have been preserved.  
Joaquin Miller says: "The wicked Lord Byron killed his  
coachman, and was sentenced to be hanged for it"; and,  
again, "Here on the wall" (Annesley Hall) "hangs the  
rusty old sword with which one of the Lords Byron killed a  
Musters." This is turning history upside down and making  
a mess of it. Never a coachman was a Musters was killed  
by the Lords Byron, but a Mr. Chaworth—an ancestor of  
Mary's—was killed in a duel by a Lord Byron, but in such  
a way as to cast a stain upon his name, though he was tried  
and acquitted by the House of Lords.

The first Musters whose name appears in the chronology  
of the Byrons is John, who married Mary Chaworth, and  
thereafter her home had been so delightful a place to the  
poet, became the "Hills of Annesley, bleak and barren,"  
and he went abroad, singing that no eye would weep for  
him, but "still he loved, and loved but once." The story  
of the moat and its maltreatment of Mrs. Musters (Byron's  
Mary) is new to me, and with all proper deference to the  
Poet of the Sierras, I am inclined to doubt its authenticity.  
Byron outlived Mary; and, if such a thing had hap-  
pened, he surely would have written about it. He does  
say, speaking of their ill-starred marriages—she with  
Musters, and he with Millbank—that they ended "one  
in madness, both in misery." Mrs. Musters evidently  
went mad; but, has been caused by the circumstance  
related by Mr. Miller, I think Byron would have dealt with  
the subject. We know she had children. Byron has told  
of one—the first, that he himself saw—in the pathetic lines  
commencing "Well, thou art happy, and I feel thus that I  
should be happy too," and

"When late I saw thy favorite child  
I thought my jealous heart would break;  
But when the unconscious infant smiled,  
I kissed it for its mother's sake—  
Its father in its face to see,  
But then it hath its mother's eyes  
And they were all to love and me."

As to the poet's morality, which Mr. Miller would uphold  
upon grounds—well, I think it were idle to discuss that  
question now. The gladiators—religious and in that speech  
of his period had had their day in court, and who knows now  
or cares for what they said? The sparrow-hawks and mous-  
ing owls might vex, but could not impede the flight of the  
eagle.

But it can be said of Byron that he was as moral as the  
class to which he belonged; and, as one of the giants who  
make their own codes, he was as moral as Shakespeare, as  
Goethe, or as Voltaire, and far above Rousseau, who, ac-  
cording to his own confessions, was a despicable creature.  
In reviewing the life of Byron, Macaulay says: "We  
know of no spectacle so ridiculous as the British public in  
try of which it has been said that wherever literature con-  
fesses sorrow or assuages pain, wherever it brings gladness  
to eyes which fail with wakefulness and tears and ache for  
the dark house and the long sleep—there is exhibited, in its  
noblest form, the immortal influence of Athens."

F. McC.

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 The Jungle Kingdoms of India. I. The War between Man and Beast. II. Characteristics of the Conflict. III. Snakes. By Sir Edwin Arnold.

### The World's Fair.

Col. George R. Davis, the Director-General of the Fair, has promised to contribute articles, and Mrs. Potter Palmer will describe the proposed "Children's Palace." THE COMPANION will also have special correspondents at the Fair. Among the subjects to be treated are:

How to Economize Time and Money.  
 How to Prepare for a Visit to the Fair.  
 What can best be Seen in a Given Time.

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How to See St. Paul's Cathedral; by The Dean of St. Paul.  
 How to See Westminster Abbey. The Dean of Westminster.  
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# to 1893

## THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

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Flies are a very active medium of communicating cholera, according to the report of the Hamburg Medical Society. Nine flies were captured which had been in contact with infected cholera material, and were placed in flasks containing nutrient gelatine. In six of the nine vessels numerous colonies of comma bacilli were successfully cultivated—of course from the infection conveyed by the flies. The possibility, therefore, of falling a victim to cholera in this way is by no means small.

A German newspaper lately contained this announcement: "I hereby declare, since the written notice of the eighth of August, 1892, and notwith-

standing her refusal to accept the same, my betrothal with Fraulein Emma Ziegler is null and void.—RICHARD JÖRK." In the next number of the paper, the following appeared: "I hereby declare that with respect to the advertisement of the annulment of my betrothal, written and proclaimed, with Herr Jörk, I do not agree. I am and still intend to remain his betrothed.—EMMA ZIEGLER."

The French royalist ladies do not like the idea of baving, when invited by the Comte and Comtesse de Paris on visits of three days to Stowe, in England, to take six dressy dresses with them. Three of the toilets are to be worn in the daytime at the rate of

one a day, and three in the corresponding evenings.

The vexed question of marriage in the Sultan's army has been finally settled by the minister of war, who has made the arbitrary ruling that a lieutenant may have one wife, a captain two, a commander three, and a colonel or officer of a higher rank four, which is the maximum number.

Relics of distinguished criminals or of particularly horrible crimes command a high price in the market for such curios. The manager of Mme. Tussaud's

says that he paid \$2,800 for Deeming's kitchen at Dinham Villa and almost as much for some relics of Mrs. Pearcey.

The people of Maine, at the last election, adopted an amendment to their constitution requiring hereafter an educational qualification as a prerequisite to the right to vote. One result of this is already seen in the manufacturing cities in the crowded attendance at the evening free schools.

An Oklahoma man, who was playing, became so excited upon finding that





Despite the fact that Théophile Gautier said "an actress with a husband was like a rose with a caterpillar," it has become greatly the fashion of late for the female stars of the drama to take unto themselves husbands—and not only that, but to take husbands from the ranks of mere, every-day business men, who do not know Mercutio from Robert Macaire.

Star no longer mates with star. One selects its partner from the ranks of the men of law, one sets its heart upon a maker of beer—good Milwaukee beer, but beer nevertheless—and one lures down from the shining heights a member of the Four Hundred. The lawyer and the brewer have taken their roses away with them to an environment of gentle domesticity—but the member of the Four Hundred lets his beautiful Rose of Sharon bloom for the admiration of Jewry.

Two aching voids were left on the stage when Agnes Huntington and Margaret Mather left it. Mrs. Seligman-Cutting did her best to repair these vacancies by inducing her statuesque spouse to adopt the stage. There is a good deal of Mr. Cutting, but not enough to fill the empty niches left by the brides of the lawyer and the brewer. He may be as handsome as Narcissus and as tall as Chang, the Chinese giant; he may be a member of the Knickerbocker Club and have genuine great-grandparents; but he can not sing "Paul Jones" or act "Leah the Forsaken."

Miss Huntington's husband has, it is said, removed her forever from the stage. Mr. Pabst has taken his Margaret and hidden her far from the maddening crowd in the ancestral halls of his brewery. Neither of these ladies, so they say, will ever again delight appreciative audiences—unless they divorce their lords like Fanny Kemble and Ellen Terry, who walked off one day and left Watts, her artist husband, undisturbedly painting among his sad-colored Eurydices and pale-green goddesses with orange hair.

But there is a difference in the deep damnation of their taking off. Miss Huntington left the stage in her prime—not alone of years, but of popularity. She was good to look at; she could sing. She was mounting the ladder when marriage wafted her away to undistinguished domestic seclusion. On the other hand, Miss Mather had, as the French say, "fait sa Russie." She was a brilliant instance of what may be done by advertising and a clever manager. Miss Mather acted Juliet for over a year before any one discovered that she could not do it. The world held her talents high for a long time. Now, for several years, it has been learning to hold them at their correct valuation.

This season she played to empty houses. When this happens to the French actresses, they go to Russia. Russia will, apparently, welcome any sort of broken-down star. It is a very convenient country to have at one's elbow. The American actress, her popularity waning, either retires and lives on the memories of her *beaux jours*, or she marries Mr. Pabst. Happy the actress who has a Mr. Pabst! Peace to her dramatic ashes! Previously, Miss Mather had married the leader of her orchestra; but this venture not being a success, they were divorced.

Mrs. Seligman-Cutting's course was original and daring. Her young Apollo, reft from the arms of his nurse and his mamma, was not a man whose mental brilliancy would ever illuminate the world. But Mrs. Seligman knew that, as an object of public curiosity, the value of a member of the Four Hundred would be greater than that of one of Stanley's pignions or the Kohinoor diamond. She had the business instincts of her race. She did not wish to hide her six feet four inches of patrician husband in a cross-town flat or a hotel suite. He was as permissible an exhibit as a three-legged hen or the blossom of a century plant.

The majority of actresses married to men who are not actors are like the immortal Fotheringay—contented to become ladies of fashion. The Fotheringay, with her beautiful, tragic face and her commonplace, stupid mind, became Lady Mirabel, and the only trouble of her after life was in getting her *h's* on the right words and concealing her father from her illustrious friends. And so it is with the others. Edith Kingdon, the charming actress with the quiver, husky voice and the rosy, Spanish eyes, has disappeared in Mrs. George Gould, the wife of a millionaire and the head of a great establishment. Annie Roby was once the leading lady at Wallack's. She was a lovely, tall, English girl, with thick, blonde hair, and a figure that had a sort of attractive anomaly about it—if such a thing is possible. She married Mr. Griswold, with lots of money. You may see her now and then on Broadway, dressed to

perfection, her blonde hair shining under a Virot hat, not a suggestion of the actress about her, unless in the perceptible powder lying thick on the bridge of her nose.

But you can not imagine a great actress—an actress born—settling down to the life of society—to a winter of five-o'clock teas and eight-o'clock dinners. You can not imagine Sarah Bernhardt becoming a fine lady, in tight-waisted, conventional splendor, with a crest and a visiting-list. Her crest will always be the tragic mask, with diamond eyes, that she adopted with the careless insolence of genius. Her visiting-list—if she ever had such a thing—would probably include the sort of people that Thackeray said Becky Sharpe was fond of herding with in her vagabond days, and that he described as of a nature "to make your hair stand on end."

It was said of Peg Woffington—that daughter of an Irish washerwoman, whose long-fingered, delicate hands would have graced a duchess—that she was the grandest great lady on the stage. She made Congreve's Mrs. Millamant—one of the most thorough "swells" in the range of dramatic literature, the very perfection of affectation, elegance, and polished impudence—a superbly magnificent creature. Though she had once sold cresses and greens in the streets of Dublin, she could make of Lady Betty Modish an *élégante* that the powdered, snuff-taking, daintily swearing belles of the day set themselves to copy. But she never was and never could have been a lady herself. She was Peg Woffington, the Irish actress. One of the few great actresses who married outside the craft and settled down, was Helen Faucit. But like the old war-horse, when the blast of battle sounds in its ears, she longed at times for the stage and its triumphs, and on several occasions did reappear, once as Beatrice at the dedication of the theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

The real actress is not diverted from her histrionic career by marriage. She is an actress first, a woman second. Ristori married, had children, lived a model life, moved in the finest society in Europe, but was always an actress. She led the dual life of home and of the stage, and though the home life was perfect, the stage life was, to her, the most real. Grisi married and sung on through her married life with her singer husband till they had no more notes left in their throats to sing. She was a singer first, a wife second. Her husband, too, was singer and actor—the last of the lyric tenors. With the majority of her kind, however, the stage and its mimic life are all, and love, what some one has poetically called a flower by the way, a song to sweeten a leisure moment.

The actresses who marry, and pack their trunks, and go to the domestic hearth and dinner-giving in a brown-stone front, are actresses *pour passer le temps* or to make a living. They are like M. de Montcontour, who always had it on his mind that he "ought to marry and range himself." They are not actresses by divine will. They may make good imitations, but they will never make Rachels or Dora Jordans. They may get up to be Mrs. Kendals if they have perseverance, or Mary Andersons if they have beauty.

Mary Anderson, by the way, is one of the best examples of this class. She had beauty, success, admiration, triumph. By careful training, she even developed some talent, and with her singular good fortune saw this immediately exaggerated by popular acclaim and fondly applauded. Marriage claims her, and good-bye to Mary! It is said now that she thought the practice of the dramatic profession not in accordance with the teachings of her religion. She was devout—a devout actress, strange anomaly! Emma Abbott was devout, but she was not an actress. The poetic gift is said rarely to be allied with the gift of managing life—the histrionic gift seems rarely to be allied with any other gift of any kind. To be a great actress is to be like the slave in the mine, who had nothing in the world but the one great jewel he had stolen.

At the theatres during the week commencing December 19th: Fanny Rice in "A Jolly Surprise"; the Tivoli Company in "A Trip to the Moon"; "U and I"; "Ali Baba"; and "A Mad Bargain."

#### Le Salon de Paris.

All lovers of the beautiful and artistic in literature have heard of the book entitled, "Le Salon de Paris," which is issued by Goupil & Co., of Paris. This year's edition has just reached here and may be seen only at the book-store of J. Tausz & Co., 6 Post Street. They have been appointed sole agents for the Pacific Coast for this valuable work, and as the edition is almost exhausted, it certainly behooves bibliophiles to secure their copies at once. The text is in both French and English, the binding is in fine cloth with gold finishing, and the illustrations are photographs in both mezz-tints and colors. Of the illustrations, it may be said that they are most faithful reproductions of high-art studies and are executed with a delicacy of finish that will at once attract attention. Nothing could be more beautiful as a holiday gift than a copy of "Le Salon de Paris for 1892." Tausz & Co. also display a select stock of French and Spanish books in fine bindings. Their assortment of Christmas cards and holiday goods in general is an excellent one and their prices are most reasonable.

—H. C. MASSIE,  
Dentist. Painless filling.  
114 Geary Street, San Francisco.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give instant relief.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

##### The Wilkie Concert.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie gave the second of his series of ballad concerts last Tuesday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. There was a large and fashionable audience present, and they were well entertained by the following programme:

Glee "You Stole My Love," Macfarren (poetry by Anthony Munday, 1553), Miss Kimball, Mrs. Birmingham, Messrs. Wilkie and Nielsen; songs, (a) Folk Song, Chadwick, (b) "The Spring is Coming" (seventeenth century), Dovsky, Mrs. Lillian Birmingham; string quartet, Op. 64, No. 4, adagio and presto, Joseph Haydn, Mrs. Roberta Lee Wright-Hellman, Miss Daisy Polk, Miss Marie Hayn, and Miss Ethel Jory; recitative and air, "The Death of Nelson" (A. D. 1774-1860), Braham, Mr. Alfred Wilkie; song, "The Merry Maidens," Thomp, Miss Katherine Kimball; glee, "By Celia's Arbor" (A. D. 1744-1856), Horsley, Messrs. Wilkie, Somers, Stadtfeld, and Nielsen; violin solo, "Scene de Ballet," De Beriot, Miss Charlotte Gruenhagen; trio, "Memory" (A. D. 1822), Leslie, Miss Kimball, Mrs. Birmingham, and Mr. Wilkie; quintet, "When Winds Breathe Soft" (A. D. 1740-1860), Miss Kimball, Mrs. Birmingham, Messrs. Wilkie, Somers, and Nielsen. Mr. R. Fletcher Tilton, accompanist.

The third concert will be held in the Maple Room on Wednesday afternoon, December 28th.

##### The Graham Charity Concert.

Mr. Donald de V. Graham gave his second annual concert, in aid of the Children's Hospital, last Wednesday evening, in Odd Fellows' Hall. It was a decided success, musically, and in point of attendance, and financially as well, as about nine hundred dollars was cleared for the charity. The programme was one of excellent selection, and its presentation afforded two hours of enjoyment for the large audience. The numbers were as follows:

Trio, for piano, violin, and cello, Tschakowsky, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine; song, "Ton Ame est Immortelle," Durand, Mr. Graham; song, Mrs. M. W. Williams; cello, (a) nocturne, (b) valse, Chopin, Mr. Heine; songs, (a) Old English Lullaby, (b) Medieval Evening Song, D. B. Gillette, Jr., Mr. Graham; General W. H. L. Barnes in an address; trio, minuet in B flat, Godard, Mrs. Carr, Messrs. Beel and Heine; songs, (a) "Wake Not, but Hear Me, Love," Osgood, (b) ballad, Molloy, Miss Ella V. McCloskey; duet, "Maying," A. M. Smith, Mrs. Williams and Mr. Graham; violin, "Spanish Dance," Sarasate, Mr. Beel; song, "I Love, and the World is Mine," Nevins, Mr. Graham. Musical director, Mr. H. J. Stewart.

##### The Philharmonic Society.

The Philharmonic Society gave its second concert of the fourteenth season last Tuesday evening, and attracted an appreciative audience. Mr. Hermann Brandt acted as director of music and the society was assisted by Signor Ursomando, pianist, and Mr. G. B. McBride, vocalist. The programme was as follows:

Overture, "Semiramis," Rossini; O tu Palermo, "Sicilian Vespers," Verdi, Mr. G. B. McBride; romanza for string orchestra, C. Buschi; concerto for piano (by request), string orchestra accompaniment, allegro moderato, grave, allegro, spiritoso, Durante, Signor Ursomando; petit suite, village scenes, under the composer's direction, (1) through the fields to church, (2) the flower-girls, (3) the vagabonds, (4) the tryst 'neath the lindens, (5) peasant sabot dance, (6) entrance of magistrates, N. Clifford Page; (a) "Ammor Song," ("Robin Hood"), De Koven, (b) "Love's Sorrow," H. R. Shelley, Mr. G. B. McBride; the nations, (1) Russia, (2) Italy, (3) Germany, (4) Spain, (5) Poland, (6) Hungary.

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## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

*Van Gilding*—"Could you marry a man who is your inferior?" *Prunella*—"I suppose I shall have to."—*Life*.

*He*—"Now that you have rejected me, may I say one word to you as a friend?" *She*—"Certainly." *He*—"Well, I think you're making the greatest mistake of your life."—*Puck*.

*She* sported Harvard colors: "Didn't Jack take his wife to the foot-ball game at Springfield?" "No." "Why not?" "Jack's a Yale man, and his wife has red hair."—*Life*.

A leap-year bluff: *Edith*—"I said something to Charlie last night that he declared made him the happiest man in the world." *Emmeline*—"Indeed? And what was his answer?"—*Puck*.

*Resident*—"Healthy?" *I* should say it was. Why, there's only been one death here in ten years. *Visitor*—"Who was it died?" *Resident*—"Dr. Barker; died of starvation."—*Life*.

Sudden: *Sally*—"Ethel and I are so interested in you." *Jim*—"Kind, certainly; but why?" *Ethel*—"We had our fortunes told. One is to marry you, and the other is to be bridesmaid."—*Life*.

"I've got a tongue-tied child, doctor. Can anything be done for it?" "Boy or girl?" "Girl." "Humph! I think you'd better not interfere with the workings of Providence, ma'am."—*Life*.

*Tommy*—"Paw, what is a special providence?" *Mr. Figg*—"It occurs when some other fellow is the victim of a misfortune that would otherwise have happened to yourself."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

He has a chance to: "It's no use talking," remarked Racquet; "a man spends just as much money when he's single as he does when he's married." "Yes," sighed Benedick; "and a good deal more, too!"—*Puck*.

*Agnes*—"Really, Helen has improved in her music wonderfully since she went abroad." *Edith*—"In what way?" *Agnes*—"Why, she never plays anything now that sounds the least bit like a tune."—*Chicago Daily Inter Ocean*.

*Young man* (of Bar Harbor experience)—"Then there is no hope for me?" *She*—"I am afraid not." *Young man*—"Is that official, final, and irrevocable?" *She*—"It is." *Young man*—"Then we can have a good time being engaged!"—*Life*.

*Mrs. Mater*—"Do you like children, Mr. Baldie?" *Mr. Baldie*—"I just love them, at the theatre." *Mrs. Mater*—"The theatre?" *Mr. Baldie*—"Yes, indeed. I love to have the dear little things on the seats in front of me."—*New York Weekly*.

"My hired man was kicked in the stomach by a horse, stung by a swarm of hornets, and run over by a moving-machine one day, and died the next." "My! What was the cause of his death?" "Nervous prostration."—*Cleveland Town Topics*.

In a company of novel-writers, the conversation turned upon Z—, a brother novelist. "A very decent fellow," said one of the party; "I never heard him say a bad word about any one." "Parbleu!" replied S—; "he never talks about anybody but himself."—*La France*.

*The Boston girl*—"It is not possible that you are courting me?" *The Boston youth*—"It's a fact." *She*—"I thought that you, like myself, were thinking merely of sociological phenomena." *He*—"You were mistaken." *She*—"Well, then, you must not kiss me again. It would not be proper."—*Puck*.

"I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this morn'g," said young Mr. Sissy, to his pretty cousin, "and just for a joke, y' know, I asked Snipem if it really took nine tailors to make a man. He said it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite cleavah."—*Ex*.

*Mrs. Huckstep* (at the reception)—"I am surprised to see you looking so thin, Mr. Leezer. My son George spoke of you the other day as feeling quite rugged." *Miss Huckstep* (so artlessly)—"Why, no mamma! Don't you recollect? What George said was that Mr. Leezer told him he was feeling pretty rocky."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"The cheek of some people is simply amazing," said the young mother. "What is the trouble now?" asked the caller. "That horrid newspaper man, who lives across the street, sent over this morning to ask if he could borrow the baby for two or three hours, as he had to get up a 'Baby Ruth' poem for his paper and wanted to study the dialect."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

**People Who Make a Noise**  
Are the abhorrence of the nervous. But why be nervous when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will rescue from that wretched condition? It invigorates the nervous system through the medium of renewed digestion and assimilation. Moreover, it is a sterling remedy for liver complaint, constipation, rheumatism, and an impoverished condition of the blood.

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## "HIS MAJESTY."

Some Excerpts from the Libretto.

The new opera "His Majesty," is soon to be produced for the benefit of the Polyclinic. H. J. Stewart is the composer, and Peter Robertson the librettist. Here are a few unpublished bits from the libretto. The first is called "The Legend of the Dewdrop," and is a duet for Prince and Princess:

PRINCE.

"A drop of water from its earthy cell  
Welled forth one day,  
And down the valley, so the legends tell,  
It made its merry way.

Over the rocky bed it danced in glee,  
Till, ah, sad hour!  
A wild rose bent and touched it tenderly,  
It loved the dainty flower,  
And out the stream it leapt, it leapt and fell,  
Pierced by a thorn.  
It sank to earth again, it might as well  
Ne'er to the light been born."

PRINCESS.

"The little drop of water loved the flower,  
So did the sun,  
And with a rival's hate, a rival's power,  
Its vengeance must be done.  
In its fierce passion, so the legends tell,  
It drew it to the sky;  
And by the dainty flower it loved so well,  
It might not even die.  
But as it floated through a rift of cloud,  
Night found it true,  
And on the rose, hid by night's kindly shroud,  
There fell—a drop of dew."

The prima donna of the comic-opera company, replying to the Princess's sentimental solo, "I know not how love's message came," says:

"To an ordinary person who's endowed with common sense,  
Your idea of the tender passion's funny;  
The only genuine sentiment that's free from all pretense,  
Finds expression in expenditure of money.  
A little bouquet of rare exotic.  
A ruby pin or a diamond ring,  
Has over woman a power hypnotic,  
Provided it is an expensive thing!  
A little supper, to be alone with you,  
A little love-talk, with champagne wet,  
A little *plâté*, a deviled bone or two,  
Or dainty frog's legs à la *poulette*,  
In various expressions, all costing various sums,  
To an ordinary person, that's the way love's message comes."

The Princess has this solo, which she sings from the lattice window. The chorus preceding it describes the weather as threatening:

"What care we though the sky be gray?  
What care we for the keen cold wind?  
What care we though the wintry day  
Be not for us an omen kind?  
Love is tender and love is true,  
Let what will in the future wait,  
You are for me and I for you,  
Love the omen is love the fate."

This is a stanza of a trio sung by the Princess, Prince, and Prima Donna posing as the Princess:

"It's not a bit of use,  
Our trying to get out of it,  
For love will have its way.  
This is a regular case  
There's not a bit of doubt of it,  
We see it every day.  
It is the common fate,  
Indeed we all were born for it,  
For life was naught but love,  
When Eve and Adam tired and  
Showed a little scorn for it,  
And drew the wrath above.  
For though true love does not run smooth,  
The natural law would seem,  
That nothing ought to interfere  
With love's young dream."

A good appetite and perfect digestion soon follow the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

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DCLXXXVI.—Bill of Fare for Six Persons, Sunday, December 13, 1892.

Mock-Turtle Soup.  
Fried Flounders. Excelsior Sauce. Mashed Potatoes.  
Broiled Snipe.  
Mushrooms on Toast.  
Roast Beef. Yorkshire Pudding.  
Vegetable Salad.  
Caramel Ice-Cream. Lady Washington Cake.

CARAMEL ICE-CREAM—Melt three-quarters of a pound of brown sugar in the frying-pan until liquid, stirring all the time; do not let it scorch or get too dark. Soak one-eighth of a box of Knox's Gelatine in one-quarter of a pint of milk a few minutes, heat another quarter of a pint of milk to boiling-point, and dissolve gelatine in it. Pour the caramel into the milk by degrees, mixing well. When cold, strain it into three pints of cream and freeze. Half a pint of the cream may be whipped and added.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cook-book, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

An admirable series of photographic souvenirs of San Francisco and the neighboring places of interest has just been issued. Monterey and the Hotel del Monte, Oakland, and Santa Cruz are shown in three booklets of from twenty to thirty representative scenes each (\$1.00 each); San José and the Lick Observatory, the Golden Gate Park, Seal Rocks and Suto Heights, the Chinese Haunts, Chinese types, and Chinese customs fill a dozen pages each (price, 50 cents each); and finally there is an oblong quarto containing views of San Francisco, reproduced from excellent photographs by the Alberty Company (price, \$5.00). Published and for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann, San Francisco.

## World's Fair Commission.

The California World's Fair Commission have ordered fourteen of the Schenck Swinging Hose Reels to be placed in the California building at Chicago for inside fire protection. This will materially reduce the rate of insurance on the building and contents, as by their use one man can put a stream of water on a fire in less than thirty seconds.

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### IN A LONDON FOG.

By F. Anstey.

SCENE.—Main thoroughfare near Hyde Park.  
Time, eight P. M. Nothing visible anywhere,  
but very much audible: horses slipping and  
plunging, wheels grinding, crashes, jolts, and  
English as she is spoken on such occasions.

MRS. FLUSTERS [who is seated in a brougham  
with her husband, on their way to dine with some  
friends in Cromwell Road]—We shall be dreadfully  
late, I know we shall! I'm sure Peacock could go  
faster than this if he liked—he always loses his head  
when there's much traffic. Do tell him to make  
haste!

MR. FLUSTERS—Better let him alone—he knows  
what he's doing.

MRS. FLUSTERS—I don't believe he does, or he  
wouldn't dawdle like this. If you won't speak to  
him, I must. [Lays down the glass and puts out her  
head.] Peacock!

A BLURRED SHADOW ON THE BOX—Yes, m'm.  
MRS. FLUSTERS—What are we stopping for like  
this?

THE SHADOW—Fog very thick just 'ere, m'm.  
Can't see what's in front of us, m'm.

MRS. FLUSTERS—It's just as safe to keep moving  
as to stand still—go on at once.

THE SHADOW—Very good, m'm. [To horse.]  
Pull up! [Crash.]

VOICE FROM THE UNSEEN—What the blankety  
blank, etc.

PEACOCK—There is suthin' in front, m'm. A van,  
from 'is langwich, m'm.

MRS. FLUSTERS [sinking back]—Marmaduke,  
this is awful. I'd no idea the fog was like this—or I  
should never have— [With temper.] Really,  
people have no right to ask one out on such a night.

MR. FLUSTERS [with the common sense that makes  
him "so aggravating at times"]—Well, Fanny, you  
could hardly expect 'em to foresee the weather three  
weeks ahead!

MRS. FLUSTERS—At all events, you might have  
seen what it was going to be as you came home  
from the Temple. Then we could have sent a  
telegram!

MR. FLUSTERS—It seemed to be lifting then, and  
besides, I—ah—regard a dinner engagement as a  
species of kindly social contract, not to be broken  
except under pressing necessity.

MRS. FLUSTERS—You mean you heard me say  
there was nothing but cold meat in the house, and  
you know you'll get a good dinner at the Cordon-  
Bleu—not that we are likely to get there to-  
night. Have you any idea whereabouts we are?

MR. FLUSTERS [calmly]—None whatever.

MRS. FLUSTERS—Then ask Peacock.

MR. FLUSTERS [lets down his window, and leans  
out]—Peacock!

THE SHADOW—Sir?

MR. FLUSTERS—Where have we got to now?

PEACOCK—I ain't rightly sure, sir.

MRS. FLUSTERS—Tell him to turn round and go  
home.

MR. FLUSTERS—It's no use going on like this.  
Turn back.

PEACOCK—I dursn't leave the kerb—all I got to  
go by, sir.

MR. FLUSTERS—Then take one of the lamps and  
lead the horse.

PEACOCK—It's the young 'orse, sir.

MR. FLUSTERS [sinking back]—We must put up  
with it, I suppose.

[A smart crack is heard at the back of the carriage.]  
MORE VOICES—Now, then, why the blankety  
dash, etc.

MRS. FLUSTERS—Marmaduke, I can't sit here, and  
know that a 'bus-pole may come between us at any  
moment. Let us get out and take a cab home at once.

MR. FLUSTERS—There's only one objection to that  
suggestion—viz., that it's perfectly impossible to tell  
a cab from a piano-organ. We must find out where  
we are first, and then turn. Peacock, drive on as  
well as you can, and stop when you come to a shop.

MRS. FLUSTERS—What do you want to stop at a  
shop for?

MR. FLUSTERS—Why, then I can go in, and ask  
where we are.

MRS. FLUSTERS—And how do you expect them to  
know where we are? [She sees a smear of light in  
the distance.] Marmaduke, there's a linkman. Get  
out quick, and hire him to lead the way.

MR. FLUSTERS [who gets out, and follows in the  
direction of the light, grumbling to himself]—Hallo!  
—not past the park yet—here's the railings! Well,  
if I keep close to them, I shall— [He suddenly col-  
lides with a bench.] Phew! Oh, confound it! [He  
rubs his shins.] Now, if it hadn't been for Fanny, I  
—Where's that linkman? Hi!—you there!—stop!

[The light stops.] Look here—I want you to come  
to my carriage and show my man the way out of  
this!

VOICE FROM BEHIND THE RAILINGS—We got to  
find our own way out fast, guv'nor. We're inside!

A BELATED REVEALER [lurching up to MR.  
FLUSTERS]—Beg your pardon, but cou' you dreck  
me neareast way—er—Dawshon Plashe?

MR. FLUSTERS [savagely]—First turning to the  
right, third to the left, and then straight on till you  
come to it!

THE BELATED REVEALER—I'm exsheedingly  
'blished. [Confidentially.] Fact ish, I'm shufflin'  
shli' 'fection eyeshi', an' I 'shure you, can't shree any-  
shing dishtingly to-ni'. [He cannons against a lamp-  
post, to which he clings affectionately, as a policeman  
emerges from the gloom.]

POLICEMAN—Now then, what are you doing 'ere,  
eh?

THE BELATED REVEALER—Ish all ri', P'lishman,  
this gerrilman—[patting lamp-post affectionately]—  
has kindly promised shree me home.

MR. FLUSTERS—Hang it! Where's Peacock and  
the brougham? [He discovers a phantom vehicle by  
the kerb, and gets in angrily.] Now, look here, my  
dear, it's no earthly good—!

OCCUPANT OF THE BROUGHAM [who is not  
FANNY]—Coward, touch a defenseless woman if you  
dare! I have nothing on me of any value. Help!  
Police!

[MR. FLUSTERS, seeing that explanation is useless,  
lets himself out again, precipitately, dodges the  
POLICEMAN, and bolts, favored by the fog, until  
all danger of pursuit is passed, at the end of  
which time he suddenly realizes that it is per-  
fectly hopeless to attempt to find his own carriage  
again. He gropes his way home, and some hours  
later, after an extemporized cold supper, is re-  
joined by his wife.]

MRS. FLUSTERS [cheerfully]—So there you are,  
Marmaduke! I wasn't anxious—I felt sure you'd  
find your way back somehow!

MR. FLUSTERS [not in the best of tempers]—Find  
my way back! It was the only thing I could do.  
But where have you been all this time, Fanny?

MRS. FLUSTERS—Where? Why, at the Blewitts,  
to be sure. You see, after you got out, we had to  
keep moving on, and by and by the fog got better,  
and we could see where we were going to—and the  
Blewitts had put off dinner half an hour, so I was not  
so very late. Such a nice dinner! Everybody  
turned up except you, Marmaduke—but I told them  
how it was. Oh, and old Lady Horehound was  
there, and said a man had actually got into her  
brougham, and tried to wrench off one of her most  
valuable bracelets!—only she spoke to him so  
severely that he was struck with remorse, or some-  
thing, and got out again! And it was by the park,  
close to where you left me. Just fancy, Marmaduke,  
he might have got into the carriage with me, instead!

MR. FLUSTERS [gloomily]—Yes, he might—only,  
he—er—didn't, you know!

### THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Lines to a Jag.  
Your nose is red,  
Your wife is blue,  
I'd sign the pledge  
If I were you.—Life.

### It Followed Naturally.

He called her miss,  
And she called him mister;  
They continued this  
Till one night he kissed her.  
Then their bashfulness  
They perceived was folly;  
And now he calls her Bess  
And she calls him Cholly.  
—New York Press.

### They Seen Him Saw.

He was a sawyer; blind was he,  
That was his only flaw;  
And though none ever saw him see,  
Many have seen him saw.—Judge.

### Lady, go dive-a.

For months she flirted by the sea,  
With little else but hose on,  
Which makes it pleasant, you'll agree,  
To see her now with clothes on.—Judge.

### The Dear Girls.

That Christmas time is near at hand  
Strong evidence I find,  
For all the girls I know have grown  
Of late exceeding kind.  
—New York Herald.

### Lovely Woman.

How various in her moods she is,  
How ready to beguile,  
She wounds us with her cutting tongue  
And heals us with her smile.  
—Detroit Free Press.

### R. I. P.

"I have," he said, "a poem here,  
On 'Beautiful So—'" He died,  
And the verdict of the jury was:  
"Justifiable homicide."  
—Kansas City Journal.

### Cut Up.

There was a man in my town,  
And wondrous wise was he;  
And with an axe and many whacks,  
He once cut down a tree.  
And when he saw the tree was down,  
With all his might and main  
He straightway took another axe  
And cut it up again.  
—Indianapolis Journal.

### A Yearning.

I love the rich chrysanthemum, yet honestly declare  
When'er I see a specimen I long to comb its hair.  
—New York Herald.

### Telescopic John.

"If you'll straighten your bow-legs, Johnny," she said,  
"To love you I will try."  
The surgeon corrected his legs, but, alas!  
It made him eight feet high.—E.R.

Suppression of the Menses may be relieved by a  
dose of Ayer's Pills, which produce the desired effect  
through sympathetic action.

### WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

**BEECHAM'S  
PILLS**

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SOLUBLE COATING.

### A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR

Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness  
after Meals, Vomiting, Sickness of  
the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Com-  
plaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills,  
Flushing of Head, Lowness of Spir-  
its, and All Nervous Affections.

To cure these complaints we must remove  
the cause. The principal cause is generally  
to be found in the stomach and liver; and  
these two organs right and all will be well. From  
2 two to four Pills once a day for a short time  
will remove the evil, and restore the sufferer  
to sound and lasting health.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.  
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

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are used in the  
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**W. BAKER & CO.'S  
Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely  
pure and soluble.

It has more than three times  
the strength of Cocoa mixed  
with Starch, Arrowroot or  
Sugar, and is far more econ-  
omical, costing less than one cent a cup.  
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**ANEMIA, CHLOROSIS, WASTING DIS-  
EASES, RETARDED CONVALESCENCE,  
and POORNESS OF THE BLOOD.**

Prevents INFLUENZA and La GRIFFE.  
The invigorating tonic is powerful, but  
gentle, in its effect, is easily administered,  
assimilates thoroughly and quickly with the  
gastric juices, without deranging the action  
of the stomach.  
Iron and Quina are the most powerful  
weapons employed in the art of curing;  
Iron is the principal of our blood, and  
forms its force and richness. Quina  
affords life to the organs and activity to  
their functions.

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**QUINA-  
LAROCHÉ**

### NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 3, 1892.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE  
principal place of business of the California Fruit  
Express Company has been changed from San Francisco to  
Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, Cal., by consent of the  
stockholders owning two-thirds or more of the stock of  
said company.  
The annual meeting will be held at Los Angeles, January  
1, 1893. (Signed) ROBERT GRAHAM,  
Secretary Cal. Fruit Express Co.

## Highland Evaporated Cream

is a delicious accessory to the morning's first  
meal. It combines purity—convenience—  
economy—the three requisites for a break-  
fast dish. Delightful in your coffee; appe-  
tizing on your oatmeal; brings out the flavor  
of cut-up peaches. No more waiting for  
the milkman; no more worrying over his  
stall-fed cows. **Highland Brand** is uni-  
formly rich and perfect—there's where it  
differs from its imitations.

**HELVETIA MILK CONDENSING CO.,  
Highland, Ill.**



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise

Dryden married Lady Elizabeth Howard, a shrew of marked ability. She complained that he showed her no attention, and wished herself a book that she might enjoy more of his society. "Wish yourself an almanac, my dear; then I could change you every year."

When Carlyle went to sit to Sir John Millais for his portrait, in Millais's grand new house, he turned on the stairway to ask: "Has paint done all this, Mr. Millais?" and, getting a smiling answer in the affirmative, remarked: "Ah, well, it shows what a number of fools there are in the world."

A harrister tormented a poor German witness with so many questions that the old man declared he was so exhausted that he must have a drink of water before he could say another word. Upon this the judge remarked: "I think, sir, you had better let the witness go now, for you have pumped him dry."

A New York lady recently employed a colored boy as a man-of-all-work whose name was Lycurgus Jones. "Lycurgus is a rather long name," she said to him; "suppose I call you Gus for short." "Ise don't like nicknames," he replied; "if you don't like Lycurgus, you kin call me Jonesey." She calls him Lycurgus.

The day after Black Friday, Mr. Gould's old partner, Henry N. Smith, shaking his finger in Mr. Gould's face, shouted: "I'll live to see the day, sir, when you have to earn a living by going around this street with a hand-organ and a monkey." "Maybe you will, Henry; maybe you will," was the soothing response; "and when I want a monkey, Henry, I'll send for you."

Sir William Don was the tallest officer in the English army. When quartered in Nottingham once, he was met by two mechanics, one of whom thus addressed him: "Sir William, me and my mate 'as got a bet of a quart of ale about yer, and we wants to know your 'ight," and Sir William made answer: "My height is six feet seven, and yours is the height of impudence."

At a time when the Irish situation seemed critical to the officials at Dublin, in 1881 or 1882, a certain Liberal peer was delegated to go to Hawarden and consult with Gladstone. Upon his return his friends received him with eagerness. "Well, what did he say; what policy did he recommend?" The peer blushed slightly, hesitated a moment, and then mildly remarked: "Well, to tell the truth, the fellow was so wonderfully agreeable that we never got on to the subject of Ireland at all."

Leech was at his best as an entertainer in his own home. Dean Hole asked him one day, after Leech had given him a delectable dinner at his lodgings in Scarborough, how he made such good champagne-eup. "The ingredients," he replied, "of which this refreshing beverage is composed, and which is highly recommended by the faculty for officers going abroad and all other persons stopping at home, are champagne, ice, and aerated water; but, in consequence of advancing years, I always forget the seltzer."

A man of sixty, who had long made a practice of changing his doctors on the slightest provocation, not long ago called in a young physician who had gained a considerable reputation. He was telling this doctor what he thought was the trouble with him, when the doctor ventured to disagree with his diagnosis. "I beg your pardon," said the patient, in a haughty way, "it isn't for a young physician like you to disagree with an old and experienced invalid like me!" And he went out to seek another physician.

The girl was very rich (says the *Detroit Free Press*) and the young man was poor, but honest. She liked him, but that was all, and he knew it. One night he had been a little more tender than usual. "You are very rich," he ventured. "Yes," she replied, frankly; "I am worth a million dollars." "And I am poor." "Yes." "Will you marry me?" "No." "I thought you wouldn't." "Then why did you ask me?" "Oh, just to see how a man feels when he loses a million." And the girl smiled.

One day (writes "A. B." in the *Boston Transcript*), my brother went to buy a bushel of huck-

wheat for sowing. He found the man of whom he was to buy the grain away; but his wife was at home, and she undertook to make the sale. She got a peck measure, and they went to the granary. There the woman filled the measure twice, poured it into the bag which my brother held open, and then was going to tie the bag and take the pay for a bushel. "But, Mrs. F.," said he, "it takes four pecks to make a bushel." "Oh, does it?" said she; "well, you see, I never had any experience in measuring grain before I was married; I always taught school!"

Lord Henry Bentinck, though he was short-sighted and had to wear glasses, was an admirable rider and a most popular master of hounds. It was he who inquired from a rash cavalier who was overriding his hounds, "May I ask, sir, do you smell the fox?" and who said to a large landed proprietor suspected of vulpecular acts, on his remarking that he regarded a particular wood as quite a seminary for foxes, "I think, general, you mean cemetery." Spending Christmas with a friend, Lord Henry was asked at luncheon by the rector after service in a church which had been profusely adorned with evergreens, what in which the congregation had been small, what he thought of the decorations. "I thought," he replied, "that there was plenty of cover, but very little game."

People sometimes obtain work from Uncle Sam in peculiar ways. Not so very long ago, a poetess of passion in a far Western State became an office-seeker, adopting a novel method of pursuing her object. She appealed to a United States senator, bombarding him with poetry by mail. Once a week regularly he received from her a long letter in the shape of a poem. Sometimes he got two a week. The poetry was probably the worst that any poetess of passion has ever produced. At first, he paid no attention to it; but, at length, it began to prey upon his mind. When this sort of thing had gone on for five or six months, he became desperate. So, finally, he wrote to her, saying: "Your poems have proved to me that you are unfit for any public office. Nevertheless, if you will cease writing and sending them to me, I will get you a job." And he did. It is recorded that a man, appointed sixth auditor of the Treasury, subject to examination, was asked to state the distance of the moon from the earth. His written answer was simply: "Not near enough to affect the functions of a sixth auditor." He passed. So did another, who, being examined for employment in the Treasury, was asked how many soldiers England sent to this country during the Revolution. His answer was: "A d—d sight more than ever got back."

Stood the Test.

ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced. They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equalled by the unscrupulous imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them, and claiming them to be "just as good as ALCOCK'S," and they stand to-day indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities, but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

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Teutonic.....December 28th Teutonic.....January 19th  
Britannic.....January 4th Britannic.....February 1st  
Adriatic.....January 11th

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PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.

Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 16, 30, Jan. 13.

For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 5th day, 9 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 5th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

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Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD VIA SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows: From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7.30, 9.00, 11.00 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 5.00, 6.15 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.00, 5.00, 6.30 P. M.

From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7.30, 9.00 A. M.; 3.25, 5.00, 6.15 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 10.00, 11.30 A. M.; 1.30, 3.00, 5.00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1.45 P. M.

From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.20, 7.45, 9.15, 11.05 A. M.; 1.45, 3.25, 5.00 P. M. (Sundays)—8.00, 9.50, A. M.; 12 M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5.00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6.30 P. M. Fare, 50 cents, round trip.

From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.30, 7.55, 9.10 A. M.; 3.35, 5.05 P. M. (Sundays)—8.05, 10.10, 11.40 A. M.; 1.45, 3.55, 5.15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.

From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6.55, 8.15, 9.55, 11.45 A. M.; 2.25, 4.05, 5.40 P. M. (Sundays)—8.45, 10.40, A. M.; 12.45, 2.25, 4.15, 5.45 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 7.20 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7.30 A. M. Week Days	Camp Taylor	10.25 A. M. Mondays
1.45 P. M. Week Days	Tocaloma,	12.15 P. M. except
8.00 A. M. Sundays	Point Reyes, Tomales, and Way Stations.	Monday
		6.10 P. M. Daily
7.30 A. M. Week Days	Howards, Dunsmuir Mills	10.25 A. M. Mondays
1.45 P. M. Saturdays	Cazadero and Way Stations.	6.10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.

Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomales, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.

Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomales, \$1.50.

THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, Point Arena, Calfreys Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

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PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama. Steamers will sail at noon on the 5th, 15th, and 25th, of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Dec. 15th, SS. San José; Sunday, Dec. 25th, SS. San Juan; Jan. 5th, SS. City of New York.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

SS. City of Panama will sail for Panama at noon, Saturday, December 17th, calling at Mazatlan, Acapulco, Port Angel, Salina Cruz, Tonala, San Benito, Ocosingo, Champerico, San José de Guatemala, Acajutla, La Unión, Amapala, Corinto, San Juan del Sur, and Punta Arenas.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc. Peru.....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M. City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M. City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M. China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M. Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street. ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING: Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG, Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Steamer. From San Francisco for Hongkong, 1892.

Belgie.....Thursday, December 15, 1892.

Oceanic (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4, '93

Gaelic.....Tuesday, January 24

Belgie.....Thursday, February 23

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates. Cabin plans on exhibition, and Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent. GEO. H. RICE, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE
7.00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7.15 P.
7.30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	* 12.15 P.
7.30 A.	Niles and San José.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Alameda.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6.15 P.
7.30 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	6.15 P.
8.00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9.45 P.
8.30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4.45 P.
9.00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8.45 P.
9.00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	8.45 P.
9.00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	7.15 P.
1.00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9.00 P.
1.30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12.15 P.
3.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12.15 P.
4.00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9.45 A.
4.00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10.15 A.
4.00 P.	Vacaville.....	10.15 A.
4.30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8.45 A.
5.00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10.45 A.
5.30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9.15 A.
5.30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9.15 A.
6.00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San José.....	9.15 A.
7.00 P.	Vallejo.....	8.45 P.
7.00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8.15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11.45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San José, Los Gatos.....	8.05 P.
8.15 A.	Newark, Centerville, San José, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6.20 P.
* 2.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10.50 A.
4.15 P.	Centerville, San José, Los Gatos.....	9.50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7.00 A.	San José, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2.38 P.
8.15 A.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6.20 P.
10.37 A.	San José and Way Stations.....	5.03 P.
12.15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3.30 P.
* 2.30 P.	San José, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10.37 A.
* 3.30 P.	San José, and principal Way Stations.....	* 9.47 A.
* 4.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 8.05 A.
5.15 P.	San José and Way Stations.....	7.45 A.
6.30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	6.35 A.
11.45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	7.30 P.

A for morning. P for afternoon. \* Sundays excepted. † Saturdays only. ‡ Sundays only.

To advertising "experts": Don't hesitate to criticize the advertisements of others. If your criticisms are just, the subject of them is likely to be benefited; if they are unjust, it may lead to pointing out your own error, in which the critic receives valuable instruction. In either case, some good is accomplished.—*Printers' Ink.*

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7.40, 9.20, 11.40 A. M.; 3.30, 5.05, 6.20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.30 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9.30, 11 A. M.; 1.30, 3.30, 5, 6.20 P. M.

From San Rafael for Point Tiburon: Week Days—6.25, 7.55, 9.30 A. M.; 12.45, 3.40, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1.30 P. M.

Sundays—8.10, 9.40, 11.10 A. M.; 1.40, 3.40, 5, 6.25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6.50, 8.20, 9.55 A. M.; 1.35, 3.35, 5.05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6.55 P. M.

Sundays—8.40, 10.05, 11.35 A. M.; 2.05, 4.05, 5.30, 6.55 P. M.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.
7.40 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10.40 A. M.
8.00 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Litton Springs, Cloverdale, and Way Stations.	8.50 A. M.
8.30 P. M.		6.05 P. M.
9.30 P. M.		7.30 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	Hoiland and Ukiah.	10.40 A. M.
8.00 A. M.	Guerneville.	8.50 A. M.
8.30 P. M.		6.10 P. M.
9.30 P. M.		7.30 P. M.
7.40 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10.40 A. M.
8.00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	8.50 A. M.
8.30 P. M.		6.05 P. M.
9.30 P. M.		7.30 P. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Guadalupe, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Petta for Highland Springs, Kelseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Lakeport for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Hydenville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hoiland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$1.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hoiland, \$5.70; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Agent. PETER J. McGLYNN, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agent. Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, New Montgomery Street.

THREE POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3. THREE POZZONI'S TINTS



# You Want

Facts When You Buy a Sewing Machine.

THEY ARE HERE:

The Light-Running **DOMESTIC** always First, always Best.

Has held this Progressive Lead for over Twenty Years.

Always in Advance of the Times, it is Practical, Simple, Durable.

Don't fail to see it.

J. W. EVANS, Agent,  
29 Post Street.

## THE BANK OF CALIFORNIA, SAN FRANCISCO.

Capital.....\$3,000,000 00  
Surplus.....1,000,000 00  
Undivided Profits.....3,317,485 11  
September 30, 1891.

WILLIAM ALVORD.....President  
THOMAS BROWN.....Cashier  
BYRON MURRAY, JR.....Assistant Cashier  
IRVING F. MOULTON.....2d Assistant Cashier

AGENTS—New York, Agency of the Bank of California; Boston, Tremont National Bank; Chicago, Union National Bank; St. Louis, Boatmen's Savings Bank; London, N. M. Rothschild & Sons; Australia and New Zealand, the Bank of New Zealand; China, Japan, and India, Chartered Bank of India, Australia, and China.

The Bank has an Agent at Virginia City, and Correspondents at all the principal mining districts and interior towns of the Pacific Coast.

Letters of Credit issued available to all parts of the world. Draw direct on London, Dublin, Paris, Genoa, Berlin, Bremen, Hamburg, Frankfurt-on-Main, Copenhagen, Stockholm, Göteborg, Christiania, Locarno, Melbourne, Sydney, Auckland, Hongkong, Shanghai, Yokohama, all cities in Italy and Switzerland, Salt Lake, Denver, New Orleans, Cincinnati, Portland, Or., Los Angeles.

## WELLS FARGO & CO. BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Cash Capital and Surplus.....\$6,000,000

Directors:  
JNO. J. VALENTINE, President; W. F. GOAD, Vice-Pres't.  
Leland Stanford, Charles F. Crocker, Lloyd Tevis, J. C. Fargo, Oliver Eldridge, Geo. E. Gray, Dudley Evans,  
H. WADSWORTH, Treasurer. HENRY S. KING, Manager.  
Receive deposits, issue letters of credit, and transact a general banking business.

## BANK OF SISSON, CROCKER & CO.

(Incorporated April 25, 1892)

322 Pine Street, San Francisco.

Directors:  
GEO. W. SCOTT, President; W. W. VAN ARSDALE, Cashier; J. H. Strobridge, D. W. Earl, J. H. Sisson, F. H. Green, J. M. Haven.  
Receives deposits; dealers in exchange; a general banking business transacted.

## CONNECTICUT FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF HARTFORD.

Cash Capital.....\$1,000,000  
Assets.....2,632,228  
Surplus to policy-holder.....1,550,589

ROBERT DICKSON, Manager, San Francisco.  
CITY OFFICE: 301 Montgomery Street. GENERAL OFFICE: 401 Montgomery Street.

London Assurance Company  
Of London. Established by Royal Charter, 1720.

Northern Assurance Company  
Of London. Established 1836.

GEORGE F. GRANT, Manager,  
N. W. cor. Sacramento and Montgomery, San Francisco.

IRRIGATING PUMPS,  
STEAM ENGINES  
AND  
BOILERS,  
COMPLETE POWER AND  
PUMPING PLANTS.  
LOW PRICES, PROMPT DELIVERY.  
WRITE FOR CIRCULARS.

BYRON JACKSON, SAN FRANCISCO.

(Established 1854.)

GEORGE MORROW & CO.,

HAY, GRAIN, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS

SHIPPING ORDERS A SPECIALTY.

39 Clay St., San Francisco. Telephone No. 35

LOG CABIN BAKERY!  
Our Home-Made Bread  
is now in the houses of thousands of families, who, until they gave it a trial, made their own bread. It is also cheaper.

TRY IT!

Wedding Parties Supplied with all the  
Delicacies.

We deliver in San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, and Berkeley.

Main Offices—409 Hayes St., San Francisco.  
475 Eleventh St., Oakland.

Agent wanted in every town. Send for circulars.

ANDREWS' UPRIGHT  
FOLDING BEDS

Office and School  
FURNITURE,  
OPERA AND CHURCH CHAIRS.

C. F. WEBER & CO.  
Post and Stockton Sts., S. F.

The Leading

Coast Co.

# FIREMAN'S FUND

Insurance

Company.

CAPITAL, \$1,000,000.

ASSETS, \$3,200,000.

AGENTS ESTABLISHED THROUGHOUT AMERICA.

D. J. STAPLES, President. Wm. J. DUTTON, Vice-President. B. FAYMONVILLE, Secretary.  
J. E. LEVISON, Marine Sec'y. LOUIS WEINMANN, Ass't. Sec'y. STEPHEN D. IVES, Gen. Agt.



# KNABE PIANOS

It is a fact universally conceded that the KNABE surpasses all other instruments. A. L. Bancroft & Co., 303 Sutter Street, San Francisco.

## CALIFORNIA MARKET, CALIFORNIA ST. TO PINE, BET. MONTGOMERY AND KEARNY STS.

THE LEADING MARKET OF THE PACIFIC COAST. DEPOT FOR THE

Choicest Meats, Fish, Poultry, Fruits, Vegetables, and Dairy Produce. Goods purchased in this market need no other recommendation.

Send your orders by Telephone.

THOS. BROWN, Superintendent.



## KIMBALL'S FRAGRANT VANITY FAIR & SATIN STRAIGHT-CUT CIGARETTES

Unsurpassed in quality. Used by people of refined taste.  
16 First Prize Medals. Our Vanity Fair and Various Smoking Mixtures are the finest for the pipe.

WM. S. KIMBALL & CO.,  
Rochester, N. Y.

## PALACE HOTEL.

The Palace Hotel occupies an entire block in the centre of San Francisco. It is the model hotel of the world. Fire and Earthquake-proof. Has Nine Elevators. Every room is large, light, and airy. The ventilation is perfect. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access, from broad, light corridors. The central court, illuminated by electric light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies, carriage-way, and tropical plants, are features hitherto unknown in American hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The restaurant is the finest in the city. Secure accommodations in advance by telegraphing.

THE PALACE HOTEL,  
San Francisco, Cal.

## THE COLONIAL

PINE AND JONES STS.

New, elegantly furnished Family Hotel.

STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS.

Central to all lines of cars.

## RENTS

We are making a specialty of Collecting Rents, Renting Houses, and placing Insurance. Our terms are moderate and our service prompt, efficient, and satisfactory.

BALDWIN & HAMMOND,

10 Montgomery Street.

# THE ARGONAUT CLUBBING LIST FOR 1893

By special arrangement with the publishers, and by concessions in price on both sides, we are enabled to make the following offer, open to all subscribers direct to this office; it must be understood, however, that by this arrangement a subscriber may not obtain more than one of these periodicals without an additional subscription to the Argonaut for each additional periodical.

The Argonaut and the Century for One Year, by Mail.....	\$7.00
The Argonaut and the Independent for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and Scribner's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and St. Nicholas for One Year, by Mail.....	6.00
The Argonaut and the Magazine of Art for One Year, by Mail.....	6.30
The Argonaut and Harper's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	6.50
The Argonaut and Harper's Weekly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Bazar for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Harper's Young People for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York Tribune (Republican) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut and the Weekly New York World (Democratic) for One Year, by Mail.....	4.50
The Argonaut, the Weekly Tribune, and the Weekly World for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and Wide-Awake for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the English Illustrated Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	4.85
The Argonaut and the Atlantic Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	6.70
The Argonaut and Outing for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and Judge for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and Blackwood's Magazine (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	6.20
The Argonaut and the Critic for One Year, by Mail.....	6.10
The Argonaut and Life for One Year, by Mail.....	7.75
The Argonaut and Puck for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50
The Argonaut and Demorest's Family Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.00
The Argonaut and Current Literature for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the Nineteenth Century (monthly) for One Year, by Mail.....	7.25
The Argonaut and the Argosy for One Year, by Mail.....	5.25
The Argonaut and the Overland Monthly for One Year, by Mail.....	5.75
The Argonaut and the Review of Reviews for One Year, by Mail.....	5.60
The Argonaut and Lippincott's Magazine for One Year, by Mail.....	5.50
The Argonaut and the North American Review for One Year, by Mail.....	7.50

This offer is not open to residents of San Francisco and Oakland. In those cities the Argonaut is not delivered by mail, but is entirely in the hands of our carriers, with whom we do not wish to interfere.

# PERFECTING FOLDER FOR SALE.

In consequence of the present facilities in our Press Room being inadequate to the demands of our large and increasing circulation, the Argonaut is having constructed for it in the East the latest improved perfecting machinery for working off its edition. This will be in our Press Room in a few weeks. We offer for sale the

## Lloyd Perfecting Folding Machine

Now used in turning off the Argonaut. The machine will handle a sheet as large as 32 x 46. It folds, pastes, trims, and delivers 2,000 perfected copies per hour. It is in first-class order, as the excellence of the present work done on the Argonaut will show. The machine can be seen running at the

ARGONAUT PRESS ROOMS  
213 Grant Avenue.

—FOR—

WALL PAPER,  
WINDOW SHADES,  
and CORNICE POLES

—GO TO—

G. W. CLARK & CO.

653 and 655 Market Street.

BONESTELL & CO.

DEALERS IN PAPER OF ALL KINDS

For Printing and Wrapping. 401-403 Sansome St.

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MANUFACTURERS

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HOLLOW TILE FIRE PROOFING

SEWER AND CHIMNEY PIPE.

DRAIN TILE, ETC., ETC.

1358 & 1360 MARKET STREET, S. F.

MANUFACTORY AT LINCOLN CAL.

## MT. VERNON COMPANY, BALTIMORE

The undersigned having been appointed AGENTS FOR THE PACIFIC COAST for the sale of the manufactures of above company, have now in store:

SAIL DUCK—ALL NUMBERS;

HYDRAULIC—ALL NUMBERS;

DRAPER AND WAGON DUCK.

From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

MURPHY, GRANT & CO.

— Matured Mountain Wines. —

## The Ben Lomond Wine Co.

114½ McALLISTER ST.

Can supply Families, Clubs, and Connoisseurs with the finest brands of aged Hock, Burgundy, and Claret (grown in their own vineyards in the Santa Cruz Mountains), in either glass or wood, at prices according to age, delivered free in San Francisco.

GERMEA  
The Monarch of  
Breakfast Foods  
THE JOHN T. CUTTING CO, SOLE AGENTS



# The Argonaut.

VOL. XXXI. No. 26.

SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 26, 1892.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

**PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.**—The Argonaut (title trade-marked) is published every week at No. 213 Grant Avenue, by the Argonaut Publishing Company. Subscriptions, \$1.00 per year; six months, \$2.25; three months, \$1.50; payable in advance—postage prepaid. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the Postal Union, \$5.00 per year. City subscribers served by carriers at \$1.50 per year, or 10 cents per week. Sample copies, free. Single copies, 10 cents. News Dealers and Agents in the interior supplied by the San Francisco News Company, Post Street, above Grant Avenue, to whom all orders from the trade should be addressed. Subscribers wishing their addresses changed should give their old as well as new addresses. The American News Company, New York, are agents for the Eastern trade. The Argonaut may be ordered from any News Dealer in the United States or Europe. No traveling canvassers employed. Special advertising rates to publishers. Address all communications intended for the Editorial Department thus: Editors Argonaut, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Address all communications intended for the Business Department thus: The Argonaut Publishing Company, 213 Grant Avenue, San Francisco, Cal. Make all checks, drafts, postal orders, etc., payable to "The Argonaut Publishing Company." The Argonaut can be obtained in London at 27 King William Street, West Strand. In Paris, at 17 Avenue de l'Opera. In New York, at Brentano's, 121 Fifth Avenue. In Chicago, at 200 Wabash Avenue. In Washington, at 1015 Pennsylvania Avenue.

ENTERED AT THE SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

FRANK M. PIXLEY, - - - - - EDITOR.

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Some remarks recently made by the *Argonaut* respecting the vileness of New York, as indicated by the success of certain salacious weekly journals published there for the delectation of the plutocracy, have incensed the press of the metropolis. We ventured not only to speak of the immorality of the city's "society," but also of the deplorable yet amusing narrowness of its newspapers, which are about the most provincial in tone, on the whole, with which we are acquainted. It has been our fortune to exasperate especially the *Advertiser*, of which Colonel John A. Cockerill is the accomplished editor. The colonel, who properly should be credited to St. Louis, one of the most civilized, agreeable, and American of communities, has, after a few years' residence in New York, become enamored of it, and dashes

to its defense with that excessive zeal which is apt to inflame the convert. Had Milpitas a newspaper, the inhabitants of the village could not wish for an editor who would "stand up for the town" with a more boisterous fervor than Colonel Cockerill exhibits in behalf of the city of his adoption. He has caught the New York tone perfectly, and does even better than a native champion would, for he has more vigor. By way of proving the superior greatness, morality, and refinement of New York, he sails into San Francisco with a zest and freedom that are quite delightful. Witness this hearty whack:

"We are told [by the *Argonaut*] that New York city, 'as a vile community, is beyond any other in America,' and that 'its masses of cosmopolitan ignorance, dirt, and crime are paralleled nowhere else.' If these terrific charges were fired from long-settled and solid Boston, or from quiet and Quaker old Philadelphia, they might hit something or somebody; but coming across the continent from a raw and fresh frontier town that scarcely yet can claim to be civilized, the shots are of less account and effect. Why, it is only forty years or so since the modern 'Frisco' was founded by a set of scallawags, adventurers, and fortune-seekers from everywhere, whom a vigilance committee, with liberal lynchings, could hardly control, and whose immediate descendants are now the foremost 'Frisco' citizens."

In order to perceive the unworth of New York, it is not necessary, as the infuriate colonel erroneously presumes, that one should be an indiscriminating admirer of San Francisco, past or present. The truth of history requires it to be said, however, that most of those pioneers who made our Vigilance Committees necessary, and were hanged or banished by those excellent organizations, came from New York. And it may be added that, if San Francisco should again be afflicted temporarily by conditions which are chronic in the Atlantic metropolis, another Vigilance Committee would certainly appear. What particularly fires the colonel is the *Argonaut's* just reflections on the essential coarseness of Mr. Ward McAllister's Four Hundred. Observe:

"Then follows a rattling abuse of the plutocracy, which copies the worst phases of foreign aristocracies, and 'hence the social prodigality, ostentation, and unrelieved vulgarity of fashionable New York.' This sort of criticism, or, say, censorship, by a representative journal in a comparatively small city not yet old enough or civilized enough to even claim what is called 'society,' has the merit of a calm coolness quite beyond the bounds of ordinary impudence."

What has San Francisco's social rawness to do with New York's social rottenness? But the society of this town is not of the sort that Colonel Cockerill thinks. In reality, there is very little attempt at display here. Once it was otherwise; but of recent years the superior opportunities for vulgar parade offered by New York have drawn away from us most of those of our new rich who were thrifty enough to wish to get the full value of their money in admiration and applause. The manly sense of the pioneers who were spared by the Vigilance Committees has permanently impressed the San Franciscan mind, and the men and women who, rising suddenly from poverty and hard work to wealth and idleness, signifying their appreciation of the change by a "splendiferous" mode of life, can not get themselves taken seriously and respectfully here, as in New York, where such coin-bags as the Astors and Vanderbilts cap the social summit. San Francisco laughs at what awes Colonel Cockerill and his fellow-townsmen, in and out of livery. Whatever our faults may be—and they are many, beyond doubt—among them, we assure the *Advertiser*, the *World*, and all our esteemed New York contemporaries, is not a humble reverence for the naked dollar as a social factor. Incredible as this may seem to them, they may take the *Argonaut's* word for its truth.

Having satisfied his logical mind of the purity, intelligence, and good-breeding of New York society by pitching into that of San Francisco, the metropolitan colonel strikes another and even more characteristic chord:

"When San Francisco berates New York for its presumed 'social immorality,' it forgets that this city, in point of population merely, is six times larger than 'Frisco,' while in wealth, commerce, character, and credit, it is from sixty to six hundred times greater."

That is New York all over. Even Chicago, her pride inflamed by figures showing an unprecedented annual output of pork, would scarcely be capable of such innocent vulgarity.

And in the next breath the colonel tells us that "New York is too great to be jealous of other cities; beyond business connections it scarcely knows these cities." That is true. New York is as self-absorbed as a hamlet, which is why it is so painfully provincial. It is under the flattering illusion that because a city of a million and a half inhabitants is bigger than one of three hundred thousand, therefore the man who lives in the larger place is bigger in proportion than his neighbor of the smaller one. Now it happens that the average man forms the bulk of the population nearly everywhere, and as the average man is generally a fool, all cities are much alike. New York is an exception. Her ordinary citizen is not an average man but an inferior person, either an immigrant or the offspring of immigrants. The New York immigrant is below most in brains and energy, else he would not stay there on landing, to wallow in dirt and poverty. The worst of the refuse of all nations remains where it is dumped, which accounts for the unapproachable squalor, and ignorance, and depravity of New York's slums. These slums have been organized by Tammany into a political machine of such voting power that they dominate the city, and inspire such dread that Colonel Cockerill's *Advertiser* and every other newspaper there of large circulation is edited with careful reference to their prejudices. Hence the bondage of the New York press to the Irish race and the Roman Catholic Church. It is bullied by the swarming, festering, voting mob, derived from the bogs of Ireland's interior and the alleys and jails of Dublin and Cork. Since Italy has begun to empty her gutters at Castle Garden, and Hungary to let loose her wild human animals there, and Croatia to rid herself of her savages, and Russia to push her Jews thither with bayonet pricks, heaven alone can tell what is to become of New York, which long ago ceased to be an American city. That the "better classes" of a town, overrun and governed by vermin from every filthy seaport of Europe, should be selfish and purse-proud is inevitable, but the inevitableness of the phenomenon does not render it admirable. The rich, being themselves able to purchase cleanliness and the luxuries of life, naturally close their eyes in disgust to the sea of unexampled foulness by which they are surrounded, and forming, as it were, a little colony of imperfectly civilized beings in the midst of a savage waste, dance out their days and foster the hallucination that they are as much superior in fortune and refinement to the rest of the country as to their immediate environment.

The *Argonaut*, perhaps, has been too harsh in its strictures upon the press and society of New York. It would have been kinder had we taken more fully into consideration the causes which produce their vulgarity, their narrowness, and their pathetic conceit. But we spoke as we did for the praiseworthy purpose of rousing the more intelligent of the plutocracy to a realization of how un-American they are, how devoid of true refinement, and how ridiculous they have become as servile imitators of the infinitely superior, because genuine, aristocracy of England and France. The reception given our well-meant efforts, however, by so excellent a journalist as Colonel Cockerill, is exceedingly discouraging. If a man of brains, who has had the advantage of residence in St. Louis, can display so indocile a spirit, and evince such utter blindness to the facts around him, we confess that it appears hopeless to strive to make any impression upon the New Yorker to the manner born. The metropolis, we fear, must be left in her dirt and vanity to work out her own salvation.

The International Monetary Conference at Brussels has adjourned without definite agreement or tangible conclusion on the subject committed to its labors. It is questionable if it reassembles, and, in the event that it shall, it is unlikely that some of the foremost members, representing the leading European powers, will be in attendance. In the light of the proceedings, as reports have reached this country, it can be well doubted if England sent delegates to discuss the situation, but that they were instructed at home on the rigid line of exclusively English interests, to press upon the conference the English gold standard and monetary policy.



system, and, unless this were accomplished, to adopt such action as to cause continuance of the existing discordant and unsatisfactory monetary status, which most affects the United States to the advantage and profit of England.

The singular proposition of Rothschild to the conference sustains this view. He proposed, substantially, that the nations of Europe should annually purchase silver bullion to the amount of twenty-five millions of dollars, and that the United States should continue the annual purchase of fifty millions of dollars—the price of silver bullion to be maintained at not lower than forty-three pence (eighty-six cents) per ounce. There was little else in his proposition. With the other English delegates—one of them a high official of the Bank of England—Rothschild expressed the determination of England to adhere to the monometallic gold standard, with no compromise whatever, which made it impracticable for the other members of the conference to come to agreement upon any equitable adjustment as to the bimetallic, gold and silver, double standard. He stood at extreme issue with his great relative, chief of the famous house, Baron Alphonse Rothschild, who, at the French monetary commission—1869—to consider the demonetization of silver, stated that “the actual state of things, the simultaneous employment of the two precious metals, is satisfactory and gives rise to no complaint. England demonetized silver in 1816, and has ever since maintained the gold standard. As the commanding financial country of the world, it is to her profit and is her policy to control the gold of all the world, and to regulate silver as she determines. She sent her inflexible delegates to the International Convention at Paris, in 1865, and again in 1867, although resolved to adhere to her own gold standard. In the same undeviating spirit, England sent her delegation to the conference at Brussels, to take advantage of the condition of the United States. After the Civil War, while hundreds of millions of American war bonds were held in England, British bond-holders, eager for the payment of principal and interest in gold, managed to influence Congress to demonetize silver. Soon following, after the enormous indemnity of one thousand millions of dollars in gold was received from France, Germany likewise demonetized silver. These were as accessions to the English monetary system of the gold standard. On the part of the United States the demonetization of silver was in virtual, if not explicit, disregard of the Federal Constitution. Alexander Hamilton declared that “to annul the use of either gold or silver as money is to abridge the quantity of the circulating medium.” Thomas Jefferson held that “the unit must stand on both metals.” The demonetization of silver by Congress was a legislative device, secretly planned and stealthily performed, mystifying and entrapping the majority who were deluded into passing the measure.

The conference has failed. England, resolved upon her gold standard, has caused the defeat of the proposition for international, fair, and equitable agreement concerning silver and its ratio with gold, either as coin or bullion. The United States can, better than any other nation in the world, withstand the design and counteract the effect. The United States holds paramount position among countries as producer of gold and silver, and is destined so to continue. Her sixty-five millions of people are the best circumstanced of any nation of the earth, in persons and homes, in aggregate wealth and independence, and in the indomitable spirit to overcome every obstacle to their own advancement and their country's supremacy.

Gold and silver, on fair ratio, will continue to constitute the coined money of the country. The United States is rapidly pressing the way to full rivalry and equality with England in the commanding financial affairs of the world, and New York will compete with London as the chief mart of exchange and monetary transactions. The greater production of silver will abide with the United States, and the vast requirements and enterprise of the country will call into activity all of the silver and gold produced at home, alike surpassing in quantity the production of every other nation. It is more probable that the United States will eventually bring England to the double standard than that England will force this country to her monometallism. But England, as always, has, in this conference matter, treated the United States most shabbily. She is as vitally interested in silver as we are. India, her greatest dependency, has to pay to England, in gold, the annual interest on a heavy debt; India has to pay to England, in gold, heavy charges for civil pensions; India has to pay to England, in gold, four millions sterling on account of the Indian army; altogether, India has to pay to England every year a fifth of her total revenue—in gold. But when these obligations were assumed, ten silver rupees would buy a gold sovereign. Now it takes sixteen. If, under these circumstances, silver continues to decline, India will become bankrupt, and the sponge which England is slowly sucking will be dry.

Considering all these facts, and the two-faced, double-deal-

ing attitude of England in the Brussels Conference, the United States ought to take John Bull by the horns. Let this government cease buying fifty million ounces a year; let it begin selling; silver would drop like a shot to a point where England, through sheer desperation, would be forced in self-interest to step in and help sustain it.

This country has been carrying the heavy end of the log long enough.

The *Argonaut* is not in the habit of discussing divorce cases, but the facts in the Stetson divorce suit have been printed with such particularity of detail by the dailies that the matter is public property. The facts are rather unusual. In May, 1884, Charlotte Perkins, a young lady then twenty-three years of age, married Charles Walter Stetson, of Providence, R. I., a young man of twenty-six. She lived with him seven years, during which a daughter was born to them. Very soon after the marriage, Mrs. Stetson developed advanced views on social and dress reform. She felt that she had a purpose in life, and that the conjugal relation stood in the way of that purpose. When her husband was with her, she could not work at her self-appointed task. It was only when he was away from her that she felt she could perform that which she was certain was her duty. Accordingly, when Mr. Stetson, who had been living with her at Pasadena, in Southern California, returned to his home in Rhode Island, she refused to accompany him; and she still continues to refuse to take her place in the conjugal domicile, although earnestly entreated to do so by her husband. On this Mr. Stetson, who had never quarreled with her, and whose only grievance was that she “wanted to be a woman's leader, to show others how to dress, so as to be strong and healthy, and to bring up healthy children,” sued for a divorce on the ground of desertion. There will apparently be no opposition to the decree on the part of the lady.

Mrs. Stetson is well known as an advanced thinker and a writer of vigorous prose and graceful verse. No one has ever spoken or thought ill of her; she has many devoted admirers, both here and in the East. Her writings have commanded the approval of such critics as Oliver Wendell Holmes and W. D. Howells. Those who believe that matrimony is the true end and aim of women, will regret that she should have cast it off at the outset of her life, for reasons which do not seem to be conclusive, and which, perhaps, she ought to have realized when she married.

But Mrs. Stetson's course is the logical fruit of the philosophy which she professes. She is a type of the independent female thinker. She has educated herself to believe that she has a mission of reform. With the fulfillment of the duties of that mission, the narrow obligations which marriage imposes are inconsistent. A woman can not think out a scheme of social reform while she is overseeing the cooking of a dinner or directing the management of her husband's house. She can not concentrate her mental energy upon the elevation of her race and her sex, if a man sits by her side craving the tender attentions which a husband has a right to expect of a wife. To Mrs. Stetson a time came when she had to elect whether she would be a reformer or a wife; she abandoned her husband for the sake of her “work.” It does not appear that the world is called upon to sit in judgment on her choice.

But it is well that young women should see where the craving of the female mind for self-reliance and independence naturally leads. Girls are growing up, not only in the East, but here, also, with a set purpose to do their own thinking, and not to be guided by their husbands. They assert the equality of the sexes, become “co-eds” at colleges, and, when they graduate, have ideas of their own on abstruse questions of social philosophy. These are the ladies who strike the word “obey” out of the marriage service, and limit their deference to their husbands to a willingness to argue questions with them. These women are naturally drifting apart from their husbands, and if they are honest, they will some day do as Charlotte Perkins Stetson has done, declare their independence, desert the conjugal domicile, and acquiesce in a divorce, though neither they nor their husbands are in fault.

We are not contending that their conduct is wrong. We merely draw attention to its inevitable culmination. Whether it is better for a gifted and broad-minded woman to secure the full control of her time in order to carry out her “work,” when she can only do so by taking her place among divorcees; or whether she had not better put up with the inconvenience of a husband, in order to avoid complicating her schemes of reform with drawbacks growing out of her social status, is a question which ladies must answer for themselves. And the question goes down to the very roots of woman's object in life.

It is quite common to hear girls say that they do not want to marry; that a single life is more desirable in every way than a partnership in which they must be junior partners, though intellectually superior to their seniors. This is ignoring the purpose for which women were created. They

were brought into the world to be wives and mothers. A modern fad prevails that they are men's equals. But that is nothing more than the natural reaction from a philosophy which denied to women any rights at all—social, political, or natural. The creed of the Women's Rights people is just as far from the truth in one direction as the Oriental creed in which women were the chattels of men was in the other.

There is no sort of difficulty in a girl's remaining single, if she wants to. All she has to do is to proclaim her independence of mind and her impatience of control. Men may admire her, especially if she is bright; but they will not wed her. They are afraid of her. They will flatter the independent maiden, they will admire the self-reliant girl, and then they will walk off to the simple clinging creature, who regards a man's opinion as a divine revelation, and would be much obliged if you would let her know whether “possession” is spelt with two s's, or three, or four. This is all wrong, of course. The gifted creature who has fixed opinions on the habitability of the planets and the meaning of Browning is far more likely to give birth to sons of genius than the sweet little ignoramus who is not certain whether Byron wrote the *Iliad*, or whether that was not a posthumous work by Sylvanus Cobb. But the men will take the little ignoramus to their arms every time, and she, at least, will fulfill her purpose in life.

The *Argonaut* expresses no opinion as to the good or bad judgment of the men who thus choose their wives. Nor does it condemn women for independence of character. The girls of our day are brought up to be much more self-reliant and independent than were their mothers and their grandmothers. It is small wonder that they do not wish to enter into a contract where they must apparently be inferior, and pledge themselves to “obey.” But neither do the men wish to mate with these self-poised, imperious maidens. Independence and self-reliance are excellent qualities for girls to possess. But they are very bad for the encouragement of matrimony.

Every true friend of the Holy Roman Catholic Church must view with painful emotions the deplorable differences which are disturbing the peace of the faithful in New Jersey and New York. Sad as it is to see men of any kind or station engaging in angry conflict, it is peculiarly trying to reverent minds to behold prelates and priests of Mother Church wielding their shillalahs with lay ardor, shocking the air with their whoops, and, in general, paling the glories of an Irish fair when the potheen kegs have run low. Especially melancholy is it when such a scrimmage is precipitated by race feeling—a prejudice which, it might seem, would be vincible to the ameliorating influences of a common faith. But though the priest's peaceful garb cover a Hibernian breast, the proud and sensitive heart still beats warmly, and not even vows of humility and obedience are equal to eliminating the hereditary inclination to punch a Dutchman's head, or any other foreigner's head, when that head utters observations that have not the advantage of an Irishman's concurrence.

That the Rev. Father Patrick Corrigan, of Hoboken, is a worthy man, and a pious clergyman, there is ample testimony. That he holds dear the interests of the church there can be no doubt. But neither is it to be denied that he forgot his cloth, his duty of deference to authority and the interests of the Roman Catholic cause, when he took a fall out of Bishop Wigger. The latter, it should be explained in extenuation, however, is a German, a Cahensleyite, and, therefore, a rebel against Irish ecclesiastical monopoly in America. He attended the recent congress of German Catholics at Newark, and joined in the resolutions which denounced our public schools as abominations. Irish interests induced Father Corrigan to declare himself to be an ardent American, and, in a published letter, he raked his bishop for want of patriotism, and came out for the public schools with a fervor that must have taken away the breath of countless Catholics, nursed through the years on the milk of the identical doctrine proclaimed by Bishop Wigger and his fellow Cahensleyites. For this letter, Father Corrigan has been summoned by the bishop to stand trial. To add fury to the fight, the pugnacious *padre* has allowed the reporters of a secular and gleeful press to interview him, and he has, also, written other-missives explaining and defending his conduct. These interviews, these epistles, all prove that Father Corrigan, so far from being either dismayed or disheartened, is still of a defiant, an aggressive spirit, and possessed of courage enough to do battle alone against the whole German wing of the Catholic Church—which has the incredible presumption to think that it should be permitted to govern itself instead of being governed by Irishmen. Incidentally, the furious priest has let out some secrets and made some by-charges which disclose the saddening fact that sweet, unworldly peace and Christian love do not dwell behind that discreet veil which the Catholic prelate drops between itself and the unconsecrated. In his first



letter, the Hoboken priest disclosed that up to the meeting of the Newark Congress Archbishop Corrigan and Bishop Wigger had not been in the habit of speaking as they encountered and passed each other in the Catholic Eden. This the archbishop's secretary denied to a reporter of the *Sun*, whereupon the doughty father risked his archbishop's as well as his bishop's displeasure by supplying the press with this little picture of godly harmony :

"On the occasion of the funeral of the Rev. Pierce McCarthy, of West Orange, several years ago, I was the first priest to leave after the mass, as I was in a hurry to catch a train. I was surprised when, looking back, I saw Archbishop Corrigan walking after me, for it was raining. Archbishop Corrigan had been somewhat late for the service, and it was noticed that neither he nor Bishop Wigger recognized each other as the former entered the sanctuary, and the sudden departure of the archbishop rendered an interview impossible. I told him how surprised I was that he be left so soon, and in such weather, in place of waiting to dine with the bishop. 'We do not speak, except officially,' said the archbishop. This emboldened me to say, in my old familiar way: 'It serves you right, archbishop, for it was you that made him what he is.' 'Yes,' said the archbishop; 'I did some things in New Jersey that I would not do again.'"

Another hornet's nest was pulled from the tree of life in Jersey City by a reference in the Corrigan letters to a priest there whom he described as a "little Machiavelli." Mgr. de Concilio, of St. Michael's Church in that town, fits this cap to his tonsure and makes reply through the *Sun*. The good Dr. Dana, indeed, appears to take an essentially sinful pleasure in permitting the brethren to have it out in the columns of his apparently respectful paper. The monseigneur affirms that Father Corrigan attacked him because he, the monseigneur, assailed a pamphlet written by Professor Bouquillon, of the Roman Catholic University of Washington, who advocated sending Roman Catholic children to the public schools. "Father Corrigan," Mgr. de Concilio adds, "hints that my enmity toward Archbishop Corrigan is because I did not receive the appointment to the vicar-generalship at his hands. That is not true. I never sought it." But the monseigneur is not content with denying that he is either a Machiavelli or an office-seeker; he endeavors to bead off worse accusations by training this threatening gun on Hoboken :

"If Father Corrigan has any attack upon my good name to make, I shall avail myself of the law of the land for protection. I have never had any aspersion cast upon my name. His account of the raising of ten thousand dollars is not correctly stated."

There is every prospect that the trial of Father Corrigan will cause this unhappy war to spread. A New York priest is quoted by the *Herald* to this purport :

"Father Corrigan is not alone in this dispute. Every priest, who is not a German, is with Father Corrigan. He is simply the leader in a movement that has come and that must have come. . . . If Father Corrigan shall be found guilty of disrespect to Bishop Wigger, he can take an appeal to the archbishop, and if the latter's decision should be adverse, he could appeal to Rome. And he will do it, if necessary."

But as the Pope is not Irish, it is to be feared that in the end the hero of Hoboken will be instructed to bend the knee to his bishop. He may be in the right, but that is a small matter. A little thing like justice to an individual will not weigh now, any more than at other times, with the Vatican in the scale against the peace of Holy Church. Though the fight may be long, the result is certain. If priests should be permitted to use their minds and indulge in free speech, the laity would inevitably become subject to the intolerable heresy that they, too, had a right to think.

Each year, as the time approaches for the supervisors to fix water rates for the ensuing twelvemonth, a clamor arises among certain newspapers urging the supervisors to do that which they know can not be done. The idea that corporations of a quasi-public character are fair game for those who get the opportunity to "cinch" them, fortunately does not extend far beyond the editorial rooms of these newspapers. The supervisors are required by law to fix just and reasonable water rates each year; but this power has been so defined and limited by judicial decisions that the harm that might have been done formerly is now averted. The public is directly and deeply interested in the quality and quantity of the water supply, and this quality and quantity depend upon the prosperity of the company. Should the supervisors, forgetful of the responsibility that rests upon them, fix rates so low as to do away with the profits of operating, the harm done would fall as heavily upon the people as upon the company.

This is the point of view of the public. From the standpoint of the courts the case is even stronger. A small matter of half a cent decided for all time the limits of legislative control of corporations in the matter of fixing rates in this country. A railroad running into Minneapolis and St. Paul from certain suburban towns carried milk from those towns to the cities for three cents a gallon. In response to a demand from the dairymen, the railroad commission reduced the rate to two and one-half cents, and the railroad appealed to the courts on the ground that the reduction was unreasonable and destroyed all profits. The case followed the usual

course through the courts, reaching a decision by the United States Supreme Court, in March, two years ago.

The court lays down the principles that must now govern all such cases positively and distinctly. The proposition that the intention of the legislature as expressed in the law was that the rates fixed by the commission should be final and conclusive, and, therefore, in law, just and reasonable, is accepted. "If this is so," says the opinion, "it conflicts with the United States Constitution, inasmuch as it deprives the company of its right to a judicial investigation as to the truth of the matter in controversy, and substitutes therefor, as an absolute finality, the action of a railroad commission." This clearly states the right of the company to appeal to the courts against unreasonable reductions, and a series of decisions sustains the same point. Continuing, the opinion says: "If the company is deprived of the power of charging reasonable rates for the use of its property, and such deprivation takes place in the absence of an investigation by judicial machinery, it is deprived of the lawful use of its property, and thus in substance and effect of the property itself without due process of law, and in violation of the Constitution of the United States; and in so far as it is thus deprived, while other persons are permitted to receive reasonable profits upon their invested capital, the company is deprived of equal protection of the laws."

The principle here laid down applies with equal force to the regulation of water rates, and has in fact been applied by the courts of this State. The problem before the supervisors is, therefore, a simple one. The stockholders of the Spring Valley Water Company are entitled to receive a return on their capital as great as they would receive were their capital invested in other enterprises. If the rates are fixed so low as not to permit such a return to be received, such rates would be unreasonable, and the courts would grant relief to the company.

The American Federation of Labor objects to the maintenance of the militia, on the ground that in controversies between employers and workmen it is frequently used on the side of the former. Similar objections to the maintenance of the United States army were made by labor organizations when a few companies of United States troops were sent to do duty in the Cœur d'Alene country. In both cases the argument of the labor agitators was that an armed force organized under authority of law should not be employed by capital to override the rights of labor.

Herein the workingmen's organizations display their customary mental confusion. Neither the army nor the militia has ever intervened in a dispute between employers and workmen on the side of either, nor is it likely that such an occurrence will ever take place. In such disputes, intervention by the armed force of Federal or State governments would be impertinent and intolerable. But it is the especial business of the army and the militia to act as the reserve of the ordinary police force in time of public commotion and to supplement that force when it is inadequate. That is what both organizations are intended for. Whenever the peace is broken by a body too strong to be suppressed by the police, it becomes the duty of the militia, primarily, and secondarily of the army, to support the police, with force of arms, until the disturbance is suppressed. That is the intervention in labor disputes of which the Federation of Labor and sundry labor unions have complained. The intervention implied no sympathy with either party to the dispute; but as it is invariably the workingmen who break the peace and resort to violence, it is they and not their employers who are jailed or shot by the militia or the army.

The contention of the Federation of Labor amounts to a demand that the guardians of the peace shall be dismissed, in order that riotous workmen shall have full swing. It is a repetition of the demand of the wolves that the shepherds should get rid of their dogs. As such, it will be received with derision, and will furnish a fresh illustration of the incapacity of labor organizations to grapple with the labor problems of the day. Gompers, Powderly, and their fellow-leaders furnish proof in their persons that, now as always, the result of attempts to organize labor is to subject workmen to the tyranny of the most ignorant and the most unprincipled members of the wage-earning class.

Both in this country and in England, the conflict has resolved itself into a struggle between members of unions and workmen who are not members of unions over the question whether the latter shall be let to work and live. Unions declare that non-union men shall not be allowed to work and live. They claim that the right to labor is theirs, and theirs alone. In the same breath that they denounce corporate monopolies, they assert a monopoly of their own in the labor market. At Homestead, they gathered in numbers counted by the thousand to drive away from the works workmen who were as competent as themselves, but who were not members of their organizations. At Cœur d'Alene, a miners' union drove away and shot skilled miners who had

not sought membership in their body. In England, labor unions refuse to permit non-union men to work, and they have done their work so effectually that a hundred thousand non-union laborers, in various trades, are walking the streets of London hungry, while their wives and children are hungry at home. Nor do they stop here. When employers, noticing the distress of these starving non-union men, undertake to give them employment, the union men resort to violence to prevent it—blow up shafts at Cœur d'Alene, bombard mills at Homestead, club workmen off the docks in London, stone seekers for work in New York. When the authorities call out the militia to repress these disturbances, the Federation of Labor denounces the militia as an instrument of capital, used to rob workmen of their rights. Was ever so gross an example of unreason?

In this country no men can presume to establish a monopoly of labor. Every human being has an inalienable right to work, to sell his labor, and to live on the proceeds thereof. Any organization which denies that inalienable right, undertakes the impossible, and will be ground to powder if it attempts to give effect to its denial by violence. Nor is there the smallest prospect that the machinery for the preservation of order and individual rights will be modified to please assemblages of the most ignorant and most unreasonable members of the community.

The Panama pool at Paris is growing deeper, blacker, filthier. Into it are slipping statesmen hitherto deemed stainless. Like a quicksand, it is swallowing up everything that even approaches its edge. Now it is feared that the republic itself will be engulfed.

There is no doubt that the situation is a grave one for republican government in France. But the republic may be saved by the inter-animosities of her enemies. The opposition is composed of Monarchists, Imperialists, Boulangists, Red Republicans, Socialists, and small groups of deputies typifying various other shades of discontent. These groups again are divided among themselves. Although the death of the head of the Bourbon dynasty, the Count of Chambord, united the two branches of the family and left but one royalist pretender, the Count of Paris, there is no great amount of brotherly love within the Bourbon-Orleanist ranks. The Count of Paris is heartily hated by all the ancient adherents of the Count of Chambord. In the event of a Monarchist movement, he would probably have to step aside in favor of his son.

The Bonapartists are in even worse condition. Their dynastic legend now consists in maintaining that the late Prince Imperial left his shadowy throne to Prince Victor, skipping Victor's father, because he did not like him. Their ranks, too, have been weakened by long years of waiting. Prudent French politicians have abandoned their lines for other camps. Prudent French imperialist judges have changed their views. Prudent French imperialist generals have become ardent Republicans.

As we have said, the Boulangists, and the other groups in the opposition, typify nothing but discontent with the government. Had they some man upon whom to unite, they might be dangerous. But they have no such man. Were even the late and unlamented Boulanger alive, he might succeed in overthrowing the government. But he is dead, and he has left nothing behind him but his "memory," which sacred possession is defended by Deputy Déroulède, leader of the Boulangists.

The dispute and duel between Déroulède and Clemenceau places the code duello in an even more absurd and ridiculous light than is usual. Clemenceau is accused by Déroulède, in open Chamber, with having, as a deputy, received bribes to affect legislation. This charge is made circumstantially. To it Clemenceau makes no circumstantial defense. He rises in the Chamber and says to Déroulède, "You lie!" The next day the seconds of the two disputants arrange matters. Both demand a duel to the death. Both demand the right to have photographers and reporters present. Both demand the right to issue newspaper extras with "full and exclusive reports." On the third day they meet. They are placed at twenty-five yards distance. Three harmless shots are exchanged, and honor is declared satisfied.

What folly! Are parliamentary questions to be settled in such a way? Is anything decided by this duel? Is Déroulède any the less a liar because he exposed his hide to the danger of flying bullets? Or is Clemenceau any the less a knave?

As to the element of danger in these French duels, it does not seem to be great. During the three weeks that the Panama investigation has been going on in the Chamber of Deputies, there have been numberless quarrels, the lie has passed continually, there have been several duels, but no deaths. Yet in San Francisco in one day during the past week four prominent business men died. This would seem to indicate that the ordinary perils of a business life in San Francisco are greater than those of a duelist's life in



## THE FEUD IN HICKEY TOWNSHIP.

It was certainly a first-rate feud, and a source of much pride to the settlers in and about Hickey Township, just as a bawled house, or a murder mystery, or a long-lived scandal might have been—only the feud was much more satisfactory, because it had been on for four years, and hardly a month had passed, during all that time, that had not witnessed some new episode in the affair, and each one seemed more startling than its predecessor. And so it was that the good people of Hickey Township held their heads just a little bit higher than their less fortunate friends who resided in more peaceful portions of the country.

It—the feud—all started on account of a yearling calf—than which, permit me (a stock-raiser of limited but fruitful experience) to interpolate, there never was nor can there ever be a creature more hopelessly, unreasonably "ornery," and one more productive of sinful language and display of sultry temper on the part of its keepers. Yearling calves have caused the recording angel more trouble, broken up more old friendships, produced more family jars, and, in the form of veal, begotten more indigestion and the insomnia resultant therefrom, than—but this is not an essay on the sinful, sportive steerlet and his shortcomings.

The Walkers and the Benedicts had been old neighbors for years, "back in loway." In fact, the elder Walkers and the elder Benedicts had been married about the same time, at the beginning of the war, and had just settled on adjoining homesteads when the first gun was fired on Sumter. The men enlisted in the same company, fought side by side, ate and slept and suffered together; and at home their young wives waited and wept together. When the little Walkers and the little Benedicts grew large enough to run about, they were playmates and boon companions; the children of one family felt as much at liberty in the home of the other as they did in their own—for twenty-eight years the two families had lived in peace and amity, and then that miserable calf precipitated an irreparable row. It was too bad, all the neighbors said, but it is a noticeable fact that none of them attempted to patch up a peace—life in Hickey Township and at Hickey Corners would have been dull, indeed, but for the feud; so everybody sat by and watched each new phase of the affair with nervous, morbid interest, and commented thereon, but not in a manner likely to prove conducive to a truce on the part of the disputants.

It was this way: The Benedict and Walker houses had been built on adjacent corners of the homestead quarters, and were quite close together; in fact, one well, sunk on the quarter-section line between the two homesteads, had furnished water for both families for the first four years after coming to Dakota, and it was only a short distance from either house.

But it came to pass that on the Walker domain there was born, and grew, and waxed fat and "sassy," a brindle calf, with a right smart chance of white in its eye and a plethora of deep-dyed mischief in its soul—and he (for it was a young gentleman "critter"), while yet of tender age but tough record, engendered the feud. He had wandered away the day before, and when he returned, at night, the gate of the calf-pen was shut against him; and in the morning, when Papa Benedict arose from post-breakfast family prayers, and, followed by the younger male Benedicts, hid him toward the stable, he beheld his neighbor's incipient steer nipping in the bud sundry young and toothsome cabbages, and kicking out of the earth, in his bovine abandon, all he could not eat.

Then was Papa Benedict wroth, and thereupon did he give way to naughty, profane words, while the young Benedicts surrounded the offending calf and brought him up for judgment.

Now, Papa Benedict was a man of hasty temper, but easily calmed; so, when the calf was tendered him at the end of a long picket-rope, his wrath had decreased several degrees, and he wound the rope around his hand and started to lead the calf home.

It was while he was pondering on what to say to the calf's owner that the calf suddenly remembered a previous engagement, and started, in some haste, to keep it, heading directly across the croquet-ground. Papa Benedict wished to follow with more dignity than the calf desired; and, presently, his feet were scraped from under him by a wicket, and he was being handled the way the vaqueros in South America are supposed to make butter—at the end of a lasso. He did not look very neat when, a few minutes later, he reached the Walker residence and called his neighbor out. He was holding the calf up short, but his temper had slipped its tether, and caused him to say bad words, to which Papa Walker replied in kind—whereat Papa Benedict seized a convenient neck-yoke and killed the cause of the trouble.

Of course there was a fight and considerable ill-chosen language; then, as soon as possible, Papa Benedict sued Papa Walker for the damage to his cabbages, and Papa Walker sued Papa Benedict for the value of the calf. After that, they prosecuted each other for assault and battery; the younger members of both houses "sassed" each other at every available opportunity; Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Benedict did no more "neighborin'"; and Mort Benedict and Nellie Walker "busted up" with each other. That is, Nellie broke with Mort, who, for his part, had a wholesome contempt for feuds and such nonsense, and would fain have ignored the state of affairs, so far as Nellie was concerned, except for the opposition any overtures from him would have received on all sides, and especially from Nellie. So he had to grin and bear it, leaving, however, all hostilities to the others, and speaking pleasantly to any of the Walkers he chanced to meet.

But, finally, through a rash act of his own, he was forced into the feud. There was a husking-bee, of the good old-fashioned sort, at Thompson's, one night, and the younger members of the hostile houses attended. During the evening, Mort found a red ear in his pile, and—he never knew

what impelled him to do it, unless it was that Nellie looked so pretty and tempting—he took his former sweetheart in his arms and kissed her, not once, but three times.

As soon as it could be done without the girls knowing of it, Bud Walker and Harvey Free invited Mort and Pel Horner out into the moonlit pasture, where Bud insisted on "having it out." Mort demurred, but in vain, and, much to his regret, was forced to "lick" to a standstill, not only the man he hoped some day to call his brother-in-law, but the latter's second as well; Pel Horner being a cripple and unable to accommodate young Free, who was "pinin'" on account of his principal's defeat.

That settled it. Thereafter, even tender-hearted Mrs. Walker—who, like Mrs. Benedict, sincerely but silently regretted the trouble that kept her apart from her old-time friends these four long years, and who had always had a pleasant greeting for all the family, especially for Mort, who was a great favorite of hers—cut him dead when she happened to meet him, and even the frigid inclination of the head with which Nellie had been wont to recognize his presence on those rare occasions on which they met was now denied him.

All this cut Mort deeply, but he was made of too tough fibre to show it; so, till the end of the feud, he tried to act as though he did not care—just as did Nellie, who, however, was obliged to confess to herself, once in awhile, that she *did* care, "lots."

The spring of 188— is a memorable one in the history of many portions of the Dakotas. The amount of rain in the fall, and the snowfall of the winter preceding, had been very slight, indeed, and there were no spring rains to encourage the farmers. The creek-beds and coulees were dry; the lake-beds and sloughs were as innocent of water as powder-magazines; and the matted grasses and reeds standing in them were as dry as was the grass on the prairies. Everything invited the fire-fiend, whose work on the plains is so swift and thorough—and he accepted the invitation.

From the wheat regions up north came tales of his deadly work—of counties almost entirely laid waste, of hundreds made homeless and penniless, with nothing left, even where-with to wring their bread out of the soil.

In C— County and its neighbors, however, all felt secure; the fires were far north of them, and being gradually exterminated. Besides, they were in the Jim River Valley; it is curious how much confidence the proximity of a river will give to the settler who is threatened by prairie-fires.

Mort Benedict and his father were returning from the county town one day, having been in to leave "mother" for a two days' visit, and to have the breaking-plow repaired. For a day or two there had been rumors of fires only twenty miles or so to the north, and they were talking of this as they crossed the bridge, four miles from home. As they reached the top of the hill on the west side of the river, Mort glanced at the northern horizon, which was not distant, on account of a range of hills running east and west, and—

Did his eyes deceive him, or was that smoke, just rolling up above the line of hills?

"Look, father!"

Startled, the elder man did so.

"Good God, Mort! She's a-comin', an' comin' t' beat h—l, too! We got t' race, t' save anything!"

And race they did, but the fire was racing, too; and when they drove their panting horses into the door-yard, the flames were only a few miles away and coming down at lightning speed.

While Tom and Roy saddled their ponies and rounded up the live-stock, Mr. Benedict and the three elder boys and Bessie, in an incredibly short space of time, put into the two wagons everything that it was possible to save, after which Hal and George saddled their ponies, joined Tom and Roy with the herd, and the whole procession, headed by the two wagons, driven by Mort and his father, moved off at a rapid pace toward the river.

Then, and only then, did Mort notice that there was no sign of human life about the Walker place. His heart gave a leap. "Bess!" he said, sharply; "did—did *they* git away? Did ye notice 'em movin' 'round?"

The girl's eyes opened wide. "Oh, Mort! I haven't heard or seen a sign of 'em all day!"

"Take them reins. I'm goin' back an' see."

He leaped from the wagon and ran back, noting, as he did so, how hot the air had become and how near the big wave of smoke was.

Mrs. Walker, singing softly as she bustled about the kitchen, was a bit startled to see who her unannounced visitor was.

"Mis' Walker, where's all your men-folks? No, I didn't come fer trouble—only th's a prairie-fire only a little ways off, an' comin' down like mad!"

Mrs. Walker sank into a chair. "Oh, heavens! An' father sick a-bed an' all th' boys over t' Berry's on a breakin'-bee!"

"Good Lord! Ain't I glad I come back! Where's th' hosses?"

"Oh, Mort! They're all loose in the pasture!"

"Git what things ye wantuh save t'gether real quick! They ain't no spare time." And Mort tore out of the house like a madman, and down to the pasture, not noticing that Nellie had entered the kitchen and was staring at him, open-eyed.

Both Mr. Walker's wagon-teams were composed of animals usually as docile as lambs; but, to-day, bunched together in a corner of the pasture, they sniffed the coming flames, and it seemed to put wild imps into their lumbering carcasses, and it was a long, trying time before Mort could catch two of them, swear, pray, try as he might—and the great fire rolled swiftly nearer. The wind had shifted from north-east to north-west. Mort saw, with a sinking at his heart, that there was an even chance of getting cut off from the river.

Mr. Walker was on a feather-bed on the floor of the

wagon, and Mrs. Walker crouched beside him. Nellie ran back into the house for the family Bible, then climbed up beside Mort.

"Git up! Clk!" The heavy whip came down hard on the horses' flanks, and the race was begun.

Faster came the flames; the billow of smoke rolled over them, now and then dropping feathery grass-cinders as it passed; they could hear the roar of the fire and feel its hot breath whenever the wind increased in velocity—and Jim River so far away!

Nearer came the great wave of flame; the air was dense and suffocating. Mort, in his frenzy, lashed the now running horses incessantly, cursing, praying, saying he knew not what. Mrs. Walker wept and prayed; Mr. Walker now and then gave a feeble moan; Nellie, on the seat beside Mort, kept her lips tight closed and said nothing, only clinging to the seat more desperately as the wagon bounced and lurched.

Mort looked at her; her silence angered him. "Git off'n th' seat!" he roared. "How d'ye think I c'n drive, with you sittin' thar?"

The girl obeyed, and fell, rather than climbed, back into the box.

Mort Benedict's recollections of what occurred after that are very dim. He remembers driving deeper and deeper into the terrible heat and smoke, of tearing through a volume of flame that seemed endless—flame that burned his eyes, his nostrils, his throat, and scorched his hair and eyebrows—then, with a final leap, the horses dashed down the slope into the shallow river, and he knew no more.

When Mort awoke, he could not for some time realize where he was, and lay for some minutes trying to remember. Oh, yes; he was in Will Berry's room. He remembered the antlers on the wall and the white curtains at the windows. Some one came in softly from the next room.

"Who is it?" he asked.

It was Nellie, and she came and leaned over him. "It's me, Mort. I've be'n here all th' time. I thought ye knew me, sometimes. You've be'n sick."

"Are ye here t' stay, Nell—always, I mean?"

She sat down on the edge of the bed and put her hands on his shoulders.

"If ye want me to, Mort."

He drew her face down to his, but put her at arms' length, presently.

"But how about th' feud, Nell?"

"They ain't no more feud, Mort." R. L. KETCHUM.  
SAN FRANCISCO, December, 1892.

## OLD FAVORITES.

## Two Loves and a Life.

To the scaffold's foot she came;  
Leaped her black eyes into flame,  
Rose and fell her panting breast—  
There a pardon closely pressed.

She had heard her lover's doom,  
Traitor death and shameful tomb—  
Heard the price upon his head.  
"I will save him," she had said.

"Blue-eyed Annie loves him, too;  
She will *weep*, but Ruth will *do*.  
Who should save him, sore distressed,  
Who but she who loves him best?"

To the scaffold now she came;  
On her lips there rose a name—  
Rose, and yet in silence died—  
Annie nestled by his side.

Over Annie's face he bent,  
Round her waist his fingers went;  
"Wife," he called her—called her "wife!"  
Simple word to cost a life.

In Ruth's breast the pardon lay,  
But she coldly turned away;  
He has sealed his traitor fate—  
I can love, and I can hate."

"Annie is his wife," they said,  
"Be it wife, then, to the dead,  
Since the dying she will mate:  
I can love, and I can hate."

"What their sin! They do but love;  
Let this thought thy bosom move."  
Came the jealous answer straight:  
"I can love, and I can hate."

"Mercy!" still they cried. But she:  
"Who has mercy upon me?  
Who? My life is desolate—  
I can love, and I can hate."

From the scaffold stairs she went,  
Shouts the noonday silence rent;  
All the air was quick with cries:  
"See the traitor! See, he dies!"

Back she looked, with stifled scream,  
Saw the axe upswinging gleam;  
All her woman's anger died—  
"From the king!" she faintly cried—

"From the king. His name—behold!"  
Quick the parchment she unrolled.  
Paused the axe in upward swing—  
"He is pardoned!" "Live the king!"

Glad the cry, and loud and long,  
All about the scaffold throng;  
There entwining, fold in fold,  
Raven tresses, locks of gold;

There against Ruth's tortured breast  
Annie's tearful face is pressed,  
While the white lips murmuring move:  
"I can hate—but I can love."—William Sawyer.

The demand for the late Lord Tennyson's poems has been so great in England of late that the printers at one time had twenty-six presses working on them.



## FRANCE'S "GRAND OLD MAN."

"Sybilla" writes of De Lesseps, his Family, and his Home.

The distance from the railway station to the Château de la Chesnaye, where the "Grand Français" lives whose name is in all mouths to-day, by reason of the great Panama scandal—is about four and a half miles, over which we drove a few days ago in a dense November fog. The château, where the De Lesseps family has spent its summers and autumns for the last twenty-five years, is situated in a flat, open country, three miles from the little hamlet of Vatau.

As we left the village, I discerned through the fog, standing out between the buildings of the large farm attached to the château and the woods of the adjoining park, the two slender towers of the antique residence of Agnes Sorel. M. de Lesseps, as his young family increased, added new buildings to the former old historical château, and thus transformed it, little by little, into a vast phalanstery, where his thirteen children—the eldest of whom is fifty-two and the youngest seven years of age—and a number of friends, for he is most hospitable and always has his house full, have passed happy seasons until these last few dire weeks. Contrary to what Ovid's proverb says, his friends have not deserted him in his misfortune, and when we reached the château, it was to find about twenty there who had lately arrived to offer their assistance and sympathy.

Those who have visited Paris since some five or six years ago, will remember having seen the merry procession of children on small ponies scampering out to the Bois de Boulogne at break-neck speed, accompanied by their father, the Comte de Lesseps, who was then a capital horseman, in spite of his years. Of his eleven remaining children, seven are at home studying with two governesses and a tutor. Of his three eldest sons by his second marriage, one is at Paris, preparing to enter the Military School of Saint Cyr; the second, Ismail, has enlisted in the crack regiment of the Fourth Chasseurs, and is at Saint Germain; and the eldest, Mathieu de Lesseps, is an officer in the regiment of Senegalese Spahis, and is at present with the army fighting in Africa. This last fact adds much to the anxieties of the Comtesse de Lesseps, to whom the events of the last two years, and especially of the last two weeks, have been so distressing, but whose courage in all her trials is most admirable. Besides being the great moral support of the family in these sad days, she is the Lady Bountiful of the adjacent country; the Château de la Chesnaye being the place of rendezvous for all the poor peasants in the neighborhood, who are never sent empty-handed away. The state of her illustrious husband's health has cast upon her shoulders all the heavy responsibilities and cares of her large family.

For three years past the old man's health has been gradually failing. The Panama disaster has completely broken him down. Public opinion is, even at present, almost unanimous in the belief that M. de Lesseps was ignorant of the errors of this lamentable affair. But he felt from the very beginning of the catastrophe that he—and he alone—would be held responsible for them by an ill-informed public, and his courage, which had never failed during all the trials of the last thirty years, was completely shipwrecked by the Panama affair.

On asking, when we arrived, how M. de Lesseps was, we were told that, having caught cold, he had been obliged for some days past to keep his room, and that his doctor, who had come out from Paris the day before to see him, had forbidden him to continue the promenades he had been in the habit of taking in the park, sometimes on foot, but oftener in a Bath chair, and therefore it is needless to say he will be unable to appear in court to-morrow to answer to the grave charge of gigantic swindling which is brought against him.

About twelve o'clock, while we were waiting for the breakfast-bell to ring, the Comtesse de Lesseps took us to see her husband. His physiognomy is but little changed; his large black eyes still retain the intensity of their look and a rare expression of vivacity; his smile is still youthful and as charming as it was wont to be. His first movement was to hold out his hand to his visitors and his first words: "You will stay to breakfast with us, will you not?"

He now spends the greater part of his day in reading, and he peruses with interest the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* and *La Nouvelle Revue*, which were on a table at his side. He asked us news of Mme. Adam, for whom he has great admiration, and, several times, addressing an old friend who was present, a former aide-de-camp of Maréchal de MacMahon, he spoke of him with touching affection and praise. But his conversation lapses frequently into long silences, as is often the case with old people. He talks but little; his deafness, which has lately much increased, prevents him from joining in general conversation. He does not know that his son Mathieu is in Africa. He thinks he has only been ordered to Marseilles. But his family's greatest care is to keep concealed from him the last terrible news from Paris, and he does not know that he is summoned to appear in court.

The Comtesse de Lesseps, though full of sorrow, looks hopefully to the coming law-suit as the sole solution to deliver her from an anxiety that has become intolerable.

"I am," she said to us, "somewhat of a fatalist, as my husband has always been. In the most trying days of his life he always believed in ultimate success; he always awaited calmly the end of events. I, also, am a philosopher of the same Eastern school. From the very first I believed this law-suit inevitable. But I have no fear about it, except for the effect the accusation would have on him should it come to his ears. There is final truth and justice in all things, and this law-suit will prove it. I am sure of one thing, and that is of the absolute integrity and honor of my dear husband and of his sons. Errors may have been committed, false hopes fostered and listened to, but a dishonest act committed with their knowledge, never!"

And, after she had spoken thus from her heart, when breakfast was over, the children and the assembled guests

gathered round the old man. They placed him gently in an arm-chair in a boudoir adjoining the great drawing-room, where, in a large, tarnished gilt frame, the faded portrait of Agnes Sorel, the former chatelaine, smiled down upon us. One of the old man's older daughters went to the piano and, playing softly a slow waltz, lulled her father to sleep. The younger children went off to play in the park, and, gathered round the fire-place, we talked in low voices, every one having but one thought: "If only we can keep him ignorant; if only he does not see the papers." And thus sheltered behind a rampart of affection, whose sole aim is to endeavor to shield him from the terribly imminent sorrow, the "Grand Français" continued to sleep, smiling the peaceful smile of a child. It was a touching sight to see this devoted wife and these loving children united in one thought—to keep him from further suffering. For three years they have done this, and he is ignorant to-day of all that has lately transpired to attack his honor.

With this sight before us came up a vision of the De Lesseps's home in former years. The whole of Europe has passed through the salon and dining-room of the Comte and Comtesse de Lesseps in their former abode in the Rue St. Florentine, and later in their hôtel No. 11 Avenue Montaigne. It has always been a most hospitable house—cosmopolitan and full of enjoyment. You amused yourself there as you did nowhere else, and the presence of the children gave their receptions a sort of family nuance. M. de Lesseps loved to be surrounded by this merry little band. Every day, in spring and summer, until they left town, an immense landau would carry off the brood to the Bois de Boulogne, and all Paris knew by sight those laughing faces, those rosy cheeks, and eyes sparkling with fun and youth. Between the father and mother and their children there has always been a harmony of affection which is, perhaps, the most natural sentiment in the world, but which we do not meet so often as we should.

Mme. de Lesseps is of Creole origin; her beauty bears the type of that race—the magnificent black eyes, soft as black velvet, almost prevent you from seeing with impartiality any other feature of her face. Still, in analyzing it, you remark the nose is somewhat wanting in line. But you hardly think of it in presence of that queenly look that commands all your admiration. Her figure, which is now too stout, was as beautiful as a statue. She is the daughter of M. de Bragars, who was a judge at the Island of Mauritius. The following anecdote, relative to her marriage with M. de Lesseps, is known to their friends alone: On his return from Palestine, M. de Bragars had brought back with him some roses of Jericho for some ladies of his acquaintance. M. de Lesseps, who was one of the habitués of the house, was present when the legend about these flowers was related: "Any one possessing these dried roses can, by putting them in water and making a wish, know whether it is to be fulfilled or not. If, on the next day, the faded flowers shall have bloomed again, he is sure of the accomplishment of his desire."

"And you, mademoiselle," said M. de Lesseps, turning to M. de Bragars's young daughter, "are you, too, going to try the experiment?"

"It is useless, monsieur," the girl replied, with sadness and emotion. "The roses would not bloom again for me."

"Why?"

"Because my dearest wish can not be realized."

There was so much confusion and evident feeling in this reply that M. de Lesseps was struck, and set to thinking.

"Try, at least, mademoiselle," he said, taking her hand, which she let linger in his. The young girl put the legend of the roses to the test. The following day they had resumed their fresh color, and shortly afterward Mlle. de Bragars became the Comtesse de Lesseps.

They lived for some time, as we have said, in the Rue St. Florentin—rendered famous for having been the street where Talleyrand lived and died—and they have now occupied for several years a handsome hôtel on the beautiful Avenue Montaigne, near the Seine. One of the most interesting pieces of furniture in the grand salon is a glass case containing the hundreds of decorations that have been given to M. de Lesseps. In all the rooms, Oriental stuffs and rare and costly *bibels* abound. In the antechamber are two enormous elephant tusks and a collection of umbrellas of all nations. Throughout the house, comfort and elegance reign without ostentation of luxury. The manners of the master and mistress of the house are simple and affable. An insignificant employee or an obscure journalist is received as graciously as an ambassador. Their receptions have always been very splendid and animated. As for hospitality, it is practiced here in the old-fashioned style. They have always at the house some relative not so favored by fortune as themselves, and these visitors stay six months or a year.

M. de Lesseps is about eighty-nine years old; his wife was twenty-one when he married her in 1869. His activity has been prodigious; he worked, attended to the duties of his high station, went into society, took his wife almost nightly to balls, and resumed his busy life at day-break. Every year he would go to Egypt with his whole family, just as he would have gone to Versailles, and it can easily be imagined what it must have been to travel with a "smala" such as his.

The magnificent portrait that Bonnat painted of him is well known, and it depicts the man's energy in every one of its strong lines.

PARIS, November 26, 1892.

In Dr. Gordon Hake's newly published "Memoirs of Eighty Years," there is much interesting, but unpleasant, gossip about the great men of the doctor's day, many of whom were his associates and friends. Trelawny, he relates, tore out his wife's hair by the roots; Rossetti was by no means a teetotaler; Thackeray was a cad; George Borrow was boorish to brutality; the great doctors who attended George the Fourth met together in consultation only to invent for his majesty's delectation the most infamous scandals about the ladies of the court, and so on for many pages.

## INDIVIDUALITIES.

Mgr. Louis Galimberti, who has just been made a cardinal, is the only journalist awarded the red hat.

George Kennan is desirous of returning to Russia, but is regarded with such disfavor by the authorities of that country that he does not think it wise to do so.

Edwin Gould has ordered from a press-clipping bureau "all the comments and accounts about" his father which have appeared, or will appear, in "all the newspapers of the world." He will have a mass of cheerful reading for the family.

The Rev. C. L. Dodson (Lewis Carroll), the bachelor tutor of Oxford, and known the world over as the author of "Alice in Wonderland," refuses to visit the grown-up girls who read his book when they were little. He is bashful, and he is afraid they might become sentimental.

If the changes now contemplated in the French diplomatic service be carried out, it is probable that M. Waddington will be removed from England. In that case, M. Ribot would be his successor. It is said that Mme. Ribot, who is an American, has a great desire to be accredited to the Court of St. James.

A writer in the *Journalist* makes the statement that "John Russell Young has nothing, Jo Howard spends more than he makes, Murat Halstead is poor, Colonel Cockerill has nothing, Dr. Hepworth struggles, Nym Crinkle Wheeler is worse off than ever, Stephen Fisk is always hard up, and George Alfred Townsend strikes a friend very often."

A much-traveled woman says of Whitelaw Reid as Minister in Paris: "Of all the hosts I ever saw he was absolutely the most perfect. His wife detested the whole situation, and was at little pains to conceal the fact. But Mr. Reid contrived to entertain all sorts and conditions of his fellow-countrymen, to set each one at ease and make each one feel personally welcome."

Mascagni's success as a composer was recognized in Rome two or three weeks ago by a banquet, arranged for by foreign as well as Italian artists. The hero of the occasion was persuaded into performing a few selections from his new opera on the piano. Sonzogno, publisher of Mascagni's works, telegraphed from Milan: "*Carte-blanche* for champagne and cigars, and send the bill to me."

Prince Ludwig of Bavaria, who recently married a Munich ballet-girl forty years younger than himself, is said to resemble Henry Irving in manner and features. He is the elder brother of the Empress of Austria, and thirty-seven years ago gave up his position and privileges as eldest son of Duke Maximilian that he might marry the beautiful actress, Henrietta Mendel. With her he lived happily up to the time of her death, a few years ago.

T. Suffern Taler was blackballed at the last election for members of the Coaching Club. No one supposed that there would be the slightest opposition to him, and his friends looked upon the election simply as a formality. The election of members of the Coaching Club is by secret ballot. The voting is done by mail. Mr. Taler's engagement to the daughter of Pierre Lorillard was announced only a few days ago.

While Zola's novel, "*Débâcle*," was appearing in numbers, a son of the late General Faillit visited the author and begged to have the adjective "triste," as applied to his father, omitted from the book. Although Zola had employed the epithet in the sense of "unlucky," and not with derogatory intent, he complied. But he did not change the narrative, which made the commander of the Fifth Army Corps partly responsible for the defeat at Reichshofen early in the war.

The late Duke of Marlborough, so the story goes, did not like dogs, and when he married Mrs. Hammersley, who had a pet pug, it was decided that the animal, who was getting old, should be left behind in the States and "boarded out." Some three hundred pounds sterling is spent annually on the dog, whose home is in Philadelphia. It is, according to a local paper, bathed every other day in hot milk and fed with chopped steak. It wears a blanket out-of-doors. Its kennel has divisions for sleeping, eating, and bathing, the sides being of glass.

The Pope is perfectly well, but does not like to read the speculations as to his death at no very distant date, and what will then happen. His Holiness took special care to inform a literary visitor the other day that he has every prospect of living to be a hundred, a belief supported and warranted by the fact that his family have been very long-lived people, both on his mother's and his father's side. He is extremely regular in all his habits; each day, with him, is the counterpart of the past one. He made an exception, recently, in favor of having two teeth extracted.

The late D. Edgar Crouse, of Syracuse, whose estate is variously estimated at between five millions and twenty millions of dollars, leaves a bequest of \$150,000 to Maurice A. Graves, his confidential clerk; \$100,000 to A. J. Feek, who had charge of the training of the millionaire's valuable horses, and who purchased for him all the blooded stock in his stable; \$50,000 to his valet, William Ritter; \$50,000 to Margaret Enright, a servant who had been in the employ of the family for years; \$50,000 to Jacob Nottingham, a lawyer, who drew the will; \$50,000 to William H. Jacoby, a friend; \$25,000 to Mary Foley, a house-servant; \$5,000 to each of a number of local charitable institutions; and \$1,000 each to half a dozen stable employees; he then bequeaths the great bulk of the estate to his heirs-at-law as provided by statute. To the surprise of everybody, Mr. Crouse left nothing to Syracuse University for the maintenance of Crouse College, the gift of deceased's father, and one of the handsomest and best-equipped educational structures in the country.



## LITTLE LORD TOOTLE.

His Melancholy Fate in being Cut Out by his Papa.

Lord Fanfare was the fourteenth peer who had borne that noble title. The Fanfares were not a rich family. Old Fanfare himself, when he held only the complimentary title of Lord Tootle, had been a royal page, and had commenced life as a courtier; then he went into the Guards, and then he did the wisest thing he ever did in his life: he holted with the daughter of the late proprietor of the Methuselah pill, and he came into a hundred thousand pounds and the business. Then young Lord Tootle sold out of the Guards, and settled down at the age of five-and-thirty to getting as much fun as possible out of his wife's fortune and the Methuselah pill. At the end of ten years, little Lord Tootle was horn, and at his birth his mother died. Many were the traps set for that wily old hird, Lord Fanfare; mothers cringed to him, daughters smiled at him, widows ogled him, musical girls played at him, vocal girls squalled at him; but all in vain; Lord Fanfare was not a marrying man, and the ladies had their labor for their pains. They resented that, the dear creatures—of course they did, and then they had their revenge.

"Why does he dress as if he were a tailor's advertisement?" said Lady Drumthwackit, whose penniless daughter, Hilda, had tried very hard indeed for the old gentleman, and had miserably failed.

"And he paints, ma, I know he does!" cried the artless Hilda, "or how could he have the complexion of a youth of seventeen?"

"He has a wonderful complexion," replied her mother, "but he needn't have hragged of it to all the world."

Now, the fact was that Lord Fanfare kept his connection with the Methuselah pill very dark indeed; but he had a wonderful complexion, and, being fond of a joke and liking to do a stroke of business at the same time, he had allowed the omnibuses literally to bristle with his portrait, beneath which was the following ridiculous advertisement:

"I am sixty-five to-day, and yet, thanks to the Methuselah pill, my complexion is that of a boy of seventeen.—FANFARE."

You can not doubt the word of a peer of the realm, you know, and the sale of the Methuselah pill was greatly increased.

Now, Lord Fanfare was director of a music-hall company because he was a large shareholder, and because he liked the little directorial suppers, and because in music-hall matters he was a very knowing old boy indeed. Lord Fanfare and his friend and co-director, Mr. David Psalmanezar, were sitting in the directors' box at the International Palace of Varieties, each with a Brobdingnagian opera-glass in his hand, and they were staring intently at the stage, upon which the three talented sisters—Laura, Cora, and Dora Flarer—were going through their well-known entertainment.

"They're dirt cheap at a hundred a week," remarked Mr. David Psalmanezar; "why, half the chappies in town are over head and ears in love with them, and they have to drink unlimited whiskies-and-sodas—our whiskies-and-sodas," he added, with a laugh—"to drown their sorrows; and there ain't a doubt," said Psalmanezar, who was a vulgar man, with a chuckle, "that they're stunners, and that Laura's the stunningest of the three; but I don't think I should care for her as a daughter-in-law," continued Mr. Psalmanezar.

"No, I think I should draw the line there," remarked his lordship.

"Then why on earth don't you stop it?" replied Mr. Psalmanezar.

"Stop it!" cried his lordship. "Stop what?"

"You've always been a good pal to me, Fanfare," remarked Psalmanezar; "it's no business of mine, but they do say, Fanfare, my boy, that Tootle is going to marry her."

"Don't chaff," said his lordship, angrily.

"I'm not chaffing," replied his friend and co-director; "that's the talk here, and I believe it's a straight tip, old man."

"I'm immensely obliged to you, I'm sure," said his lordship. He was an old-fashioned nobleman, and he always said "obliged," for the same reason that he wore a chin-tuft—because it was the fashion in his young days.

And then Lord Fanfare hounded out of the International Palace of Varieties as though he had been a frog jumping out of a hot frying-pan.

Next morning, he sent for his son. "George," he said, addressing Lord Tootle, "when I die, you'll be a rich man. You know what the position is, George. Fanfare Castle is entailed—it costs a thousand a year to keep up; you might, perhaps, let it for three hundred, and you can't sell it; to a poor man, George, the castle is just a white elephant. If you offend me, Tootle," said his lordship, severely, "you'll be a pauper. Now, sir," cried Lord Fanfare, in a tremendous voice, "what's all this I hear about Laura Flarer?"

"Father," said Lord Tootle, in a frightened whisper, "I've asked her to marry me, and—she's hesitating because I've nothing to settle, and mine's only a courtesy title."

"Then for a full half-hour did Lord Fanfare alternately entreat, bully, and argue.

But Lord Tootle stood to his guns.

Then his father lost his temper. "Out of my presence, sir!" he cried. "I'll lock you up; I'll apply for a lunacy commission. Darnie, sir!" added the old man, theatrically, "I'll save you in spite of yourself, or—or I'll perish in the attempt!"

Next afternoon Lord Fanfare called upon Miss Laura Flarer at her bijou residence.

The lady received him very graciously. "Charmed to know you," she said; "charmed to know you—take a 'cheer.'"

And then Lord Fanfare took a "cheer," and carefully studied Miss Flarer through his eye-glass.

"Will you have a b.-and-s.?" said the lady, who was hospitably inclined.

But Lord Fanfare declined refreshments.

"Tootle tells me, madam," said his lordship, coming to the point at once, "that he has offered to marry you."

"George is a dear hoy," said the lady; "I think we shall be very happy," she added, with a sigh.

"Do you?" said his lordship, dryly; "let me tell you, madam, that my son Tootle is a weak-minded pauper!"

"I'll find the brains and the beauty," said the lady, airily.

"Brains and beauty ain't much to keep house on," remarked his lordship, oracularly.

"But your lordship can't go on living forever," said the lady, with one of her sweetest professional smiles; "you're sixty-five, you know, though you have the complexion of a boy of seventeen," she added, tartly.

"There's nothing like plain speaking," said Lord Fanfare.

"I like you for it," he said. "Now what on earth do you want to marry my son for?"

"I want to be Lady Fanfare," said Laura Flarer, simply, as she gave her lips a professional hite that made them look ruddier than the cherry.

"And if you married my son, young lady," said his lordship, "you would, I suppose—er—quit the scenes of your early triumphs?"

"Well, I couldn't go on doing 'turns' as Lady Tootle," replied Miss Flarer, with a toss of the head.

"And have you saved much money out of your professional earnings, Miss Flarer, may I ask—enough to enable you to maintain my son in the position to which he has been accustomed?"

And then the lady laughed—a dear, delightful, silvery, unartificial, musical, music-hall sort of little laugh. "There's a hill of sale on the furniture," she said, "and I owe Psalmanezar five hundred; but Tootle's a lord, you know," added Miss Flarer, with a smile.

"No, he ain't," replied his lordship; "he's only a courtesy lord; he's just electro-plate, my dear young lady, that's all."

"I'll marry him all the same," said the lady.

"There's no other way out of it," thought Lord Fanfare.

"Tootle's a pig-headed fellow, and she will marry him, and then the fat'll be in the fire. Madam," said the old nobleman, "I have other views for my son George. Would you mind naming a figure?"

"It won't do, old gentleman," said Miss Flarer; "I mean to be Lady Fanfare some day or other, and it won't do. If you was to paper this room with bank-notes, my lord, it 'ud be no manner of use."

"And that's your last word, madam?" asked his lordship.

"That's my last word," replied the eldest and the plumpiest of the three plump Miss Flarers.

"Then here goes," said his lordship to himself, as he pulled up his shirt-collar; and then, to the lady's intense astonishment, he suddenly dropped upon his knees, he placed his hands upon his heart, and, modeling himself upon the lover of the melodramas, he began as follows, in an impassioned tone:

"Miss Flarer, you see at your feet the chief of his house, the fourteenth Lord Fanfare, who begs to place at your disposition his hand, his title, and his heart. Do not—er—blight my young life by a hasty refusal. You want to be Lady Fanfare. Be Lady Fanfare—be Lady Fanfare immediately. Here is a special license," he said, and he drew a large envelope from his pocket. "There is a clergyman in my cab at the door; our nuptials can take place at once. I am, as you are aware, a wealthy man. Need I say more?"

"Oh, Lord Fanfare," cried Miss Flarer, "I feel as if I was going to faint. You ain't laughing at me?"

"Madam," replied Lord Fanfare, with a shudder, "it's no laughing matter, I can assure you."

"Then if you really do mean it, though it is so very sudden," said the lady, "I think we'd better have him up. But there'll have to be witnesses, you know, my lord, and it'll have to be put in the papers, you know; and I hope the license is all right, for Laura Flarer is only my professional name, you know."

"It's Mary Jane Briggs in the license," said his lordship, simply.

"That's as right as ninepence," said Miss Flarer. "Oh, you dear thoughtful old gentleman!" and then she rang the bell. "Mary," she said, as her smart parlor-maid entered the room, "ask the reverend gentleman in the cab to step up, and call Parker, my maid."

Within half an hour Mary Jane Briggs became Lady Fanfare.

"I wish your ladyship a very good-morning," said Lord Fanfare. "I'll pay off the bill of sale, and I'll pay Psalmanezar, and I'll allow your ladyship a pound a week, and I'm very much obliged to your ladyship."

And that's how Lord Fanfare got married, and the why and the wherefore of it; and who shall say that his lordship was not a hero?

C. J. WILLS.

The basis of Dickens's "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce," the famous Jennens case, in which claim is laid to one-half the ground of Birmingham, has been reopened. The property was valued at nearly forty millions of dollars thirty years ago, and is immensely more valuable now. The new claimant is wealthy, has a car-load of documentary evidence—including hundreds of certificates of births, marriages, and deaths—and has also the opinion of one of the most eminent English lawyers that his case is good.

Editor Childs owns a silver statue, the beautifully molded figure of a woman, exactly five feet in height. The proportions, it is said, are absolutely perfect, and all the sixty-eight requirements are fulfilled, though, of course, all are on a smaller scale than the real figure of an average woman. The woman stands on a Mexican onyx clock four feet in height, and the pendulum of the clock is suspended from her right hand. The statue cost six thousand five hundred dollars.

## BUDDING GIRLS.

"Flaneur" gossips about the Opening of the New York Season.

Débutante week passed over as a dream of delirious joy, though two or three of the most delicious huds only opened their petals after it was past. Among these was Miss Jean Gallatin, who was presented this week, and as to whom a gloomy physiognomist declared that she possessed the *dono infelice di bellezza*. But to whom is the gift of beauty fatal? To the victims of her charms, quite possibly; to the radiant owner of that winsome face, surely never.

It is noted that, of the débutantes of last year, few have surrendered their independence. Most are still fancy free. The fact is, early marriages are going out of fashion. Aaron Burr's lovely daughter Theodosia married at fourteen, and was a widow before she came of age; in the last century, princesses were converted into queens before they were fifteen. But we have got over that unwise custom. It is the sense of New York society that a girl should be mature in body as in mind before she begins the actual business of husband-taming. So shall she best quell the savage mountaineer, and enrich the family into which she enters with an heir who shall have prospect of virility. The girls acquiesce cheerfully in the postponement of matrimonial cares. They want to have their fling. For the Lady Betty Modish of our time, there are two heydays—the heyday of girlhood and the heyday of delightful young matronhood. When girls married at fifteen or sixteen, they had but one; the path of love led from the nursery to the altar without a turnstile. Now, girls can reckon upon three to four years of the reckless vagabondage of the young gazelle, when engagements are made to be broken, and the fibre of the heart is toughened by frequent strains; when all the world is at their feet hearing boxes from Huylers and hunches of lilies of the valley, worth a quarter of a dollar a piece, and on the steed which bears their fairy form to the park, black cars does not sit behind the saddle. It is only after this dream of Elysium has ended that mamma thinks Gwendoline ought to be thinking of settling, and the young lady herself looks over her quiver for her sharpest and most carefully poisoned arrows.

The real season opened on Monday with the Patriarchs' ball, which was in one sense a challenge to the pretenders to McAllister's throne. The bald and smiling arbiter of taste outdid himself. Never were so many splendidly dressed women, so many beautiful girls, such a dazzling glitter of diamonds exhibited in one room before. McAllister gave a dinner to the bluest of the blue-blooded by way of overture to the festivity. At eleven the cotillion began, and supper was served at one. Protests had been filed against the postponement of the meal. Chappies declared that they could not get up steam without the exhilarating aid of champagne. But the boss was inexorable. He was determined that his young men should put in a full night shift before they were fed. Opinions differ whether the experiment was a success or a failure, but the predominance of opinion appears to side with McAllister. A glass of wine certainly does give a fillip to the spirits; but several glasses operate unfavorably on the legs, and, as the latter are even more used in dancing than the brain, it is quite possible that the innovation may become an established custom. The dance was conducted in the English fashion—continuously.

Ladies are excited over a rumor that the crinoline of forty and fifty years ago is to be revived. All the old arguments which used to be advanced *pro* and *con* are being put forth as new ideas on the subject. Milliners have divided into two camps, and doctors have given opinions according to the modern rules of hygiene. A lady of the highest fashion has declared to a reporter that, if hoop-skirts do come in, she and her daughters will be content to stay out of the fashion; "for," says she, "how is it possible for a lady in a hoop-skirt to get out of a Fifth Avenue stage without a result which the modest mind refuses to contemplate?" Others view the prospect with less alarm. They do not go so far as the belle of Queen Anne's time, who scoffed at a hoop which hid her jeweled garters from the public eye; but still they are conscious that the arguments by which the pull-back was sustained can be used to justify the crinoline. In the later ages of the hoop mania, it became corrupted. When ladies had to drive to halls in landaus, whose roofs were let down, so as to enable them to be lowered into the vehicle, it was evident to the discerning mind that the fashion was tottering to ruin. But it may be that a revival of a style, which certainly was in harmony with the laws of grace, might not be followed by a rush to such extremes. And while the agitation is in progress, young ladies who want to be in the height of fashion will do well to keep an eye on the journals of *La Mode*, lest by neglect they should inadvertently reproduce Miss La Jeune, whom it was the joy of *Punch* to pillory.

Another popular topic of discussion which agitates the female breast is a discovery, by a Philadelphia savant, that, among débutantes, girls with *retroussé* noses marry sooner than young ladies with features of the Greek or Roman type. This learned man appears to have spent several years in looking up noses, and he has got them classified, with the exploits performed by each. There is something plausible in his philosophy. The fortunate owner of a *nez retroussé* is apt to be bright, good-tempered, *espigle*, and full of fun. These attributes have always been fascinating to the male, who is generally a sour, morose being. Thus the Philadelphian may be right. If statistics prove that he is, it will be in order for some professor of toilet to invent a machine for uplifting the end of the Grecian nose. To a competent mechanic, the invention would present no difficulty, and it could be worn at night, as a substitute for the old night-cap.

FLANEUR.

NEW YORK, December 19, 1892.

Santley concludes that he would "rather have been an actor of moderate fame than the most renowned singer on earth."



## THE INNER MAN.

Oatmeal is popularly supposed to be hygienically impeccable. But it demands a tolerably vigorous and rapid digestion to dispose of it. Dr. Benjamin Richardson gives numerous examples of heart-burn caused by an oatmeal diet, which nothing could relieve until that article was banished, and which returned immediately if the use of it was resumed. So says the *Sanitary Era*. Commenting on it, Dr. P. C. Remondino says in his *Review* that no article of diet has been so much misunderstood and misused as oatmeal, no one food causes so much dyspepsia, flatulence, and general disturbance. Very few who do use it understand the nature or physiological requirements of the food. It is not an uncommon occurrence to see invalids gulping down howls of milk and cream holding in suspension oatmeal, under the insane delusion that they are swallowing concentrated bone, muscles, and other animal tissues which is to convert them into modern Samsons.

Poor decrepit invalids, with but little air capacity, fill up on such a diet and then wander about disconsolately under the delusion that they are chronic dyspeptics, because they are bloated up like young balloons and as resonant as bass-drums. It seems never to occur to these misguided invalids that granivorous animals grind their own grists, and well and thoroughly insalivate the mass; while they, on the contrary, saturate the already ground mass with sugar, cream, butter, and milk, and run it down into their stomachs as if their mouths, jaws, teeth, salivary glands, masticatory muscles, etc., were only the open end of some flume, with the stomach for a reservoir.

It is a mistake to imagine that the hawny Scots are the pure product of oatmeal—hawny Scots, the Scots or Caledonians of Ossian, existed long before oatmeal was made, and not very small or tame Scots were they, either. Were one to live the life of a Scotch Highlander, roam over heather-clad and mist-moistened hills until he had the appetite and faculty for sleep of a cannibal, then he might eat his raw oatmeal, and in a few generations he might turn into a hawny Scot and compete at the Caledonian or the queen's games; but the poor invalid who needs peppine and cascara sagrada had better leave oatmeal alone. It is not oatmeal alone that makes the giants of the Scotch Grays or the giants that march beneath the nodding plumes of the famous Black Watch—the oatmeal is a mere circumstance or coincidence. It is claimed that the British few conquered the India's millions, because the former are beef-eaters and the latter feed on rice and religiously abstain from flesh. If the principle holds good, the hull should be devoid of that courage that has passed into a proverbial expression, denotive of the fiercest, unflinching, and persistent courage—a quality which, coupled with its name, has given to the fiercest of dogs its special designation and which also conveys the idea of the aggressive push of the Anglo-Saxon race.

How far preconceived notions in these regards tend to bend the judgment may be plainly inferred from the following diametrically differing expressed opinions, tending to favor the idea that one effect is due solely to this or that factor. General Emory, in 1846, accompanied the little army of General Kearney in its invasion of California as a lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. After the battles of San Pasqual and of the Rio San Gabriel, he was ordered to report to San Diego on some important duty, and, while journeying with his escort to the latter station, he fell in with a small body of Mexicans, with whom they camped—the short war being then practically over and the country being in the possession of the Americans. In his diary he says:

"The fresh meat of a bullock is all that is required by the Californian for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Even the coffee is rarely, if ever, used, and even when within their reach looked upon with indifference. We very soon fell into their habits, and it is probable the troops in California, at this time, would not consider it an excessive hardship to make a campaign with no other stores in the commissariat than a plentiful supply of fresh beef. The white teeth of the Californians, and the blood tingling in the cheeks of their olive-colored faces, would seem to prove this beef to be a very healthy diet."

The italics are our own, that they may be the more easily contrasted with the opinion that follows in regard to the white teeth of the Italians from the pen of Lady Paget, which appeared in an article published in the *Nineteenth Century* for April of this year, the article being an approval of vegetarianism as a specific form of diet. She says:

"Most vegetarians have unusually clear, and often beautiful, complexions. I need only remind those who know them of the old Carthusian and Trappist monks, who all have smooth, white and pink Fra Beato Angelico kind of faces, which are not found among the orders that do not habitually live on Lenten fare. The splendid teeth of the Italian peasantry, who never touch meat, speak for themselves, and it is the same in other countries where the people live under similar conditions."

Lady Paget and General Emory evidently had not gotten bold of the true cause of the fine complexion and white teeth, as the one claimed them to be due to the exclusively vegetable diet, while the other claimed these desirable physical effects for the exclusive beef diet. They overlooked the fact that the Californians and the Italian peasantry which have those beautiful teeth may both be said to literally live out of doors, and that whether they lived on onions, cabbage, cornmeal, chestnuts, beef, garlic, or peppers, that they would still possess their clear complexions and white teeth.

The only chance of recovery from scrofulous consumption is in using Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

## VANITY FAIR.

A Social Demands Insurance Company, in London, arises out of the question that each man and woman puts to himself: "How much can I give without seeming shabby?" when asked to give money to objects for which they have no sympathy, but to which tradition or some sense of reciprocity obliges contribution. There are always restless people about, getting up statues, testimonials, anniversary gifts, from silver dinner-services down to quill pens, whom one wishes in Jericho, but are impossible to refuse. To thus lighten these needless burdens of life comes the Social Demands Insurance Company. According to a writer in the *London Times*, this society, on receipt of a subscription graduated according to the income and needs of the members, will transact for them the whole business on the cheapest possible scale. The society will not be afraid of being called shabby, having no corporeal delicacy of feeling. Members (who have paid in their subscriptions) will merely send to the secretary each week their social begging letters. The society, doing a ready-money business, can easily buy in bankrupt stocks of clocks, epergnes, bric-à-brac, silver, books. Thus it will be able to furnish suitable presents at reduced prices. The London society goes far in engaging a staff of sculptors, ghosts, impressionist painters, in acquiring a collection of painters' misfits that can be easily altered to suit the occasion, and other artistic refuse that may be utilized at reasonable terms. The subscription of a duke, for example, to the Social Demands Insurance Company is put at ten pounds ten shillings, while a person of letters would not be charged more than six shillings and eightpence. In this country, until the tariff is reduced, the subscription of the rich men ranking with the English dukes would be approximately seventy dollars, while writers would be proportionately charged not more than two dollars a year. These sums, however, are initiation fees, and engage only the services of the society. Moneys paid out would have to be subsequently reimbursed.

The Anglo-Saxon woman, whether she be respectable or not (says the *New York Sun*), holds firmly to the idea that the proper place for the bottom of the skirt is somewhere very near to the instep. The top of the shoe is the absolute public limit, with, perhaps, an accidental hasty slip on a rainy day or at a muddy crossing. Neither in New York nor in London does one see this order of things violated. But in Paris—there they change all that. And in the changing they produce the great distinguishing characteristic of the Paris highways. The way the Parisian women hold their gowns, especially the way the women of the town hold them, no city has reproduced. It is a sight unique, French, surprising, and shocking to the Puritanic Anglo-Saxon or Anglo-American. Perhaps in no city in the world are the women so particular about their boots and stockings, about their silk skirts and the lace edges of their underwear. The great problem to the French women who promenade is how to present the Parisian feminine characteristic beauty to the best advantage. The stocking must fit perfectly and the boot, also. They are to be shown in the street. And the last final touch is to carry and swing the skirt so that they may be shown to the very best advantage. Herein lies a great art. Now, it is not hard to imagine the effect of this unique feminine rivalry in dress. Instead of seeing skirts for purposes of concealment, with the foot and ankle occasionally and demurely showing, it is the garter that occasionally shows, while the skirt bangs clear and the silk skirt, also. The calf of the leg, the ankle, the instep, the small and graceful foot, are all constantly in full view. The skirt and silk skirt, and, perhaps, an edge of lace form the frame in which the symmetry of foot and leg are set off. As the upper-class women of Paris do not walk abroad, they are not to be included in this description. But the lower middle class—the shop-girls, the *grisettes*, the women of the town—who make the female part of the promenaders, all indulge in this display.

By union of financial and social forces, club conditions have been created that, to individuals, would be absolutely impossible. All one has to do to secure their perfect fulfillment in his particular case is to pay his dues and observe the few simple rules that underlie his peace. By his choice of a club (says a writer in the *Club*) it is assumed that the conditions there are those he most desires. If he finds himself mistaken, he is at liberty to shake off the shackles at a small cost, and try over again elsewhere. After admission, which secures to him congenial environment, he takes his own pace and forms his own associations. After that his life is as near happiness as it is possible for material influence to bring a mortal. One in possession of a perfect home may still make sensible and proper use of the club, while for the one having no home, or an unhappy one, it is a place of refuge and a palace of peace. By an entrance fee of a few dollars, and a trifling annual payment, a man may enjoy the privileges of an institution whose income and expenditures are enormous. Even under a wasteful management, one has the privilege of living in a house worth many thousands of dollars, in a way that seems impossible in a private house. Each one has the same right as the other—the house practically

belongs to the member. Hundreds of perfectly trained servants, of various grades, are employed without thought on the part of a member. These, prohibited from accepting fees, serve all alike in view of the generous wages paid and the voluntary subscription which at holiday times is distributed among them. The whole management is so arranged that all runs as if by clock-work. Cleaning, sweeping, etc., is done out of sight of members. All appliances are first-class and of the best description. Nothing is ever out of repair, there is no dust or dirt anywhere, and some one is always within call.

Letters are stamped as received to the exact minute by an automatic clock. While life strife is rigorously excluded, it invisibly pulsates in the very heart of the club. There are telephone connections, telegraph-reporters for stocks, carriages within call furnished at moderate charges and free from suspicion of extortion, and harber attentions which are confined to members of the "household." There are dining-rooms where the most perfect service is furnished at moderate rates, and private rooms where one may give entertainments of such character as he may choose to pay for. There is a library, with hundreds of volumes, such as one might select for private use, and a reading-room where all the papers, daily, weekly, monthly, quarterly, and in all languages, may be found, as well as an abundance of stationery. In payment of any extra debts incurred, one simply signs a check when he is furnished with vouchers for all he has ordered. Everything is looked after. Then there is special entertainment from time to time. Good breeding, correct behavior, and strict courtesy are the club atmosphere. No matter how extended the membership limit may be, there is no interference, as each uses the privilege only occasionally. Some use it only during the summer months, when their families are out of town, some drop in but to get a glance at the papers, some visit but seldom, while others make the house their regular head-quarters. There is always a view from the windows and some one interesting with whom to converse. The club furnishes a good place to make business or social appointments. While all messages are promptly and safely cared for, addresses are guarded from intruders, and once one passes through the doors, he is absolutely safe from interruptions. In most clubs the billiard-table, card-table, bowling-alley, pool, and chess-rooms add to, without taking anything from, the desirability of the place.

A century ago, there seems to have been a tolerable nucleus of amateur novelists. In the *Times* of April 18, 1795, there occurs the following statement: "Four thousand and seventy-three novels are now in the press from the pens of young ladies of fashion. At Mrs. D—'s school, all the young ladies in the fourth class write novels, and those parents who are rich are at the expense of printing them. Lady L. G— and Lady C. E— are busily employed upon two rival novels, which are the favorite work of young ladies at present, and the lawful successors of bell-ropes, coronet cushions, and painted flower-pots." This may have been the *Times*'s "fun"; but how very funny it would read if it had statements of that description now! At the same time, enormously high feathers were worn. "The ladies now wear feathers exactly of their own length, so that a woman of fashion is twice as long on her feet as in her bed. . . . A young lady, only ten feet high, was overtaken in the late gale in Portland Place"; and "at all elegant assemblies there is a room set apart to put their feathers on, as it is impossible to wear them in any carriage with a top to it. The lustrous are also removed upon this account, and the doors carried up to the ceiling. A well-dressed lady who nods with dexterity can give a friend a little tap upon the shoulders across the room, without incommoding the dancers." (*Times*, December 29, 1795.)

A writer in one of the ladies' journals treats her readers to a little bit of persiflage at the expense of man. She pretends that man is yearning to be instructed in domestic mysteries, and professes to suggest that he should be given the opportunity of mastering them. "Let us," she says, "no longer exclude our brothers from our linen cupboards, our coal cellars, and our larders. In refusing them admission, we are not only treating them as inferior beings, but we may be quenching great possibilities in their natures." This is all very fine, of course, but the woman (if it be a woman) who thus pokes fun at man is, no doubt, well aware that she dares not carry out her threat. In her heart of hearts she probably knows perfectly that, if man undertook to preside over the domesticities, he would do so to perfection, heating woman at her own game. Are not men cooks more accomplished than women cooks? Can not men wield the needle with as much dexterity as women? Are not men the best possible managers of hotels and like establishments? For that matter, are not journals for women mostly edited by men? Surely the fair sex does not suppose for a moment that there is anything in the control of a household that could not be very readily mastered by male creatures. Women must not assume, because their husbands and brothers leave home management to them, that those husbands and brothers could not do the work perfectly well if they chose. It is high time for

feminine conceit in this respect to be taken down a peg or two. Women must not be deluded by the affected simplicity and ignorance of men. Men give out that they can not look after the house, but that is only their slyness. They could look after it well enough, if they tried. Only they do not want to try.

Somehow (writes James Payn) one does not like the new discovery of the production of dimples by electricity. A dimple is a permanency, and to plant one where it does not naturally exist is an act of duplicity. The mere dimpling of the features produced by a laughable idea, or by tickling, is another matter. I refer to those lovely little depressions in the cheek and chin, in which young persons are fabled "to bury their loves." That science should have so much as a little finger in the formation of these things is an outrage on romance; it is as though a manufactory should be started for the turning out of "fairy rings." The imitation is said to be so admirable that it is impossible to recognize it as such; but it requires a constant supply of electricity, capable of giving almost as great a shock as the discovery of the deception itself; for this reason, the dimple, if I may so call her, has to be specially protected, and when in the open air, at all events, may be recognized by her wearing, like cricketers (though, of course, of a much more delicate make), india-rubber gloves. This is worth knowing.

According to a recent decree of the Austrian courts of law, concealment of age on the part of a bride is sufficient to invalidate the marriage. An Austrian baron has succeeded in obtaining an annulment of his union in consequence of his wife's having pretended, at the time of its celebration, that she was fifteen years younger than her real age. It is the first time on record that a marriage has been dissolved on such grounds as these, and were this interpretation of the law regarding "fraud in marriage" to be accepted in other civilized countries, a very serious state of affairs would assuredly result therefrom. Hitherto, concealment of age by women has always been considered as to a certain extent defensible and customary, and no one has ever dreamed of regarding these departures from the strict truth in the light of a legal fraud. It is, however, well in any case to remember the old adage, according to which a woman is as old as she looks, and if she be *passé* in appearance, it is useless for her to claim a fictitiously youthful age.

The English courts decided that an engagement-ring once given was not recoverable, although the promise be unfulfilled. A similar instance has been passed upon in this country, and decided otherwise. This was in Vermont. A young man sued to recover his engagement-ring from a young woman who refused to fulfill its implications. The suit was carried to the supreme court of Vermont, where the judge decided that the engagement-ring was conditional. If the young woman refused to comply with the conditions, she must return the ring. As happens, the penalty of defying the court is not stated. The young woman presumably returned the ring on demand.

It was in Australia that the practice of having surplined choirs of girls was introduced. The Oxford cap or mortar-board is part of the costume, and the effect on the heart of susceptible man is said to be something delicious. So the Australian maids drew the men right up to the altar, and orthodoxy was strengthened in the land. Fired by this example, some maidens of Jersey set up their surplined choir, but, lo! their bishop set down on them and squelched the movement.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
FOR ABUSE OF ALCOHOL.

It relieves the depression therefrom.

Never write a letter. Fifteen hundred years B.C., an Egyptian king sent to the King of Babylon for another wife, and at the same time took occasion to refer to some details of a domestic scandal. The letter was written on a tablet and the British Museum has it.

**DR. PRICE'S**  
**Cream Baking Powder.**

**MOST PERFECT MADE.**

In all the great Hotels, the leading Clubs and the homes, Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder holds its supremacy.

Dr. Price's  
Contains  
No Ammonia,  
No Alum,  
Or any other  
Adulterant.

The only Pure  
Cream of Tartar  
Baking Powder.  
Its Purity  
Has never been  
Questioned.

**40 Years the Standard**



# ANNOUNCEMENT.

IN ORDER THAT WE MAY PUT OURSELVES RIGHT with the public, and eradicate a prevailing but erroneous impression, we take pleasure in stating that on or about the 1st of January, 1893, we expect to place on the market the water of the famous California Geysers, under the name of GEYSER TABLE WATER. We are well aware that there are some who have been deluding themselves for a considerable time with the idea that they have been drinking water from the Geyser Springs hitherto. We beg now to assure them that this is a grand mistake. The water of the California Geysers has NEVER YET been bottled, however much people have been misled by advertisements of waters, if not affirming, certainly implying, that they come from the Geyser Springs. We desire it to be generally known that we have secured THE SOLE RIGHT to prepare this water. We are now busily engaged putting up extensive bottling machinery AT THE GEYSERS, and we are hopeful that, with the new year, the newest and best water ever prepared will be available to all. This will be THE ONLY naturally boiled water on the market.

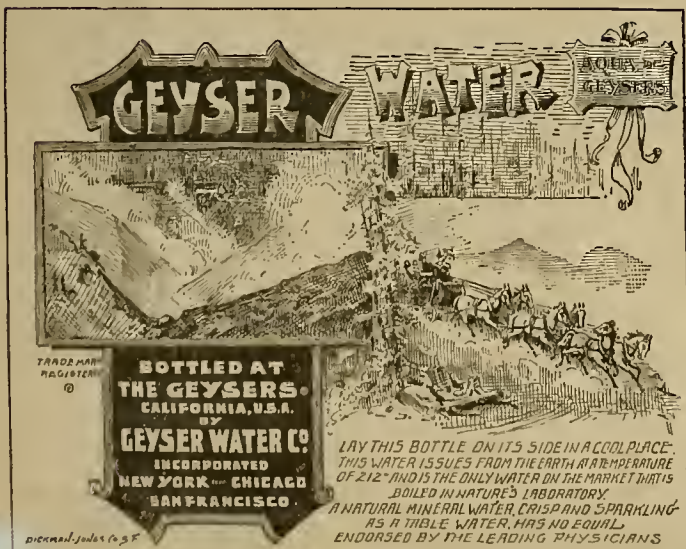
We offer \$5,000 reward to any one who will furnish proof that we are not the FIRST and ONLY bottlers of the water from the California Geysers.

## GEYSER WATER COMPANY

C. L. DINGLEY, Jr., Manager,

29 Steuart Street, San Francisco.

N. B.—These are fac-similes of the labels which will appear on each bottle:



### INTAGLIOS.

#### Dissipation.

A million little diamonds  
Were twinkling on the trees,  
And all the little maidens said,  
"A jewel, if you please!"  
But while they held their hands outstretched  
To catch the diamonds gay,  
A million little sunbeams came  
And stole them all away.

#### The Hadji's Rest.

The Hadji said: "If o'er my tomb  
Should grasses wave and roses bloom,  
And if with tears the spot should be  
Sometimes bedewed for love of me,  
My rest would be a blissful rest,  
And I would count the Hadji blest."  
No roses deck the Hadji's grave—  
He sleeps beside a foreign wave—  
And never woman's eye grows dim  
In that strange land at thought of him;  
And yet, no doubt, the Hadji's rest  
Is quite as sweet as if his breast  
Were by a million roses pressed,  
And woman made his grave her quest.  
—H. L. Spencer.

#### Vino Santo.

Once I read a strange, sweet story  
Of a sacred ruby wine,  
Made by peasants on Lake Garda  
Brewed beneath the Cross's sign.  
Vino Santo, called for ever,  
Scaled with seal of things divine—  
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!  
On the first day of October,  
Only in the shining sun,  
Only in the dew of morning,  
Clusters lifted one by one:  
Thus begins the solemn vintage,  
Vintage with the Cross for sign—  
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!  
Pales the autumn, falls the winter,  
Lie the grapes untouched and still,  
No man hastes and no man hinders  
While their sublimity fill  
Till the sacred day of Christmas—  
Then is brewed the Holy Wine.  
Past the winter, past the spring-time,  
Into summer far and late,  
For the joy of Vino Santo  
They who long must long and wait;  
Only glowing heat can ripen,  
Glowing heat and Cross's sign,  
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!  
Dear to-day the strange sweet story—  
Sudden twineth mine and thine,  
Thine and mine and all true lovers,  
Sealed by seal, and signed by sign.  
Silence, patience from Love's Vintage,  
Drink at last in joy divine—  
Vino Santo, Holy Wine!

#### Palatine Hill.

A wolf-like stream without a sound  
Steals by, and hides beneath the shore,  
Its awful secrets evermore  
Within its sullen bosom bound.  
And this was Rome, that shrieked for room  
To stretch her limbs! A hill of caves  
For half-wild beasts and hairy slaves;  
And gypsies tent within her tomb!  
Two lone palms on the Palatine,  
Two rows of cypress, black and tall,  
With white roots set in Caesar's Hall—  
A garden, convent, and sweet shrine.  
Tall cedars on a broken wall,  
That look away toward Lebanon,  
And seem to mourn for grandeur gone;  
A wolf, an owl—and that is all.  
—Joaquin Miller.

#### If It Could Be.

If I could hold your hands to-night,  
Just for a little while, and know  
That only I, of all the world,  
Possessed them so.  
A slender shape in that old chair,  
If I could see you here to-night,  
Between me and the twilight pale—  
So light and frail,  
Your cold white dress its folding lost  
In one broad sweep of shadow gray;  
Your weary head just drooped aside,  
The sweet old way,  
Bowed like a flower-cup dashed with rain,  
The darkness crossing half your face,  
And just the glimmer of a smile  
For one to trace.  
If I could see your eyes that reach  
Far out into the furthest sky,  
Where, past the trail of dying suns,  
The old years lie;  
Or touch your silent lips to-night,  
And steal the sadness from their smile,  
And find the last kiss they have kept  
This weary while!  
If it could be—oh, all in vain  
The restless trouble of my soul  
Sets, as the great tide to the moon,  
Toward your control!  
In vain the longing of the lips,  
The eye's desire, and the pain;  
The hunger of the heart. O love,  
Is it in vain?

#### In the Street.

Upon my road I nightly used to meet  
This painted harlot flaunting down the street  
Offering herself, a ware, to whom would buy.  
There was a deep and sheltered doorway nigh,  
Where, shivering and weeping from the cold,  
Crouched a young girl who penny nosegays sold.  
And the soiled woman I saw hover round  
Until the little one was sleeping sound;  
Then only gave she alms, with tear-drops hot—  
Thou wilt forgive her, Father; wilt Thou not?  
—François Coppée.

In cases of severe and sudden colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, if used according to directions, is a sure cure. Ask for Ayer's Almanac.

DR. E. O. COCHRANE, DENTIST, 850 MARKET, cor. Stockton (over drug store). Office hours, 9 to 5.

—GO TO SWAIN'S DINING-ROOM, SUTTER STREET, near Kearny, for a fine lunch or dinner.

—ALL LIVE DRUGGISTS SELL STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING Powders. Fifty cents a packet.

For Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

### LITERARY NOTES.

#### Personal and Miscellaneous Gossip.

The January *St. Nicholas* will contain the opening paper in a series that magazine is to print on leading American cities, illustrated. In this article, Colonel T. W. Higginson describes Boston. For future numbers, Dr. Lyman Abbott will write of Brooklyn, Edmund Clarence Stedman will describe New York, and other famous residents of the different cities will describe them. "The Potted Princess" is the title of Rudyard Kipling's East Indian fairy story which will appear in the January *St. Nicholas*, with Birch's illustrations.

R. D. Blackmore has almost finished a new novel, which he proposes to call "The Pearly Cross." It will probably be published in serial form, commencing in April or May.

A Boston publishing house is about to issue, by subscription, a new edition of the romances of Dumas, "the stories faithfully translated into English, complete and unabridged, and scrupulously following the author's own text." There are to be near two hundred and fifty full-page plates, including etchings, photogravures, and engraved portraits. The edition will be limited to one thousand numbered sets.

Alfred Austin says that Tennyson once told him that he found the idea of that famous couplet in "Locksley Hall":

"Slowly comes a hungry people, as a lion, creeping higher,  
Glances at one that nods and winks behind a slowly dying fire,"

in a Methodist magazine containing an account of how African travelers kept off lions from their encampments at night by lighting great bonfires.

Some of the English printers, it is reported, are finding their business unpleasantly affected by our Copyright Act. A number of the important books of the season have been printed, or are being printed, in this country, no type being set for them in England.

Browning is quoted as saying, once upon a time: "Tennyson's poetry is *parfait amour*, and mine is broiled bones and brandy."

The series of chronicles entitled "Les Femmes des Tuileries," which Imbert de Saint-Amand is writing in continuation of the series issued here, has reached the time of Louis Philippe. The last volume is "Marie-Amélie et la Cour des Tuileries."

The *Herald's* gentle breast is agitated by the question: "Shall America have a poet laureate?" Portraits of Dr. Holmes, Bret Harte, Mr. Aldrich, Mr. Riley, Mr. Stedman, and Mr. Winter embellish the four columns in a recent Sunday issue of the paper devoted to a discussion of the subject. Thomas Nelson Page says: "I don't think we want any poet laureate. We are too much given to blowing, anyhow." Charles Warren Stoddard does not "see that anything is gained by the laureation of a poet," and Marion Crawford stigmatizes the idea as unpleasantly imitative of monarchic institutions. Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox says: "The grandest poem in literary construction and richness of language, written by an American poet, is, to my thinking, 'Herod and Marianne,' by Amélie Rives."

A writer in the *Critic*, who estimates that Zola's total earnings for his twenty years of literary toil amount to four hundred thousand dollars, thinks this comparatively modest fortune has not been easily earned.

The original manuscript of the Tennysonian volume, "Poems by Two Brothers," will be sold at auction in London soon, with the receipt for the twenty pounds sterling given at the time for the copyright. This valuable literary relic, ever since the book was published, has been owned at Louth by the publishers or their heirs. It has been valued at several thousand dollars.

Conan Doyle's forthcoming novel deals with the experiences of some French refugees in America, and will be called "The Refugees."

Miss Katharine Tynan says of William Morris, the poet, that he never clothes his burly limbs in anything but blue serge, in which he looks for all the world like a bluff sea-captain. If he be asked to dinner, the first thing he stipulates is for his serge garments and no swallow-tail.

J. W. Cross, who will probably be better remembered as the husband of George Eliot, is about to bring out a volume of essays to be entitled "Impressions of Dante and the New World."

Among the many contributors to "Liber Scrip-torium," the forthcoming "first book of the Authors' Club," are Messrs. Stedman, Warner, and Stockton, Gilder, Roosevelt, and Noah Brooks, Mabie, Lathrop, and Conway, President Gilman, Colonel John Hay, Andrew Carnegie, and Dr. Eggleston, Professor Hardy, Professor Boyesen, Mark Twain, and Bill Nye.

Miss Harriet Monroe's honorarium for her World's Fair Dedicatory Ode was one thousand dollars—the same sum that the English Government has just awarded to Mr. William Watson, the youngest aspirant for the laureateship.

One or two entirely new stories will be included in the volume which Mr. Rudyard Kipling will soon



publish. It will probably contain, also, his forthcoming magazine story called: "The Legs of Sister Ursula." Mr. Kipling has lately acquired the copyright in his early contributions to "The Allahabad Pioneer." Some of them are travel sketches, and these he intends to bring out in a volume with accounts of his late wanderings.

The indefatigable Dr. Smiles, who is just entering his eighty-first year, is preparing another contribution to industrial history and biography, the story of the life and work of Josiah Wedgwood, the father of modern English pottery.

Hall Caine, the novelist, who writes so graphically of Manx peasants, lives almost as simple a life as that of the characters he portrays. At his picturesque home in the mountains, Mrs. Caine does her own milking, churning, and cheese-making, and attends to the other duties of a country homestead, while the novelist himself affects the peasant's dress. He is a man of delicate physique, with a head and face that show a very striking resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

Carlyle once begged Tennyson to translate Sophocles. "He's a wonderful man for dove-tailing words together," he said, afterward, in speaking regretfully of this entreaty; "but Alfred wouldn't bite."

#### New Publications.

"The Girls and I," Mrs. Molesworth's new story for children, is published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"In Camp with a Tin Soldier," a fanciful and amusing fairy story by John Kendrick Bangs, is published by R. H. Russell & Son, New York; price, \$1.00.

"The 'F.' Cipher," a war story by J. G. Bethune, has been published in the Idle Moments Series issued by the Price-McGill Company, St. Paul; price, 50 cents; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"A Splendid Cousin," a novelle by Mrs. Andrew Dean, has been published in the Unknown Library issued by the Cassell Publishing Company, New York; price, 50 cents; for sale at the Popular Book Store.

"The Royal Road to Beauty, Health, and a Higher Development," by Carica le Favre, a pamphlet advocating vegetarianism, has been published by the Fowler & Wells Company, New York; price, 25 cents.

"The Fallow Field" is the title of an oblong quarto in which Julia C. R. Dorr's poem of that name is illustrated in reproduction of charcoal designs by Zulma de Lacy Steele. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$3.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

"The Children's Life of Abraham Lincoln," by M. Louise Putnam, is a new telling of the martyred President's life, simply and with emphasis of such passages as best fit it for youthful readers. Published by A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago; price, \$1.25; for sale at the Popular Book Store.

"A Young Knight Errant; or, Cruising in the West Indies" and "Fighting for the Right," are the two latest volumes in "Oliver Optic's" popular series of stories for boys, "All Over the World" and "The Blue and the Gray." Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price: \$1.25 and \$1.50, respectively; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Ingersoll Lockwood's new Baron Trump story is "Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey," in which his amusing hero visits very strange countries, sees many curious people, and meets with adventures which pale that of his predecessor, Baron Maunchausen. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; price, \$2.00; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

The Rev. Alfred J. Church, M. A., has again delved among dusty tomes and brought forth an entertaining and instructive book for young readers. It is "Stories from the Greek Comedians," and contains tales taken from Aristophanes, Philemon, Diphilus, Menander, and Apollodorus. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by William Doxey.

In a volume entitled "Uncle Remus and his Friends," Joel Chandler Harris has gathered the old plantation tales of Brer Rabbit and Brer Fox that Uncle Remus told the little boy, the songs and ballads that the old darkey sang, and other sketches of negro character. The illustrations by A. B. Frost are in thorough harmony with the text. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.50.

Justin McCarthy, M. P., has written a series of articles, descriptive and historical, on certain features of London, and these, illustrated by Joseph Pennell, have been gathered into a volume, entitled "Charing Cross to St. Paul's." The chapters are devoted to Charing Cross, the Strand, the law courts, Fleet Street, Ludgate Hill, and St. Paul's. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.00; for sale by William Doxey.

"The Story of Mary Washington," by Marion Harland, is a biography of Washington's mother, reconstructed from the scraps of information regarding her life that have come down to us. At first

these are very meagre, and the author has to draw a rather fanciful picture, which is nevertheless a pretty one, and later the biography becomes one of historical value. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston; price, \$1.00.

"With Trumpet and Drum" is the title of Eugene Field's latest book of poems. It contains fifty examples of child verse, including "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod," "The Hawthorne Children," "Lizzie and the Baby," and other little poems that have been widely copied. They are taken from Mr. Field's two earlier books and his recent contributions to the press. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; price, \$1.00; for sale by A. M. Robertson.

"In Arctic Seas; or, The Voyage of the *Kite*," by Robert N. Keely, Jr., and G. G. Davis, contains a narrative of the Peary expedition sent in 1891 to convey Lieutenant Peary to the north-west shore of Greenland, and a transcript of the log of the *Kite* during her second expedition in the present year. The narrative is supplemented with a number of illustrations, including photographs, sketches, plans, and maps. Published by Rufus C. Hartranft, Philadelphia; price, \$3.50.

The initial volume of the Dryburgh edition of the Waverley Novels is "Waverley," which has just been issued. This new edition is made from the author's last revised edition, with Dr. Laing's notes and a carefully prepared glossary of obscure words and phrases. The volumes are large crown octavo, well printed and bound, and each containing about ten illustrations by a well-known artist. The edition will be complete in twenty-five volumes, which are to be issued monthly. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$1.25; for sale by William Doxey.

"Studies in Music" is the title of a book containing three essays by W. H. Hadow, M. A. (Oxford), on "Berlioz and the French Romantic Movement," "Schumann and the Romantic Movement in Germany," and "Wagner and the Reform of the Opera," with an introductory essay on music and musical criticism. The essays show appreciation and study, but they are addressed to English readers—who, musically speaking, have been nodding for a century—and so contain nothing that is new to American musicians. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York; price, \$2.25; for sale by William Doxey.

There are eight hundred and seventy-two royal quarto pages in the bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1892. The serial stories are from the pens of such popular story-tellers as Kirk Munroe, John Russell Coryell, Howard Pyle, M. E. M. Davis, W. J. Henderson, and Mary A. Winston, and there are a great many short tales by equally entertaining writers, with descriptive articles on practical and scientific matters by well-known specialists. The illustrations are quite as good as those in grown people's magazines. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Plato's Atlantis is the scene of Mrs. M. B. M. Toland's new poem, "Atlina, Queen of the Floating Isle." The story is a pretty one, and affords opportunity for many pleasing fancies, of which the author makes the most. As usual with Mrs. Toland's poems, the publishers have given it a very beautiful setting. The binding is tasteful, the type and paper all that one could wish, and the illustrations and head and tail-pieces the products of leading artists. The full-page drawings are by H. R. Bloomer, J. Alden Weir, F. S. Church, Frederick Dielman, Francis C. Jones, F. V. du Mond, and others, and the decorative designs scattered throughout the text are by A. F. Jaccati. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price: cloth, \$2.50; full silk, \$3.50; morocco, \$4.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

"The Praise of Paris" is the title of a volume in which are gathered eleven essays, by Theodore Child, on the distinctive features of the French capital. The first, which gives its title to the volume, tells of Paris as she has been in the past and as the writers of the ages have described her; and the remaining ten papers are "The Banks of the Seine," "Society in Paris," "The Life of Paris," "The Parisienne," "Le Grand Couturier," "The Boulevard," "The Duelists," "Proletarian Paris," "The Comédie-Française," and "The Institute of France." Mr. Child was a bright, cultivated citizen of the world, who had made his home in Paris for many years past, and he knew the city and her inhabitants intimately; his descriptions and comments make this one of the most readable books of the season, and the illustrations are many and good. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$2.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Two of the most beautiful books among this year's output of holiday volumes are the new illustrated editions of George William Curtis's "Prue and I" and Henry James's "Daisy Miller" and "An International Episode," the two latter making a single volume. Mr. Curtis's story—which is no story, but a series of charming essays on such matters as came within the mental range of a New York book-keeper and his gentle wife nearly forty years ago—and Mr. James's two tales of the fair American in Paris, in London, and on her native heath are too

well known to need further praise. "Prue and I" is illustrated by Albert Edward Sterner and the other book by Harry W. McVickar, with full-page drawings here and there and appropriate vignettes and thumb-nail sketches scattered lavishly throughout the pages. The paper is heavy and finely calendered, gilt-topped, and with uncut edges, and the binding is novel and pretty. Published by Harper & Brothers, New York; price, \$3.50; for sale by The Bancroft Company.

Four handy little books that should enjoy a wide popularity are the four volumes of "Tales from the Dramatists," by Charles Morris. They rehearse the plots of the famous plays of English literature, as Charles and Mary Lamb's book did those of Shakespeare. In the first volume are seven stories, the dramatists including Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, Otway, Susanna Centlivre, Farquhar, and Hannah Cowley; in the second are "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Road to Ruin," "The School for Scandal," "The Rivals," and three other plays; in the third are "The Heir at Law," "The Honeymoon," "Ion," and four others; and in the fourth are "The Lady of Lyons," "Richelieu," "Still Waters Run Deep," "London Assurance," "Ruy Blas," "Francesca da Rimini," and "Cynopia," by Martin Hayden. Each volume contains several portraits, and each story is preceded by a brief notice of the dramatist. From that of Hayden we learn that "Cynopia" was written by him in collaboration with the author of these books—which accounts for its presence. Published by the J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia; price, \$4.00; for sale by Joseph A. Hofmann.

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## SOCIETY.

## The Friday Night Club.

The second cotillion of the Friday Night Club was one of the most successful affairs the club has ever given. It was one of the few opportunities the lady members have had of asserting and maintaining their rights and they did so perfectly. It was a leap year german in which the ladies were required to appear in fancy dress, with powdered coiffures, and the gentlemen were obliged to wear knee-breeches. There were but few exceptions to this rule.

The large ball-room has seldom appeared so attractive, as the color effects were both pleasing and exceedingly artistic. From the centre of the ceiling long banners of red, white, and blue cloth were hung gracefully, forming a dome-shaped canopy, under which swung a dozen large, inverted Japanese parasols of bright colors, forming a circle around a glistening ring of silvered globes. The balcony rail was draped with red, white, and blue, and festooned with evergreens, while at intervals over the rail long bamboo poles were hung, each sustaining a Japanese lantern at its end. All around the hall, pendant from the ceiling beams, were wide pennants of red, white, and blue, alternating, striped with bars of gold, the ends of which were caught at the wall lights among clusters of fern sprays. The wall down-stairs was festooned with evergreens, with here and there a handsome vase filled with spreading ferns. The stage was massed with beautiful flowering plants and the proscenium arch was draped in pink, blue, and gold. The effect, naturally, was heightened considerably when the gay colors of the fancy dresses were added. The floor was covered with canvas, and the Hungarian Orchestra was stationed in the gallery.

The cotillion commenced at half-past nine o'clock, and Miss Hager was the leader. She appeared very handsome in an elegant gown of the Louis Quinze *regime*, fashioned from a portrait of Manon Lescaut. It was of delicate pink silk, with a plain skirt, made dancing length, and panniers of brocade. The trimming was of silver passementerie and broderie Ronienne. Her hair was powdered. Miss Hager guided the dancers excellently, and in doing so had the very able assistance of Miss Sally Maynard and Miss McNutt, both of whom were becomingly gowned. There were but four figures, the "Grand Right and Left," "Gliding Lines," "Double Circles," and the "Grand March." There were calcium-light effects in the last two figures. The dance music was delightful and every one seemed desirous of responding to its strains. The entire row of seats around the hall was filled with the participants in the figures, and the rear row had its full complement of non-dancers.

At midnight the dancing ceased and every one adjourned to the spacious dining-hall where a sumptuous supper was served under Ludwig's direction, and he excelled himself. After this refreshment dancing was indulged in until about two o'clock. There was not a feature of the affair that was not enjoyable and the club, its manager, Mr. Greenway, and Miss Hager are to be congratulated. Those in the first set were:

Miss McNutt, Mr. Edward H. Sheldon, Mrs. George H. Lent, Mr. Frank D. Madison, Miss Sally Maynard, George Vernon Gray, Miss Bee Hooper, Mr. A. H. Small, Miss Bessie Shreve, Mr. Harry B. Houghton, Miss Minnie Houghton, Mr. F. L. Owen, Mrs. John E. de Ruyter, Mr. William R. Sherwood, Miss Alice McCutchan, Mr. Worthington Ames, Miss Helen Smith, Mr. Samuel H. Knight, Miss Jennie Cheesman, Mr. C. C. V. Reeve, Mrs. Louis E. Parrott, Mr. Henry Redington, Miss Alice Simpkins, Mr. E. G. Schmiedell, Miss Helen Perrin, Mr. Everett N. Bee, Mrs. Hugh Tevis, Mr. Hugh Tevis.

## The Spalding Lunch-Party.

Mrs. Volney Spalding gave a charming lunch-party recently in honor of Mrs. Curtis J. Hillyer, of Washington, D. C. The table was decorated very tastefully, having a cover of Nile green crepe, over which beautiful red roses were strewn. In the centre was an elegant lamp, with a Nile green shade, and at each cover were pretty name-cards tied with ribbons of silk. A bounteous menu was served, and the affair was made enjoyable in every way. Those present were:

Mrs. Volney Spalding, Mrs. Curtis J. Hillyer, Mrs. B. F. Sherwood, Mrs. A. P. Benham, Mrs. Frances Edgerton, Mrs. Homer S. King, Mrs. Robert Johnson, Mrs. G. L. Lyons, Mrs. Robert Beck, and Mrs. J. A. Baxter.

## Notes and Gossip.

The wedding of Miss Delphine Delmas, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Delmas, and Mr. William Sanford Barnes, son of General and Mrs. William H. L. Barnes, will take place on Thursday, January 5, 1893, at the home of the bride's parents, on Taylor Street. The ceremony, which will be witnessed by relatives only, will be followed by a large reception.

The newspaper rumors that an engagement of marriage exists between Miss Mollie Torbert and Mr. E. Burke Holladay are denied.

Countess Festetics will give a dancing-party this (Saturday) evening at the residence of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis T. Haggin, on Taylor Street.

The second meeting of the Fortnightly Club will be held next Wednesday evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Eyre.

Mrs. C. M. Dougherty and Miss Ada Dougherty will give a dancing party next Tuesday evening in their parlors at the Palace Hotel.

The School for Scandal has issued invitations for

its third meeting, which will be held on Thursday evening, December 29th, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Williams, 1925 Octavia Street.

Mrs. Volney Spalding will give a Christmas dance on Saturday evening, December 24th.

Mrs. H. B. Berger and her daughter, Miss Hélène B. Berger will give a Christmas party, in their apartments at the Palace Hotel, on Monday evening, December 26th.

The San Francisco Verein has secured the services of the German Theatre Company for next Saturday evening, and they will present a pleasing entertainment in the theatre at the Verein. Afterward there will be a ball and supper. The entertainment will consist of a short performance by leading members of the German Company, in which the special talent of each one will be shown. The affair will undoubtedly attract every member of the Verein.

The members of the Concordia Club will give a hall next Saturday evening that promises to be very enjoyable.

Miss Florence Weihe gave a delightful tea last Saturday afternoon at her home on Jackson Street, having invited a few friends to meet Mrs. R. P. Schwerin. Conversation and music were enjoyed and light refreshments served. The others present were Mrs. William Elliott, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. C. H. Gardiner, Miss Dora Wood, Miss Manie Burling, Miss Wethered, Miss Louise Parkinson, Miss Florence Theller, Miss Gertrude Wilson, Miss Smedberg, Miss Stone, and Miss Froelich.

The officers and ladies at the Presidio gave a pleasant dancing party last Tuesday evening, which was well attended. The hop-room was prettily decorated with flowers and the regimental colors, and the dance music was furnished by the post band. The affair ended at midnight.

Mr. Henry Gutte and Mr. Harold Ward gave an enjoyable ball last Wednesday evening in Harmonie Hall, Alameda. It was attended by a large number of guests from both sides of the bay. The hall was neatly decorated, excellent music was provided, and the guests were hospitably entertained. The hostesses were Mrs. A. H. Ward, Mrs. L. H. Bissell, and Mrs. Edward Maldonado.

Mrs. A. D. Spilvao celebrated the anniversary of her birth last Wednesday evening by entertaining quite a number of her friends at her residence on Washington Street. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, with an intermission at midnight for a delicious supper, and several vocal and instrumental numbers of interest were given.

The closing exercises of Miss Bolte's School, 2120 Jackson Street, were held yesterday afternoon and were largely attended. An interesting programme was presented, in which the pupils demonstrated their excellent training in an admirable manner.

Mr. Alfred Wilkie will give his third ballad concert next Wednesday afternoon in the Maple Room at the Palace Hotel. He has prepared a most excellent programme, and has secured notable talent to interpret it.

## French Opinion of California.

The Parisian *Figaro* of December 5th compliments California on its large contingent of refined inhabitants. The writer derives his favorable opinion from the fact of 15,000 cases of Pommery Sec Champagne having been imported in one year, and adds that a country in the Far West, with only a million population, consuming such quantities of a fine wine, must be surely progressing in culture.

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## NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 3, 1892.  
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE principal place of business of the California Fruit Express Company has been changed from San Francisco to Los Angeles, Los Angeles County, Cal., by consent of the stockholders owning two-thirds or more of the stock of said company.  
The annual meeting will be held at Los Angeles, January 1, 1893. (Signed) ROBERT GRAHAM,  
Secretary Cal. Fruit Express Co.

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## SOCIETY.

## A Complimentary Dinner.

The members of the Pacific-Union Club base-ball nine were the hosts last Wednesday evening at a dinner which they gave in honor of the Bohemian Club base-ball nine who defeated them in the recent contest. A few other intimate friends, fellow clubmen, were invited and all were seated at the festal board at seven o'clock with President Charles Page of the Pacific-Union Club presiding. The table was handsomely decorated with the scarlet-hued herries of Christmas-tide and silk ribbons, and the Hungarian Orchestra was present to give its melody to the scene. The menu cards were of white bristol board having the name of the Bohemian Club as the heading. Beneath it was its symbol, the soleimo owl, and then the phrase "Hoss and Hoss." Following this was a list of the delicacies that had been prepared, comprising the following viands:

## MENU.

California Oysters.  
SOUP.  
Consommé de Volaille.  
HORS D'ŒUVRES.  
Olives Farces, Almonds, Anchovies.  
FISH.  
Filet of Sole, à la Portugaise.  
RELIEVE.  
Saddle of Mutton, à l'Anglaise.  
ENTREES.  
Chicken, à la Toulouse.  
Pâté de Foie Gras, au Bellevue.  
VEGETABLES.  
Asparagus, à la Hollandaise. String Beans.  
Punch à la Romaine.  
GAME.  
Canvas-Back Duck, Celery Mayonnaise.  
DESSERT.  
Iced Cream Panaché.  
Cheese, Fruit, Cakes, Coffee.

The dinner was a most excellent one. Several interesting speeches were made afterward, toasts were given and responded to felicitously, and there were vocal and instrumental selections as well, all of which made the hours speed along quickly and pleasantly, and tended to make affair a notable success. Those present were:

Mr. A. Gerberding, Mr. F. L. Owen, Mr. Horace Blanchard, Mr. Elmer de Pue, Mr. R. J. Woods, Mr. Harry Dimond, Mr. George T. Bromley, Mr. W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Joseph D. Redding, Mr. D. C. Gillette, Jr., Mr. Donald de V. Graham, Mr. Willard T. Barton, Mr. Charles Page, Mr. C. P. Ellis, Mr. Clinton E. Worden, Mr. Robert R. Grayson, Mr. Edward L. Bosqui, Mr. W. B. Bourn, Mr. Edward L. Eyre, Mr. W. C. Ralston, Mr. N. G. Kittle, Mr. Faxon D. Atherton, Mr. R. H. Delafield, Mr. George D. Boyd, and Mr. E. P. Danforth.

## The Woman's Club.

A new club has been organized exclusively for ladies, and it is understood that it will be termed the Woman's Club. Cozy quarters, comprising five rooms, have been secured at 23 Post Street, and they have been neatly fitted up. The idea of the organization is to have a place where ladies may rest while out on shopping tours, and which will act as a rendezvous in case of appointments down-town. Magazines, papers, writing materials, telephone, messenger-boxes, a lady's maid, and other conveniences will be supplied. The initiation fee has been placed at five dollars, and the dues are two dollars a year. The membership will be limited to two hundred. The following ladies have, so far, agreed to become members:

Mrs. H. Allen, Miss Allen, Mrs. William Alvord, Miss Ames, Mrs. W. L. Ashe, Mrs. G. M. Ashe, Miss E. Ashe, Mrs. F. D. Atherton, Miss Beaver, Mrs. W. B. Bourn, Miss Bourn, Miss Brown, Mrs. A. Borch, Miss Blanding, Mrs. T. Z. Blakeman, Miss Bowie, Mrs. R. Balfour, Mrs. J. T. Boyd, Mrs. J. Coffin, Mrs. S. B. Cushing, Miss Carrigan, Mrs. H. B. Chase, Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Mrs. Touchard, Miss Goad, Mrs. John S. Hager, Miss Hager, Mrs. J. H. Hammond, Miss Hammond, Miss Hooker, Mrs. R. Y. Hayne, Mrs. George H. Howard, Mrs. J. R. Jarboe, Miss Jarboe, Mrs. C. M. Kenney, Miss Kittle, Mrs. J. P. Langhorne, Mrs. George H. Lent, Miss Lawler, Misses Morgan, Mrs. W. F. McNutt, Miss McNutt, Miss Mellis, Mrs. L. Mizner, Mrs. Norman, Mrs. Hall McAllister, Miss McAllister, Mrs. J. R. K. Nuttall, Mrs. James Otis, Miss Otis, Mrs. C. O. Richards, Miss McPherson, Miss Coleman, Mrs. E. B. Coleman, Mrs. W. B. Collier, Mrs. W. B. Chapman, Miss Carolyn, Mrs. L. H. Coit, Mrs. Dorst, Mrs. A. Dibblee, Miss Dibblee, Mrs. J. A. Donohoe, Mrs. E. L. Eyre, Mrs. P. P. Eyre, Miss Eyre, Mrs. C. P. Ellis, Mrs. E. Evans, Misses Friedlander, Miss Findley, Mrs. Favre, Miss K. Forbes, Mrs. A. B. Ford, Mrs. E. L. Griffith, Miss A. Griffith, Mrs. C. de Guigné, Miss Gwin, Mrs. J. Parrott, Mrs. L. B. Parrott, Mrs. A. H. Payson, Mrs. C. Pomeroy, Miss Peyton, Mrs. George M. Pinckard, Mrs. A. J. Ralston, Miss Ralston, Mrs. J. L. Rathbone, Mrs. W. Rountree, Mrs. P. W. Selby, Miss Selby, Miss Smedberg, Mrs. R. P. Schwerin, Misses Shepard, Miss

Simkins, Miss Stearns, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. H. L. Tatam, Mrs. E. E. Wise, Mrs. Leonard Wood, Miss Wheeler, Mrs. R. J. Wilson, Mrs. M. S. Wilson, Mrs. Wallack.

## Honors to Messrs. Camp and McClung.

The visit of Messrs. Walter Camp and Thomas Lee McClung, who came out here to coach the football teams of the Leland Stanford Junior University and the University of California, respectively, has been the occasion of several festivities at which they were the honored guests. On Tuesday evening, December 13th, the Yale Club had its semi-annual dinner at the University Club, and Messrs. Camp and McClung, both of whom claim Yale as their alma mater, occupied seats of honor at the festal board—and proved themselves clever after-dinner speakers.

After the foot-ball game, last Saturday afternoon, Mr. John de Witt Allen gave them a dinner at the Pacific-Union Club, at which only Yale men were present, and the affair proved highly enjoyable.

Soon after nine o'clock they adjourned to the University Club, where a reception was held in their honor. The rooms were tastefully draped with banners showing the colors of all the leading colleges of the United States and also of a few European universities, and members of the club and invited guests, to the number of about two hundred, were there to meet the distinguished foot-ball players. At eleven o'clock an elaborate supper was served, after which toasts were offered, speeches made, and the University Glee Club sang college songs.

Mr. W. Mayo Newhall gave an elaborate dinner-party at his residence last Wednesday evening as a compliment to Messrs. Camp and McClung.

Both the visitors were invited to the Friday Night cotillion. Mr. McClung attended, but Mr. Camp had an engagement at Monterey.

## Movements and Whereabouts.

Annexed will be found a resumé of movements to and from this city and Coast, and of the whereabouts of absent Californians:

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Crocker and Mr. Joseph D. Grant were guests at the Patriarchs' Ball recently held in New York city.

Mrs. Peter Donahue and Mrs. E. Martin are still in New York city, and have no intention of returning for a month or so.

Mrs. F. L. Barreda and Miss Rose Barreda are in Italy, where they will remain during the winter.

Colonel Isaac Trumbo has returned from a month's trip to the East.

Mrs. Samuel M. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair are in Nice, France.

Mrs. S. E. Huie and Miss Salie Huie have removed to 29 Jackson Street.

Mr. J. W. Byrne and Mr. Callaghan Byrne will leave for New York city soon after Christmas to attend the wedding of their cousin, Miss Allen Ivers.

Miss Lillie Winans will soon depart to pass the remainder of the winter in New York city.

Mrs. A. M. Parrott, Mr. and Mrs. C. de Guigné, and Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Dick will pass the Christmas holidays in San Mateo.

Mrs. Weihe and her daughter, Miss Florence Weihe, are visiting Santa Barbara.

Judge and Mrs. James D. Thornton are now residing at 2908 Jackson Street.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Rosewald will pass the holidays in San José.

Hon. and Mrs. William G. Irwin, who arrived here a week ago from Honolulu, left on Friday for New York to attend the Robinson-Ivers wedding in New York. It is said that their gift to the bride is to be a diamond necklace valued at six thousand dollars.

Mrs. Phoebe Hearst left New York last Monday en route home. She was accompanied by Mrs. Kincaid and Miss Apperson.

Mrs. A. E. Head and Miss Anna Head have returned from their Eastern and European tour.

Miss Hattie Belle Goad, of Colusa, is here on a visit to Miss Ella Goad.

Mrs. Moses Hopkins has gone to Pasadena with Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood to remain a couple of weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin C. Tuhs and Mrs. D. J. Tallant will be at Monterey during the holidays.

Mrs. William F. Taaffe has returned from her country home, "Oakdale Villa," and will pass the winter at the home of her mother, Mrs. Dunne, 2111 Broderick Street. She will receive on Thursdays.

Mr. Frank S. Johnson arrived in New York city last Wednesday.

General and Mrs. J. F. Houghton and Miss Minnie Houghton will pass the Christmas holidays at Monterey.

Mrs. James Sturgis Fearno, né Torbert, has gone to China to join her husband in Shanghai and will not return until next fall.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Everts are residing at the Palace Hotel, and will receive on Mondays.

Mr. E. S. Pillsbury has arrived in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. Ryland B. Wallace will pass the holidays at Monterey.

Judge and Mrs. W. W. Morrow and Miss Maud Morrow have come over from San Rafael to pass the holidays here.

Mr. E. Y. Judd will return from New York early in January.

Mr. Lansing O. Kellogg has returned from a month's stay at his ranch in Mexico.

Mr. Joseph D. Grant has returned from the East.

Judge and Mrs. Selden S. Wright have leased their residence on Lombard Street, and have gone to Berkeley to reside.

Senator and Mrs. Leland Stanford will leave for Washington, D. C., next week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Hecht and Miss Elsie Hecht have returned from their Southern trip, and will pass the winter at a down-town hotel.

Colonel John S. Mosby and the Misses Stuart, Pauline, and Ada S. Mosby are at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. William Pilcher, né Bissell, were in Hong-kong when last heard from.

Mrs. George L. Bradley is at the St. Charles Hotel, in New Orleans.

Mrs. J. William Brown is visiting friends in New York city.

Mr. and Mrs. B. G. Smith left New York last Saturday on the *Etruria* for Liverpool.

Miss McDowell is the guest of the Misses Greer, at their residence, 1216 Hyde Street.

Mrs. George B. Williams, of Washington, D. C., is visiting Mr. L. A. Upson and family in Sacramento.

## Army and Navy News.

The latest personal notes relative to army and navy people at the various posts around San Francisco are appended:

The engagement is announced of Lieutenant Daniel L. Tate, Third Cavalry, U. S. A., assistant instructor in tactics at the Military Academy in West Point, N. Y., to Miss

Annie Scranton, daughter of ex-Congressman Joseph E. Scranton, of Pennsylvania.

Announcement is made of the engagement of Lieutenant Charles P. Russ, Eleventh Infantry, U. S. A., to Miss Maggie D. Claggett, sister of Captain J. R. Claggett, U. S. A. The wedding is set for an early date.

Lieutenant J. H. Hetherington, U. S. N., will soon arrive here to act as watch officer on the *Johanna*.

Rear-Admiral George Brown, U. S. N., will leave about January 12th, for Washington, D. C.

Lieutenant J. H. C. Coffin, U. S. N., arrived from the East a week ago and is at the Mare Island navy-yard.

Assistant-Surgeon L. L. Young, U. S. N., has been detached from the *Johanna* and ordered to the *Pinto*, to relieve Assistant-Surgeon L. H. Stone, U. S. N., who has been ordered East and given one month's leave of absence.

The engagement is announced of Ensign G. F. Hawk, U. S. N., and Miss Mary A. L. Townsend, daughter of Mr. Fred Townsend, of the Internal Revenue Department, in Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Thomas Nelson, who has been at Mare Island more than three years, is now residing at 1419 Q Street, in Washington, D. C. Commander Nelson, U. S. N., is in command of the *Adams*.

Commander S. W. Terry, U. S. N., has arrived here from Annapolis, Md.

Captain Robert C. Armstrong, First Infantry, U. S. A., has been granted one month's leave of absence, owing to illness.

Admiral J. S. Skerrett, U. S. N., will arrive here about January 10th, to assume command of the Pacific Squadron.

Captain Adrian S. Polhemus, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Monroe, after temporary duty at Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama.

Lieutenant Willoughby Walke, Fifth Artillery, U. S. A., has returned to Fort Monroe after a visit to Washington, D. C.

Ensign F. L. Chapin, U. S. N., has been detached from the coast survey steamer *Carlele P. Patterson*, and granted three months' leave of absence, to commence January 2, 1893.

Paymaster Skelding, U. S. N., has reported for duty at Mare Island, relieving Paymaster Stanton, U. S. N., who is under orders to the *Monterey*.

Paymaster G. H. Read, U. S. N., will sail to-day to join the *Marion* in the Asiatic Squadron.

Lieutenant William H. Bean, U. S. A., has been transferred to Troop E, Second Cavalry, at Fort Huachuca, A. T.

Paymaster A. W. Bacon, U. S. N., has been detached from duty at the navy-yard in Washington, D. C., and ordered to duty as general storekeeper at the Mare Island Navy-Yard. He will report for duty January 31, 1893.

The edition of "Our Society Blue Book," for 1892-3, contains the usual lists of residents of San Francisco, Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and adjacent towns, and has a new and valuable feature in its lists arranged by streets, which will be found of great convenience in making out calling-lists. It also contains lists of some fifteen thousand club-members, theatre diagrams, and other useful features. It is a handsome volume of some seven hundred pages, including a number of blank pages for memoranda. Published by Charles C. Hoag, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

The widow of Ralph Sidney Smith, who was killed by Dr. Powell in Redwood City some three years ago, has been appointed a notary public to this city by Governor Markham, being the first woman notary in San Francisco. Petitions in Mrs. Smith's behalf were signed by fifty or more of our most prominent citizens, including the justices of the supreme court of the State and the attorney-general. Mrs. Smith, whose offices will be in the Mills Building, is an accomplished and energetic lady, and will doubtless soon have a large clientele.

Saysit—"I wonder why it is you can't argue with a woman?" Dunit—"You can; but it doesn't do any good."—Puck.

## A Few Thoughts for the New Year.

Did you ever receive a note from an acquaintance without noticing the style and material of the paper and envelope? And did you ever form an inward opinion of the sender at the same time? Perhaps you did; ever so many people do. In many cases these opinions are not of the best kind, and the opinion is based upon the writers' lack of appreciation of the ethics of correspondence. Now, how is this to be remedied? We would advise a visit to Sanborn, Vail & Co.'s store, on Market Street, opposite Grant Avenue. There you will find polite attendants who will inform you about the proper styles of paper and envelopes to use for various purposes. You will find there paper from the world-renowned mills of such makers as Marcus Ward & Co., of Ireland, Crane, Hurd, and others, whose names are synonymous with the highest degree of excellence.

It is considered, of course, just the proper thing for every one to carry visiting-cards, and they must be engraved and printed from a copper plate. No one who is in society would use any other than an engraved card. Sanborn, Vail & Co. have unrivaled facilities for the execution of this class of work. In connection with this it is well to mention that they do all classes of copper-plate work, such as invitations for weddings, parties, dinners, teas, etc.

If a husband has allowed Christmas to pass without giving his wife a present, let us suggest to him a visit to Sanborn, Vail & Co., and an inspection of their magnificent stock of pier and mantel mirrors in beautifully carved frames. One of them, as a gift, will send a wife into raptures of joy. Think this over and also remember that they are not so expensive as you may imagine.

## What Every Lady Should Know.

Who is the most artistic ladies' hair-dresser? Strozynski! Latest novelties and finest hair work; naturally curly front pieces. See the latest—Lillian Russell curl. Great reduction in prices.

S. STROZYSKI,  
Corner Ellis and Leavenworth Streets.

## Good Cooking

Is one of the chief blessings of every home. To always insure good custards, puddings, sauces, etc., use Gail Borden "Eagle" Brand Condensed Milk. Directions on the label. Sold by your grocer and druggist.

CARMANY, 25 KEARNY STREET, HAS THE latest styles in full-dress shirts, fine underwear, and neckwear.

KRITIKO, 609 MERCHANT ST., S. F., READS characters from handwriting in ink, unruled paper. Send 50 cents, stamps or postal notes.

## BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleaned and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

## CUTICURA REMEDIES



These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases. Permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-failing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.



## HOW MY SIDE ACHES!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.



## CHAMPAGNE

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"PRIVATE CUVÉE."

In Quarts and Pints.

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KRUG & CO., - REIMS.

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Sole Agents for the Pacific Coast,

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The Leading Jewelers

128 KEARNY STREET, THURLOW BLOCK.

No Imitation Goods Sold.

Open Evenings During December. See Their Holiday Novelties.

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Opposite the New California Hotel.

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## OYSTER and COLD-LUNCH PARLORS

Large Dining-Room for Ladies.

SOLE DEPOT FOR

Jos. Schlitz Milwaukee Beer.

Imported European Beer from Buergerliches Brauhaus, Pilsen, Bohemia; Action Beer from Rizzi Culmbach, Bavaria.

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USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL,

—AT—

## Extremely Low Prices

House Coats,

Gowns, Bath Robes,

Traveling Shawls,

Rugs, Satchels,

Imported Neckwear, Hosiery,

Mufflers, Reefers,

Handkerchiefs, Plain or Initial,

Silk or Linen,

Suspenders,

Full Dress Shirts and Bows,

Umbrellas,

Initial and Plain Handkerchiefs,

Silk and Linen,

—AT THE—

## Leading Establishment.

## ROOS BROS.

27 to 37 KEARNY



A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.



# ANTEDILUVIAN WHISKEY

VERY OLD.

RICH

AS

CREAM

—AND—

SMOOTH

AS

SATIN

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LADIES WILL FIND THE

LATEST STYLES AND BEST-FITTING

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Send for Sample Pieces and Catalogue.

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New Stocking Waikhenose.  
Equestrian Tights, Knee and Ankle Lengths, in Silk, Wool, and Balbriggan, \$1.25 up.  
Gertrude Knit Baby Outfits.

Only authorized agent.

R. F. Sensible Waists, Equipose Waist, Model Bodice, and none genuine unless stamped "INDORSED BY ANNIE JENNESS MILLER, and none recommended by her with clasp front.  
Gentlemen's Union Suits a Specialty  
Country Orders promptly filled.

CLARKE'S ABSOLUTELY PURE.  
The purest—age and elegant  
Bottle of Clarke's Pure  
Rye has won for it the title—  
The Finest Whiskey in the World  
and places it foremost for medicinal,  
club and family use. Each package bears  
U. S. Chemist's Certificate of purity.  
None genuine without trademark O. B. &  
Co., on label. Price: per Bottle, \$1.50; per  
Doz. \$12 per Gal. \$1.40; per 2 gal. \$3.50, securely packed. Write  
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BIRKS & CO., Sole Agents, 20 A-B St., Peoria, Ill.

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By one who was deaf for 30 years.  
Call, or send stamp for particulars.  
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BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM  
THE PERFECTION  
OF CHEWING GUM.  
A DELICIOUS  
REMEDY  
FOR ALL FORMS OF  
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1/3 of an ounce of Pure Pepsin mailed on receipt of 25c.  
CAUTION—See that the name  
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Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin, sufficient to  
digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from  
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BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO., 23 Davis St., S. F., Cal.  
REGULATORS OF PEPSIN CHEWING GUM.

THE GIRL FROM BALTIMORE.  
A British Tale of a Title-Hunting Americaness.

[From a London Journal.]

"Here you are, popper. You and mommer jest get up this ladder concern and set right there; my seat's at the back." She was a short, brisk young lady, with bright eyes, and a blue veil over her hat; her dress came from Worth's; she spoke the American language. Steps were brought round to the back, but, before she mounted, she went round again to the front of the coach.

"Say," she called out; "sure it was the seat at the back?"

"Certain," replied her father; "didn't I enquire at the bureau this morning? Didn't the clerk say he went down regular once a month to the dook's place? Do your level best, Abigail, it's your last chance before we sail. 'Member old Bert Pertwree's gal."

"Ah," called out the young lady, "she was well loaded with dollars 'fore she went off. Even then she only got a mere bar'net, and he drank himself to kingdom come in a month."

"My girl," whispered the father, earnestly, and making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, "you shan't want for dollars if you do the trick."

"Well, I'll jest have a good try. Only he ain't come yet. I ken't do nothin' if he don't arrive."

She went back and mounted the steps which had been placed for her. The time was nearly up; the men were preparing to let go the leaders. Coming quickly along Piccadilly was a flushed young man with an eye-glass. Under his arm a leather roll with on it some kind of crest. He followed the young lady from Baltimore up the ladder, and almost fell into the seat by her side. The ladder was withdrawn; the driver said: "Now, then!" the men let go of the horses' heads; the folks on the pavement stood back a bit; and, with a wild blast on the post-horn, the coach was off.

When it made its first stop the two back-seat passengers were already good friends. The youth got down to have a drink.

"Mommer," whispered the young lady from Baltimore—"Mommer."

"Go ahead!"

"I am jest about going ahead," replied the young lady, confidently. "He's going down to the dook's for the forenoon, and he's coming back by rail. Seems a perfect nobleman. Says be was at the Dook of Surrey's yesterday, and had tête-à-tête with him for nearly half-hour. To-morrow he's going to Lord—Lord—/ forget the darn name."

The father and mother smiled approvingly.

"You ought to get a invite to his house," suggested Popper.

"I'd go for his card first," said Mommer. "Find out for certain who he is, Abigail."

"Oh, I've got his card," Miss Abigail held it up. It bore the one word "Bunyan." "They never put no chrissen name," explained Abigail; "a lord ent 'lowed to."

The two passengers at the back chattered away as the coach raced along the hard, high road. At the next stopping-place, it had ten minutes to wait, and the two went into the private room of the hotel. Miss Abigail limped slightly as she walked. The eye-glassed young man assisted her in the most courteous manner.

"I seem dreadful gone on you," remarked Miss Abigail, in her high, little voice. "I never took to any one so much before."

The youth seemed a little confused.

"Wish to goodness you were coming on by the coach. Sure you must go back by rail?"

The youth said he was quite sure.

"And you're going to the dook's? I'd love to speak to a dook. What's it like when it's t'home?"

The youth said this duke was a very nice sort of duke.

"Goes into s'ciety, I lay, like annything," remarked Miss Abigail.

The young fellow said no, he didn't get about much. As a matter of fact (the youth blushed), the duke suffered with his—well, his toes.

"That's queer," remarked Miss Abigail. "I've jest managed to get a silly stone or suthin' in my shoe. I don't know what I'll do."

The youth said, gallantly: "Would she permit him?"

"Couldn't think of troubling a perfect stranger," remarked Miss Abigail, putting out her foot. The youth fixed his eye-glass and took the shoe off. For the shoe even of an American girl it was small.

"Say, I'm dreadful vexed," said the lady from Baltimore, shyly; "but I do b'lieve its inside the—oh, this is too shocking for words!"

She turned aside, and, in a moment or two, modestly offered her pretty foot again for inspection. This time it was bare. The situation was one to make the brain of any average young man wobble; but the youth with the eye-glass kept perfectly cool. He said he could see directly what it was hurting her. He could cure it, he said, in two minutes if she would—

"I couldn't think of it," said Miss Abigail.

The youth said he would not charge anything.

"Taint that," laughed Miss Abigail.

The youth remarked that he thought, perhaps, she had looked at the back of his card. Miss

Abigail took it from her purse and went to the window to examine it. It bore this simple legend:

CHIROPDIST TO THE NOBILITY.

"Seems to me," remarked Miss Abigail to her father, with some bitterness, as she resumed her seat alone, "that the worst of this one-eyed old place is that you never know who's who. Reckon I'll have to marry some old back-number at Baltimore after all."

THE TUNEFUL LIAR.

Drawing Breath.

No artist with a bit of skill  
Need ever starve to death;  
His case is never hopeless till  
He can not draw his breath.  
—Brooklyn Life.

Cerulean Milk.

Oh, if they were but fewer,  
The griefs that us distress so!  
Oh, that the skies were bluer,  
And the milk a little less so!  
—Washington Star.

Ever Young.

Just four-and-thirty years ago,  
She starred as Juliet.  
But time runs on with flying feet;  
So now we see her as a sweet,  
Vivacious young soubrette.  
—Indianapolis Journal.

The Lost Cord Found.

Seated one day at the accordion,  
I was weary and ill at ease,  
And I noticed the neighbors also  
Were shaky about the knees;  
But I pumped the bellows wildly,  
Until my teeth were loose,  
And a wide-eyed delegation  
Broke in and used a noose.  
—Minneapolis Journal.

Wanted to Set.

"What is the matter with that hen?"  
Said a Boston lady's guest,  
When she observed a clucking fowl  
The former had impressed.

"I think," the Hubite quick replied,  
Unto the other turning,  
"The gallinacean female has  
A sedentary yearning."  
—Boston Courier.

Seal and Plush.

Man can not her discomfort feel,  
Nor duplicate her envious flush,  
Who meets a lady cloaked in plush,  
When she is only cloaked in plush.  
—Brooklyn Life.

Its Weight in Coal.

The poet soon will roar and sing,  
With all the music of his soul,  
Of any dear and precious thing:  
"It's worth its weight in coal."  
—Elmira Advertiser.

A Girl of Gold.

When Midas laid his magic hand  
Upon his daughter fair,  
And turned her to a thing of gold  
From tips of toes to hair,  
No wonder that he wept and was  
The sorriest of men;  
Because, of course, you know there were  
No dime-museums then. —Boston News.

She Remembered.

For days he sought for lines to show  
His feelings in some slight degree,  
And then within her album wrote:  
"When this you see, remember me."  
She said she would, and now they are  
Imbedded in her memory's bump;  
For every time she views the page  
She softly murmurs, "What a chump!"  
—New York Herald.

Silent but Awful.

Oh, lucky it is that the world ne'er knows  
The silent but awful remark  
That over the deaf mute's fingers flows  
When he steps on a tack in the dark. —Puck.

The Wail of the Rejected.

Broke, broke, broke,  
I forgive you, O Rosalie!  
But the boxes of bonbons and Jacqueminot roses  
Will never come back to me. —Life.

An Invisible Belle.

"Who is the belle to-night?" asked she,  
As they stood on the ball-room floor.  
He looked around the room to see,  
And she speaks to him no more.  
—Cape Cod Item.

A Pairing.

"Were you allowed to vote," said he,  
As through the sheltered lane they strayed,  
"What would you vote for—answer me—  
Protection or free trade?"

The gentle maiden hung her head,

While to her cheek the color flew;  
"I would not care to vote," she said;  
"I'd rather pair with you." —Cape Cod Item.

The Spendthrift Lover.

To buy her presents his cash he spent  
And her words of thanks were sweeter than honey,  
But when he had squandered his last red cent  
She married a youth who saved his money.  
—New York Press.

An Accomplished Maiden.

They taught her both Latin and German, then Greek,  
And science and physics profound;  
Why, the girl really knew, before she could speak,  
The world was most certainly round.

She sung like a bird, she could play like a wind;  
She danced, she could ride, she could row;  
'Twas rumored there was not a thing on the earth  
Of which she was ignorant; so

When he wrote her a note saying, "I would be pleased  
On Wednesday to call again,"  
His astonishment grew at this word he received  
(It caused him the deepest of pain):

"Miss Blank regrets her engagements is such she will  
be unable to receive Mr. Gray on the day following, but will be de-  
lited to have him call on the day following." —New York Sun.

25c. for a box of BEECHAM'S PILLS worth a guinea.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

Sleepy.



If a man is drowsy  
in the day time  
after a good  
night's sleep,  
there's indiges-  
tion and stomach  
disorder.

## BEECHAM'S

PILLS by removing the waste  
matter which is clog-  
ging the system, will cure all Bilious  
and Nervous Disorders, and will  
quickly relieve Sick Headache.

Covered with a Tasteless and Soluble Coating.  
Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.  
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the  
preparation of

W. Baker & Co.'s

## Breakfast Cocoa,

which is absolutely pure  
and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength  
of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot  
or Sugar, and is far more economical,  
costing less than one cent a cup. It  
is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY  
DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass.

National Prize of

16,600 fr.

SIX GOLD  
MEDALS

at  
Vienna,  
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etc.

QUINA-LAROCHE  
AN INVIGORATING TONIC,  
For General Debility, Fever & Ague,  
Poverty of the Blood, etc.  
E. Fougere & Co.,  
30 N. William Street,  
New York.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW  
YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY.  
\$12 Buys a \$65.00 Improved Oxford Scales  
\$12 Sewing Machine, perfect working, reliable,  
finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work,  
with a complete set of the latest improved attachments  
FREE. Each machine is guaranteed for 5 years. Buy  
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1769 and 1771 Broadway, NEW YORK.



STORYETTES.

Grave and Gay, Epigrammatic and Otherwise.

It is said that when a famous French general was obliged to retreat, as he and his aide-de-camp were fleeing before the enemy, he breathlessly inquired: "Who are the rear guard?" "The men who have the poorest horses, general," replied the aid, who was making good use of his spurs.

A friend of Mr. George Gould sent him a book and with it his card. "I am glad you sent your card," said Mr. Gould, "for not long ago a friend sent an oblong cake of maple sugar without any notification, and the butter took it into the cellar and put it in a pail of water, thinking it was dynamite."

The Duchess of Lauraguais, who was somewhat given to making poetry, could not think of a word to rhyme with *coiffe*. Turning to Talleyrand, who chanced to be by her side, she said: "Prince, give me a rhyme to *coiffe*." "Impossible, duchess," replied Talleyrand, without a moment's delay; "for that which pertains to the head of a woman has neither rhyme nor reason."

They were talking of the vanity of women (says *Drake's Magazine*), and one of the few ladies present undertook a defense. "Of course," she said, "I admit that women are vain, and men are not. Why," she added, with a glance around, "the necktie of the handsomest man in the room is even now up the back of his collar." And then she smiled—for every man present had put his hand up behind his neck!

By some strange freak of fate, a parson got elected into a London free-and-easy club. One morning he came up early from the country, and, eager for his breakfast, entered the coffee-room. "What can I have to eat?" asked the parson. "Very sorry, sir," replied the head-waiter, glancing at the clock; "but the committee have given strict orders that supper mustn't be served after eight in the morning. But I think I can get you some oysters."

One of Gould's campaigns as a dealer in railways was with the Wabash system of railroads. He got control, and after effecting a reorganization, which increased the capital stock and also the bonded debt, sold them out. It is related of him at this time that an associate said to him: "Mr. Gould, don't you think you are bonding this much higher than the property will stand?" "That may be," he answered; "but the American people are mighty partial to bonds."

It was Count Montrond who said to Alexandre de Girardin of a young man who was beginning to make a brilliant reputation, and whom Girardin did not appreciate: "Hasten to recognize him, or he will not recognize you." His valet waited on him one morning most unsuccessfully. He could find none of the toilet articles. Montrond banded them to him, remarking: "You must admit that you are lucky to have me here. Without me, you certainly could not wait upon me."

An old gentleman, after the funeral of a relative, in the west of England, was listening, with rapt attention, to the reading of the will, in which he unexpectedly proved to be interested. First, it recounted how that a certain field was willed to him; then it went on to give the old gray mare in said field to some one else, with whom he was on anything but friendly terms, at which point he suddenly interrupted the proceedings by exclaiming indignantly: "Then sba's eatin' ma grass!"

An English clergyman was visiting his parishioners, when one of them, an old woman, informed him that since they met "she'd gone through a sight o' trouble. Her sister was dead, and there wor a worse job than that—the pig died all of a sudden; but it pleased the Lord to tak' him, and they mun bow, they mun bow." Then the poor old lady brightened up, and said: "But there's one thing, Mester Allen, as I can say, and ought to say, the Lord's been pretty well on my side this winter for greens."

A collector in a church in San Francisco, on receiving a shake of the head instead of a dollar from the band of one whom he knew intimately, stopped to remonstrate, and said: "William, you must give something. You've heard what the rector has said—it's your duty." "My money belongs to my creditors,"

said William. "And who is your greatest creditor? To whom do you owe the most?" asked the collector. "Well, that's very true," replied William; "but just now he's not crowding me quite so much as the others."

Among other anecdotes of university life, Dean Hole tells of an occasion when there was some doubt as to the locality of a city mentioned in a Greek text, and the lecturer addressed a youth who had just come up from the famous Shrewsbury School: "Now, Mr. Bentley, you are a pupil of our great geographer, Dr. Butler, the Atlas of our age, who carries the world not on his shoulders, but in his head, and you can probably enlighten us as to the position of this ancient town." "I believe, sir," was the prompt reply, "that modern travelers are of the opinion that the city ought to be placed about ten miles to the south-east of the spot which it now occupies on our map." After receiving respectful thanks for his information, the informer told Dean Hole as they left the lecture-room that he had never heard of the venerable city before, but that for the honor of Shrewsbury and the reputation of Dr. Butler, he felt himself bound to say something.

In a parlor-car on an Eastern train sat a richly dressed young woman, tenderly holding a very small poodle. "Madam," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It's against the rules." "I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will disturb no one." "That makes no difference," said the conductor; "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage-car. I'll fasten him all right for you—" "Don't you touch my dog, sir," said the young woman, excitedly; "I will trust him to no one!" and with indignant tread she marched to the baggage-car, tied her dog, and returned. About fifty miles further on, when the conductor came along again, she asked him: "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?" "I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely, "but you tied him to a trunk, and he was thrown off with it at the last station."

"THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN."—In one Act.  
SCENE.—A cottage in Ireland. Enter EMIGRANT, who surveys the dwelling with emotion, and knocks at door. Door opens. Enter INMATE.  
EMIGRANT—Is my father alive?  
INMATE—He is not.  
EMIGRANT—Is my mother living?  
INMATE—She is not.  
EMIGRANT—Is there any whisky in this house?  
INMATE—There is not.  
EMIGRANT [sighs heavily]—This is, indeed, a woe! full day! [Dies.]  
Slow music. Curtain.

Entirely Satisfactory.  
W. J. Arkell, publisher of *Judge* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, writes:  
"JUDGE BUILDING,  
Cor. Fifth Ave. and Sixteenth St.,  
New York, January 14, 1892.  
"About three weeks since, while suffering from a severe cold which had settled on my chest, I applied an ALL-COCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and in a short time obtained relief.  
"In my opinion, these plasters should be in every household, for use in case of coughs, colds, sprains, bruises, or pains of any kind. I know that in my case the results have been entirely satisfactory and beneficial."

—MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE "MRS. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup" for your children while teething.

WHITE STAR LINE.

United States and Royal Mail Steamers.  
Sailing from Liverpool and New York every Wednesday.

FROM NEW YORK:  
Teutonic.....December 28th  
Britannic.....January 4th  
Adriatic.....January 11th  
Sailor rates, \$50 and upward, according to steamer and accommodations selected. Excursion tickets on favorable terms. Through tickets to London and Paris. Second cabin, Majestic and Teutonic, \$40 and \$45. Steerage tickets at low rates. Tickets for sale by all the leading railroad and steamship agents in San Francisco.

H. NAITLAND KERSEY, Agent,  
29 Broadway, New York.

PACIFIC COAST STEAMSHIP CO.  
Dispatch steamers from San Francisco for ports in Alaska, 9 A. M., Dec. 26, 30, Jan. 13.  
For British Columbia and Puget Sound ports 9 A. M., every Friday. For Eureka, Humboldt Bay, Wednesdays, 9 A. M. For Santa Ana, Los Angeles, and all way ports, every 4th and 6th day, 8 A. M. For San Diego, stopping only at Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and San Luis Obispo, every 4th and 6th day at 11 A. M. For ports in Mexico, 1st of each month. Ticket-office, Palace Hotel, 4 New Montgomery Street.

GOODALL, PERKINS & CO., General Agents,  
No. 10 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists,  
New York. Sold by all druggists.

NORTH PACIFIC COAST RAILROAD  
VIA  
SAUSALITO FERRY.

TIME TABLE.

Commencing Sunday, November 1, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will run as follows:  
From SAN FRANCISCO for SAUSALITO, ROSS VALLEY, and SAN RAFAEL (week days)—7:30, 9:00, 11:00 A. M.; 1:45, 3:15, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00, 6:30 P. M.  
From SAN FRANCISCO for MILL VALLEY (week days)—7:30, 9:00 A. M.; 3:25, 5:00, 6:15 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 10:00, 11:30 A. M.; 1:30, 3:00, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip on Saturdays at 1:45 P. M.  
From SAN RAFAEL for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:20, 7:45, 9:15, 11:05 A. M.; 1:45, 3:25, 5:00 P. M. (Sundays)—8:00, 9:30, 11:00 A. M.; 12:15, 1:30, 3:30, 5:00 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 6:30 P. M.  
Fare, 50 cents, round trip.  
From MILL VALLEY for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:30, 7:58, 9:10 A. M.; 3:35, 5:05 P. M. (Sundays)—8:05, 10:10, 11:40 A. M.; 1:45, 3:55, 5:15 P. M. Fare, 40 cents, round trip.  
From SAUSALITO for SAN FRANCISCO (week days)—6:55, 8:15, 9:55, 11:45 A. M.; 2:25, 4:05, 5:40 P. M. (Sundays)—8:45, 10:40, 11:40 A. M.; 12:45, 2:15, 4:15, 5:45 P. M. Extra trip Saturdays at 7:10 P. M. Fare, 25 cents, round trip.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	THROUGH TRAINS.	ARRIVE IN SAN FRANCISCO.
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Week Days 8:00 A. M. Sundays	Camp Taylor Tocaloma, Point Reyes, Tomas, and Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays (except Mondays) 12:15 P. M. } 6:10 P. M. Daily
7:30 A. M. Week Days 1:45 P. M. Saturdays	Howards, Duncan Mills, Cazadero, d Way Stations.	10:25 A. M. Mondays 6:10 P. M. Week Days

Thirty-day Excursion.—Round-trip, 25 per cent. reduction.  
Friday to Monday Excursion Round-trip tickets: Tocaloma and Point Reyes, \$1.25; Tomas, \$2.00; Howards, \$2.50; Cazadero, \$3.00.  
Sunday Excursions.—Round-trip tickets: Point Reyes, \$1.00; and Tomas, \$1.50.  
THROUGH STAGE CONNECTIONS DAILY (except Sundays) at Cazadero with morning train from San Francisco to and from Stewart's Point, Gualala, Point Arena, Cuffey's Cove, Navarro, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, and all points on the North Coast.

WILLIAM GRAVES, General Manager, F. B. LATHAM, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.  
General Offices, 14 Sansome Street.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP CO.

Through Line to New York, via Panama.  
Steamers will sail on the 15th, 25th, and 30th of each month, calling at various ports of Mexico and Central America.

Through line sailings—Sunday, Dec. 25th, SS. San Juan; Jan. 5th, SS. City of New York; Jan. 16th, SS. San Blas.

Way Line to Mexican and Central American Ports and Panama.

Steamers leave San Francisco on the 3d and 18th of each month, calling at various Mexican and Central American Ports.  
Way line sailings—Jan. 3d, SS. Colima; Jan. 18th, SS. Starbuck.

Japan and China Line for Yokohama and Hongkong.

Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai, and at Hongkong for East Indies, Straits, etc.

Peru.....Saturday, December 24, at 3 P. M.  
City of Rio de Janeiro.....Saturday, Jan. 14, at 3 P. M.  
City of Peking.....Saturday, February 4, at 3 P. M.  
China.....(via Honolulu).....Tuesday, Feb. 14, at 3 P. M.

Round-Trip Tickets to Yokohama and return at reduced rates.

For Freight or Passage apply at office, corner First and Brannan Streets. Branch office, 202 Front Street.

ALEXANDER CENTER, General Agent.

OCCIDENTAL AND ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR JAPAN AND CHINA.

NOTE CHANGE IN HOUR OF SAILING:  
Steamers leave Wharf, corner First and Brannan Streets, 3 o'clock P. M., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG.  
Connecting at Yokohama with steamers for Shanghai.

Oceanic (via Honolulu).....Wednesday, Jan. 4, 1893  
Gaelic.....Tuesday, January 24  
Belgie.....Thursday, February 23

Round-Trip Tickets at reduced rates.  
Cabin plans on exhibition. Passage Tickets for sale at S. P. Company's General Office, Room 74, corner Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco.

For freight apply to the Traffic Manager at the Pacific Mail Steamship Company's Wharf, San Francisco.

T. H. GOODMAN, Gen'l Passenger Agent.  
Geo. H. Rice, Traffic Manager.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY.  
PACIFIC SYSTEM.

Trains leave, and are due to arrive at SAN FRANCISCO.

LEAVE	From Dec. 3, 1892.	ARRIVE.
7:00 A.	Benicia, Rumsey, Sacramento.....	7:15 P.
7:30 A.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	* 12:15 P.
7:30 A.	Niles and San Jose.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	Martinez, San Ramon, and Calistoga.....	6:15 P.
7:30 A.	El Verano and Santa Rosa.....	6:15 P.
8:00 A.	Sacramento, Redding, via Davis.....	7:15 P.
8:00 A.	Atlantic Express, Ogden and East.....	9:45 P.
8:30 A.	Niles, San Jose, Stockton, Ione, Sacramento, Marysville, Oroville, and Red Bluff.....	4:45 P.
9:00 A.	New Orleans Express, Los Angeles, Deming, El Paso, New Orleans, and East.....	8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Stockton and Milton.....	* 8:45 P.
9:00 A.	Haywards, Niles, and Livermore.....	* 7:15 P.
1:00 P.	Sacramento River Steamers.....	* 9:00 P.
1:30 P.	Vallejo and Martinez.....	12:15 P.
3:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Martinez, Stockton, Merced, and Fresno.....	12:15 P.
4:00 P.	Martinez, San Ramon, Vallejo, Calistoga, El Verano, and Santa Rosa.....	9:45 A.
4:00 P.	Benicia and Sacramento.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Woodland and Oroville.....	10:15 A.
4:00 P.	Vacaville.....	10:45 A.
4:30 P.	Niles and Livermore.....	* 8:45 A.
5:00 P.	European Mail, Ogden and East.....	10:45 A.
5:30 P.	Los Angeles Express, Fresno, Bakersfield, Santa Barbara, and Los Angeles.....	9:15 A.
5:30 P.	Santa Fe Route, Atlantic Express for Mojave and East.....	9:15 A.
6:00 P.	Haywards, Niles, and San Jose.....	7:45 A.
7:00 P.	Vallejo.....	8:45 P.
7:00 P.	Oregon Express, Sacramento, Marysville, Redding, Portland, Puget Sound, and East.....	8:15 A.

SANTA CRUZ DIVISION.

11:45 P.	Hunters' and Theatre Train for Newark, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	8:05 P.
8:15 A.	Newark, Centerville, Jose, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	6:20 P.
2:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Almaden, Felton, Boulder Creek, and Santa Cruz.....	* 10:50 A.
4:15 P.	Centerville, San Jose, Los Gatos.....	9:50 A.

COAST DIVISION, Third and Townsend Sts.

7:00 A.	San Jose, Almaden, and Way Stations.....	2:38 P.
8:15 A.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Santa Cruz, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Salinas, San Miguel, Paso Robles, Santa Margarita (San Luis Obispo), and principal Way Stations.....	6:10 P.
10:37 A.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	5:03 P.
12:15 P.	Cemetery, Menlo Park, and Way Stations.....	3:30 P.
2:30 P.	San Jose, Gilroy, Tres Pinos, Santa Cruz, Salinas, Monterey, Pacific Grove, and principal Way Stations.....	* 10:37 A.
4:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	* 9:47 A.
5:15 P.	San Jose and Way Stations.....	* 8:06 A.
6:30 P.	Menlo Park and Way Stations.....	8:48 A.
11:45 P.	Menlo Park and principal Way Stations.....	7:30 P.

A for morning, P for afternoon, \* Sundays excepted.  
† Saturdays only, ‡ Sundays only.

"There are three theories of successful newspaper advertising. First, an advertisement must be so worded and displayed that a casual glance tells the whole story; second, uniqueness of design in setting will lead the reader to carefully read the entire advertisement; third, an attractive illustration excites the curiosity of the reader, and he reads to satisfy his curiosity."

SAN FRANCISCO & NORTH PACIFIC RAILWAY  
THE DONAHUE BROAD-GAUGE ROUTE.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 20, 1892, and until further notice, boats and trains will leave from and arrive at the San Francisco Passenger Depot, Market Street Wharf, as follows:

From San Francisco for Point Tiburon, Belvedere, and San Rafael: Week Days—7:40, 9:20, 11:40 A. M.; 3:30, 5:05, 6:20 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 1:50 P. M.

Sundays—8, 9:30, 11 A. M.; 1:30, 3:30, 5, 6:20 P. M.

From San Rafael for San Francisco: Week Days—6:25, 7:55, 9:30 A. M.; 12:45, 3:40, 5:05 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:30 P. M.

Sundays—8:10, 9:40, 11:10 A. M.; 1:40, 3:40, 5, 6:25 P. M.

From Point Tiburon for San Francisco: Week Days—6:50, 8:20, 9:55 A. M.; 1:10, 4:05, 5:35 P. M.

Saturdays only—An extra trip at 6:55 P. M.

Sundays—8:40, 10:05, 11:35 A. M.; 2:05, 4:05, 5:30, 6:55 P. M.

LEAVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE SAN FRANCISCO.	WEEK DAYS.	SUNDAYS.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Petaluma and Santa Rosa.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
8:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	Fulton, Windsor, Healdsburg, Ukiah, and Way Stations.	10:40 A. M.	9:30 A. M.	9:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Hopland and Ukiah.	7:30 P. M.	6:10 P. M.	6:10 P. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Guerneville.	7:30 P. M.	10:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sonoma and Glen Ellen.	10:40 A. M.	8:50 A. M.	8:50 A. M.
7:40 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	8:00 A. M.	Sebastopol.	10:40 A. M.	10:30 A. M.	10:30 A. M.

Stages connect at Santa Rosa for Mark West Springs; at Geyserville for Skaggs Springs, Stewart's Point, Gualala, and Point Arena; at Cloverdale for the Geysers; at Placeta for Highland Springs, Keseyville, Soda Bay, Lakeport, and Bartlett Springs; at Hopland for Lakeport; at Ukiah for Vichy Springs, Saratoga Springs, Blue Lakes, Witter Springs, Upper Lake, Lakeport, Willits, Cahto, Mendocino City, Fort Bragg, Westport, Usal, Haysville, and Eureka.

EXCURSION TICKETS from Saturdays to Mondays to Petaluma, \$1.50; to Santa Rosa, \$2.25; to Healdsburg, \$3.40; to Cloverdale, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.70; to Ukiah, \$6.75; to Sebastopol, \$2.70; to Guerneville, \$3.75; to Sonoma, \$5.50; to Glen Ellen, \$1.80.

EXCURSION TICKETS, good for Sundays only, to Petaluma, \$1; to Santa Rosa, \$1.50; to Healdsburg, \$2.25; to Cloverdale, \$3; to Ukiah, \$4.50; to Hopland, \$5.80; to Sebastopol, \$1.80; to Guerneville, \$2.50; to Sonoma, \$1; to Glen Ellen, \$1.20.

H. C. WHITING, General Manager.

PETER J. MCGLYNN, Gen. Pass. and Tkt. Agt.

Ticket Offices at Ferry, 36 Montgomery Street, and 2 New Montgomery Street.

THREE POZZONI'S COMPLEXION POWDER: SAFE; CURATIVE; BEAUTIFYING. 1. 2. 3. WHITE, FLESH, BRUNETTE. POZZONI'S TINTS. All Druggists and Fancy Stores.





There is a great deal of talk about the decadence of the stage. From New York to San Francisco the extravaganza is the thing. "The Black Crook" there is drawing splendid houses. Here "Ali Baba" nightly crowds the largest theatre in the city. The day has come of the apotheosis of the coryphée and the costume—tinsel and tights are what the public likes. The sad-eyed muse, with the bay-leaves scattered and drooping in her tangled hair and her lyre silent in her listless hand, is left to mourn alone upon her altar-stairs, while her old-time worshippers burn their candles at the shrines of the coryphée and the Amazon.

All the world goes to see the dancers who can not dance, the singers who can not sing, the beauties who are ugly—and the costumes. This is the era of the costume. "Ali Baba" with ugly dressing would be "Hamlet" with the melancholy Dane left out. There is nothing in it but the costumes, and though there is but little of them, what little there is, is good. Like the most valuable jewels, the costumes in "Ali Baba" are really finest when smallest. It is not a question of quantity, but of quality. But "Ali Baba," poorly clad, would not be a performance upon which one would squander a dollar and a half. The public wants gorgeous clothes, and, even did the Forty Thieves wear robes that swept the ground, the house would still be crowded provided the robes were magnificent enough.

The importance of handsome dressing on the stage is hardly to be over-estimated. The only two moderns who have dared to snap their fingers at the public's passion to feast its eyes on good clothes, are Edwin Booth and Salvini. Theatre-goers have suffered from Booth's devotion to the star system. He did not exactly act Hamlet in a bag wig, like Macready, for he consented to dress himself with a distinct regard for the picturesque and historical fitness. But his company always had the appearance of children who had got hold of a trunk of old fancy costumes and had been having lots of fun "dressing up" in them, regardless of a nineteenth-century head, a Louis Quinze body, and legs from the middle ages.

Booth's surroundings in "Hamlet" used to be a little like those of Mr. Wopsle when he undertook the same part; the courtiers of the Danish monarch being represented by one page of a distinctly female appearance and one brass-encircled warrior, while the reigning majesties of Denmark sat aloft on a wooden table, the queen with a gold head-band passing under her chin and giving her the appearance of one who is suffering from a magnificent form of toothache.

It was said about Salvini that he did not like wearing particularly fine clothes on the stage. He wanted accuracy rather than gorgeousness, and in his support all that he insisted upon was a leading lady who was large, majestic, and heavy, so that he could fling her about the stage without danger of hurting her. He preferred acting against a worn-out flat to a fine picturesque background with a tapering perspective. Hence the *fin-de-siècle* ites do not appreciate the great Italian. This, by the way, might be construed into the highest form of compliment. There are people whose condemnation is high praise. It is not for these that the two great tragedians play.

The actresses have all bowed to the popular prejudice—it was, perhaps, not a hard bow to make. You might go so far as to say that some of them have won the public's ear by the report of their good clothes and its eye by the glory of them. Mrs. Langtry would not be the successful Mrs. Langtry of to-day if she had continued to garb herself in the style of that plain, black frock in which she first appeared at a London garden-party, and set all the world staring.

Her eyes were then as blue as lapis lazuli, her skin like a magnolia petal, and with this went the red-tinted hair that Henner gives to his ivory-colored nymphs and goddesses. She was charming in the simplicity of the plain, black gown, which, rest assured, fitted like wax. But that was long before she took to putting spoonfuls of ice-cream down royal backs and doing all sorts of extravagant, frisky things not in the repertoire of the British matron. She is now Mrs. Langtry, with "dresses by Worth" in large letters on her play-bills.

She never could have made such a play as "As in a Looking-Glass" go unless she had worn a necklace of sapphires as large as hazel-nuts and that wonderful "bat-gown" that turned her into a great, sinister, beautiful bat, with huge, drooping, dusky wings of black lace, and a smaller bat spreading out its web-like pinions over her chest. That dress was a masterpiece, and packed every matinee with absorbed and curious women.

In "The Wife's Peril" she had five Worth gowns, and the gowns drew superbly. If they had had Carmencita to dance between the acts, she could not have rivaled the drawing power of the five Worth "creations." People, when they left the theatre, were not sure whether they liked best the apple-green-silk act, with the silver spangles, or the pale-pink-crepe act, with the scarlet parasol. The pale-pink and scarlet was very absorbing. Questions of divorce, or of married ladies, and husbands, and lovers, were brushed aside as mere petty trifles before the thrilling interest of the scene when the pale-pink crepe dress came in, with the scarlet parasol. The lover, in this scene, was very charming and tender; but he might just as well have been talking in Chinook—nobody listened to him. It is not often in a life-time one sees such a setting skirt. One must take the opportunities for artistic enjoyment that chance offers one.

But there are few Mrs. Langtrys. As a dresser she is a genius. There must be some talent in a person who can hold audiences with a rose-colored silk dinner-gown, as crude in shade as the hues on a Japanese fan, and a cloak lined with chinchilla. It is not the same talent, but it is as much a talent in a small way as that possessed by Julia Marlowe, who, by the force of artistic intelligence and a fascinating personality, can hold her audiences enthralled while she wears a little yellow frock that a bud might discard as too plain for her first dinner, and the wife of a two-thousand-dollar-a-year clerk consider as a Christmas possibility.

Julia Marlowe is brave with a desperate bravery. She is not going to make concessions to what she and Boston regard as a vulgar weakness. She is not going to smother her talents under "gowns by Worth." First come the talents, then come the gowns. Mrs. Kendal, now, was not so brave. Before she came to this country, she laid in a great wardrobe, because she had heard American audiences demanded magnificent dressing on the stage. This accounts for the sumptuous costumes of velvet and moire that the "Old Reliable" of the British drama used to wear with so much style.

To advertise the actress by her frocks is quite *en rigle* when the actress is going to personate one of the hectic French heroines. One of the most interesting attributes of these dear creatures is that they are always sure to wear something stunning. The hectic French heroines mainly exist because they invariably wear such good clothes—such dazzling opera-cloaks! such radiant tea-gowns! One always starts for the fourth act in "Camille" to see what Camille is going to have on. She is supposed, in this act, to be in particularly affluent circumstances, and being a person of acknowledged taste, experience leads one to expect a millinery masterpiece. Then, going out, every one murmurs to her neighbor:

"Well, how did you like the pink brocade in that scene?"

"Oh, I liked the way Jane Hading did it better; I liked her conception of the part better—white satin and a good deal of lace, old and yellow. It was very striking."

"Did you really think so? I couldn't stand those little ribbon camellias, they looked as if they came off an old wedding cake."

"For my part I preferred Bernhardt; in her rendering of the character there was a black satin train with pink feathers round the edge."

When Fanny Davenport acted the French heroines, she knew the value of her wardrobe, and the second week always advertised a complete change of costume. Every one went to see the new clothes, for the massive Fanny, though she is not either very gifted or very young, has a striking taste in clothes, and knows how to wear her gowns with the air of a woman who was once an acknowledged beauty. No one ever could have looked more gorgeously arrayed than Fanny Davenport in "Fedora." Her splendor was oppressive. But she always could rise superior to it, having once been so handsome that people forgot the sumptuous costume in admiring the beautiful woman. She is no longer beautiful; but the haughty self-confidence that was hers in her *beaux jours* is there still.

But in selecting her costumes an actress has more to think of than their individual becomingness, their cost, or their beauty. If a fine lady finds it hard work to arrange her wardrobe, what must an actress find it who has to consider not only effectiveness, prettiness, and harmony, but the suitability of her gowns to the stage?

Every one who admires the charming frock of the leading lady does not know that in making that frock the skirt has had to be cut with extraordinary care to accommodate itself to the slope of the stage. If it is cut and hung like an ordinary skirt, it will look as if it were much shorter in the front than in the back, will lurch up hideously and display the wearer's feet. Then her bodice must fit without a wrinkle; but if it is tight, despair will ensue, for she will lose all her supple grace of pose and movement, will not be able to make her gestures with sinuous ease, and, worse than all, will probably talk in a hoarse, strained voice. It is not usually known that a very tight bodice affects the voice, making it harsh and husky. Bernhardt, who has the most perfect voice in the world, has never worn a tight dress in her life.

But the unhappy actress who aspires to dress well

in modern characters has, to endure many pangs and take an infinitude of trouble. If she wear a large hat, it must not be so large as to throw ugly shadows on her face; if a small hat, it must be fastened so tightly that it can never wobble a hair's-breadth. Her shoes, which are generally too small, have especial heels of an unearthly altitude, built to make her walk naturally on the inclined flooring of the stage. If she wear gloves, they must fit like an outer skin, but always be so loose that they may be easily removed and not make her hands red. Tight-waisted, tight-booted, tight-gloved, tight-collared—this modern martyr enters the arena. "Il faut souffrir pour être belle" must have been said especially of her.

#### STAGE GOSSIP.

At the theatres during the week commencing December 26th: The Tivoli Company in "A Trip to the Moon"; Fanny Rice in "A Jolly Surprise"; Charles Dickson in "Incog"; Henderson's Extravaganza Company in "Ali Baba"; and George Murphy in "U and I."

Clara Lipman, the laughing girl of "Incog" when it was first given in this city, has succeeded Mabel Bert as Mrs. Tippet in "Little Tippet."

The performance of Mrs. Pacheco's farce, "Incog," is to be preceded, every evening of the first week, by a new curtain-raiser entitled "A Salt-Cellar."

"A Trip to the Moon" is enjoying great popularity at the Tivoli. It was always a favorite holiday piece, and, with a good cast, elaborate setting, handsome costumes, and amusing specialties, it is a very acceptable old friend in new dress.

Augustus Thomas, the author of "Alabama," has written a new play which, according to General N. P. Banks, shows "the domestic and felicitous side of the war." It is called "Surrender," and has to do with the surrender of three Union soldiers to the charms of three Southern girls.

Mrs. Bernard-Beere's American tour has collapsed ignominiously. She says it is because all her best plays are those Sardou wrote for Sarah Bernhardt, and Fanny Davenport has the sole right to use them in the United States—a fact Mrs. Bernard-Beere might have learned before she left England.

Henry Guy Carleton is doing well as a playwright. Of course we never hear of "Victor Durand" now; but Frederick Warde is playing "The Lion's Mouth" five times a week, "A Gilded Fool" is doing well in New York, he has just finished a new play for W. H. Crane, and Charles Frohman has just ordered a comedy from him.

Fanny Rice, who used to be a plump and pleasing factor in the success of various opera companies, will make her first appearance as a star in San Francisco on Sunday night. "A Jolly Surprise" is the vehicle in which she exhibits her abilities, and it is fairly successful for a farce comedy, as it has been in existence for more than a year.

Harry J. W. Dam has scored a success in England with his play, "Karatoft," which Mrs. Kendal produced recently in Birmingham. It turns on the efforts of Prince Karatoft to thwart a nihilist conspiracy to blow up the Czar, and is said to contain bright lines and striking situations. Both actors and author received several calls before the curtain.

Sardou's new play, "Americans Abroad," has been produced in New York ahead of its Parisian production, and the general impression seems to be that all the powers of Miss Cayvan, Mr. Kelcey, Mr. Lemoyne, and the others of that admirable company were needed to save it from failure. The plot reads as if "Americans Abroad" were pretty nearly as silly as "Miss Helyett."

Eleanor Calhoun, whom we in San Francisco have not heard of for three or four years past, sailed from New York for England a fortnight ago, to join Coquelin's company as leading lady in the repertoire of new plays that he is to bring out this season. This is not the first time that she has acted in the great French comedian's company. Some time ago she appeared in his support, and knew her French well enough to deceive even the Parisians as to her nationality.

When Mascagni heard the announcement that "Cavalleria Rusticana" had won Sonzogno's prize of one hundred dollars, he was so little known that he had to get the father of a girl to whom he had given music lessons to identify him before he could get his money—it was the money he wanted, for he needed it and had not the faintest idea of the fame he had won. Now he employs two secretaries to help him through his correspondence, and he has had eleven hundred librettos submitted for his most august consideration.

Mlle. Calvé, the newest successful prima donna, is almost an invalid, having to resort to medicinal restoratives to keep her strength up through a performance, as Clara Morris had to do. But the fire of genius burns high in her weak frame. When "Cavalleria" was to be produced in Paris, a famous tenor was engaged to sing the rôle of Turiddu; but before the duel scene was reached, tenor, basso, alto—all were forgotten in a mad storm of applause that greeted the hitherto unknown Calvé's Santuzza. She is to sing Carmen for the first time in Paris soon,

and to fit herself for the part she went to Spain in the hottest part of summer, established her maid at a hotel, and then went and lived for a month in the gypsy quarter. The *gitanas*, who soon learned her purpose, helped her in every way. They taught her to dance the gypsy dances, to wear the gypsy dress, and to do her hair in the gypsy style, and now Paris expects such a realization of Bizet's heroine as she has never seen.

#### DCLXXXVII.—Bill of Fare for Twelve Persons, Christmas, 1892.

Christmas Oysters.  
Wine Soup.  
Croustades of Lobster.  
Terrapin à la Maryland. Hominy.  
Fillet of Beef, with Truffle and Mushroom Sauce.  
Parisian Potatoes.  
String-Beans. Celery Sauce Blanche.  
Frozen Punch.  
Roast Turkey, stuffed with Chestnuts. Sweet Potatoes.  
Lettuce.  
Cheese-Straws.  
English Plum-Pudding.  
Charlotte Russe. Branded Peaches.  
Salted Almonds. Bonbons.  
Fruits. Wine. Coffee.

FROZEN PUNCH.—Soak one tablespoonful of Knox's Gelatine in one-half pint of cold water, and heat one-half pint of water to boiling-point, and dissolve the gelatine and one pound of sugar in it; when cool, add the juice of six lemons and two oranges, strain into the freezer, and freeze very hard. When firm, add one gill of Jamaica rum, one half pint of champagne, one-half gill of brandy, re-cover carefully, and turn long enough to mix well; then remove dasher, re-cover, pack, and set away for two hours.

—KNOX'S SPARKLING GELATINE, THE PUREST made. Ask your grocer for it. Two cents in stamps to the factory, Johnstown, N. Y., will bring you cookbook, "Dainty Desserts for Dainty People."

The Girl's Union is now making its first appeal to the public for a Christmas gift. Articles of furniture, food, carpets, sheeting, napery, fruit, groceries, or anything that makes a house a home will be sent for upon notification to "Matron of the Girl's Union," 909 Taylor Street, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

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#### A Social Manual.

"Our Society Blue Book," shortly to be issued by Mr. Charles C. Hoag, rooms 175 and 176, Crocker Building, will be a fine work of art. It will be printed on delicately-tinted, gilt-edged paper, elegantly bound, with a handsome design in gold leaf on the outside of the front cover. The work has been carefully compiled, and will include only the names of persons of recognized social standing. It will contain a numerical arrangement, by streets and avenues, of the residences of society people—an entirely new feature here. The book will be superior to any of its character ever published on this coast, and the equal of any work of the kind ever issued in the United States or abroad. All communications concerning the publication should be addressed as above.

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**SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532**  
California Street, corner Webb. Branch, 1700 Market Street, corner Polk.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits, and four and one-fourth (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.  
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

**MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN**  
Francisco, 33 Post Street.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.  
JAMES A. THOMPSON, Cashier.

**SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101**  
Montgomery Street, corner Sutter.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and one-tenth (5 1/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-quarter (4 1/4) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.  
CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

**PEOPLES' HOME SAVINGS BANK, 805**  
Market Street, Flood Building.—For the six months ending December 31, 1892, a dividend (No. 9) has been declared at the rate of five (5) per cent. per annum on term and four and one-sixth (4 1/6) per cent. per annum on ordinary savings accounts, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 3, 1893.  
J. E. FARNUM, Secretary.  
San Francisco, December 21, 1892.

**THE CALIFORNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN**  
Society, corner of Powell and Eddy Streets.—For the half-year ending December 31, 1892, a dividend has been declared at the rate of five and four-tenths (5 4/10) per cent. per annum on term deposits and four and one-half (4 1/2) per cent. per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 3, 1893.  
VERNON CAMPBELL, Secretary.

## THE ALLEGED HUMORISTS.

When some men see how some people get along in the world they sometimes regret their own honesty.—*Life.*

*He* (tenderly)—"Will you be mine?" *She*—"No; but if you really mean that you offer yourself to ME, I'll think about it."—*Truth.*

*Ethel*—"Ah, the years roll by, and some people are not so fresh as they once were." *Maud*—"Yes, and others are too fresh."—*Truth.*

*George*—"They say the fish bite now through the ice." *Mame*—"Horrors! And I had looked forward to such jolly times skating."—*Puck.*

*Brown*—"Why do they call this cake 'angel food'?" *Angels* don't eat it." *Jones*—"No; it is used, I believe, to increase their number."—*Truth.*

*Herdso*—"Did old Mr. Closefist die in full possession of his mental strength?" *Saidso*—"I think he did; at all events, his son didn't inherit it."—*Truth.*

*Mother*—"So you wish my daughter for your wife?" *He* (gallantly)—"Partly that, madam, and partly that you may be my mother-in-law."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"John, what's the Salic law we read about in history?" asked Mrs. John. "It was a law that prevented women becoming kings," replied John, learnedly.—*Life.*

*Miss Kate*—"What costume are you going to wear at the ice carnival?" *Mr. Toque*—"I think I'll go as Henry the Eighth, so I won't hurt myself if I fall down."—*Puck.*

*Mrs. Foraclogue*—"And you say the minister refused to christen your baby 'Nebuchadnezzar'?" *What was the reason?*" *Mrs. Quiverful*—"He stuttered."—*Puck.*

*Young mother*—"I wonder why the baby always wakes up crying?" *Young father* (wearily)—"I suppose he's mad because he's been making no trouble."—*Good News.*

*First manager*—"I am going to put on a tank play with a mermaid in it." *Second ditto*—"Well, it will fail, sure! How're you going to put a mermaid in tights?"—*Puck.*

*She*—"Why do you suppose Mr. Tompkins always wears such an amused smile?" *He*—"Well, he ought to. He has a keen sense of the ridiculous and is very self-conscious."—*Life.*

*Ethel* (excitedly)—"He has known me only two days and he put his arm around me." *Eva*—"You mean, I suppose, that he has known you two days and only put his arm around you."—*Life.*

*De Cash*—"I see you have taken a partner." *De Curb*—"Yes, I had to. A man can't keep a suburban residence supplied with servants and attend to business too."—*New York Weekly.*

*Sweet girl*—"Is your love for me absolutely unselfish?" *Adorer*—"Absolutely." *Sweet girl*—"Then I wish you'd go somewhere else to-night. Jack Hanson promised to call."—*New York Weekly.*

*She*—"What is that awful noise?" *He*—"Guess it's the clam-bake over on the island." *She*—"Poor thing! how the clams must be tortured to make them screech like that."—*Binghampton Republican.*

*Waiter* (as Snooper rises from the table)—"Haven't you forgotten something, sir?" *Snooper*—"So I have! My wife gave me a letter to mail this morning. I'm very glad you mentioned it. Thanks, awfully."—*Truth.*

*Young man*—"How much a year does it require to support a wife nowadays?" *Old man*—"Oh, anywhere from five hundred to fifty thousand dollars or so." *Young man*—"Isn't that rather indefinite?" *Old man*—"No; it always takes all a man has."—*New York Weekly.*

*Mrs. Bibbs*—"I declare, you men can't write a letter unless you have a regular desk, and office-chair, and big blotting-pad, and I don't know what all." *Mr. Bibbs*—"Yes, and a woman may have a two-hundred-dollar writing-desk, with everything to match, and yet she'll sit down on a stool and write on an old book."—*New York Weekly.*

*Billson*—"Hello, Jimson! I've caught you at last. I've been trying for three weeks to get hold of you, so as to pay you that ten dollars I owe you, but every time you suddenly disappeared." *Jimson*—"Eh? Have you been wanting to see me for that?" *Billson*—"Of course." *Jimson*—"Great snakes! I thought you wanted to borrow more."—*New York Weekly.*

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From 30 to 120 inches wide; and a complete assortment of all qualities. 28½-inch Duck, from 7 Ounces to 15 Ounces, inclusive.

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